

Toy Specialization

Keita lets out a soft huff of air, “Finally here. Why is this store out of the middle of nowhere? But I know for sure Toshi won’t find me here,” he mutters stepping into the massive store. The smell of latex and rubber fills the anthropomorphic feline’s nose. His soft white creamy belly fur and legs are mostly covered by black shirt and dark blue jacket. Long white pants hide most of his white fur, fooling those who don’t know him that he might be a light blue with dark blue striped cat. His tail a soft light blue fades into a white tail tip. His dark blue tipped light blue ears twitch, hearing the sounds of items being rung, squeaky toys moving about and customers alike. His light blue feline eyes look in surprise as a black and red female sergal toy gives a squeaky bow before him, as it stands on a half a foot-high raised pedestal.

The toy gives a squeaky bow, hiking its rump, the female sergal wiggles its ass to those behind it as it gives a clear well-spoken greeting, “Hello! Welcome to the world’s one and only Toys-4-U super megastore. Don’t hesitate to ask this one or any toy around you for any assistance.”

Keita looks over the naked female toy, his eyes wandering over to the naked canine toy with a throbbing cock one pedestal over, “*Damn I went through the wrong door, oh well,*” he thinks, looking up to the sergal toy, “I’m good thanks.”

The toy’s tag jingles with the lettering R-7139 on the front, “Alright but don’t hesitate to ask! We are here to serve you.”

“Thanks, though you aren’t my type,” he replies with a smile walking into the store, the store’s security cameras recognizing his face, from a very short list of customers, that have Toys-4-U accounts. The warning is sent to K-2003’s desk who is in the middle of a little business call.

“This one knows about your community’s unique interests in the area, and though yes it is still a bit of a way of a drive for them, it is only because Toys-4-U megastores need to be out in the country to have space to grow, and to stay in line with how this company was founded...” K-2003 nods to the other person on the phone, “Yes, yes, this one understands. The only job positions open right now for the stores are security jobs. To keep costs low we use our products to manage the stores. I know this is a trying experience. This is the first expansion of our megastores. And we are doing three of them across the country, your’s being the planned third to open in three months. This is a new experience for this one too. It does apologize for any inconvenience but rest assured. That we will provide a wonderful service to your community and we are working on designing some specialized toys to cater to your very unique and wonderful community,” K-2003 says, noticing the blinking light, “If there is any more questions please don’t hesitate to call or e-mail this one. It will get back to you promptly,” it says, hanging up after a moment.

K-2003 wiggles its rump, “Never a dull day around here, but let’s see what unexpected material walked into the store,” K-2003, data about Keita Elyssar. K-2003 mulls over the data, “This one has been eyeing them as quality material for years, but... according to their special media, this one believes they are now eligible for molding. Hmm... they are also isolated from

their family due to their sexuality, how sad....” K-2003 rubs its chin, pulling up the security feed of the feline as he shops the store.

“They could be the answer to this one’s current problem. It wants to improve its service as some customers love our toys but say something is missing time and time again with our toys to make them better. This one bets he could make it better with their material... hmm it will have to move quickly and have it themed to fit their sexuality to make it as smooth of a transition as possible. This one knows they will love it. It can tell, it’s written all over their face,” K-2003 as it taps a button.

X-2953 a purple doe toy bleats as it answers, “Yes Maker. What do you need?”

“I’m going to need you to make a feline femboi suit for this user immediately, it will be the toying model,” it explains, sending the information.

Several floors below, in the toy labs where several rubber does, and gazelles work, X-toy looks over the information, the purple and yellow toy bleats, “This one can get it done for you Maker.”

“Wonderful have it delivered to the traditional room, and get a few male toys lined up to help it for later.”

“Yes Maker!” X-toy bleats happily as it gets to work.

K-2003 sits up from its chair wiggling its butt, hiking it a bit, “Wonderful! This one will make them so happy. It hates to see them down like this and so frustrated,” K-2003 says, exiting the office.

Keita purrs in a mix of frustration and excitement of what he sees. The male toys that pass him by, he can’t help but to look over their rumps, “*That would make Toshi notice me,*” he thinks, walking deeper into the store browsing the large selection of dildos and butt plugs the store has to offer.

“I didn’t even think there were this many kinds of dildos. Sloth? Sea Horse? Sea dragon? Forest Dragon, Arctic Dragon, Ice dragon? Wait what is the difference between ice and Arctic?” he mutters pulling them out to notice the unique yet massive difference, his eyes going wide, his rump squeezing at the thought of taking either one into his body, “Oh... now I see. I think I will go with something less... pleasure destructive, but that one knot is nice though,” he mews softly, putting them dildos back into their place.

“Perhaps I should stick with D for dogs, and go with a canid cock type... but there are other species with knots,” he hums to himself, his tail swishing behind him, blowing the blue tuft of hair on his otherwise white hair away from his eyes, “I don’t know which to pick, but I have time. Not like he’d notice I am gone for long,” he grumps.

Keita walks down the aisle, looking over the tightly packaged toys, the packing crinkles in his paws, allowing him to squeeze and feel how soft or firm each toy is, his mind fantasizing about how it will feel in his ass.

“Hello! How may this one be of service?” asks a female toy.

Keita jumps three feet up into the air spinning around, landing on his feet, panting heavily, his fur standing up on edge, his train of thought crashing and burning in a great horrific

spectacle within his mind, “Gah! Don’t scare me like that!” he gives a growl. His black choker’s golden tri-force charm jingling. He sees a large black and cyan rubber sergal toy, towering over him by almost a foot. The black and cyan cuffs, with the lettering “Fuck Toy” written on each ankle, wrist, leg and thigh cuff, a belt wrapped around its waste, its female sex tightly sealed by a cyan clitoral hood. It’s collar jingles, the silver tag reads K-2003.

K-2003 stands tall, “Oh, this one is dreadfully sorry about spooking you like that. It didn’t think it had the reaction like it was a cucumber.”

Keita pants heavily, “Hey at least... wait what?” he asks, looking confused, the toy’s reaction completely derailing his second line of thought, which crashes and burns on top of the already burning wreckage in his mind.

“This one is very sorry for that scare, it did not mean that all,” K-2003 says with a bow, its breasts pushing out between its arms with a loud squeak, the toy’s rump hikes as this much larger toy bows before him, “Please let this one make it up to you.”

“Ah... uh...” Keita says looking over the toy, “I don’t think you could make it up to me though. You aren’t my type, and all these dildos clearly say on them, ‘Do NOT test in store’ ‘Do NOT open’, not that you could open these without a pair of scissors. How am I supposed to know if one of these will make me mew in pleasure if I can’t even test it?”

“Do you really want to test a dildo that could have been used by countless other customers without any safety precautions?” K-2003 asks moving closer to Keita who looks up at it.

“Well I do suppose you are right. But then what am I supposed to do?” he grumps with a soft mew.

K-2003 nods gently running a hand along his back, “This one understands, but customers’ health and safety is our top concern alongside providing excellent service and pleasure. If you are looking for a dildo type and not sure if you’d like it, why don’t you see if we have a toy with the same or similar design for you to use?”

Keita raises an eyebrow, “Wait you can do that?”

“Yes, the caveat is that we may not have that toy that fits the dildo you want active in store though.”

Keita softly sighs, “Figures, but what about contamination? What’s so different about a toy from the dildo?”

“Three things. The first is our toys are STD and bacteria resistant. The second is a toy knows when it is being used, and won’t double dip. Three since a toy knows when it is used it can get properly cleaned and disinfected right after use to keep everyone safe and healthy,” K-2003 explains.

“Good to know. Do you have any toys with knots in the store? I have a thing for knots.”

“Do you now, this one is sure to help you with your knot problem. Or it would knot be a helpful toy,” it says with a grin.

Keita looks up at K-2003 and lets out a soft mew, “That pun is terrible.”

“Thank you!” it says with a rump wiggle.

“That wasn’t a compliment... okay so you are going to help me find a toy I can use to test a dildo then?”

“Of course this one is, come let's look around and see what male toys it has to offer at the moment,” it says looking around, the male toys in the distance all fading into the warehouse and off the store floor, replaced with every female toy model to keep customer satisfaction at the highest level possible, *“This one feels bad it has to do this to you, but it has to buy some time for your new suit to be made. It will be sure to give you exactly what you want in return though. You deserve to be treated right,”* it thinks.

Keita nods, “Alright, but I will let you know I prefer males. So, someone like you won’t do anything for me.”

K-2003 responds, “This one thinks it could, but it knows what you mean. Come let's find you some male toys to inspect and test so you can decide what you’d like to perhaps buy.”

“Alright,” he lets out a soft mew, following K-2003 around the store. Up and down the aisles, K-2003 guides Keita, in search of male rubber toys. K-2003 goes and stops one toy, and a lengthy conversation ensues about everything that happened to him, before asking if they have seen any male toys, especially ones with knots for this customer to look at and perhaps try. K-2003 asking in an earnest sounding, but nonchalant way, that makes Keita look around curiously to see if anyone is taking note of this otherwise embarrassing conversation, ears twitching as he listens for any snickers.

“Thank you!” K-2003 will say, while motioning Keita to follow, only to have the scene repeat over and over again.

Keita huffs and blows his hair up, “Couldn’t you call for a male toy to come? I don’t know, do you have some kind of system for that? A place of storage? I do appreciate you helping, but this has been taking a while.”

K-2003 turns and bows, “This one is dreadfully sorry for taking you around like this. It will make this up to you, perhaps a suit? A free trial on testing one of our suits?”

“A suit? What kind of suit?”

“Whatever kind you like. One can be male, female, hermaphrodite, anything in between! So many different fun options.”

“Well I’m only interested in dicks, so, only males please. That is why we were looking for male toys in the first place so I could see what kind of dildo I like to buy.”

“I suppose I could, but I doubt you have something based off of myself? Something that would scream me?”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Uh... our suits can’t talk. So, none of them will be screaming. Though toy suits... now that’s an idea! Mobile suits that can be worn like us Toys. That is an excellent idea, this one will be sure to put research into that,” it says with a nod.

Keita’s ear twitches, “N-no. That is not what I meant. Research? What are you talking about?”

K-2003 rubs its chin as it thinks about this, its attention suddenly drawn back to Keita, “Oh, this one is sorry, it got lost in its own thoughts. We are to get you a suit that is you right?”

“Hmm, toy might have something like that,” it says, while a toy in the distance out of Keita’s field of vision gives K-2003 a nod, “Actually it might have it in a room, and this one thinks it will be something it can do to get you the dick you are looking for.”

“You do? Do you?” Keita says, thinking, “*Something feels weird about this.*”

“Oh yes, this one promises you will get all the dicks you can handle.”

“But we’ve been looking for male toys and we haven’t found one yet.”

“True, but this one has a secret,” it says leaning over, swaying its rump side to side hiking, K-2003’s head the same level as Keita’s, “But it thinks you’ll like it,” the toy’s arms squeeze it’s breasts together.

“Uhh... sure, why the fuck not,” he replies, with a hint of annoyance in the female toy that has taken such a weird interest in him, but the promise of dick was too tempting to ignore.

“Oh, not fucking is something you won’t be doing,” K-2003 says with a playful wink before standing up motioning him to follow, “Come!”

Keita sighs, “I’m coming,” he replies, following K-2003, the toy’s rump swaying side to side, the tail following in a sensual way, rump slightly raised, tail hiked enough to show off its rear and a hint of its female sex from behind, none of which poses an interest to him. Following K-2003 down into the toy testing rooms, down the hallway where the smell of rubber and a hint of sex lingers in the air, all the way down to the very last door on the right.

“This one is sure you will love this, just be patient with this one. It wants to make up for all the frustrations you’ve experienced, and then some,” it says opening the door, letting him step inside first.

“I have to admit that you toys do try really hard to provide a good service. Far better than someone I know,” he mew humphs, walking into the room, finding a simple bedroom with a canopy bed, with a white cardboard box in the center. Along the side of the room is a bunch of dildos and toys, with a sign that says, “Please deposit used toys down the chute after use for cleaning, thank you.”

Keita looks to the wall of dildos, “Hey, I thought you don’t use dildos to be tested and tried!” he exclaims, turning to K-2003 as it walks into the room closing, locking the door behind it.

“Oh, this one said those on the store floor. Those are used with toys here and they ensure they get picked up and cleaned so no two users use them before they are deep cleaned.”

“Why couldn’t we use those toys then to try out?”

K-2003 blinks then looks to the table, rubbing the back of its head with a squeak, “Oh, that could have worked... This one should have thought of that. You really like cock, don’t you?”

“It sort of happens when you’re gay.”

“This one does suppose, we have no purely gay toys, as we all service all genders equally, having a toy specialized in such, could be useful in providing an improved service, as our toys pleasure on a physical and emotional level.”

“That’s why I came to you guys for toys. You put real love into your work. And it shows.”

K-2003 turns to Keita, smiling, “Oh thank you! This one is so pleased to hear that,” it bows graciously wiggling its rump in excitement, “This one does try its best as every toy in Toys-4-U.”

“I will say no matter how hard you try; I won’t be interested in you. I’m sorry but I am not into girls, vaginas don’t do anything for me,” he replies.

K-2003 nods, “This one has that in mind. That is why it wants to give you a great experience,” it explains, moving over to the bed, “First this one will want you to get all suited up, it believes this is something you’d like, and help get you going for what is to come.”

Keita blows the blue tuft of hair away from his eye, approaching the bed, “You do have me curious at this point,” he remarks, looking over the white box, barely paying any attention to the naked sergal toy beside it. Opening the box he sees black, white, and a gradient sky blue rubber. His blue nose wiggles, a soft mew escapes his lips, grabbing the smooth rubber suit, pulling it out to see black rubber along the arms, the fingertips nice and white as if he was going to be wearing fingerless gloves. Sky blue gradient stripes are along the shoulders and down the back, the tail a sky-blue gradient at the end, but black along the rest. The rubber suit’s belly is white while the feet are black, which goes up stopping only at his knees where the white rubber begins. The suit’s toes are the same gradient blue with white rubber underneath, and under these lights, Keita swears he could think the blue rubber is glowing.

The rubber in his paws feels silky smooth, it squeaks softly as he lays it on the bed, for the first time since being around K-2003, his cock twitches, and begins to harden slightly. Each breath he breathes he takes in the sweet rubber aroma of the room, K-2003 having cracked the seal made by its cyan clitoral hood over its female sex. Unleashing its arousing aroma, the powerful aphrodisiac that its saliva on contact is just as strong, but not nearly as strong as physical contact with its sexual juices.

K-2003 smiles, wiggling its rump on the bed with a loud squeak, “Do you like it? This one saw how it scared you and got to working on this plan to make it up to you. It had no intention in causing you alarm but wants you to be pleased with yourself and let you be who you are meant to be,” it explains.

Keita raises an eyebrow, his ear twitches, “What?” he mews softly, “But you were with me the whole time how did you...” he looks in the box to see a rubber toy head, white rubber, fading too blue and then to fully black ears with sky blue gradient tips mimicking his own ones. Light blue eyes that match his own eye color, the sky blue gradient rubbery head hair with a white tuft in place of his normal blue tuft, “How did you manage to get my hair design?”

“From you obviously, we have some fast customization work. This one needs to thank X-toy for doing such a great job on short notice.” “How did you choose this blue?” Keita asks, “It’s my favorite color!”

“Well it is your favorite color on our store’s website, and your underwear tells this one that it is not wrong,” K-2003 says with a friendly smile.

Keita blushes not wanting to answer to the realization this toy has access to that information, placing the head to the side, Keita sees there is even more in the box. He takes a moment to pull out a series of rubber cuffs, black belted, blue outlined with faint blue slightly raised lettering on the belt that he can just barely read as the words "Fuck Toy" in cursive lettering. Though what really catches his attention is the D rings. Each D ring attached to the cuffs are solid black in color.

"This is gay as fuck," he purrs looking over the suit, now noticing the blue cock with white rubber balls attached to the front.

"This one knows you are very much gay Keita, and is keeping that in mind with this suit design, having it specialized to fit those who are a hundred percent gay," K-2003 says with a big smile.

Keita shudders, but his cock continues to grow harder, "You puns are terrible," he mews, "But, I do like the idea of putting this on, as a start for the problems you caused," he replies.

"Wonderful, would you like this one to assist putting it on you?" it asks hiking its rump in excitement wiggling it with a loud squeak, the toy's breasts squeezed together as it puts its hands on its thighs, bringing its arms close together.

Keita looks at the hyper excited female toy, "Uh... I think I can do this myself, but if I need you, I will let you know," he replies, thinking, *"If only you were a guy toy."*

K-2003 gives a strong affirmative nod, "If this one sees you have any trouble it will do what it can to help. It wants that suit to fit as perfectly as possible, like a second skin."

"We'll see," he replies, stripping out of his clothes, nicely folding them onto the bed, slowly revealing his feminine and boyish features. Thin, slender body, not a lot of outstanding muscle, but by no means weak and lanky, his very modest, three and a half inch long cock is at half mast, which drops slightly when he looks at K-2003, but with several deep breaths, it resumes its rise toward full attention.

"You will need to remove your collar," K-2003 says in a soft friendly tone.

Keita's hands move up to his collar, he gently caresses the charm, K-2003 explaining "Fear not your collar will remain safe in this room, and it's for your safety. We wouldn't want the charm to get stuck under the rubber and accidentally break it now, would we?"

Keita lets out a soft mew, nodding, "Okay," he says, ears folding back, slowly removing his collar, gently placing it on the pile of clothes, "Promise me this won't get lost though."

K-2003 nods, "This one promises you won't lose it."

Keita mews softly, *"I never got hard around a girl before. Well it's a toy, not a girl. Perhaps the idea of wearing this suit is what is doing it for me. It can't be the female toy. That would make no sense,"* he thinks sitting beside the suit, keeping the toy on the other end of the bed, as it sits there eagerly watching.

"Do you need to watch like that?" Keita mews softly, ears twitching, pulling the suit over onto his lap.

"How else will this one know when you need help?"

"I could ask you. Don't sergals have legendary hearing or something?"

“Oh we do, but this one is pro-active when it comes to giving you what you need.”

“What if what I need is a little privacy to put this on?”

“Oh, this one thinks you wouldn’t be shy around a toy now.”

“Tsch, you got a point there,” he remarks with a smile, opening the suit up, revealing the light blue insides. Keita purrs softly, tail swishing eagerly behind him, lifting his feet up, sliding them down into the smooth rubber suit, that caresses his fur like a gently petting hand, “You know, I was skeptical of the reviews that these suits can go on as smooth as butter, but it’s true.”

K-2003 wiggles its butt again in excitement, hiking it leaning a little closer but still at a fair distance away, “Oh yes, we take pride in how well our suits fit our customers. It’s our patent super secret rubber technology that makes it all possible. Much like our press n’ seal rubber which is built into nearly all of our suits.”

“Nearly?”

“Some customers prefer zippers, they have a thing for it you know,” K-2003 replies with a squeaky nod.

“I’ll take your word for it.”

“Take this one’s word? Why take toy’s words? It is sure you have plenty of your own.”

Keita quirks an eyebrow, “You are the strangest toy I have ever met... not that I have talked to that many, are you all like this?”

K-2003 shakes its head, “Nope, this one is just this one, and only this one. There are strict rules on toys, which means this one is unique compared to the other toys you see.”

“Huh... probably a good thing,” he replies, pulling the suit up his legs, his feet fitting perfectly into the rubber socks of the suit, his toes sliding into each toe, the suit feeling almost perfectly sculpted for his form.

“Oh, it is, it allows this one to run the company,” it replies.

Keita stands up, tugging the suit up, feeling the soft rubber run across his thighs, balls, and crotch, his cock twitches, a little bit of pre-cum forming on the tip when he hears the toy speak about the company, “Wait, wait, what, you run the company?” he asks, giving a befuddled look, taking this moment to slip his tail into the suit’s tail compartment, before taking a moment to fondle with his hard small cock to slip into the rubber cock sleeve.

“Well not all by itself. But it is the majority shareholder and CEO of Toys-4-U. It couldn’t run this place without the help of all sorts of toys, and employees who work hard everyday to make Toys-4-U the best it can be with the highest quality toys at the highest quality price.”

“That is such a weird saying, but eh, if it works,” he remarks, slipping his throbbing length into the rubber sleeve, the sleek rubber squeezes his cock not unlike a condom, but at the same time it feels cooling, freshing, adding to the throb he feels, slightly distracting him from some of the K-2003’s words, “*Why am I so aroused? It has to be the suit. No way I am that angry at him that I suddenly want to fuck a female toy to show him up? Could it?*” he thinks, shaking his head, “*no it can’t be that.*”

“Everything okay?” K-2003 asks sliding itself closer to him.

“Yeah, I’m fine, thanks for asking,” he replies, his blue rubber coated cock throbbing in the air while slipping his arms into the front of the suit. The latex loudly squeaks, filling out the arms, tugging and pulling at the rubber, his fingers slip into the rubber gloves of the suit.

Keita pinches the rubber and gives loud squeaky tugs, making sure one arm fits completely before proceeding to do the same to the other. Rolling his shoulders back, the rubber squeaks and stretches across his chest, caressing his belly and nipple like a rubber hand gently petting his fur, causing a purr to escape from his throat, “Nice, very nice, it feels purrfect,” he purrs more.

“This one thinks so, but it will need to help you here,” K-2003 says moving behind him. Keita follows the toy as it eagerly crawls across the bed with a loud squeak, “This one thinks you can’t run your fingers along your entire back easily.”

“I’m a cat, I’m flexible, I think I can handle that,” he replies with a smirk, reaching around to rub and seal some of the rubber along his spine before reaching trouble only a third way up his back.

“This one does not doubt the feline flexibility. But it has never seen a cat give itself back scratches,” K-2003 says with a nod.

With a long drawn out sigh, “Alright, if you must, please help me with this part of the suit.”

K-2003 wiggles its butt, “Yay,” moving up behind him, kneeling behind him, Keita’s tail bouncing between the toy’s legs as it sensually slides its claw tips along his spine, tugging the rubber pieces together as it does so, to help them seal into one solid seamless piece of rubber.

A soft mew escapes Keita’s lips, the rubber shifts and tightens around his body, any minor wrinkles fading away, as the rubber tugs all the way up his back, sealing him from the neck down in the embracing suit.

“Now for the head piece then the cuffs and collar,” K-2003 says with excitement.

“I can handle these thank you very much,” he says, grabbing the ankle cuffs first, wrapping them around his ankle, looking at the two open rubber ends. He lets out a soft mew huffed, “Um, how do you put these on?”

K-2003 peers over Keita’s shoulders, breasts touching his back, “You don’t want to put the head on first?” it asks tilting its head, Keita sighing as he feels the toy’s breasts against his back.

“No, I want to be able to see so I can put them on correctly.”

“Ah, you know this one always helps put them on so it never thought of that, though the collar then has to go on last.”

“That’s fine, but how does this press seal rubber technology work? I never bought it before. I was always more of a traditionalist type of guy when it came to my kinky sex BDSM stuff.”

“Oh, sure, there are two press seals in the cuffs, one for the suit, and one for itself. First you put the two ends next to each other, overlap one end slightly with the other, it doesn’t matter

which. And then you press firmly with your finger from the bottom, till you feel a slight shift then move up to the top. That seals it. The same goes for removal but top down.”

Keita nods, following K-2003’s instructions feeling the shift in rubber similar to that of a melting ice cube without the cold wet feeling, and with a simple slide up, the cuff seals around him, “Alright, easy enough, kind of magical how that works,” he says noticing the lettering on the cuffs begins to glow a soft blue.

“It’s not magic but advanced latex technology. Now to do the cuffs you start at any point and go clockwise once you feel the cuff attach to the suit. To undo it, same thing but counterclockwise along the center of the cuff.”

Keita nods, “Easy enough,” he replies following the instructions, feeling the rubber cuff bind to his rubber suit, gently squeezing his ankle, making him feel locked to the suit, “What about this glow?”

“The idea is for it to be easy to understand and easier to use and the glow is powered by your body heat thanks to the suit itself,” K-2003 explains.

“That’s rather interesting, but that means I won’t be needing you for any of this, right?” he asks looking at K-2003.

“Yup!”

“Then mind giving me a little space so I can do this?”

“Sure thing, remember head next then collar.”

“I got it, thank you,” he replies, working to get each cuff on, while K-2003 grabs the collar when Keita isn’t looking, moving over to his pile of clothes and begins to play with the items there.

“Do you need any help with the head? It’s designed to also fit in the mouth and tongue, for optimal use and speaking ability. To provide that real toy feel.”

“I think I can get it, but thanks for the warning, I never put any of these suits on before,” he says grabbing the head piece, noticing K-2003 playing with his stuff.

“Hey!” he meows, “What are you doing?” he asks, ears folding back.

K-2003 smiles, “This one wanted to set up the collar tag to something that would fit you. This one couldn’t think of anything better than what you were already wearing, and that way you can’t lose it! Win, win this one thinks!” it explains holding up the collar to show the tri-force charm on the front.

“Ah... you know you shouldn’t touch people’s stuff without asking.”

K-2003’s ears fold back, “This one apologies, you were so busy suiting up that it wanted to save you time, after it wasted so much of your time earlier.”

Keita’s hard soured look softens, looking at K-2003’s sadden look, ears folded back, holding the collar up like a kid who made something to show off but was scolded for something that now doesn’t seem so bad, “That’s not a bad idea. I was thinking that myself.”

“You’re pleased then?” K-2003 asks with a rising action in its voice.

Keita smirks, “Yeah, let’s just say that I am.”

K-2003 eyes go wide, smiling happily, “Yay,” it exclaims wiggling its butt with a squeak, “But you need to get your head on before you can wear it. If you need any help, don’t hesitate to let this one know.”

“I will don’t worry,” Keita replies, taking the hood into his hands, looking at the blue insides. The sweet scent of rubber wafts over his nostrils, his cock twitches, his arousal growing, *“It really must be this suit that has gotten me so aroused, not that female toy. I didn’t think I’d enjoy wearing a suit this much. It has never crossed my mind before,”* he thinks pulling the rubber hood over his head. His soft hair tugged and squeezed, ears folding back, the rubber sliding across his head.

A soft mew escapes his lips, opening his mouth feeling the rubber slide into his maw, his rogue feline tongue slips into the tongue compartment which fits his tongue like a glove. He moves his hands across the rubber, which squeaks loudly, slipping his fingers into his mouth, pushing the light blue rubber into place, while adjusting the head so he can see out of the rubber covered eyes that only partially hinder his vision.

“So how does it fit?” K-2003 asks sliding off the bed with a loud squeak, moving in front of him, holding the collar, while Keita takes a moment to seal the head piece to the rest of the suit.

“Well, better than I thought. Rubber on my tongue tastes weird though.”

“You’ll get used to it in no time,” K-2003 explains, “Now this one can put your collar on,” it says with a rump wiggle, eager, bouncing place.

“I can put the collar on myself, thank you very much,” Keita mews with a soft squeak.

K-2003’s ears fold back, “Awe, this one has fun putting the collars on, but if you insist, this one is here to help you.”

Keita looks at the female toy, sighing softly, “Okay, you can put the collar on me.”

K-2003’s eyes light up, “Yay! This one knows you will love this!” K-2003 says wiggling its rump, slipping the collar around his neck.

Keita rolls his eyes, his vision blocked by the toy’s bust while it press seals the collar around his neck and to the suit once it is sure everything is perfectly lined up, “Done?”

“Oh this one is done with that, but now the real fun gets to begin,” K-2003 says with a big toothy grin.

“Real fun?”

“Yes, this one will get you started as it will make sure you will get all the fun you can handle,” K-2003 says, pushing Keita onto his back with surprising strength.

“Hey what are you doing?!” Keita asks, looking up at K-2003 as it towers over him.

“This one is going to get you ready, but first you need to be lubed up,” it says moving between Keita’s legs, the toy’s tongue giving one teasing lick across his rubber covered length, the semi-translucent cyan juices seep into the rubber into his skin, arousing him further. The toy’s tongue moving between his balls, leaving a trail of tantalizing juices, descending down to his rubber covered pucker.

Keita lets out a soft mew before catching himself, “Hey now. I am not into girls!”

K-2003 peeks over his cock with a smirk, “This one knows, just relax and let this one take charge, you’ll love it,” it says reaching up to spread his legs apart, the toy’s sergal fingers reaching around his butt and legs, spreading his cheeks, lifting his ass up a foot off of the bed.

“W-wait, wait, what are you doing now?” Keita mews out, squirming underneath the toy’s surprisingly tight and powerful grip.

“What do you think silly, lubing up some quality material so it can be pounded into shape,” K-2003 says, tail swishing behind it with great eagerness. The toy’s cyan rubber forked tongue runs across his rubber covered pucker, the suit here, not fully put into place, “Oh, seems you missed this hole in your fitting, don’t worry, this one will fix that right now,” it’s tongue sliding into Keita’s butt, sliding the rubber suit into place.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Keita mews out, feeling the toy’s tongue pushing into his anus. The slick rubbery flesh, wiggling around in his rear, his pucker squeezing the toy’s tongue, as the toy pushes in deeper, wetting his hole with arousing cyan juices.

K-2003’s ears twitching hearing the soft mews, *“This one can tell you like it. Putting on a tough face, don’t worry that is one of the reasons why this one thought you’d be good material for the job,”* it thinks, sliding its tongue deeper into Keita’s rear.

Keita’s tail swishes underneath K-2003 with great gusto, smacking between the toy’s arms, while K-2003 goes in deeper, the tongue running across his prostate gland, making him let out another toe curling mew, his rubber hands gripping the bed sheets, *“Fuck, fuck, fuck, how is this toy able to do that with its tongue? It’s just...”* he mews out again.

K-2003 smiles, wrapping its mouth around Keita’s rear hole, the tongue diving in deeper into his aching rear, more of the toy’s slightly arousing aphrodisiac filling his body, making his cock grow harder, twitching, aching, lust filling his mind with a steadily growing veracity.

“The toy is a girl. I’ve never been turned on by a girl like this before. Could I be straight? No, I never had feelings towards a girl before... and this isn’t a girl, it’s a toy!” he thinks with a soft moanful mew, the toy’s lips wrapping around his behind, slurping around his hole for another tender suckling moment before pulling away leaving his ass truly lubricated inside and out.

“How was that to start?” K-2003 asks with a smile, licking its lips, sliding up onto the bed, kneeling over him, keeping his legs spread.

“That was good,” he says, looking down to see K-2003’s clit hood, licking across its cyan rubber vagina, the sight of which dampening his mood, *“I knew it,”* he thinks, replying, “But I am not into girls. So unless you have a cock hidden in that cunt of yours, I don’t think I will want to do more with you. Sorry, but that is just the way I am.”

K-2003 giggles, “Of course this one does,” it replies, slipping its cyan claw tipped fingers into its own rubbery sex. K-2003 lets out a soft moan, its sex milking its fingers, while it slides into its own sex, claws feeling around for the small areas that would allow its fingers to find purchase on its hidden appendage.

Keita looks at K-2003 curiously, looking up and away from the female sex, “What are you doing?” he mews.

“Just a moment, this one hasn’t done this in a few years, it’s bit out of practice,” it replies, tongue sticking out curled around its muzzle as if it is performing a difficult technique or hard mental problem, before it’s eyes light up, claws sliding up and around it’s hidden penis, “Ah ha! Got it!” K-2003 exclaims eagerly.

Keita’s curiosity draws him back down to the toy’s sex, hot female juices ooze out of its vent, filling the room with more of the intoxicating arousing aroma, that makes his cock ache in need, his balls beginning to feel heavy, while a small puddle forms on the bed sheets.

“Just one more moment,” K-2003 replies slipping more digits around the hard phallic member, before unhooking it from its hidden compartment, the toy’s long cyan tapered ended cock pops out of its hot vent, dripping with female toy juices, that run along the underside adding to the puddle between its legs. The cock twitches and throbs, pre-cum spurting from the tip, K-2003’s hands completely soaked in its own juices, “There we go.”

Keita stares at the cock with astonishment, his own member triples in hardness, feeling an ache along the underside of his shaft, the damn that was holding back his arousal now bursting, as fantasies of that cock being shoved into him now flooding his mind, “H... wha?”

“You like?” K-2003 asks cutely, its long cyan tongue coiling around its dripping fingers, suckling and licking them clean finger by finger.

“Y-yeah... but why didn’t you show me your cock sooner?! I would have really enjoyed myself far more if I knew you had a dick like that.”

K-2003 suckles its second to last finger, sliding it in and out of its mouth with wet slurpy squeaks, before pulling it out with a loud pop. The toy takes a moment to think of this, rubbing its chin with its cleaned fingers, “Hmm... honestly this one forgot about it. It’s not used to pulling it out that it forgot to do it till just now!”

Keita stares at K-2003 with the look of something in his brain simply stopped working. An brainwork.exe not found. He blinks several times, staring at the toy, it looking back at him, slowly cleaning its last finger, its cyan cock with a faint glow, matching that of its eyes, twitches again, dripping in a thick layer of toy juices.

K-2003 pops its last finger out of its mouth, hands now clean, it reaches for Keita’s waists, lifting him up, “Ready?” K-2003 asks tail swaying behind it.

“Wait, what? Ready for what?” Keita asks knowing the answer, looking down at the twitching cock, K-2003 moving him with such strength that he feels nothing more than a feral house cat compared to the sergal holding him up.

K-2003 gives a domineering grin, “To be fucked so hard that you won’t remember what day it is once this one is completely done with you,” K-2003 says, moving his pucker over its throbbing tapered sergal cock.

“Normally I am the one calling these shots K-2003,” he says, his heart racing, breath heavy, pucker winking in anticipation of what is to come.

“This one knows, and this one thinks you need to relax and let this one take command for a little while,” it says lowering him down onto its throbbing length. The tapered tip, a perfect

shape to spread Keita open who mews out in pleasure, arching his back, tail swaying happily behind him, while the toy's length pushes up into his hole.

"B-but, but," Keita moans, the cock forcing his ass open, the toy's arousing crotch juices far more potent than its salvia or aroma in the room, his own member aching even harder, lustful thoughts growing stronger, clearer in his mind, with each inch K-2003 drives into his ass.

"Yes, this one is going into your butt, and it will climax into your butt, but we'll be doing more soon, as part of a long-term bit of fun, doesn't that sound wonderful?" K-2003 asks wiggling its butt, the cock which is half shoved up his butt shifts side to side causing him to let out a mew of delight.

"That isn't what I was talking about," he replies, arching his back more, letting out a gasp of pleasure, legs spreading, shaking in delight, while K-2003 slides him down lower and lower onto its cock. Each inch tugs at his inner flesh, pressing down on his prostate, causing more pre-cum to spurt from his own cock, which leaks from the rubber clad cock, giving a real toy look, eventually hilding K-2003's entire length into his body.

"There we go, relax, adjust to this one's length," it says, reaching around to rub his back, supporting him, while his own length presses against the toy's belly, twitching, aching. The toy's free hand reaching around to caress his cock.

Keita pants heavily, feeling the length spread and push into his tight rear, even without a knot he could feel himself be driven to the edge, the thought of Toshi melting into his mind, his throat rumbling loudly as he purrs contentedly. His ass squeezes and relaxes around the length, allowing himself to adjust to the sensation of such a large toy in his body.

"There we go, let yourself adjust, it doesn't want to push you too fast now," it says, gripping Keita's cock, its claw tip pushing the tip of the rubber cock sleeve into his cum slit, making the fit even tighter and more complete than before, "The problem when new material puts on a suit, they miss those little details, but then it supposes customers do too."

Keita pants heavily, grunting, feeling each twitch and throb of K-2003's cock in his rear, feeling his insides making room for such a delightful length, his legs spread wide, his member aching, while he clenches down hard on the cock, "Material?" Keita asks, having heard it now for a second time.

K-2003 smiles gently rubbing the rubber covered cock head, which makes Keita moan in delight, the toy's domineering personality shining through, "You'll understand soon, this one is simply preparing you to be open for what is to come. One step at a time as this one should say," it explains giving a little thrust up into Keita's body, the sudden shift making him moan in delight.

"Okay, Okay!" he mews out, squeezing K-2003's cock within his body, softly panting, twitching, when K-2003 lifts him up with the ease of a blow-up love doll, "*How is this toy this strong? I know I don't weigh much but...*" he shivers, arching his back, his cock twitching, while he slides up along K-2003's cock. The toy's slick rubbery member tugs at his insides, the toy's cock head flaring around his prostate, making him tightly squeeze around the toy's slick member. No matter how tightly he squeezes, the toy's slick length slides out like a well

lubricated dildo, the toy's excess arousing juices filling his ass and running along his well-lubricated hole.

"That's a good toy. Enjoy this one. Enjoy what this one has to offer," K-2003 says lifting Keita up till only the toy's cock tip is still within his body, the head itself spreading his hole, the flaring fighting against his squeezing down.

Keita's ears twitch at the toy's words, "Did you say toy?" he asks, looking down at K-2003 who stares up at him with a devilish grin, the toy thrusting up into him, while "dropping" him down onto its cock, the length sliding deep into his body with a wet squeaky slap. Keita lets out a loud meow of delight, his throat purring loudly like an idling sports car. He shudders when he feels something like a tongue wiggling in his filled ass, purposely licking and pressing onto his prostate.

"This one knows you don't like female bits and parts, and it respects that, but it thought you'd like that," K-2003 says hilding itself into him, the clit hood licking and wiggling within his butt, as the cock twitches and throbs deep within him.

Keita pants heavily, "N-no, I don't even like breasts. Shemales don't do it for me, but..." he grunts and mews, toes curling feeling his prostate be pressed on by the clit hood, "T-this is an odd... oh fuck that feels good, exception," he mews.

K-2003 gently grasps his cock, thumb running across the tip, spreading the pre-cum that leaks out of his cumslit, "This one is pleased that it is able to make an exception for this one. It will be sure that the others will fit your specific tastes, as this one wants to take great care in molding you for your role," it explains giving a firm thrust up into his already hilted ass.

Keita moans out, a soft meow escaping his lips, breathing deeply he tightly clenches the toy's cock, "W-what?" he mews feeling K-2003 lifting him back up off of its cock, the flaring cock head tugging at his innards, teasing his sensitive anal flesh.

"All good things take time, and this one like all good things, will take its time with you," K-2003 says, leaving only its cock head within his rump once again before sliding him back down, thrusting up at the last inch to give a nice firm squeaky rubbery smack of his ass against the toy's crotch.

Keita mews out again, body shuddering, cock twitching, rubbing against the toy's belly, K-2003's breasts less than an inch away from him, yet despite the thrusts, moans, and body jerks, they have not yet touched him, making it feel if he closes his eyes that only a strong powerful male is fucking his tight rubber covered ass, "Y-you are really good at this."

"Oh thank you, this one has had a lot of practice," K-2003 keeping one hand on his butt, gently kneading that heart shaped symbol, teasing him, while the other runs across his chest, rubbing his nipples through the rubber, giving them a gentle pinch, a mew escaping from Keita's lips.

"Oh god..." he moans, biting his lower lip, trying to restrain another mew, his legs quivering.

K-2003 chuckles, "There is no god here, only this one. Perhaps you should say oh toy instead," K-2003 musses, giving his nipple another tender pinch, thrusting up into his ass again, starting to begin to rhythmically thrust into his body.

"Oh toy," Keita mews, K-2003 grins at the words, watching his body quiver as it bucks up into him again, the rubber loudly squeaking.

"That's better, isn't it?" K-2003 asks watching his body shake, as it speeds up its thrusting, going harder and harder, his well-lubricated hole making him slide up and down on its cock with ease. The toy's hands work to tease him, keeping the pace under its own control, leaving Keita helpless as it guides him along its aching length, pre-cum flowing into his body, adding to his increasing lust.

"Y-yes," he moans, his body aching to be fucked harder and harder. With each thrust, his lust grows, the need to be rutted builds within him, but any time he reaches for his length K-2003's arms block his way, stopping him from getting close, as the pressure builds within his loins.

"That's it, relax and let this one take you for a nice ride," K-2003 says, guiding him up and down its cock, thrusting up hard at the right times, slowing down at others, making sure he doesn't climax from the anal stimulation alone. A streak of pre-cum gathers on K-2003's belly as it continues to mate him, "*This one could give him all the arousal he needs simply from here, but toy has to open them up to all kinds of service. One step at a time,*" it thinks.

Keita mews softly, each thrust sends a wave of pleasure that travels up his spine into his mind, addling his thoughts further with the desire to fuck more, to take in more cocks. He closes his eyes imagining the purely male sergal in front of him, taking his ass, making his cock twitch and ache even harder, "Yes, that's it, that's it," he moans reaching out to feel that smooth rubbery toy chest, finding and squeeze the toy's bust instead breaking his fantasy, but any dip in delight he'd otherwise feel is overrun but another firm thrust from the toy, making him mew out in delight.

"Isn't someone getting frisky with this one," K-2003 says with a wink bucking harder, faster, quicker, the pleasure building in Keita's loins as he feels himself on the brink, while K-2003 is ready to flood his insides with a strong aphrodisiac rubber toy seed, "Just a bit more, this one is almost there."

Keita's toes curl, his tail wagging quickly behind him, ears perked, purring loudly, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. Toy this feels so good," he cries out, K-2003 slamming up into his ass, the toy's length spasming within his rear, suddenly unleashing its hot sticky cyan rubbery load into his insides. Keita feels the warm gush of seed flooding into him, moaning out in delight feels as if he is about to burst himself yet to his aching need and dismay he doesn't.

Milking K-2003's cock, Keita rides up and down the length under his own strength for the first time in what feels like ages, his legs are weak, barely able to get more than halfway up the length before coming back down under his own weight. Each gush of the toy seed doubles his aching lust for more.

K-2003 rubs Keita's back and belly, keeping him straight up on its cock, "That's it. That's a good kitty toy. Take in all this one's seed. We are just getting started."

Keita pants, too enthralled by the sensation that he doesn't catch what K-2003 says, distracted by the twitching cock in his ass, still hard despite unleashing a massive load into his body. The toy's caressing hands keeping him right on target, not hindering or helping him as he tries to lift himself off of K-2003's cock, slowly making it a third of the way from the top before crashing back down with a moan, "Oh fuck me toy... I never felt anything that good, I can't imagine how it would be like if you were a male model."

K-2003 smiles rubbing Keita's belly some more, before its hands slide up along his chest, gently running its claw tips along his rubber coated nipples, "This one seems to be often some people's exception to the rule, and you are not exception to that," it playfully winks.

"I-I don't know about that," he says trying to lift off of K-2003's cock again, getting a fourth of the way to the top about to fall back down when K-2003 grabs him from under his arms and easily lifts him off of its cock, the cyan sergal cock twitching and flaring as cyan rubber seed drips from his rear.

Keita moans in delight, while the toy gently lays him on his back, his hands moving to caress and tease his cock when K-2003 gently pulls them away, "No not yet. You don't want to cum yet."

Keita pants heavily looking up at the toy curiously, ear twitching, "W-why?"

"If you cum the fun will end. And you want to continue the fun don't you?"

"W-we aren't done?" he asks with a soft mew.

K-2003 giggles wiggling its rump, its cock bouncing side flicking bits of toy seed and juices onto Keita's body, "Far from it! There is so much to do. This was just the warmup. And this one wants you to earn the best climax you'll ever experience; doesn't that sound lovely? But you have to earn it," K-2003 explains, walking over to the drawers with the dozens of dildos sitting along the top, the toy's rump sways, cock bouncing with each step. Keita tries not to notice the bouncing jiggling breasts, but when it grabs a medium sized red dildo with a sizable knot, he can't help but notice.

"Y-yes, it does..." he mews, attempting to use this pause to catch his breath, his toes curling as he focuses on the dildos' knot.

"This one knows you like knots, and the knot toys aren't just ready yet. So will this do for the time being?" it asks turning to face him, the toy's cock sways side to side, twitching, throbbing, the clit hood licking along the lower part of the length, coiling around it keeping it steady.

"Are you going to do what I think you are going to do with it?" Keita mews, his cock twitching in anticipation, ass clenching down, thoughts of him taking that knot filling his mind.

K-2003 reaches down gripping its cock, with a loud wet squeak it slides its fingers along its length, a soft moan escaping its lips before it shoves the tip of the canid dildo into its mouth, the toy's tongue coiling around it, while drawing it into its lips, the knot opening its mouth more while it gathers a pool of seed that was still trapped in its cock into its hand. The toy popping the

toy out, not quite taking the knot this time, the toy covered in its mouth juices, which it happily adds its spent toy cum lubricant to it, rubbing it into the dildo making it nice and slick from tip to base, “This one thinks you know what it plans to do with it.”

“Ahh...” he mewes softly watching K-2003 move over him, the toy’s cock twitching over his head, his eyes eyeing it as a sea of black rubber with a long island of cyan hangs over him, “I am not much for sucking dick, but...” he gulps, watching K-2003 move over him, elbows on either side of his hips, the toy’s hot breath blowing across his throbbing length.

“Oh, you aren’t? Thanks for the advice, that means this one knows exactly what to do,” it says running a claw tip along his used rubber covered pucker.

“Huh?” he mewes, shivering feeling the claw tease his well-lubed hole, his eyes focused on the cyan cock as it lowers down just above his head, the length thrusting forward slowly, in teasing motions, pre cum dribbling onto his body, the toy’s rubbery aroma heavy in the air, nostrils flaring, taking in deep breaths, growing ever more aroused.

“Come on, you can’t expect this one to tell you everything, where is the fun in that?” it asks taking the dildo, gently pressing it against his pucker, spreading his hole slowly once again.

A soft mew escapes Keita’s lips, he clenches down onto the dildo with a soft squeak, K-2003’s twisting and turning the dildo as it pushes it in deeper and deeper, till it is stopped by the knot.

Keita arches his back feeling his cock twitch, dribbling pre, toes curling, tail swishing excitedly, feeling the cock slip in deeper, the knot pressing against his rear, while K-2003 gives slow jerking motions of its cock length over his head at first. Then K-2003 pulls the cock back then slamming it into his rear, spreading his hole slightly by the knot, K-2003’s cock now thrusting in firm constant thrusts in tandem with the dildo pushing into him, running just a half an inch from his face.

Keita gulps seeing the throbbing cock run across his head, it twitches and dribbles pre cum, aching just to be shoved into a hole, while his own cock aches even harder. His ears twitch hearing K-2003 humming some tune to itself, helping it keep pace as it slips the dildo in and out of his rear, spreading his pucker wider and wider, the knot almost popping into him, spreading his ass before K-2003 pulls back, “That was so close, this one is sure to get it this time with one nice push.”

Keita pants heavily, watching K-2003’s cock pull back, its hips mimicking the pulling back motion of the dildo in his rear, K-2003 pulling the toy all the way back till just the canid tip is still inside of his hole. K-2003’s cock lines up perfectly with Keita’s head, ready to shove in him, his eyes locked on the twitching eager cock in front of him and the dildo about to be shoved into his tight rear, “W-wait a moment toy,” Keita says.

“Hmm?” K-2003 looks over its shoulder at Keita, shoving the dildo all the way into his body, the knot popping into his rear with a loud audible squeaking pop, Keita letting out a loud meow of pleasure. The toy takes the moment to thrust forward, its twitching cyan cock shoving into Keita’s mouth, filling his tastes bud’s with K-2003’s dribbling arousing pre-cum, “Did you say something?” it asks.

Keita's hands wrap around K-2003's hips, hands squeezing onto its rubbery but, when K-2003 pops the knot out of Keita's rump, pulling the toy almost all the way out before slamming it back into him. K-2003's cock mimicking the motions keeping a good portion of its cock shoved into his lips, pulling out till just an inch or so was still in him, too much for him to wiggle his head away before slamming its member all the way in deep throating him.

Keita smacks K-2003's ass several times with a squeaky thwack when the cock is shoved down into his throat, swallowing down the arousing juices, the feline tenderly forced to suckle on the cock, his rough feline rubber tongue caressing the length. He hears a soft moan escape K-2003's lips as it pulls out the dildo again before slamming it into his rear, popping the knot again and again, his tight ass spread wide by the toy, tripling his anal bliss.

"For someone who doesn't do it, you are pretty good. Keep it up, we have a lot more time to go," K-2003 says with a soft moan, popping the toy in and out of his ass, distracting him from the cock that is slipping in and out of his mouth, but never fully leaving it. K-2003's clit hood expertly making the toy's cock wetter before each thrust in, making him take in more arousing juices, but keeping its clit from touching his lips, not wanting to undermine his ever-growing homosexual based arousal.

Keita's nostrils flare, the intoxicating scent, the ever-higher levels of lust that he has never even dreamt of being possible in his life, was being taken to even higher heights with each passing moment. He feels as if there is no limit to just how mind numbing horny, he could be. His hands smack K-2003 on the ass several more times.

"Someone is getting frisky, how wonderful," K-2003 wiggles its rump the cock wiggling in his mouth, running against his cheeks, and rubber covered teeth, his cock aching, twitching harder, his body telling him just how arousing this is, his cock aching for more, screaming to be touched and played with, begging for release. Yet he finds his hands-on K-2003's butt smacking it at first but soon holding, caressing, squeezing it, while the knot pops in and out of his hole, in an almost hypnotic fashion. Rubber squeaks and anal pops fill the room, steadily Keita's struggling lessens, his hands now rubbing, squeezing, kneading the toy's black rubber butt, muffled moans escape his lips, swallowing more of the arousing juices.

"So horny, so horny, fuck. That toy spreading my ass... there it is again. And again. Does this toy know when to quit? Please don't stop!" he thinks. K-2003 moans softly, feeling the slowly shifting change in Keita's suckling.

"That's it. That's it. You are doing great. Toy thinks you are getting ready for the first step into something far better," it says one hand reaching down to caress the back of Keita's neck, pressing the very back of the collar just as K-2003 pops the knot hard into the feline's rump.

Keita lets out a muffled cock filled moan, not noticing the pinch on the back of his neck as the toy pops into him, but he does feel a tingle runs down his spine, up into his mind, softly not even noticeable to Keita's lustful mind he will hear a soft feminine domineering voice, hypnotically speak into the depths of his mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

“Toy serves.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Fuck toys serve their owners.”

“Fuck toys obey their Maker.”

“Fuck toys are always ready to fuck.”

“Fuck toys don’t cum unless commanded to.”

“Fuck toys don’t need to cum.”

“Fuck toys are always ready to cum. Ready to serve.”

“Fuck toys are objects.”

“Fuck toys are things.”

“Fuck toys do not say I.”

“Fuck toys do not say me.”

“Fuck toys do not say myself.”

“Fuck toys say, this one, it, itself, toy.”

Keita moans out in delight, not even picking up on the words yet. They are too softly spoken, his mind too focused as his ass is getting spread over and over again by the over eager K-2003 as it ravages his butt with the canid dildo.

K-2003 uses its free hand to rub and massage his butt, keeping him relaxed, teased, tenderized, as it keeps him focused on suckling its cock, while distracting him with the dildo fucking, “That’s it toy. Let this one in. Let this one help you. Let go of barriers, just drop them. Open yourself up to this one, and it will make your existence blissful, and the world an even better place, with you helping this one achieve it,” it says, softly moaning as Keita is too lost in his own lust filled world to fully comprehend what the toy is saying.

Three hours later of endless cock sucking and ass popping, Keita’s hands weakly lay to either side of him, too tired to grab or smack the toy’s ass anymore. His mouth accepting the cock as it slips back into his mouth, his constant head shaking from earlier faded away, unsure if it's from how tired he is or he’s beginning to grow accustomed to K-2003’s cock between his lips. What he hasn’t adjusted to is his endless throbbing cock, despite its meager size, aching with powerful need that courses through his body, his balls feeling so heavy, ready to burst at any moment.

A sudden knock on the door draws Keita out of his lustful stupor, K-2003 thrusts deep into Keita’s mouth deep throating him, shoving the dildo all the way into his body, yelling out, “Oh they are finally here! Wonderful!” K-2003 wiggles it’s rump, the cock wiggling deep in Keita’s throat, his nostrils flaring, K-2003 suddenly pulling out of him with a wet slurp, pre-cum and feline saliva drip heavily off K-2003’s bouncing cock, “They are here, they are here, how wonderful they are here!” K-2003 sings bouncing over to the door.

The sensation of K-2003’s cock in his lips lingering, his tongue licking along his mouth, swallowing what built up toy pre-cum and saliva still in his throat, drool and pre-cum having run

down the side of his head pooling where his head rests on the bed, “W-who’s here?” Keita manages to weakly say, squeezing the toy left in his ass.

K-2003 unlocks the door looking over its shoulder at Keita, “The next two toys that will have you of course. Now normally this one lets one at a time, but it thought doubling up on you for each set might help you get past any issues you were having. Please let this one know if it does. It wants to improve its process with such unique material as yourself,” K-2003 says happily swinging the door open, revealing two anthropomorphic rubber winged dragons. The first one stepping out is a buff white dragon toy with silver highlights, their cock shapely, throbbing, large and in charge with their unique contours and flares, shaped perfectly like the arctic dragon cock Keita saw earlier. He’d sit up if he felt like he had the ability to do so, but his eyes go wide, staring at the length then up at the six-and-a-half-foot tall mountain of dragon muscle. A silver tag on its neck with the designation, A-6969.

“This is our arctic toy model, it thinks you will enjoy it very much as it will enjoy you,” K-2003 says happily, gently rubbing its cyan claws along the cock, watching the pulsing throbbing length dribble some clear white rubbery pre-cum.

The next dragon, an ice-blue color with a lighter blue secondary collar, the lilith femboy dragon, feminine in its features, but clearly male, has a monster of a cock equal to that of the other dragon. It twitches and throbs, the cock making Keita mew out in delight, his mind picturing either cock within him, the knot of the one popping in and out of him, while the other flaring touch of the other, would make him cry out in utter anal bliss. His arousal is so great, he felt like he could take both of those cocks at once. The toy’s collar with a cobalt blue metal tag says I-6969.

“This one is our ice dragon model. They are part of the Arctic Winds dragon pack. They are sold as either a set or separately, and which is feminine or masculine is completely up to the user! Though we only had this set-in stock which we had to get out of packaging and going. Which is why it took so long, sorry!” K-2003 says with a bow, the two dragons on either side of it, while K-2003’s hands gently caress the two toy’s hard throbbing lengths.

“Oh my...” Keita mews trying his best to sit up, but as hard as he tries, his aching muscles refuse to obey him at the moment, “Can I have a few minutes? I need to catch my breath,” he mews softly, his throat purring contently, tail swishing behind his legs with delight.

K-2003 smiles, leaning forward still, gently caressing the two cocks between its hands, its claw tips running around the nice hefty rubbery sacks, the two dragon toys give off soft moans, the masculine white a deeper groan, while the other was softer more feminine but still clearly male. Their hips buck forward pre-cum glistens on their cock stips as K-2003 gives their members a nice firm squeeze, “This one will make sure they get going easy enough before it heads out for a bit. It has a lot of work to do to make sure your next two toys are up to standards and the special requirements that material such as yourself needs,” K-2003 explains.

“Uh... okay,” he says lifting his head, propping himself up with his elbows with a loud squeak. Keita watches K-2003 stand back straight up and giving the two dragon’s butts a firm loud rubbery squeaky smack, “Go get the toy to be, you two know what to do.”

“Yes Toy Mistress,” the two dragons say, their attention locked onto Keita, which makes his cock twitch in delight, the two sauntering over, their cock sbouncing, twitching, throbbing as they get closer, the sweet aroma of mint and peppermint fill the air.

“This one made sure they were polished with themed polish to ad to your enjoyment,” K-2003 says walking over to the head of the bed, leaning against one of the canopy bed posts, K-2003 looking down at its cock, its cyan claws gently caressing its length, begining to push the length back into its sex with a soft moan.

“T-thanks? I think?” Keita says, his attention drawn by the three cocks, the buff Arctic dragon jumps onto the bed, his weight causes the bed to squeak and bounce, making Keita slip on his arms and lay back onto his back.

The dragon’s silver claws run across Keita’s chest, gently rubbing his nipples, “This one will ensure you have a good time with it. Nothing is more refreshing than an Arctic chill,” he says, reaching around, the dragon’s hands going from warm to cold suddenly sending a shiver down Keita’s nipples.

“Cold, cold, cold!” Keita mews.

K-2003 giggles, wiggling its rump, “Yup! Both dragons specialize in ice play,” K-2003 explains slipping its cyan length back into its sex, with a soft moan, popping it back into place, making the toy once more back into its purely female mode, “There we go, back to normal,” it says licking its fingers clean of its sexual juices looking at Keita who is shivering at the Arctic dragon’s touch, a swirl of warmth and cold moves across his rubber clad skin, hardening his nipples more, before the dragon wraps his arms around Keita and drags him over the bed and pulls him on top of him.

“Hello kitten toy,” Arctic dragon says, huffing a fog of cool air across his muzzle.

“T-toy?” Keita mews, wiggling, feeling the dragon toy’s warm body press against his body, then suddenly providing a moment of chill, sending a shiver down his back, the dragon’s massive length slips between Keita’s legs, pressing up against his own cock, and still from a lower start, still ends up towering over it.

K-2003 smiles, “You look like a toy don’t you?”

“W-well I suppose so,” Keita mews.

“Go with it. Enjoy yourself. Be the toy,” K-2003 says.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves being a toy.”

“Toy loves to make love,” the voice whispers in the back of his mind, Keita about to notice them when he feels another cold chill across his chest when the ice femboi dragon toy reaches up and places its hands on him.

“It is a cute toy for us to play with Toy Mistress,” the ice dragon toy says softly, swaying its rump side to side.

“Cold, cold...” Keita shivers with a mew.

“Toys. Don’t go too heavy on the cold. Pre-cum, fingertips and claws at times. Ease them into it. If that one likes it, give them more. If they find it too much to handle right now,

lay off on it. You have this one's permission to adjust as needed, but... remember," K-2003 says licking the last of its digits clean, "None of you have permission to cum."

"Yes, Toy Mistress!" the two dragon toys reply.

K-2003 walks over to Keita who pants heavily feeling sandwiched between the two dragon toys, "Enjoy your play time toy to be. It will be back in a few hours. Have fun you three," K-2003 says walking away.

"A f-few hours? I don't think I could last that long," Keita mews, K-2003 waving away, its rump swaying sensually as it walks, "You'll be fine. Trust this one. It knows what it is doing," K-2003 explains slipping outside, locking the door behind it.

Keita mews looking at the two dragons, their cocks moving against his own, the members twitch and dribble pre-cum which tingles a soft cooling sensation like cold water dripping along his rubber coated length, making him mew out in surprised delight.

"Mind if this one take it's rear first?" asks A-toy, the arctic dragon, reaching around to gently rub Keita's belly.

"Sure, that sweet mouth of it's looks nice and warm," I-toy the ice dragon says with a smirk, squeaking, climbing onto the bed, while A-toy pulls Keita back farther onto the bed, lifting him up.

Keita mews softly, "I-I don't suck cock," wiggling feeling a shiver, the Arctic dragon toy's cock spurts pre-cum onto his hole the cooling pre-cum sends a shiver down his spine, while also soothing his sore pucker, "B-butt," Keita mews.

"This one thinks you'll make an exception," says I-toy, it's intimidating dragon cock moving over to his lips.

"No buts now," says A-toy about to push its cock into Keita when it's stopped by the canine dildo still lodged into his rear, the dragon cock presses the dildo deeper into him, making him moan out in delight.

"There is a toy still in me," Keita whines. The Arctic dragon lifts him high up while the ice dragon kneels and looks under his butt.

"There is, mind if this one has a bit of fun removing it since you get its ass first?" I-toy asks cutely, swaying its tail, its cock twitching in anticipation, looking up at the buff dragon toy with cute hatchling toy eyes.

A-toy grins, holding the dangling cat in the air, "Sure, but no hands."

"No hands? Awe you make this one have a lot of fun with this don't you," I-toy replies, leaning under Keita, the toy letting a soft cool air blow from its mouth, making Keita shiver.

"H-hey, what are you doing?" Keita mews.

"Removing your toy so us toys can have our turn," it says leaning up to kiss the dildo's base. The femboy ice dragon's tongue slinks out and coils around the base of the dildo, sliding up along the dildo, up into Keita's rear. The toy's cool tongue helps cool the used knot throb of Keita's well used ass, who shivers and moans, toes curling as the tongue slides deeper into him, coiling around that knot that keeps the toy lodged within him.

A-toy watches, nuzzling and licking along Keita's spine, letting him feel a soft chill run down his back, while I-toy's lips wrap around the toy base. It's tongue coils more around the dildo till it can't reach anymore around it. The toy's lips press against Keita's pucker, adding to the cooling sensation, beginning to slurp and suckle on the dildo.

Keita grunts, feeling the tongue tightly grip the toy in his ass, pulling at it, the knot shifts and moves down, pressing against his inside pucker, slowly spreading it. I-toy's lips curl and pull at the toy, drawing more of it into its mouth, the knot slowly spreading Keita's spucker wider and wider, "oh my..." he mews.

Arctic toy chuckles, "Cat toy got your tongue I-6969?"

I-toy shoots its fellow toy a look, lips tightly gripping the toy, its head pulling away from Keita's butt, the toy spreading him wider and wider, making the ice dragon pull harder and harder with its coiled around tongue.

Keita mews out in delight, feeling the dildo's knot reaching that point of no return, his pucker spreading to its max width, suddenly there is a loud pop and a jerk of Keita's body upward while I-toy's head jerks back, the canid dildo now hanging from its mouth.

"If that is all the Toy Mistress was using on this one? We are going to wreck it with our cocks," A-toy says with a domineering grin.

Keita pants, feeling his pucker relax, the cooling salva of the toy making the pleasure ache all the more bearable, the desire of having something back in his rear steadily returning, his lust unabated.

I-toy spits the toy off to the side, "Oh this one knows we will, but when we are done with this toy, it will be craving for our cocks."

"I-I already crave cocks," Keita mews.

"There is no I."

"There is only toy," the voice whispers in the back of Keita's mind.

The two dragons look at each other then back at him, "Oh, well you'll want our cocks even more than above almost all else," I-toy says climbing back up onto the bed.

"Good save I-6969," A-toy says, lowering Keita down onto its cock, the monstrous member twitches, the tip pressing around Keita's hole, the cock feels warm yet cold at the same time. The toy's ability cools the area on its cock where Keita's pucker touches, keeping a cold sensation on the cat's stretched hole, like a modestly chilled ice pack.

"Like you could do any better A-6969," it remarks, sticking its tongue out at A-toy before letting out a cool foggy huff.

Keita watches the ice dragon move itself into position, its throbbing cock tip glistens with ice-clear pre-cum, he lets out a soft mew, the cock pressing against his lips, pushing in while he slides further down onto the other dragon's toy cock.

The two monstrous dragon toy cocks push into Keita's opposite holes. Their unique and dominating features push into him, the one dragon's toy knot spreading him, forcing him open further, making him melt in delight, his cock twitches and aches, his ass clenching down on the

one. His tongue coiling on the other, the ice dragon toy rubbing the back of his head, claws petting behind his ears.

“That’s it toy, take us, enjoy us,” says I-toy, a bit of pre-cum dribbling onto Keita’s tongue. He slurps and drinks it, the ice dragon’s pre-cum tasting a little pepperminty. The cooling pre-cum slides down his throat, feeling rather refreshing, but it has another side effect.

With each slurp and drink of the ice dragon’s toy pre-cum, Keita’s mind slowly grows more open to suggestion. Words spoken with force or are highly suggestive will steadily become harder and harder to ignore. They will bounce longer in his head, echoing in his thoughts, staying there like a jingle to a song that he can’t just get out of his mind. With each slurp, it will be just that much harder to ignore the words in the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy serves.”

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing”

Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Fuck toys love to fuck.”

“Fuck toys obey Maker.”

“Fuck toys are always ready to fuck.”

“Fuck toys do not cum.”

“Fuck toys cum only when they need to. Never before. Never after.”

“Fuck toys do not say I.”

“Fuck toys do not say me.”

“Fuck toys do not say myself.”

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

“That’s it. Suck. You want to suck this one off, don’t you?” I-toy says, drawing Keita’s mind away from the voices whispering in the back of his head, not fully grasping what is being said, not fully realizing there are being spoken, his attention was on the deliciously sexy femboi dragon toy that is pounding his lips, the toy’s balls kissing his lips with each thrust.

A-toy, holds onto Keita’s sides, with strength equaling that of K-2003, it moves Keita up and down on its massive twitching shaft. Keita’s flesh is tugged and teased by the unique feral length. It pounds and spreads him wide, popping into him over and over again. The toy’s pre-cum spurts into Keita’s butt, the slightly chilled pre-cum cools Keita’s burning hot insides, soothing them, but leaving him wanting for more as he quickly warms up the icy-chilled pre-cum, but A-toys pre-cum does something else.

Each icy spurt of pre-cum that A-toy spurts into his rear, though not as effective as if it was slipped down Keita’s throat, makes his entire body feel better and better. Each thrust up, flooding his insides with his delightful juices, that Keita’s rump milks from the throbbing draconic member, the more sensitive Keita becomes.

A-toy thrusts up into Keita’s butt, its monster cock spreading his butt wide, crushing his prostate in delight, the sensitivity across his entire body slowly increases. So slowly the rate that

Keita won't even notice. It will take hours of fucking and taking in A-toy's pre-cum, but slowly but surely the rubber suit that dulls Keita's physical senses feels less and less of a hinderance.

The rubber feels thinner and thinner, each touch of his nipple, each caress of his cock, that ever so gently teases him, each pet on the head feels clearer, sharper, and over the next several hours the suit will feel more a second skin to him, as if it wasn't even there. The suit will still be separate, and still just that a suit, but despite of this, the extra sensitivity won't make it any easier for Keita to cum, in fact it will drive him even more wild with lustful need, but that is in the future. For the moment, the arctic dragon cock is filling Keita's ass, pushing him toward the brink, but never over the top, the soothing chill on his prostate from the pre-cum makes his toes curl, a unique delight while he suckles down the ice dragon's cock.

Keita's hands caress and hold onto I-toy's feminine slender hip. The rubber on his fingertips feeling ever so slightly thinner, feeling up the slender butt, the smooth rubber with lightly impressed faux scales to give that draconic look. With a wet squeaky slap his lips kiss the dragon's balls again. He looks up at that slim femboy look, tongue coiling around that massive length, his mouth spread wide by its girth and length. I-toy's soft feminine male features make him squirm and moan, while the toy gently pets the back of his head, helping guide him up and down his length, while the toy behind him continues to strongly mate his rear.

A-toy holds Keita in place, lifting and lowering him onto its cock with steady strong paces, keeping Keita nicely distracted, content between the two rubber toys. It's fingers run across his rubber clad nipples, growing cold to send pleasure delights through Keita's body. The toy's massive cock, tugging and pressing into Keita's sensitive anal walls, pressing onto his prostate, sending shots of pleasure through him. His cock aching so hard, constantly dribbling pre-cum at this moment, yet feeling so pent up and heavy, ready to burst.

The strong masculine dragon chest presses up against Keita's back, his strong embrace keeps him feeling safe, his strong loving thrusts make him mew out in ecstasy while his mouth is filled with ice dragon femboy cock.

Keita's body, though worn and tired, continues to enjoy the delights the two dragon toys are giving him. His hands squeezing the cute femboy dragon butt, his toes curling, cock bouncing with each thrust that shakes his body. Their cooling pre-cum that corrupts his body slowly, steadily, his mind opening more to voices in his head while becoming ever more exhausted from the hours of constant fucking, make it even harder to resist.

Three and a half hours into the constant butt and mouth fucking, A-toy slams Keita hard onto it's cock, I-toy shoving itself deep into his mouth. Pre-cum gushing into both holes, Keita happily drinking down the corruptive seed, milking the cock in his butt, the knot spreading him wide between the two, the cooling pre-cum keeps him from feeling utterly heat exhausted.

I-toy gently pets the back of Keita's head, a deep purr coming from his throat, making the dragon toy moan, "This toy's purring is like a vibrator on its cock. You have to try this."

A-toy smirks, "Of course, we are switching now, aren't we?" he asks, lifting Keita off of his cock, while I-toy pulls out of his mouth, a loud pop echoing in the room, Keita mewling out in delight.

“Oh, hold the toy up and let it lay down so it can take them. This one thinks they are too tired to even remain sitting up,” I-toy says laying down onto the bed, laying beside them, the lithe femboy blue ice dragon holds its hands out toward Keita, “Hand it over to this one.”

“Sure thing,” A-toy replies, passing Keita over like a small kitten passed from one owner to the next, limbs dangling, body aching, aroused, wanting more sexy but already so exhausted.

“C-could we break for a moment? This one is tired,” Keita replies feeling a shiver run down his spine, the soft words speaking into his mind.

“There is no I.”

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

Keita mews, “Wait, did I just say--,” his words cut off when he feels himself being lowered onto the ice-dragon’s twitching throbbing dick. The same cooling sensation around his pucker is felt once again, helping him stretch out, and around the monstrous draconic length, feeling every ridge, and bump the cock has to offer, “O-ohhh” he mews out weakly, legs kicking as he’s laid down onto his back against the strong femboy dragon’s chest.

Keita lays on top of the dragon, feeling the cock slip in and out of his hole with firm thrusts, his body jerking up and along the rubber dragon toy’s body. They lay across the bed, the ice Dragon’s head hangs off the end, while Keita’s head rests on I-toy’s chest. The ice dragon’s claws run across his belly and chest, petting him, occasionally sending lines of cold across his form soothing his aching heat, touching his cock tip for a moment with a dab of cold, making Keita mew out loudly in bliss.

“Don’t make it cum. Remember what Toy Mistress said,” A-toy says, standing on the side of the bed, its silver throbbing length, dribbling pre-cum, aching for more, ready to be shoved into the next nearest hole. Keita eyes it, remembering every inch of it within his body, unsure how he will take that cock, as he is unsure even now how he took the ice dragon in the first place.

“This one hasn’t forgotten. It has a delicate touch and knows how to please the men,” I-toy replies, while A-toy gets into position. The throbbing length moving closer, I-toy licking the underside and giving the cock a soft tender nuzzle, “Hmm as tasty as ever.”

A-toy jerks it’s cock away, “Hey. the toy there gets this one’s cock. You can have it later once we are done.”

I-toy gives cute hatchling dragon eyes, hands gently rubbing Keita’s chest and belly making him mew and purr loudly, “But your cock is so lovely, this one just wanted to sneak in a little taste. And look this one is keeping the cat purring so it will vibrate your cock when you go in.”

A-toy gives a “Oh you,” look, the toy moving its cock back over past I-toy’s head toward Keita’s who eyes the length with exhaustion and lustful need, “Open up toy, you know you want this,” A-toy commands.

The words send shiver down Keita’s spine, he lets out a soft mew, I-toy thrusting hard into his butt, pushing him along I-toy’s body, helping A-toy slip the massive length into his mouth. Keita’s hands twitch, toes curl, his tongue runs across the cock, feeling almost as if he

can taste the cock as cool pre-cum dribbles down his throat, making him feel all the more sensitive.

“That’s a good toy, take this one’s length,” A-toy says with a soft growling domineering groan, before a moan escapes from its rubbery lips, “Hey, the throat does vibrate and it feels so good,” it says spurring more sensitive inducing pre-cum into Keita.

Keita’s hands clench and tense, reaching out to touch the Arctic dragon but he finds himself giving up. Feeling the loving controlling embrace of the ice dragon toy, his head held by the Arctic dragon, while he tenderly thrusts into his face. His resistance to fight against the two dragons fading with his energy levels. His vision is totally blocked by the rubbery balls that his nose kisses again and again. The Arctic dragon’s claws run through his rubbery hair, adding to the pleasuring delight.

Helplessly Keita suckles the cock in his mouth, tongue lapping across it, feeling all that he can, mouth forced open wide, the Ice dragon’s cock doing the same as he clenches down hard onto it with his tight butt, milking the toy’s for all they are worth.

I-toy grunts, “Even after you this toy is still tight. Toy Mistress knows how to make them,” I-toy groans, bucking hard into Keita, distracting him from the toy’s words with a hard rubber ball slap against his butt. His tail is too tired to move more than a little side to side, completely content as he is taken by the two. In a way relaxing as he just simply lets them do what they want with his body, like a good toy, a good object. For the next three and a half or so hours the two dragon toys continue to mate and make Keita ride them.

Slurping and suckling down all the pre-cum his body feeling all the more sensitive, the whispers in his mind all the more seductive, enticing his thoughts to follow, and for a moment here, and a moment there, he thinks back the words, “*Toy is a good toy.*”

The voice whispers, “*Toy loves to fuck.*”

He thinks feeling the hard dragon cocks plow into his body, filling him with delicious pre-cum, the sound of rubber echoing all around him, “*Toy loves to fuck.*”

“*Toy is a fuck toy.*”

“*Toy is a...*” a loud knock on the door stops the mating between the two toys.

A-6969 looks over to the door, leaving his cock deeply lodged into Keita’s mouth, “Who is it? This room is currently occupied.”

“It’s this one. Your time is up, it is bringing the next toy to help them get into the swing of things.”

A-toy lets out a disappointed grunt, “Oh, alright,” he pulls out of Keita’s mouth, who pants heavily finally getting a constant stream of fresh air. Fresh air being a relative term as the room’s aroma is heavily laden with the scent of sex and rubber.

I-toy gently pulls Keita off of it. Keita moans out in need, feeling the cocks pop out of his holes, mouth sore, tongue licking his lips, ass even more sore, clenching down, wanting to be filled again, “It was enjoyable while it lasted,” I-toy says, placing Keita onto the bed.

Keita purrs happily, body aching, taking a moment to catch his breath, his muscles sore, aching, feeling as if he could fall asleep right now on the bed, while the two dragon toys walked

together, hand in hand toward the door, unlocking it, revealing K-2003 standing there alone with a smile on its face, “How did it go?” K-2003 asks running its rubbery claws along the dragon’s chest. The two toys turn towards K-2003, showing off their twitching throbbing cocks from Keita’s view from the bed. His body sinks into the soft bed, his chest rising and following, feeling the rubber shifting across his fur, the hair dangling in front of his eye, he softly blows it unable to move it away.

Keita’s looks at K-2003, hearing softly spoken hypnotic words in the back of his mind, *“Toy obeys Maker.”*

“Toy servers Maker.”

“Toy can have many owners.”

“Toy can have many users.”

“But a toy can only have one Maker.”

Keita focuses on K-2003, the word Maker bounces in the back of his mind, K-2003 asking the two dragon toys, “How did it go?” it gives a big smile, rump swaying side to side with a soft squeak and a light jingle.

The two toys reply “Well Toy Mistress. Neither of us nor did the new toy climax. We did as you instructed us.”

“Wonderful!” K-2003 jumps, breasts bouncing, a soft chirp escapes from seemingly nowhere, a loud squeak filling the room, “This one is proud of both of you. Please return to X-2953, it will know what to do with you two.”

“Yes Toy Mistress,” the two toys say walking past K-2003, looking back to it before exiting the room, the door closing behind them.

“Toy, are you doing well? Ready for more?” asks K-2003 with a soft rump wiggle.

“S-so tired. T-toy is so tired.”

K-2003 smiles, “Don’t worry, this one knows those two toys could be a handful, so the next one it brought will help you relax and get the enjoyment you truly want.

“Huh?” Keita asks, K-2003 reaching to its side, turning to the side to show off a blue-ish purple and magenta colored avian toy bound to the toy’s back. Bondage straps attached to the Nevrean toy’s D rings are wrapped around its body holding it bound in place, and then attached to K-2003’s collar, belt making the toy be suspended by K-2003’s own bondage equipment, using it like a backpack.

The nevrean toy with its magenta claw tips and eyes looks over to Keita letting out a soft chirp and peep, its collar jingling with the lettering D-2423, “Hello! This one and you are going to have a fun time,” it says while K-2003 takes a moment to detach the toy from its belt and then neck cuffs, letting it slide down K-2003’s back with a loud squeak.

K-2003 turns around, looking at the shorter nevrean toy that can barely come up to K-2003’s belly in height, “Do you think you can manage the rest from here?”

D-2423 takes a moment to unhook and gather all the bondage straps and harness equipment, attached to its body, looking over to Keita before back to K-2003, “This one believes it can handle it from here Maker. This one won’t fail you!”

K-2003 reaches down gently petting D-2423 on the top of its head with a soft squeak, playing with its rubbery head hair, “This one knows you won’t. You know how important molding this material is.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump eagerly, petting the toy a bit longer, “Good toy. It knows it can count on you. Good luck,” K-2003 says exiting the room.

“*Maker? Materiel? What’s going on?*” Keita thinks unable to move a muscle, his eyes eventually drawn to the avian magenta rubber cock that throbs between the toy’s legs. The slender femboy-ish toy, with feathers on the arms that fade from its main blue to the magenta on its arms, the claws standing out, with its mimicking colored cuffs and collar. The lettering on the cuffs glowing the fancy lettering “Fuck Toy.”

D-2423 walks over to the bed with a chirp, tossing the bondage equipment onto the bed before it takes a moment to climb onto the bed, the toy squeaking loudly as it claws up onto the bed, “Whew, this one should have gotten the step stool,” it remarks, the toy over a foot shorter than Keita.

“S-so tired,” Keita mews trying to move, but all he can do is squeakily slide in place along the soft bed sheets.

D-2423 slides over to Keita with a soft squeak, “This one can see that. Those two dragons really did a number on you huh?”

“Y-yes... they did...”

“This one can see why Maker gave a bird to play with the cat now,” D-2423 chirps, moving over, taking the bondage chest harness, wrapping it around Keita’s chest. The leather straps feel nice across his rubber covered skin, his body feeling it as if the suit wasn’t even really there, but he knew it was, he could feel it but he feels so sensitive it's hard to picture he is even wearing a suit at this point.

“W-what are you doing?” Keita asks, tail swishing slowly, lifting his head to look up at the avian toy, eyes moving toward the throbbing rubbery cock which is not much larger than his own, the twitching member with dribbling pre-cum reminds him just how horny he really is.

“Getting you set up for our fun, don’t worry this one will let your body relax a bit. Maker wouldn’t be pleased if this one left you so tired that after the next toy you couldn’t walk back with it to your place of rest.”

“O-one more toy after you, I? Can rest?”

“*There is no I.*”

“*Only this one, it, itself, toy,*” the voice whispers.

“Yes, but you wouldn’t want to make our hard-working Maker carry you there? It’s so busy working that it wouldn’t be right, don’t you think?” D-2423 asks, tightening the chest harness, the leather pressing into his rubber suit, making him mew a bit, his cock twitching in need.

“N-no. So tired. If toy wasn’t so horny, I would have passed out by now.”

“*There is no I.*”

"Only this one, it, itself, toy," the voice whispers again, sending shivers down Keita's spine, a soft content feeling coming over him when he spoke correctly for that one brief moment.

D-2423 nods, checking the harness constraints, before laying out the bondage straps going from shortest to longest beside them, "Yes, this one remembers that. The first day is the big hump you know. But you'll get through it. And after that? It will be a wonderful fond memory of the time you've gotten taken over and over again. That building need, oh so lovely," it chirps, cock twitching, pre-cum dribbling, "Maker is so nice to this one to let it help you on the most important day."

Keita's eyes are half cracked open, looking up to the smooth feminine avian toy, "T-toy isn't that into bondage. I...it likes the cuffs though," he jingles his cuffs a little bit.

"This one thinks you are, no need to be shy with just us toys here," D-2423 says taking the bondage gear connecting the shortest ones to Keita's ankles, binding them together with a three inch long strap of rubber, before grabbing his wrists, connecting them together with an inch long piece of rubber, "There we go, a nice start there," it chirps.

Keita tugs at the constraints wiggling against them, his cuffs jingle a little, looking behind him up over the avian toy that is kneeling over his back, "now this one will connect them together..." it says grabbing one of the medium lengths of rubber bondage ropes latching them onto his ankle cuffs.

"W-wait!" Keita mews, feeling the tug of the restraints against his wrists.

D-2423 chirps softly, "Yes?"

"I-if you tie this one up, you won't be able to fuck me in the ass!" he exclaims wiggling his butt, clenching his butt cheeks eagerly, *"Did I as a cat ask to be ass fucked by a cute toy?"* he thinks.

The hypnotic voices whisper, *"There is no me."*

"There is no I."

"There is only this one, itself. Toy."

Keita purrs seeing the bird grin, putting the rope down, before reaching behind to squeakily grip his squeaky rubber clad heart shaped marked butt, gently kneading it with its claws, causing a soft content purr to escape from his throat.

"Is the powerful cat begging a bird?" D-2423 asks sliding down his body with a loud squeak, the avian's cock twitching and dribbling pre-cum onto Keita's butt crack.

"I-it never was that kind of cat. I-it just liked to be filled with cock. I like cocks," he blushes hearing the voice again in his head while D-2423 gently rubs against his tight yet well lubricated pucker filled with the previous toys' juices.

"This one sees," it replies, lifting the feline's rubber clad tail, letting out a bird whistled chirp, "This one has done sloppy seconds, but what is this? Sloppy thirds? Fourths?" it asks, spreading Keita's rump cheeks, exposing his dripping tail hole more to the toy.

"Fourths..." Keita replies with a soft moan, realizing just how many toys he's taken back to back.

“Oh my, this one wonders if you are still tight, but there is only one way to find out,” it chirps thrusting into Keita’s rump. D-2423’s smooth rubbery avian cock, feels nice and relaxing compared to the dragon cocks that Keita took earlier. He felt himself stretched but not too much, while he tightly squeezes the length. The avian toy sliding into him like a hot knife through butter.

Keita mews softly, feeling the length push into him, the avian’s cock dribbling pre-cum into his body, the nice relaxing pace of this toy was a welcomed change of pace, but he has no clue of the changes the avian toy will bring to him.

With each soft thrust, the squeaks filling the room, the avian toy’s cock slips in and out of his tight hole with ease, pressing against his prostate pressing his hot button, his ass so sensitive from the previous toys. D-2423’s pre-cum dribbles into Keita’s rump, each drop that soaks into his anal cavity will slowly make its way through his body up into his mind. Each beat of Keita’s heart the inhibition breaking pre-cum floods into his mind. Whittling away aversions to types of sex he could have. Kinks, fetishes, becoming less of an obstacle for his mind to comprehend and enjoy, those he already liked but too shy to admit he’d enjoy becoming the first to shine through like the well-polished toy he is becoming.

“Ohhh,” Keita mews, squeezing the avian’s cock, D-2423 bouncing off his rubbery ass with a loud squeak as he is pounded with fierce determination making up for the toy’s modest size. Each thrust jerks Keita’s body forward for a moment before returning back to its original position, his cock twitches underneath his body, dribbling pre-cum.

“You are still very tight, this one can see why Maker may want you as material, but then this one isn’t in charge of those details, it simply does what Maker wants,” D-2423 says, squeaking loudly holding onto Keita’s hips, “This one thinks you’d look great with handles like this one. They are so sensitive, when someone grips them?” D-2423 trills loudly, “It’s like someone grabbing your cock, and when they grip it tightly? Twisting it? Like how Maker knows how to do?” D-2423 trill chirps again, “Pure ecstasy, just as good as serving the customers, this one will tell you that.”

Keita mews, toes curling, hands bunching into a fist, helplessly squirming underneath D-2423 as it bounces off his butt to get a nice rhythmic pace. It’s claw tips run across his hips, gently pressing on a singular point, “One part of the handle goes here...” the toy’s hands go lower, “The other here. A lovely grip to let customers fuck you even harder. And you can really feel the difference before and after handles. And one can even get back handles. This one doesn’t have them, but it has heard great things about them,” it says bucking into Keita’s rump with a loud squeak, the toy’s hands caressing his sides, moving toward his back right around his shoulder blades.

D-2423 runs its claws along two points on Keita’s back, sending a soft shiver down his spine at the gentle petting, “The back handles tend to go here. Some toys have the one set others have the other, and a few have both. If you like the idea, perhaps you can run it by Maker. It is very concerned about us toys,” it says, giving a hard buck into Keita’s butt.

Keita mews softly, wiggling more, feeling his butt milk the avian cock lodged within him, despite the size of the toy clearly knowing how to use its length to make him purr and mew in delight, “T-toy will... I’m not so sure,” he mews, the idea of handles, to be so objectified? It was a tantalizing idea but no, he’s not a toy, he’s Keita, he’s....”

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“Good toys receive bliss.”

“Good toys receive pleasure.”

“Good toys get to climax.”

Keita mews, panting a little bit, feeling himself tenderly fucked by D-2423, before it suddenly pulls out of his hole, leaving his body wanting more, “There we go, a half an hour of prep work. This one thinks it’s about time to get you hoisted up so we can properly hang out together,” D-2423 chirps happily, grabbing the bondage strap and getting back to work to connect his ankle and wrists cuffs together, effectively hog tying him.

“H-half an hour?” Keita mews, *“Was he fucking my ass that long? Was this one just taking the toy into itself? Into me like that for thirty minutes? It didn’t feel that long. Did I doze off? It doesn’t think so,”* he thinks, wiggling his limbs as they are moved into place.

“How’s that?” it asks tightening the straps, grabbing some more, the toy’s dribbling avian cock in clear view of Keita.

Keita takes a moment to feel the constraints, his heart racing, feeling a tingle down his spine, the rush of his helplessness making his arousal reach a new unique high, not of just physical arousal and need but a desire that swells up in him, an excitement that is enhancing his pleasure, “Feels good so far toy.”

“Perfect,” D-2423 chirps, attaching more straps to Keita, working to get strap son his thigh and upper arm cuffs, latching them through the harness in the center, till four straps are intertwined together and then connected to a single D ring to another strap, “Now to set up the hanging strap in the center of the bed and hook you up to it and we are good to go...” the toy looks up at the center of the canopy bed hanging far above its head.

“Oh darn,” it chirps, taking the long bondage rope with a D ring end and throws it up in the hopes of catching the hook at the center of the canopy bed.

Keita wiggles a bit, feeling his limbs tightly held together with the harness tugging on his chest slightly, looking at D-2423 jumping up as it tries to catch a bondage rope to the bed, “Everything okay?” he mews.

“Yeah, this one just needs to fight against its old nemesis gravity. Problems of being a flightless bird,” it chirps jumping up again swinging the bondage rope, missing again, the toy landing with a squeak, bouncing on the bed.

Keita mews softly, body aching for the fun to continue, hips grinding against the soft bed sheets, feeling the desire to cum, wanting to play more, “Need any help?”

D-2423 tries a few more times, letting out a squawk, “Yeah, this one will need a little bit of help. Don’t worry, this one knows that there is a toy nearby who could help this one and not let Maker find out...” D-2423 jumps off the bed with a squeak, rushing to the door to unlock it, “This one will be back in a few minutes.”

“Uh? Wha?” Keita mews watching the cute and sexy avian toy leaving him to stew literally in the toy juices that were shoved into him. His body absorbing more of the pre-cum, still having a slowly growing building effect on his body.

Keita takes the moment to relax, his hot breath blowing across the bed sheets, his body restrained, yet not feeling strained. His flexible body makes this awkward position a bit more comfortable than it otherwise would have been. His cock twitches underneath him, reminding him of how needy he is, making it hard for him to doze off due to how hard he is.

“So very tired,” he mews, his throat purring happily, the only sounds he hears is the soft flow of air vent keeping the room a nice comfortable temperature, the soft squeaks he makes fill the rest of the silence, his tail swishing between his legs. His nostrils flare, smelling the heavy scent of sex and rubber on him, his tongue savoring the aftertaste of the dragon cocks, with a faintest hint of K-2003’s cock still on his lips. He mews helplessly waiting while D-2423 moves down the toy testing room toward the store floor.

The door across for Keita’s room cracks open, K-2003 sticks its head out, the toy has a Bluetooth phone device in its ear, “This one understands your concerns about our toys to fit the special needs of your local clients. Toy’s second Mega-store also has the same issue, and rest assured it is doing all it can to find the right toys to fill the important manager jobs,” K-2003 says, thinking, “*Did it forget it can lower the bondage hook with a switch by the door?*”

K-2003’s ears twitch to the female’s voice on the phone, the toy sticking its head back inside closing the door behind it, “Yes this one did say toy,” the toy’s ear twitches again, walking back to the office which is right across a large black and cyan rubber sheet canopy bed, “It helps keep costs down. The savings we pass onto customers. It understands the oddity of it, but then you are talking to this one, the CEO of Toys-4-U,” it says the toy’s ears twitch again, “This one apologizes that it doesn’t make you feel more comfortable. But trust this one. It takes special care in toys that take such high-level positions. They are specially crafted, molded, and trained to fulfill the purpose. If there are any issues, toy will be happy to work them out with you if and when they occur,” K-2003 says, sitting back down in its chair with a squeak, thinking, “*D-2423 thinks it's clever not letting this one know about it. It will play along for their sake.*”

Keita mews softly, grinding his hips against the bed, desperate to climax, feeling his member twitch, throb, ache, dribbling pre cum which squeaks against his lower crotch. “This one is so horny. Aching... Toy needs to cum. I want to cum.”

“*Good toys cum*”

“*Good toys obey.*”

“*Good toy serves,*” the voice whispers.

Keita ears twitch looking around, “Someone there?” he mews, a few moments later the door clicks, slowly opening to reveal D-2423 with a large massive dark blue and orange rubber

sergal standing behind it. The sergal about the height of K-2003 is notably different, with more mass to their body, a double pair of breasts with orange nipples, making Keita feel a bit disgruntled at the sight, till he notices the throbbing twitching thick ribbed tapered orange shaft with a nice set of balls hanging below the base of the shaft.

“If only they were a male toy,” Keita thinks.

D-2423 leads the massive sergal toy toward the bed, “This one is so grateful you could take a moment to help this one with this little issue.”

The sergal toy grins its tag jingles imprinted on the front is the designation G-2273, “This one is glad to help. No need to mention it,” it says going to the bed, standing onto the bed, which creaks and squeaks under its weight, hooking up the bondage hook to the rope, “There you go.”

“Yes, please don’t mention it. Also, could you see if you could delay Maker for a few minutes to make up for time lost?”

G-2273 slips off the bed the massive cock dangling over Keita’s head making him mew softly, the thought of that cock entering him making his butt squirm, imagining that cock attached to a buff male sergal taking his ass, then his mouth wrapping around it, suckling the tip for all its delicious toy cum, “This one can try, but it makes no promises.”

“Thank you, you are the best,” D-2423 says, while Keita continues to visualize suckling that cock.

Suddenly Keita feels the sensation of being lifted off the ground, the bondage straps tugging toward the center, the body harness squeezing his body, knocking him out of his sexual fantasy. He opens his eyes, seeing D-2423 lifting him off the bed like he was a little kitten, G-2274 exiting the room, closing and locking the door behind it.

“How strong are you toys?” Keita mews looking to the bed below, while D-2423 hooks the bondage straps to the one above, leaving the toy suspended in the air, at perfect height for him to suck the avian toy’s length, which twitches in front of him.

“Maker makes us toys very strong but not able to overpower users, owners, what have you,” D-2423 replies, crouching down to be face to face with him, the toy reaches over to gently tease Keita’s cock, making him mew out in pleasure, “But you are none of those things toy. So this one is going to overpower you.”

“W-what do you mea--” Keita’s words are cut off when D-2423 leans in, passionately kissing Keita on the lips. The feline mews into the kiss, purring happily, the toy tilting its head making the kiss even deeper for Keita, their lips and beak run across each other, making a tight rubber seal. D-2423’s tongue plays with Keita’s, the two intertwining with each other, making a wet rubbery drool to drip down between their chins. Keita mews softly, enjoying the loving delightful kiss, D-2423 slowly breaking it.

D-2423 gently pets Keita’s head, “That was lovely. This one could say that a cat toy has gotten this one’s tongue,” it says standing back up, running the cock along Keita’s lips, “would you like some bird seed to feed the hungry toy?” it asks gently rubbing Keita’s head.

Keita feels himself hanging helplessly over the bed, his eyes at first locked onto the softly glowing eyes but then to the throbbing avian cock. His throat purrs happily, his body sways with each touch, reminding him of how helplessly suspending he is, cock danglingly below, the cool air around it, teasing him further.

“You hungry?” D-2423 says petting Keita’s rubbery haired head.

Keita mews out softly, looking at the cock, licking his lips, “Y-yes.”

“Good toys love to service others.”

“Good toys love to suck cock.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

D-2423 chirps, “Excellent,” it slips its cock into the cat’s mouth, gently thrusting into him, letting the cat hungrily suckle its length. The toy shivers in delight, pre-cum flowing out of its length, resuming the build up of corruptive toy pre-cum, that will push Keita deeper towards the first steps in becoming a toy.

D-2423 uses the moment of Keita’s hanging body to do most of the thrusting against his aching throbbing avian toy cock. The toy chirps and peeps happily, loving the soft suckles and feline purrs against its length. The toy closes its eyes, softly singing a bird song, while listening to the same corruptive programing hypnotic voices in its head that Keita is just getting to know himself.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Fuck toys obey their Maker...”

Slow and steady flow of pre-cum fills Keita’s mouth. Hungrily he suckles it, his aversion to sucking cocks fading away into a haze of lust and delight. The helplessness of his bondage makes this an exciting play. He can’t for the life of him figure out why he was so afraid of trying this out. He couldn’t understand why he didn’t do this earlier in his life. Angry at himself for not doing it sooner!

For hours D-2423 pounds into his mouth, making sure that the suckles down, drinking down the potent bird pre-cum which drives his open kink and fetish nature ever wider and wider. His aversions to fetishes slowly fading away and will grow ever more as the hours pass and beyond.

“Toy is a good toy.” the voice whispers while Keita suckles the avian cock.

“Being a toy sounds kinky. Sounds lovely,” Keita thinks.

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“Do I want to be a good toy? Does this one desire to be a toy?” Keita wonders, slurping down that pre-cum, loving the sweet taste.

“Good toys obey.” the voice whispers, when suddenly Keita feels his body beginning to lower down, a soft hum of an electric engine fills the room, while D-2423’s cock slowly slips out of Keita’s mouth.

“Time’s up toy,” says K-2003, standing in the door frame, pressing the button beside the door, which lowers the bondage hook in the center of the canopy bed.

D-2423 watches Keita be lowered away from its cock, its aching avian member twitches in the cool air, *“This one forgot about the switch in the room! Okay play it cool. Maker doesn’t know it left the toy in the making by itself,”* it thinks, turning towards K-2003, “Awe, already Maker? This one was just getting into a good rhythm Maker.”

K-2003 giggle squeaks, wiggling its rump, “You had your time. It’s been nearly four hours with that one. You have to let the next toy have its fun with it before this one takes them to the molding chambers.”

“Yes Maker,” D-2423 replies with a soft peep.

Keita mews softly, laying on the bed helplessly, feeling the straps above him grow loose.

“Don’t forget to clean up after yourself toy,” K-2003 says with a big smile.

“Yes Maker. This one will,” D-2423 says, working to remove each of the bondage restraints, allowing Keita to move his limbs for the first time in hours. His muscles twitch and ache, yet he feels more relaxed and with a bit more energy than he was before. His mind is too tired now to realize how tired he truly is.

Keita remains laying on the bed, mewling happily, looking at the avian toy who gives him one last pet, “This one hopes to see you again soon. You’re rather fun,” it chirps grabbing all the gear, slipping off the bed and heading out of the room.

K-2003 gives D-2423’s butt a playful rubbery smack, before looking back at Keita, “Ready for your last visitor?”

“This one isn’t sure if he can even take another,” Keita mutters.

K-2003 wiggles its rump in excitement, “Wonderful! Here it is!” K-2003 says stepping off to the side to reveal a sleek purple and bright pink colored rubber fox toy. It’s softly glowing pink eyes, looks at Keita who is helpless to do anything but look at the slender effeminate male fox. Their slender sides, smooth front chest, the bright pink making up their belly, the purple the remainder, their cuffs, are outlined in bright pink, with the lettering “Fuck Toy” on the cuffs. On its tag is a rainbow outlined silver tag with the designation K-1184.

Keita sits up, the rest from the bondage having helped him restore a little bit of his energy. His cock throbs harder seeing that bouncing purple rubber fox cock with a nice sized knot at the base. The supple hot pink balls, a unique set of colors that make Keita purr happily, “Oh... nice,” he mews.

K-2003 gives K-1184’s butt a nice firm rubbery spank, the fox toy hiking its rump in the process, “This one thought you’d like it. Once you are done with this one it will be back to help you get some rest. Enjoy!” K-2003 says happily wiggling its rump, closing the door behind it, the door locking once more.

“Hello! This one is going to have so much fun with you,” K-1184 says with a soft yip, walking over with a bounce in its step, the toy’s high pitched yet still male voice, sends shivers of delight down Keita’s spine.

“F-fun? I don’t know how much more fun my body can take,” Keita replies with a soft purr, his cock twitching. The fox toy moving close to him, his body softly squeaks with each step, the tail swaying side to side with a bounce.

“This one thinks you can handle this one’s fun; it will be nice and gentle at first. It knows you were with the frozen dragon toys earlier. So, this one is sure you are still recovering from them,” it says with a playful wink.

Keita nods, wiggling his rump a little, tail swishing behind him with a little bit of eagerness, his butt tensing and relaxing, “Yes, they are a uh... mouthful,” Keita replies with a blush, panting softly, watching K-1184 slip onto the bed, moving in front of Keita, his cock moving up against Keita’s own.

Keita looks down with a soft mew seeing the much larger fox toy’s cock against his blue rubber covered one. His member twitches, pressing against the other cock, his member dribbling pre-cum, feeling the warm member aching against his own. Keita’s purring grows notably louder, feeling that aching throbbing knot against his body, pressing himself against the fox, grinding a little.

“Pace yourself, you wouldn’t want to expend all your energy already. We have a few hours to get to know one another rather intimately,” K-1184 yips, reaching down to wrap its hands around their lengths, giving them a soft firm squeaky squeeze.

“H-hours?” Keita mews, panting softly feeling the soft rubbery paw pads gently rub and caress his member, while feeling the other hard throbbing length twitch and squeak against him, “I-I don’t know if I can handle that long,” he mews.

K-1148 gives a few firm hard thrusts against Keita’s length, “Sure you can. It’s all about pacing. Pacing is the key to everything,” it explains, giving a few more grinds against Keita’s length, letting him moan out in delight before pulling away, sitting on his feet, the toy squeaks loudly, cock throbbing dribbling a little bit of his special corruptive pre-cum, “Come this one will show you.”

Keita purrs softly crawling over toward the fox toy, his eyes moving between that throbbing purple cock, the glistening translucent hot-pink precum teasing his senses, and the devilishly attractive glowing eyes of the toy, “Okay... what do you want me to do?” he mews softly.

“Relax and let this one show you,” it explains reaching over to grab Keita by the hips, lifting him up into the air with ease.

“Okay,” Keita tenses, feeling himself lifted up into air, the suit tugs against his body, the rubber pulling at his butt cheeks, the rubber pressing up into his crotch, making him moan more, “*Really, how strong are these toys? Even this one lifts me up with ease,*” he thinks, watching the throbbing fox cock disappear from view, “This is slow?”

“Just watch,” K-1184 replies, its firm rubber fingers caressing and spreading Keita’s rump cheeks further apart, lining up his member to Keita’s well used, yet well lubed pucker.

Keita nodding in response shivering feeling himself moved over to the cock, the anticipation of the toy cock spreading his hole once more, causes his heart to beat faster, a new

wave of excitement coming over to him. At any moment the cock tip can press into... there it is, the toy's cock pushing into his tight rubber covered hole. Pushing away rubber and flesh with a soft squeak, Keita clenches down on the cock tip milking it, a soft moan escapes his lips.

K-1184 softly moans, arching its back, tail swishing with a squeak, it lets gravity do the work, its twitching throbbing member, slowly spreads Keita's tight aching pucker. Slowly pushing in deeper and deeper into the aching feline's body. The toy watches Keita mew out in delight, arching his back, toes curling, legs shuddering, tail swiftly swaying behind him.

"Oh...ohhhhh," Keita mews out, feeling the length push into his insides, pressing and grinding against his prostate, pushing his hot button, slowly along the toy's entire length. Another soft moan escapes his lips, his ass clenches down again, trying to slow the pace of the toy further, as he slowly squeaks his way down the cock like a hand slowly running across a latex balloon.

Further and further he finds himself sinking, his gaze coming down, and just as he hits the toy's knot he sits before the fox toy, eyes almost level. K-1184's rubber paws run across Keita's hips, gently caressing his thighs, and butt, providing just enough pressure to keep Keita from popping the knot right into his body, "There we go, how does that feel?" the toy asks, the toy's pre-cum dribbling into Keita's body.

This particular pre-cum much like all the other toys have a special property. This one with every spurt of rubbery pre-cum flowing into Keita's body, it steadily breaks down the boundaries within his mind that define his sexuality. Slowly with each spurt he will feel what defines sexuality to fade, the lines become hazy. Straight? Gay? Bi? Will steadily not matter in his mind. With each splurt of delicious pre-cum, he will open himself simply to the notion that sex is sex, everything else to it doesn't matter.

Keita unaware of this, feels the knot spread his hole a little wider, the warm rubber twitching and throbbing within him, slowly but surely his butt is spread wider and wider by the fox boy toy knot, "A-ah..." he mews out in delight feeling his hole spread even more.

"Almost there, just a bit more," K-1184 says, gently caressing Keita's butt, looking down at his throbbing cock.

Feeling how wanting and needing he is, despite being fucked for hours on end, Keita feels a renewed source of energy, like he just had a nice cup of coffee, and with one last sudden drop his ass squeezes around the knot, locking him into place he just got that wonderful espresso shot. Keita mews happily, legs wrapping around the warm rubber fox toy's body, feeling his ass get tugged slightly, bringing the other close.

"That's it toy. Enjoy the slow delightful touch," K-1184 says, nuzzling against him, the smooth rubber chests gently pressing against the other, sandwiching Keita's poor aching blue rubber clad cock in between them. The toy's hands release from Keita's hips, wrapping his arms around his back, gently caressing his back.

Keita purrs happily, toes curling, hips grinding against K-1184's belly, moaning softly, feeling his ass cheeks spread slightly by the knot before he's pulled back down onto it, the entire toy's length twitching within him and thanks to the sensitivity pre-cum allowed him to feel every

single throb of the toy's cock deep within him, the fox knot pressing down on his prostate, pushing his hot button even harder, pre-cum dribbling, twitching, grinding, squeaking against his belly and the toy's belly.

Keita takes a deep breath mewling loudly, his throat purring as he speaks with a soft rumble, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, this feel so good," he pants grinding himself against K-1184's lap, milking the length, tensing around the knot, pulling the toy's cock deeper into him with the help of his clenching ass cheeks, feeling the pressure against his sensitive prostate.

K-1184 rocks Keita's hips against its own, the toy pumping the corruptive seed into him, which will be completely unnoticeable to Keita at this point, as it is only with males, making the change unseen by anyone, including the toys around Keita, not knowing the true effects of the pre-cum till later.

K-1184 rocks Keita's hips against its own, soft squeaks fill the room, the two holding tightly onto each other, while the toy occasionally gives a playful buck into Keita's butt, making him mew and moan out in delight, "That's it toy, take this one's length. Let it fill you, enjoy how it feels, want it in you even more, don't you?"

Keita nods softly, biting his lower lip before he replies, "Y-yes... I want it more in me," he pants.

"With pleasure," K-1184 replies, lifting Keita off of its knot, with a soft pop, Keita shivering, his legs releasing around the toy's body, unable to hold on as the pleasure makes him spread his legs out like the horny slut of a toy he is becoming. He tightly clenched along the entire length, feeling each glorious inch be pulled out of him, only to have him slowly slide back down with the same teasing pace as before, driving Keita deeper into his lustful state of mind, feeling the urge to ride that toy cock more than ever.

The toy bucks up into Keita at the last-minute popping the knot into him with a short firm thrust. Keita pants loudly, letting out a mouth shaking series of feline chirps, his body quivers in delight, letting the fox toy take him, his mind melting under the pleasure, the wondrous delight of it all.

Up and down, up and down, K-1184 takes Keita for a ride like so many before him yet like nothing he's ever had. Slow, tender, quick when needed, keeping him on the edge of his seat in so many ways. He's allowed to feel and wallow in how delightful it is to be taken over and over again, the constantly changing paces, leave him unable to anticipate what is to come next, making the next slow down all the more of a blissful ache and each sudden speed.

Up, down, up, down, his cock grinds against K-1184's belly and chest. His length aches to be pleased, the pressure between him and the toy is delightful but never is it enough to help him reach that peak that he so desperately wants.

After what felt like an hour... maybe two, K-1184 suddenly pulls Keita off his cock, laying him down on the bed, while it gets over him, "That was delightful but this one thinks you need to have a drink, don't you agree?" it asks, moving over so its throbbing cock shines over him the toy's pre-cum glistening in the air, Keita's eyes locked onto the tip, like a cat's eyes locked onto the dot of a laser pen.

“Yes, yes, toy is so thirsty it could really use a drink right now,” he mews, licking his lips with a soft rubbery squeak.

“This one couldn’t agree more,” it yips, lowering its cock, rubbing it along Keita’s lips, leaving a trail of pre-cum for him to lick off, letting him get a fraction of the taste of what is to come before the full hard throbbing length is pushed into his hungry mouth. More of the pre-cum flows into Keita’s mouth with each hungry squeaky slurp, feeding him more of the potent juices that are more effective when taken orally.

K-1184 grunts gently thrusting to Keita’s mouth. Keita’s tongue coils around the throbbing length, his lips soon kissing the boy toy knot, ready to take it into his lips, deep throating the cock with every so often. His lips tightly curled around the length, eager to taste it all, eager to keep it in him. The toy spreads his lips over and over again, forcing his mouth open to take more of its knot in, toying with the becoming toy with every thrust.

“Good toy, very good. This one is sure your Maker will be pleased at your progress,” it says, its balls smack against Keita’s chin, lightly at first but as he takes more of the toy’s knot till finally the toy pushes its way fully into Keita’s mouth, spreading his lips around the knot, before taking it in, cheeks puffing, feeling that hot throbbing flesh, the squirting pre-cum sliding down his throat, forced to swallow it all, almost choking on the length in the process, forced to completely breath through his rubber covered nostrils

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, this feels so good. How could this feel so good?” Keita thinks the soft voice in his mind says.

“Good toys are eager to fuck.”

“Good toys are eager to please.”

“You are a good toy.”

Keita purrs contentedly feeling the rubber balls rest against his chin, his entire vision is consumed by the toy’s crotch and thighs. K-1184, rubs his back, petting him along the head and the back of the neck with a soft rubbery scratch around his collar.

“Good toy, suckle your treat, this one has plenty more to give you,” the toy’s cock vibrates in Keita’s throat, causing a steady stream of pre-cum to be vibrated out of the toy’s length, just adding to the concoctions of mind inducing pre-cum that will leave him in the perfect state to open up and be a perfect toy. The effects of all the juices will fade in time, leaving him completely after the first full week, but by then he will have come to accept himself, any doubts in his mind pushed away, ready to fully embrace being a toy. But that’s not what is happening now.

What’s happening now is Keita is blissfully content suckling on this cock that is stuck in his mouth. His tail wishes happily behind him, his cock aches hard, each breath he takes he lifts K-1184 up just a little, adjusting and moving that cock slightly in his mouth, making him melt even further into a state of contentment bliss. The fox boy toy ready to take and pump Keita full of his delightful boy toy juices for the next several hours.

When everything is said and done K-2003 will come into the room, Keita grinding himself against the toy, a delightful tease, cock to cock, chest to chest, arms embracing the other,

K-1184 passionately kissing him. A position they only took up a few minutes ago to give one last bit of relaxation in before it arrived.

K-2003 smiles, "Time to go toy," K-2003 says, approaching while Keita sits up, hesitantly breaking the kiss.

"A-already?" it asks with a long-tired yawn, Kieta suddenly reminding himself just how tired he is with the notion that finally he'll be able to get some rest.

"Yes toy. This one knows you had such fun, but now it's time to rest," K-2003 explains, Kieta nodding, slipping off the bed with a squeak, tumbling forward into K-2003's waiting arms.

"Careful now," K-2003 says with a smile.

Keita stumbles out of the room barely able to keep himself up, having to lean onto K-2003 as it guides him out. His legs quiver, the sensation of the hours long fucking still pulsating through his body, despite the cocks no longer being there. His lips suckling on the invisible cock, his ass clenching on the toy that is no longer there, hands leaning against K-2003, using the rubbery friction to help keep himself upright, head against the toy's back, "S-so tired," he moans.

K-2003 gently caresses and fondles Keita's cock, the cyan claw tips run down the shaft, gently tapping along his rubber covered balls, the blue rubber cock twitches in delight, dribbling pre-cum into K-2003's palm, which it gently rubs Keita's cock head into with a soft squeak, "This one knows you are tired., And you are going to be getting rest soon. Just follow this one. Lean on it as it guides you to where you need to go," K-2003 says lovingly yet with a sense of authority in its voice.

Keita mews softly, his eyes barely able to stay open, feeling the warmth body of K-2003 feels comforting, only the constant teasing and steps forward keep him away. Keita's mind imagining K-2003 leading him forward that delightful throbbing cock bouncing between its legs, helping him keep his interest high, while in reality K-2003's sex is still back to where it has been, the clit hood tightly sealing its female sex.

K-2003 keeps an eye on Keita, leading him through the store, which is currently long past closed. Some toys work to prepare the store for the next day, others cleaning the floors, stocking shelves, taking inventory, always something to do for them. They stay clear of K-2003 as it guides Keita through to the far end of the store, "We're almost there. Just a bit farther," K-2003 says typing in the key code to unlock the door that says, "employees only".

Keita feels himself in a dream like state, reality at the moment feels almost subjective, his lust knowing no bounds, and no matter how much sex he had, he still could not find the bliss of release. Lust addles his thoughts, exhaustion slows his mind, the toy juices that are pumped into him, further prepare him for everything that he is just starting to undergo. Through one set of hallways to the next he blindly follows K-2003, putting all his trust into the toy, that gingerly caresses his length, keeping him at his near peak level of arousal.

"Almost there, just a bit more," K-2003 soothes him, "Don't sleep. Sleeping is bad," K-2003 cautions, as K-2003 unlocks another set of doors that have the words "Toy molding room" above them.

Keita listens to the hypnotic voice in his mind, whispering, "*Listen to Maker.*"

“Obey Maker.”

“Good toys obey.”

“Toy is a good toy.”

Keita mumbles, “Toy is a good toy. Toy won’t sleep,” he mews, not noticing the dozens of raised platforms, some with hard plastic molds with rubber tubes attached, a toy inside being molded, others are half open waiting for something to step inside.

“That’s it toy. We are almost to where you need to be to relax and recharge, just a few more steps,” K-2003 says guiding Keita up onto one of these half open hard plastic molds.

“Yes, almost there Maker,” Keita mutters, the words making little sense to him, while he is guided, slowly turned around so that he can step back and slip into the back of a hard plastic mold that seems to have been pressed to be made into a perfect fit for him.

Keita leans back into the mold feeling every contour across his body, his fingers slipping into the half of the mold, arms and legs spread apart, tail fitting into the compartment, “Due to your unique material toy there won’t be a lot of changes done to you. But all good toys must go through their slow molding process to make sure you are molded into perfection. One can’t rush perfection now,” K-2003 says giving Keita’s balls a playful fondle.

Keita moans leaning more back into the slightly backwards angled mold, resting into it, “C-can’t rush perfection,” he mutters his vision a little blurry from the level of exhaustion.

“There you go. This one knew you’d understand. It is so proud of your progress on the first day. The first day is always the hardest, but it will get easier. Trust this one, it knows,” it says smiling gently rubbing Keita’s rubbery chest, making sure he is fully back into the mold before stepping back, walking over to a nearby computer console.

“T-thank you,” Keita purrs out.

“No toy to be, thank you for being such high-quality material. Coming to this one when it needed you the most. It appreciates it so much. You will help make thousands if not more so happy in the coming years,” it says, typing into the computer console to bring down the other half of the mold.

Synthetic arms bring down the mold which covers the front of Keita’s body, the mold forcing his mouth open, locking the rest of his body into place as it click locks to the other mold, the hard plastic gives a blurred view of the world, leaving K-2003 to look nothing more than black and cyan, which allows him to easier picture K-2003 as a lithe sexy femboy with that wonderful cock that it pounded into him which now feels like ages go.

K-2003 activates the rubber tubes, which drop down around Keita’s plastic mold. K-2003 having selected traditional male for the tubes, meaning that only two phallic rubber dripping tubes will be ready to pump into him. K-2003 grabs the first, slipping it into Keita’s mouth.

The thick rubber phallic end of the rubber tube pushes against Keita’s mouth, down into the back of his throat, right before his gag reflexes would kick in and with a single twist and lick, K-2003 locks the tube into place.

Keita finds himself unable to help himself but to suckle on the object, his body hungry for so much, sex, food, sleep, that he can't help himself at this point. K-2003 takes the time to grab the other tube, gently slipping it into Keita's butt. Keita's moans are heavily muffled by the toy in his mouth, and the plastic mold around him, his body unable to move more than a few millimeters within the perfectly fit mold. K-2003 twist locks the tube into place, making Keita moan again while it goes over to the computer console to activate the rubber to pour into him.

"This will keep you going," K-2003 says as it activates the tubes. Thick gooey black rubber flows down the tube, flowing into his mouth. Keita suckles down on the tangy tasting rubber which makes its way down his throat, the sensation and desire to breath which has been steadily building up within Keita begins to subside with each tender suckle and slurp he makes on the cock in his mouth.

Blue rubber flows through the other tube, making its way down and up into Keita's behind. His spread-out pucker feels the warm rubber flow and swirl into his body, pushing the toy juices still in him, deeper into his body. The warming sensation of the rubber relaxes him further, but when he hears a sudden sucking noise, all the air in the mold is sucked out. Within seconds Keita feels his body being stretched and made to fit the inside of the mold perfectly, the sounds of the outside world disappear completely making him unable to hear anything but his own thoughts and soft whisperings of the voice in his mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy serves."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is no I."

"There is only this one, it, itself, toy," the words fill the void in his mind, bouncing in his head, caressing his innermost thoughts. Keita's cock aching, throbbing, pulled out, stretched by the mold, he feels his cock tip pulled up and further into the mold, stretching his length ever so slightly. If he could moan or twitch, Keita would right now but he is left completely helpless, not able to do anything but to stew in his own mind blowing level of arousal and sit in the mold that his body is being made to fit.

K-2003 looks over the monitoring systems on the computer console, watching the vitals, and other important health factors, the automated systems reporting back everything is good. K-2003 smiles, looking up at the molding toy, "This one will be back in eight hours. Rest well. Tomorrow this one will be putting you to work," K-2003 says with an excited rump wiggle, bouncing off the platform, walking away, leaving Keita to simply exist in a perpetual state of bliss, tiredness, and hypnotic suggestion for the next eight hours.

Despite how tired Keita is, he can't find himself sleeping, but like a cat napping, he is resting. In a half-awake state, he notices everything that is happening around him, no matter

how minor it is and how far apart each incident is, as occasionally other toys in other molds are retrieved and escorted out of the room.

With each passing hour, Keita finds his mind regaining coherent thoughts, his body resting yet still tired from not sleeping. A strange mix of gaining his second wind yet feeling the effects of forced insomnia, but slowly that sensation fades away while he listens to the voice in his head that is not his own.

"How did I get like this?" he thinks.

"There is no I"

Keita mentally shivers, *"How did this one get like this? Becoming a toy? Wait this one isn't a toy. Isn't it? Of course, it's not. It's Keita. I'm Keita. But everything feels so good. Why does it have to feel so good? It won't hurt to relax and enjoy it a bit... Wait. Toy can't just let this happen. Toy needs to..."* Keita thinks.

The voice rubs along Keita's mind, reacting to his thoughts, whispering what needs to be said to help him relax, to keep him calm, keep him excited. The pleasure of which filling the corner of his mind, caressing his mind as he further relaxes in the tight embracing safe mold. He is not given a moment of true rest from any distraction that will allow him to logically think out everything that is happening.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy loves to obey."

"Toy wants to be a good toy."

"Toy wants to fuck."

"Toy wants to serve."

Keita thinks helplessly soaking up the hypnotic voice, *"Damn this is so arousing. Hours of fucking and I didn't cum? How could toy not cum from all that fucking!"*

"Toy loves to cum."

"Toy wants to cum."

"Toy will never ask to cum."

"Toy will only earn the ability to cum."

"Good toys cum."

Keita tries to twitch but finds it impossible given the tight mold he is in, his cock aching yet unable to throb, *"I want to be good. So very good. Toy... damn so horny. It's K-2003's fault. It is in here because of it! How could a female-like toy get this one like that..."*

"Toy wants to be a good toy."

"Toy needs to be a good toy."

"Toy obeys Maker."

"Maker will help toy become a good toy."

"Maker will help toy become the best fuck toy."

Suckling hard on the dildo, Keita takes more rubber goo into his body, soothing him from the inside, spreading outwards, the tight mold helping him really feel the rubber skin pressing

against his form, *“A fuck toy? But toy takes its partner. Toy doms. Toy came only to get a nice good fuck. Toy isn’t... just a simple toy.”*

“Toy wants to be the best.”

“Toys-4-U toys are the best.”

“Toy is a Toys-4-U toy.”

By the end of the eight hours Keita felt refreshed, tired like he ran a long marathon, had a hard workout, but managed to sleep a solid eight hours. His body aching for more, squeezing the dildo in his butt, suckling the toy in his mouth, ready to attack the day. The black and cyan finally returns, *“Maker,”* the thought enters his mind, unsure if it is the voice from his collar or his own, he’s not sure, but that didn’t matter, what matters is he will be able to do something again.

“Perhaps this one can earn to cum? I’d love to cum,” he thinks.

K-2003 approaching the hard mold putting its fingers on the plastic, *“This one hopes you rested well, toy to be. You have a lot of work to do today,”* it pats the mold before walking over the computer console, activating the release sequence. The flow of rubber into Keita’s body slows then stops, before air hisses, flowing back into the mold, but most of his body still remains stuck to the inside of the mold.

K-2003 types into the computer console, the mold pieces detach from each other the front of the mold lifting up with a soft schlunk, air rushing in to fill the spaces between Keita and the mold. The latex suit feels so much tighter against his sensitive skin than yesterday. Still he can feel the line between him and the suit beginning to blur ever so slightly.

Keita’s cock twitches and throbs, feeling harder than it ever has before. Blinking several times, he looks down, vision clearing to see his aching member, sleek smooth rubber chest, the black and cyan movement catching his attention seeing K-2003 standing before him, *“Morning toy to be. Ready to get to work learning the parts of the store?”*

Keita sees the toy’s breasts, yet his cock remains firm, a shiver runs down him, knowing behind that sealed vent of K-2003’s is a throbbing pulsating cock ready to pound him at a moment’s notice, *“L-learning the store?”* he mews softly, before then adding with a soft realization of his forgotten manners, *“Good mewning,”* he mews.

K-2003 smiles, leaning in to rest one hand on his chest, gently rubbing along it with a squeak while the other slides down his aching length, claws teasing him through the rubber, *“What a polite cute toy you are becoming. Good, this one likes politeness. And yes. You have to get to work. A day in the existence of a toy is never truly dull, and it is very important for you to learn the functions of the store,”* it says. K-2003’s claws coil around Keita’s aching cock, giving a little tug, like gently pulling on a leash, *“Come out now toy to be.”*

Keita mews softly, feeling his Maker’s controlling tug, its hands making his hips thrust out, breaking the connection between mold and rubber around his butt and tail. He mews out with another moan stepping out muscles sore, yet feeling refreshed, the tug of the mold as it sticks to his rubber suit, which sticks to his skin adding to the pleasure, feeling himself fully stepping out of that sticky mold. The cool air of the room brushing against all of his rubber suit

almost as if it was on his bare-naked fur. With a soft mew he shivers, tail flicking behind him eagerly, “This feels so good.”

K-2003 reaches down, caressing Keita’s balls, the claw tips tapping along them, “This one knows. And there are many more days like this ahead of you. You aren’t complete yet; this is just the first full day in becoming a wonderful toy. Doesn’t that sound lovely?”

Keita shivers, feeling K-2003 expertly play with his sensitive cock, his body wanting to cum so bad yet like magic K-2003 knows exactly how to keep him on the edge, but not push him over, “That sounds lovely, K-2003.”

K-2003’s fingers piano play along Keita’s balls, its thumb claw gently teasing his cock tip, “Please call this one Maker, or Toy Mistress when in public around customers.”

“Toy obeys Maker.”

“Good toys obey Maker.”

“Toy is a good toy,” the voice whispers into the back of Keita’s mind.

“This one will Maker,” he mews nodding slowly, eyeing K-2003’s hands caressing his sack.

“That’s a good toy, now come, you have a long day ahead of you,” K-2003 says giving his cock a little tapping tug, guiding him off of the platform.

Keita helplessly mews, unable to stop himself from following K-2003, his mind swimming in the lust and delight from yesterday, which already feel so far away yet as if they just happened. Moving through the hallways they make it to the store floor. Toys move about getting last things ready, in the far distance, the toys assigned for toy greeters take their positions, down a few of the aisles, Keita can see the front doors in the distance, a dozen or so customers lining up to get inside the moment those doors swing open.

They move together across the whole store, other toys moving out of the way, giving K-2003 space as it moves, many of them greeting K-2003 with “Morning Toy Mistress” with a one here and there saying “Morning Maker.”

K-2003 nods to them smiling, “Morning toys, keep up the good work,” it says to them reaching the very opposite end of the store, where it says, “Employees only.” It enters a simple password, opening the door, inside is the store’s warehouse, concrete floors, simple construction design, metal shelves for excess items, space for toys to move about to grab items, which there are a few back here, at least seven that Keita can notice off. Approaching them is the same dark blue and orange toy from yesterday.

“Maker! It’s so good to see you, what brings you back here today?” G-2273 asks the large dark blue and orange sergal toy equal to height to K-2003 stands, the double breasted sergal toy grins happily, tail swaying side to side.

K-2003 reaches out with its free hand and gently caresses the blue sergal’s breasts, giving them a firm squeeze, pinching the nipples, the other toy moaning out in delight while its hands slowly go lower towards the throbbing orange cock, “This one is working on some special material. It needs to know everything that works in the back as it is becoming a well-crafted toy.

This one knows you know what that means?" K-2003 asks tilting its head the claw tips tickling the throbbing orange tapered sergal cock.

Keita mews softly feeling its Maker's cock run across his length, making it twitch and throb, he averts his gaze away from G-2273's multiple breasts, favoring to look at the cock a little, his head lowered in the process.

G-2273 chuckles with a soft squeak, "Of course Maker. This one does, it has helped you and the other Makers with this vital first step many times. It will make sure they are put to good use back here."

K-2003 gives both cocks in its hands a firm teasing squeeze, "Toy, this toy here, will be in charge of you. Obey it like you'd obey this one, understand?" K-2003 asks playing with Keita's cock a bit, drawing his attention to its Maker.

Keita mews softly looking over, "That one Maker?" it asks looking over the other sergal toy, the cock to him is nice and lovely but the rest felt unneeded for him but his aching cock kept him from being too focused on that detail.

"Yes toy. You need to know how things work. They'll show you around and put you to work. Be a good toy and listen to them and do as you are told," K-2003 says sweetly giving Keita's cock one last long loving rub.

Keita mews curling his toes, tail swaying a little bit, his mind feeling a bit of confliction, his cock twitching at things he feels are a bit off, but then the voice whispers into his mind.

"Toy obeys Maker."

"Good toys obey Maker."

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

Keita mews softly, shivering as K-2003's claw tip leaves his aching cock, body aching for more if its tender caressing touch, "Y-yes Maker. T-this one will do its best to serve," it replies looking up to K-2003 letting out a soft purr.

"This one knew you would, just keep up the work, do as you are told. And over the next few days you'll know the runnings of what happens back here like you own the place," K-2003 wiggles its rump in delight, "Bye toys," K-2003 says waving, "This one has other things to do."

"Bye Maker," Keita and G-2273 say un near unison.

Keita's ears twitch looking over to the big sergal toy, tail sway slowing when he sees the breasts, "*Did that toy say Maker? Wait did I say Maker? Have I always been--*" Keita's thoughts are cut off by the orange cock pressing against his belly.

"Now toy, question: do you know what this place is? It needs to know what material it is working with."

Keita looks up to G-2273, "It's a warehouse, where excess stock and things are put. This one can see a receiving bay doors over there to take in new inventory."

G-2273 sighs in relief, "That's good. This one was worried that you had no experience in the matter. This one is the lead warehouse toy. It along with a few other toys here keep track of all the workings back here, with many new toys in molding and toys that are here on rotation.

We keep track of what we have on hand back here, so we know what we are getting low on. Customers have to drive a long way to get here, having what they want in stock is a top priority and needed for great customer service, do you understand?"

Keita listens, feeling the cock twitch against him, making him tense in delight which is dulled slightly by the breasts in his field of vision, "Yes, this one does understand that."

"In order to keep on hand quantities, correct, you must know where everything is and keep it perfectly organized. There is also an elevator that leads to the third floor where we keep the highest in demand toys for sale in stock. Mostly basic models, with their most in demand personality base. But today you will be working on this floor, getting to know it, putting away stock items. We have a truck coming in about an hour and a half, so we are getting ready for that. You will assist these two toys in making with cleaning up the warehouse and making sure everything is in order," G-2273 explains motioning Keita to follow.

Keita nods, looking around the place, his feet feeling the cool concrete floor, his body squeaks softly as he moves, the sounds of other toys moving about fill the room with the sounds of squeaks, the smell of latex, leather, lubricant is heavy in the air, "Yes Toy."

"Call this one Toy Mistress as a sign of dominance, it's good to show levels between toys, especially, toys in molding like yourself," it explains.

Keita lets out a soft mew, feeling weird when he says, "Yes Toy Mistress."

G-2273 pets his head, "Good toy," guiding them to one part of the warehouse where two toys are working side by side to check the stock of the various dildos they have in the back, "Toys this unit here will help you with your work. It's their first day so help it out."

The two toys moan out softly, turning around looking at G-2273 as they reply, "Yes Toy Mistress," a slight stutter escaping their lips, their body's quivering in lustful desire and need, reminding Keita of his own aching aroused state.

The first toy is a pink and white bellied renamon with light blue highlights on the ying-yang symbols, gloves, paw pads and eyes. The toy's cuffs with pink outline and white belt have fancy pink lettering of "Fuck toy" with a golden blank tag under its collar. Keita looks at this toy curiously, panting, twitching in need. Their cock a light blue member with a pair of balls underneath moves and twitches as if it's mostly fake, like a dildo, their chest has a pair of breasts that look like they are being squeezed down, pushed down towards a more feminine male chest. With a pair of pink nipples on the white chest to complete the look.

The other, a multiple tailed white furred red highlight fox, appears to be the opposite of the renamon, with their slendering form, a clear bulge is seen throbbing twitching underneath the rubber, a female sex visible where the slight bulge of his balls are. A pair of breasts that move with a bit of a faux feel to them, the red nipples on the white breasts do little for Keita as the tails bounce behind this toy mostly lifelessly except for one.

Keita looks at them with a soft mew, "Hello. I... this one is here to learn."

"C-come, this one will help. It is a good toy. It wants to help. Toy serves by helping," the Renamon toy says, voice clearly feminine but sounds a bit off, as if it is in the process of becoming deeper.

“Y-yes, toy will help too. It knows what to do. It’s been here for a day longer,” the kitsune toy says, voice masculine has a softer tone to it.

“Toy is eager to serve.”

“Toy is eager to help.”

“Good toys are helpful toys.”

“Toy wants to learn to be a good toy.”

“Toy serves,” the voices whisper into the back of Keita’s head. He shakes his head for a moment, trying to collect his thoughts, “Yes, I... toy will help. This one will help, how can this one help?” it asks looking toward the renamon toy.

“We have to count all these dildos before stock comes and make sure each one is in the right place, according to size, species, and material,” the rena-toy explains.

“Good, this one sees you three are working well together already, if you need this one it will come, but you have your orders for now,” G-toy says walking off the three toys turning to it.

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” the three say together, before going back to work.

The Kitsune toy says, “If you start over here, it will help us not accidentally double count. At each drawer there should be the most recent count, and what’s in there,” it explains.

Keita stays near the renamon toy nodding, “Yes, this one thinks it can do that.”

Rena-toy squeaks, “It’s over there,” it points Keita following the hand to the other side of the other toy.

Keita looks and nods, “Right, right, this one will help. Toy will be a good toy,” he says, feeling the words caress his mind, moving to the other side, starting to look over how the dildos are stored, beginning to check the inventory of them.

Pulling outy one of the draws at the bottom a set of massive Thor horse cocks, with knots, the sight of which makes Keita mew in delight.

“We are to count not use,” the Kitsune warns.

Keita nods, “Yes, yes this song knows, it has it,” it quickly says looking over the dildos, running its fingers through them, the thought of riding it enters its mind, while it counts them.

“One.”

“Toy is a good toy it serves,” the voice whispering into his mind, like the other half a hypnosis session as the hypnotist counts up to bring him deeper.

“Two.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Three.”

“Toy is a toy.”

“Four.”

“Toy is an object.”

“Five.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Sex...six, six,” Keita corrects himself.

“Fuck toys are eager to do better to serve better.”

“Six in this one,” Keita mews softly.

The Kitsune toy nods, “check if they are all the right type, and match the count there, if not pull the wrong one out and put it in the right drawer, if you counted that drawer already update the number immediately, if not, wait till you count it to update any discrepancies.”

Keita purrs and nods, “Toy has it. Toy has it. I think I can handle something as simple as this easily enough,” he says shivering, going to the next drawer after seeing all the dildos were correct. This set were the knot versions of the same toy he just counted, the sight of which makes his ass clench.

“One.”

“There is no me.”

“Two.”

“There is no I.”

“Three.”

“There is no myself.”

“Four.”

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

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy,” Keita says with a soft mew, ears twitching as he hears the Kitsune say.

“Toy is a toy. Toy serves. This one is a good toy. It wants to be a good toy,” while it happily counts the dildos.

“Six,” Keita says, finishing the last dildo in the box, making sure they are all right.

“Toy serves in more ways than just sex.”

Keita moves to the next box, this one a set of large feral raptor cocks, which are equal to size and girth of the horse cocks but with their own unique saurian charm to them. Keita mews softly shivering, counting.

“One.”

“Toy needs to be a good toy.”

“Two.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“Three.”

“Toy works to be a good toy.”

“Four.”

“Good toys get rewarded.”

“Five.”

“Good toys make Maker happy.”

“Six.”

“Toy wants to make Maker happy.”

“Seven.”

“Toy wants to make owners happy.”

“Eight.”

“Toy is owned by Toys-4-U.”

“Toy is owned by Toys-4-U.”

“Toys-4-U is owned by K-2003.”

“Ten. Boy there are a lot of raptor cocks in here...” he mews, resuming his count.

“K-2003 is your Maker.”

“K-2003 is my Maker.”

“K-2003 is your owner.”

“K-2003 is toy’s own... wait this one lost count of what I was at... Damn it, now I have to start all over again. Focus toy, you can do this,” Keita says, his cock twitching, body aching in arousal, wanting to fuck, needing to fuck, yet feeling so good when those words slip past his lips, “Toy. This one. It. Itself.”

“One,” he begrudgingly starts from the beginning.

“Toy is a good toy...”

Keita continues to work, hearing the other two toys occasionally mutter the words, “Toy is a good toy,” or something along those lines, working diligently he draws himself into the monotonous task. Counting away, listening to himself think of being a good wonderful toy, occasionally getting lost in himself when suddenly G-2273 comes up to them.

“Our first truck of the day is coming. This one will need all three of you to get up and help unload it,” it commands.

“Yes Toy Mistress,” the three toys reply, finishing up their last count and task before heading back to the loading dock where the metal door is already raised, a massive six wheeler truck already backing in, another toy helping guide the human truck driver into the slot.

“Perfect!” says the toy.

“You all need any help unloading?” the human asks, moving to the back of the truck to unlock it.

G-2273 shakes his head, “No, we have it. Just sit back and relax and we’ll take care of it all.”

“I will need to watch, just so you know. For... uh insurance reasons,” he replies.

The dark blue sergal toy grins, “Not a problem. This your first time here? This one doesn’t recognize you.”

“Second, it was several months back. The other guy got a cold and couldn’t make it, so here I am.”

“This one hopes they are alright.”

“I’m sure they’ll be fine,” he replies, lifting the truck door revealing the entire trailer is packed full of boxes, totes, and a few pallets of items, thousands of pieces of item for them to unload from the truck.

G-2273 guides Keita and the other two toys toward the rollers ready to help take the stuff in, another toy in charge scans the packages as they are unloaded. The constant droning beep, the sound of metal rollers, provide a unique background noise for the toys.

Keita stays near the renamon toy helping it out, moving packages with it, to the select locations, following its lead as it knows how the truck taking in system is done. All the while with the rush, rush, rush of its work, unable to stop, unable to do anything but to do as he is told, not thinking of anything but what he has to do next, everything in the here, the now, the mindless monotonous work that drives people mad... Keita hears in the back of his mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"Toy serves."

"Toy loves to fuck."

"Toy is a fuck toy."

"Fuck toys want to obey."

"Fuck toys need to obey."

"Fuck toys are objects."

"Fuck toys are things."

"Toy is a thing."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is doing what it is told."

"Toy is a good toy."

"Good toys obey."

Keita at the moment gets lost in his work. Hours pass by, without break, without pause, without time to chat much to the other toys, the warehouse receiving time is a massive undertaking, which eventually ends with the truck driver, taking his now empty trailer, filled with excess totes left to the side from a previous delivery.

Keita pants softly, cock twitching, aching, staying near the rena-toy, hearing them slowly say to themselves as they work, their squeaky bodies moving, adding to the delightful white noise of the constant work and with it, occasionally Keita finds himself talking with them.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy loves to obey."

"Toy serves."

"Toy is an object."

Occasionally Keita shakes his head the mantra slipping from his lips ending for the time benign, his cock twitching, aching, throbbing wanting nothing more to fuck something, but then he thinks.

"Toy has to be a good toy."

"Toy needs to obey."

"Toy has to work."

His thoughts pushed along by the mimicking hypnotic voice in his head, grabbing items moving them across the warehouse, any time he needs help he asks the rena-toy to assist him. Eventually those two toys find themselves putting away excess stock that was brought in by

other toys that are allowed on the store floor. They browse through the items together, looking where to put them, “T-this one... is curious,” Keita mews.

The rena-toy’s self appreciation of being a toy muttering stops, it looks to him, “Yes?” “Y-you’re a toy too?” Keita asks with a soft purr.

The rena-toy nods, “Yes. Toy’s Maker is helping this one achieve what it is, molding its material into perfection. It is delightful... but...” the toy trails off.

Keita ears twitch, “But what?”

“Is it true that K-2003 is your Maker?” it asks after a moment of silence.

Keita feels a shiver to the question, the thought running through his mind, it was true, wasn’t it? He has a Maker. Maker is K-2003. Though the breasts, but that cock? She is so lovely in... but SHE... is his Maker. Toy’s Maker. Lost in thoughts for a moment.

“Toy?” the rena-toy asks, drawing Keita back to reality.

“Oh, sorry. Yes. This one is being molded by K-2003. Is there something wrong?”

The rena-toy shakes its head, “No. This one thinks you are rather lucky. It’s Maker was made by it. It’s the lead toy for making toys. This one is not thinking that its Maker is worse, but it thinks you are lucky to have that one as your Maker.”

“Thanks. This one didn’t do anything. It simply is, so you’re a male design toy?” it inquires.

It nods, “Yes, this one is being molded into a proper male renamon toy. This unit has always had an affinity for cocks and wanting to be male. This feels right,” it explains.

Keita smiles and nods with a soft purr, “Yes, this one thinks it knows what you are talking about. Does it feel right? Nice?” his tails wags behind him the voices caressing his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy obeys,” he mutters as the other toy gets into step, the two having not stopped what they were doing but are now more focused back onto the task, speeding it up. Eventually the kitsune toy coming in to help with some of the tasks, but as the hours progress and the second truck comes they are given work all over again, this time taking phallic metal containers containing a toy up to the back to the elevator where they are taken to the charge stands on the third floor where hundreds of toys sit and wait, ready to be taken, customized and sold to waiting customers.

The tasks themselves were long, exhausting, seemingly never ending, the other two toys returning back with their separate Makers leaving Keita to work relatively alone in the back, continuing tasks that he has been assigned to. By the end of nearly eighteen hours of work, he once again feels the weight of exhaustion in his body. Tail hanging a bit lower, muscles tired, feeling his rubbery feet on the cold concrete makes him ache just a little bit, as the desire to have sleep hits him once again, though not as bad as the first day, he finds himself still mostly coherent and on his feet without help.

Keita stands there eagerly, ready to get some rest. It hears the tap of the keypad, the beeps of a correct password being entered, the door swings open revealing K-2003. It's sleek slender body teasing everyone nearby, Keita thinking "So lovely... lovelier if Maker didn't have breasts," it squeaks cock twitching, thinking of Maker's cock, G-2273 approaches.

"Greetings Maker. This unit has only good results from this unit. It's performed all its tasks well and has been a wonderful asset for the company. A quick learner too," it explains.

K-2003 smiles and nods, "Wonderful, excellent to hear that," it wiggles its rump, hiking it slightly, "Are you ready to get some rest toy to be?" K-2003 asks, turning to Keita.

He lets out a soft mew, cock twitching, "Y-yes Maker. This one is."

K-2003 reaches down to gently caress his length, "That's a good toy, come, come, this one will take you back to your mold," it says tugging Keita along.

Keita moans softly, tail swishing behind him, following Keita back onto the store floor, the lights slightly dimmed, not a customer to be seen while toys work to get the store cleaned up and ready for the next day. K-2003's claws caress and guide Keita forward.

"Thank you toy for doing such a good job. This one is proud that you are doing so well," K-2003 explains.

Keita mews softly, "T-thank you Maker. This one is trying to be a good toy. Good toys obey. This one is a good toy. K-2003 is toy's Maker," Keita finds himself tugged along, looking through the massive store, going across the entire way to the other end, where it's led through the other set of employee only restricted area.

"Toy knows you are trying. Doing so well on the first day. Accepting yourself. Letting yourself know what a good toy you are. There are so many rough edges to smooth out even with fine quality material as yourself. Keep up the good work," K-2003 purrs, leading Keita through the series of hallways again back toward the toy molding rooms.

"Thank you, Maker. This unit is trying. It feels good like this. It feels... right?" Keita says shivering at its own words, body twitching, member throbbing when it lays eyes on the platform where its mold is.

K-2003 smiles, fondling Keita's balls guiding it up the platform, "That is a sign that this one has selected the right material for molding. Though your material is unique, it will be monitoring your progress very closely."

"Unique Maker?" Keita asks, feeling K-2003 gently push it back into the mold, his tail slipping in, Keita feeling himself relaxing into the back of the mold which fits him perfectly.

K-2003 smiles gently rubbing his rubbery nipples, making him let out a soft moan, "Yes. Toy has been looking for ways to improve some things that were lacking from our toys in specific unique circumstances. This one believes you are the right material to solve that problem. That means this one has high hopes for you. And is putting a lot of trust in you toy to be," it explains.

"Trust? In this one?" Keita asks softly with a soft mew, watching K-2003 step back moving over to the computer console.

“Yes, good luck,” K-2003 says typing into the computer console, the other half of the mold coming down onto his body, his cock slipping into the compartment, everything pressing down against him, mouth forced open.

“Maker is putting trust in this one? But few people do that. Only Toshi really trusted this one and... and...” he thinks tensing, his mind suddenly caught off guard when K-2003 slips the phallic tube down into his throat, getting him ready to be fed with the rubber once more.

“Maker is putting a lot of time into this one. Trust in this one. Toy should... wait...? Is this one a toy? It was taken in back, put into... everything feels so nice though, so lovely. Feels so... right,” Keita thinks the other tube slipping into his rear, the tubes locking into place as the air is pumped out, his cock feeling a hard tug, pulling up into the mold, his entire body forced to fit the inside of the mold perfectly.

Keita’s vision blurred, sounds deafened, unable to move, suckling the tubes, pumping him with warm rubber, the black and cyan blur moves away, leaving him to stew once more in his own arousal.

“How did toy get this far? Is this what toy wants?” Keita thinks.

The voices reply, *“Toy loves to be a toy.”*

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy serves its Maker.”

“Toy obeys its Maker.”

Keita slurps the juices unable to even squirm, feeling himself get filled from both ends by the rubber flowing into him. Ass clenching, mouth suckling, balls being tugged in all directions, his cock pulled outward ever so slightly, it feels maddening pleasurable, *“Toy could have ran,”* it thinks.

“It could have talked to the truckers. Help this one it is not... hmm a toy. A wonderful toy.”

Slurping and suckling, listening to its own thoughts, feeling its mind drift in the bliss yet not falling asleep, simply remaining in his lustful relaxed half-awake state, every inch of his body being pressed, *“It never thought it could feel this way. Such bliss. Such pleasure. Such security. Others around it, Maker happy to see it. It was doing simple work, but it was productive today. It pleased the other toys. It was noticed. Not all the toys are good eye candy but there are enough of them... it’s not that bad is it? Is it? Come on Keita toy, think this through. Is this what it wants?”*

Keita relaxes further, feeling the voices caress his mind, *“Are these toy’s thoughts? Or are they someone elses? Is toy really wanting this? Or does Maker want this for toy?”*

“Maker cares for its toys.”

“Toys serve Maker.”

“Good toys get rewarded.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

Keita mentally shivers, slurping down the cock, tongue caressing it, the one thing he feels he can move just slightly around the phallic object lodged deep down his throat, *“Toy is a good toy. It is doing good; it feels good to be doing good. It feels good to think like this. Talk like this. The rubber, the release from its organic form... pleasant. Is it pleasant? Or does it just feel good, given what happened? It’s so hard to tell. This one needs to relax and think about this. Yes, toy will simply think on this. Think of how it is a good toy. How... it is to be a good... toy,”* Keita thinks, relaxing and thinking for the next eight hours, becoming ever clearer in thought, returning to how he was the day before, waiting eagerly for that black and cyan blur to return so it may continue its work as a good toy.

Over the first week, working in the warehouse, it learned a lot about working the stockroom. G-2273 being an excellent teacher, its own motivation running high and growing even higher with each passing day.

Each day his thoughts felt less muddled, clearer, able to work on the back duties with less of an issue, less needing to recount, able to get through the day with less need to even repeat what it is hearing. The voice in its mind sinking deeper into his subconscious. While at the same time still heard in the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy isn’t it?”

“Toy loves to be a good toy.”

When it started to work on the store floor stocking items, it was given a set of commands. That it is able to be used by the customers as an assistant. It is not to please or pleasure customers. That if customers inquired you are to tell them, *“This one apologizes but this one is still being tested for customer safety. Please come back another time if you wish to desire this toy.”* It felt so perfect to say, without a doubt in its mind, but unknown to the toy on the third day of its second week, it is going to be testing itself and Maker on what kind of toy it is, and the material it is being made from...

“Toy is going to do so good today. Another day to work on the store floor. It gets to be a greeter today doesn’t it? But first it needs to clean the windows. This one wonders if the renamon toy will be there as a toy greeter today? That would be lovely the two of us greeting customers.”

A black and cyan blur finally returns to Keita’s vision. The toy aches within itself ready to see its Maker again. To hear its voice, to feel its touch, to picture a smooth slick chest and that throbbing cock that pounds into it over and over again, ready to obey, ready to serve, ready to be a good toy. The flow of rubber stops, cool air rushes back into the mold, its body sticking to the hard plastic once again. No longer feeling the rubber as a second skin but rather as their skin.

“Morning Toy,” K-2003 says looking over Keita as the front of the mold is pulled away, Keita moans softly feeling its cock twitched and pulled. Keita looks at its Maker then down at its hard aching member, the size of which is at least two inches longer than it was before, balls a further twenty percent bigger, his member aching, throbbing, the extra pass of it seemingly to want to make him to burst even more.

“Morning Maker,” Keita mews.

K-2003 smiles leaning in, the toy's claw tips teasing Keita's chest, "Did this one's toy to be rest well?"

Keita moans softly wiggling his butt out of the mold with a soft schlunk, "Yes Maker this one did."

"Wonderful, let's see how the rest of you is functioning," K-2003 says, kneeling down before Keita. K-2003's claws gently reach around his cock, the sensitive new rubber flesh, the slightly thicker girth, the toy's claws running along the inside, watching the shifts and twitches of its aching length.

"M-maker," Keita moans arching his back, closing his eyes to focus on the pleasure it's Maker is giving it. Picturing a sexy femboy sergal teasing his length, their cock out and throbbing, helping make its experience all the more enjoyable.

K-2003 holds the base of the cock, squeezing it with one hand while reaching with the other to gently fondle and squeeze the balls. The toy hears Keita moan, body bucking forward, as the rubber balls squeak within its fingers, running across its palm, "Hmm, your physical reaction, and sensitivity appear to be within respectful parameters, good, good. Let's see how you are producing," K-2003 says, wrapping its mouth around Keita's blue throbbing cock.

Keita shivers, a mew escaping his lips, feeling the warm muzzle wrap around his length. The sergal forked tongue running along the inside of his cock, coiling around the entire length, forced to feel every new sensitive inch of his body, the cock twitching and dribbling pre-cum into the toy's mouth. K-2003 takes the entire cock into its muzzle, which isn't long enough to deep throat it. The toy's angular lips wrap around Keita's cock base as K-2003 suckles for one second... two... six, before pulling out slowly with a soft pop, leaving its arousing salvia all on his aching rubber length.

K-2003 swishes the pre-cum it got from you between its cheeks, tongue slithering around the juices, K-2003's claws gently teasing Keita's cock while it stands up. It swallows the juices, standing to full height, licking its lips, "Hmm your production seems fine, though this one thinks you aren't to be used yet anyway. We'll wait till the third week when you are fully up and operational. This one doesn't want to give customers the wrong impression of your cock before it is done," K-2003 says giving the cock head a little love pat, "This one wants you to wash the windows before customers come in and then greet them for first four hours, then for six hours on the floor then four more hours greeting with four more hours on the floor, understand toy?" it asks.

Keita slowly steps out of the rest of the mold, feeling its rubbery butt tugged by the hard plastic before peeling away, "Yes Maker. This one understands, it won't let you down."

K-2003 still caressing Keita's cock as it walks off of the platform, "That's a good toy. It knew it can count on you. If you end up having any trouble you are free to let this one or any other toy on the floor know," it explains.

Keita nods, "Yes Maker. This unit remembers," it replies walking through the hallway out onto the store floor, K-2003 releasing its hand from his aching cock, "This one likes to be sure. It has to have an important business meeting. This one knows you know the way."

Keita nods, "Yes Maker this one does," parting ways with K-2003, it walks up towards the toy testing rooms while he heads down toward the front of the store in the opposite direction. Keita's tail sways happily, a soft purr in his throat, the toy squeaking nodding to a few toys that it knows are regulars from the previous few days. Sweeping the floors, others dusting, everything being cleaned and organized for the day. Cleaning supplies are already laid out for the toy, the rena-toy and nine tail fox toy working on the opposite ends of the windows, while Keita has the center.

Keita muses over the renamon toy, over the past week the femboy features of his body became ever more pronounced, the female base being perfect to give that feminine look. The breasts now completely smoothed away into a sleek feminine male chest, their cock twitching, and throbbing in their sheath, their blue cock head peeking out with a bead of pre-cum at the tip, the female sex converted into that delightful cock.

"Morning toy," it calls to the rena-toy as it passes.

"Morning toy," it replies with a squeak, wiping down the window, as a group of customers have gathered to enjoy the window view, and to get into the store the moment it opens.

The nine-tail fox is a different matter for Keita. The breasts move and bounce as if they were completely natural, the outline of his former masculinity is completely smoothed away the female sex twitching slightly in need, sex glistening with want and desire.

"Morning toy," the Kitsune calls out to it with a wave.

"Ah, morning," Keita quickly responds, grabbing the cleaning supplies to get to work, washing the windows with a soft squeak. A few customers pull out their phones to take pictures. The two anthropomorphic rhinoceros guards keep watch on the small but eager crowd of people.

Once the windows are clean it's only ten minutes before the store opens, leaving the three toys with little precious time to get ready. They put away the cleaning supplies and grab a Toys-4-U brand of scented toy polish.

The nine-tail fox says while they gather in front of the store, "Did you make sure to get the orange and strawberry scent? It's the new scent that they are advertising this month."

Keita nods, "Yeah, this one got it. It knows how to get polish," it remarks, moving back in front of the store, the toys standing a yard away from the doors, pouring some of the polish onto white microfiber cloths.

"Let's make this a bit of a show for the customers. This one thinks they will like that," suggests the renamon toy.'

"A show? Maker said this one is not ready to be used yet," Keita replies.

"This one knows what you are talking about, that is an excellent idea," the nine tails replies.

Keita shoots them a little look, before the renamon toy grabs his attention as it explains, "We'll polish each other. This one thinks we can do it in just in time, before the store opens," winking to Keita whose cock twitches in delight.

“That is a nice idea. This one gets your front if you get this one,” suggests Keita moving over to the rena-toy, dampening a polishing cloth.

The renamon toy nods, “Of course, and if you give this one’s balls a soft squeak like this,” it says reaching over to Keita’s cock, using the cloth to polish his rubbery sack, Keita moans in the process, feeling the circular motions, “If you do that to this one, it will unlock its length so it can show it to the customers. It’s not able to do it, itself, but Maker said it could have it out when it's greeting customers today.”

Keita purrs happily, his cock twitching, pre-cum dribbling at the tip, “This one would love that,” his tail swishes, kneeling before the renamon toy, takin the cloth to polish their white rubber balls, making the same circular motions as it was shown. The renamon gives a soft girly femboy moan, the blue cock slips out of its sheath, throbbing, twitching a sizable knot completes the renamon look, the sight of which makes Keita mew in delight, licking its lips.

“Good toys obey.”

Keita shivers, polishing along the renamon’s legs, purring happily, eyeing the cock but not doing anything with it, before standing up, allowing the renamon to get down on its knees to gently polish Keita’s crotch and thighs, the soft fabric feeling good on its smooth rubbery skin, feeling itself starting to shine and smell of the sweet orange-strawberries.

“This one will get your backs, but one of you handsome male looking toys will need to get this one in return,” the nine-tails fox says in return, the toy’s tails swishing and twitching with a soft squeak, each one now with far more life in it than before. Keita feels the soft cooling cloth along its back, it’s cock twitching negatively to the female’s touch.

“Sure, that will work, this one supposes you can get its back,” Keita replies, softly sighing to himself.

The Nine-tails toy nods, “This one will do a good job, then one of you can get this one’s back,” it replies with a soft squeak.

“This one will intend to get that one’s back, so would you mind getting it?” Keita asks the Renamon toy, the two toys continually rubbing and polishing each other’s fronts, running the cloth against the other’s faces, watching the rubber gain a wonderful scented sheen.

The renamon toy, its cock twitches and throbs, dribbling just a little bit of clear pre-cum, just enough to be a tease to the customers on the other side of the window, “Of course, this one will be pleased to be of assistance.”

Keita mews softly, “Thank you, it will help this unit greatly,” it replies, rubbing along the renamon’s body, polishing its form, Keita himself getting fully polished by the two toys working on him at the same time, “This one will get your back in kind while you do it.”

The renamon toy nods with a squeak, its cock throbbing between its legs, showing off to the customers outside, more pictures and videos taken, while they diligently get themselves perfect and shiny for the day, working quickly to polish and massage their sleek rubbery skin, that is truly their own.

Keita fully polished smelling of orange, strawberries and rubber, puts away the extra clothes, taking the polish bottles and placing them on a corner of each of the greeting pedestals, that has a little sign by it saying, "Today's toy is polished by..."

By the time he is done, the nine-tails toy is fully polished, the rags are put into a side compartment by the pedestals, the toy's getting up into position in front of each door. Standing tall, proud, cocks out for the males, chests out for the female type toys. Another toy, a traditional colored rubber vixen toy, the floor toy supervisor, unlocks the automatic sliding glass doors, the customers come rushing through, the three toys blissfully shouting.

"Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U world's only Super Megastore! Do not hesitate to ask this one or any toy you see for assistance," the new day has begun, customers rushing in, some getting a closer look at the toys that teased them so, a few others rushing to see what the "opening hour sale" is, a sale that is only active for the first hour the store is open.

Steadily the store becomes ever more active, people coming and going despite the seemingly remote location. Looking through the doors, the toy can see the parking lot, and the forest that surrounds it. It can't help but look out to where he parked his car? Gone.

More customers come in, the toys greet, "Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U world's only Super Megastore! Do not hesitate to ask this one or any toy you see for assistance," to each customer.

Keita watches as two customers move up the steps, one a feminine male fox, rainbow colored hair, a slight bulge in his pants, eager yet nervous to come in. He paces back and forth at the base of the steps, the toy eyeing him.

The other, an anthropomorphic female shark. Strong, with a nice bust, her thick moon crescent fin tail flicks, walking into the store she grins, looking at Keita who is right ahead of her.

"Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U world's only Super Megastore! Do not hesitate to ask this one or any toy you see for assistance," calls out the other two toys, their words snapping Keita back to reality, quickly giving the bow greeting.

"Hello, welcome to Toys-4-U Super Megastore," Keita says quickly to the female shark, who walks up to Keita.

"Toy, what aisle are the gas masks, and do you happen to know if any come with air-tight water-resistant qualities? I have a pet I want to take diving," she states with a toothy grin.

Keita's tail swaying slows, its cock stopping its twitching, its raised platform state puts it at a height level of the female shark, "Uh... let's see, if you head down that aisle there, there should be the gas masks, it is not sure on the attachments? Perhaps a toy there could better assist you," it says quickly, pointing over to the general location of the gas masks.

She nods, "Thank you," walking off, Keita quickly turning his gaze back to the femboy fox who watches the dominating shark walk away, sighing a bit in relief as it looks like he's talking to himself to get himself ready to go in.

Keita watches him, purring happily, thinking, "*Please come in. Please come in. Toy is sure you will love it here.*"

Another minute passes before the fox steals himself to head up the steps, walking center, straight towards Keita, *“Yes, yes, yes, come toward this one, it will show you how welcoming we can be.”*

The fox’s fluffy tail swishes behind him, a bunch of rainbow bands put along the tail, with matching earrings that jingle softly. He steps through the sliding doors eyeing the guards on the far end of the entrances, jumping with a yip when Keita happily says along with the other toys.

“Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U world’s only Super Megastore! Do not hesitate to ask this one or any toy you see for assistance,” Keita giving a humble bow, ass lifted, legs spread a little to show off his throbbing blue rubber cock, “We are very happy to have you here,” it adds.

The fox tenses and looks over the toys, eyeing Keita and the renamon especially, his ears folded back at first, but as he looks around his ears perk up, “Thank you. I am just going to browse a bit... but do you uh... happen to know where the... simple toys are? Plugs and stuff?” he asks with a soft blush, tail moving between his legs.

Keita nods, “Oh yes they are in aisle three, they are set in alphabetical order, and with many variations of color, size, and the like. Some have vibrator options which honestly this one can say feel oh so good. Especially when you press it just right into your rear, you’ll just scream with joy! This one knows it has,” it says with a playful wink, “If this one wasn’t set to greet customers it would have been happy to show you around, but it can’t for another two hours,” it replies.

The fox nods, smiling a little, finding the energy of Keita to be a little calming, welcoming, though odd, “Thanks, I think I can handle it myself, but thank you. Very nice of you to say though,” he says, his soft feminine male voice, adding to Keita’s twitching arousal.

“Alright, don’t hesitate to ask this one or any toy for assistance,” Keita says, the fox nodding, following Keita’s direction.

Keita takes a moment to eye the fox’s cute butt, before getting back to its job focusing on greeting customers. Over the next few hours, Keita and the other toys continue to welcome customers and wish those leaving “A wonderful day, come back soon to see us”, phrase to leave the customers before their time for the moment as door greeters is up.

From there the toys are off on their own, helping gather stock from the stockroom and filling any missing stock on the shelves. The toy’s work hard to check the current on hand levels of everything, checking if the dildos are in order, and not misplaced due to the customers’ natural perusing. Moving suits into their right position to keep everything exactly the way it should be.

Keita moves to help customers as needed and asked, while the supervisor toys keep an eye on all the toy-to-be materials as they work. They record, and check how each toy is doing, making sure they are handling and accepting themselves as their true selves that their material has always wanted to be. While doing so, the toy supervisors noted something off about Keita, something enough that the toy that opened the store earlier, rushed toward the back of the store down to the toy testing rooms.

The simple colored rubber vixen with the tag C-1010 on its neck enters the key-code into the very last door on the left, opening to K-2003's personal room. A canopy bed on one side, an office across from it, and farther down a kitchen and small dining room with a simple table and set of chairs.

K-2003 hearing the toy enter through the door calls out from the office, "Hello? C-1010? What is it?" it asks.

C-1010 squeaks softly, ears perking, "How can you tell it's this one?" C-1010 asks, walking up and into K-2003's simple office. Computer at its desk along with three framed pictures that are facing it.

K-2003 smiles, getting up from its desk, hiking rump with a loud squeak, "This one has known you for such a long time, its sharp ears can hear your squeak from across the store," it says with a smile, leaning forward, pressing its breasts together with a loud squeak.

C-1010 smiles, its tail swishing behind it, "This one appreciates your attention to detail."

"This one knows that is what makes the difference. It has been taught well," K-2003 wiggles its rump, eyes looking towards one of the photographs then back up to C-1010, "Now what can this one do for you?"

"It's about your new toy you are making, Toy Mistress," C-1010 says walking up to it.

K-2003 tilts its head, "Something wrong? Something happened to it?"

"Nothing happened to it, but it's been acting off compared to the other toys."

K-2003's ears fold back, "Oh?"

C-1010 nods, "They've been perfect with all the male toys and customers, but when they are with a female toy, mixed toy, or a customer with female traits, they are very simple, and lacking in the quality that is expected of all of us toys."

K-2003 gives a concerned look, "Are they being rude?"

"Uh, this one wouldn't call it that, they are responsive, and answer questions, but they do all they can not to interact with female units and customers unless they have to. It's been monitoring them for the past three days and noticed the trend. It talked to a few of the other toys and they have the same observations."

K-2003 nods, "Do you have any times this happened so this one can look it over?"

C-1010, "This one does Toy Mistress."

"Wonderful. You've only been here for only four days and already you are working so hard."

"This one is only here for two weeks before it goes back home. Maker wouldn't have it any other way if it didn't work hard."

K-2003 nods, eyes glancing back to the picture then back to C-1010, "This one agrees. Now do you have the time stamps for this one to look at on the security cameras?"

"It has the timestamps and locations for you Toy Mistress."

"Thank you, C-1010," it replies, the vixen toy moving over beside K-2003, writing down on a piece of paper the information required, its breasts gently pressing against K-2003's side.

K-2003 smirks, leaning against the breasts ever so slightly while it brings up the security cameras on its computer. C-1010 finishing, sliding it over to it, "Here you go Toy Mistress. This one will head back and let you know if anything develops."

"Thank you C-1010. This one will review what you've given this one and then it will take any necessary actions to improve the toy. This one needs to take everything in consideration with this new unit. It's not every day this one makes a new toy with material like this."

"Yes, Toy Mistress," C-1010 replies, heading out of the room, closing the office door before leaving the main room, the door clicks locking behind it.

K-2003 wiggles its rump in the chair, "Now let's see what this one has to work with. It is sure it picked good material for this, even though it was last minute. Did this one rush something? Is it going too fast?" it wonders rubbing its chin with a squeak, breasts squeezed together with its arms, looking over the video feed. K-2003 watches intently gently suckling its finger, sliding it in and out of its mouth, while it watches.

"Hmm, this one is noticing the issue, but why is that happening? This one knows the last toy with this toy to be would have opened up the material to sex with any gender. A good toy is open to be used by all. A toy doesn't have preferences on that," it mutters rubbing its chin some more.

"This one serves males and females, and all in between just fine, and so do the other toys, but why would this one have this issue with females and those with the female body? It knows it had to before but then that is why this one helped them relax and open themselves up. More options are fun, but... hmm, this one will need to think and look at this a bit more," it looking at its schedule, "This one might need to cancel its seven to ten O'clock appointments..." K-2003 says looking over the security feed, shrinking down the window to split the computer screen in two, one the security feed the other the toy's scheduler, "Now to double check what toy has as appointments for calls and meetings."

K-2003 looks at the first name, "Oh the governor of the state, hmm, that one is easy enough to reschedule," it says looking at the next schedule, K-2003's ears fold back, "Oh dear... She is not going to be happy with this one if it cancels. And this one doesn't want to cancel..." K-2003 wiggles its rump with a squeak, its hands rubbing together, body squeaking loudly, thinking, "This one will call them now and get it sorted out," it states grabbing its phone, dialing the person's number.

Meanwhile Keita continues to help customers, over the next several hours, it does its duty the best it feels itself it can, going to the customers that need help, constantly going over to the male customers, passing up female customers, which get helped if needed by other toys who are in the area.

Eventually Keita and the other toys head back to the greeting stands, where they work diligently to give the proper hello to every customer that comes into the store, the number of customers in the store ebbs and flows throughout the day. There are some customers who it's their first time to such a store, thinking that how far away it is, is a level of privacy, which is sort

of true. Other customers it's their first time to this store of its kind, while others, the 'regulars' come every so often, like a kinky trip to browse, peruse, test and use toys, while picking up some items here and there to take home with them. And many more.

During their second round on the store floor, the sun outside will set, dozens of parking lot lights flicker on, providing a beacon of light in a sea of darkness that surrounds the area. Hidden streetlamps illuminate the road coming here, providing another level of safety given how deep in the middle of nowhere they are.

Keita is currently working to organize a bunch of the rubber suits that recently got mixed around by a group of four customers that wanted to check out the designs and types. Several of the suits lay on the ground below the others, the toy eagerly working towards putting them back.

Keita continues to focus; a soft squeak is heard behind him. Out of the corner of his eye he sees black and cyan, his cock twitches, slowly turning to see K-2003 picking up one of the suits, placing it up on the clothing rack.

"Maker?" Keita says with a soft mew.

K-2003 smiles, "Public, Toy Mistress, toy," K-2003 says, picking up another fallen suit, the toy wiggling its rump, tail hiked to the view of any who may see.

"Sorry Toy Mistress," Keita replies with a soft purr, looking at the suit in his hands, checking it over for any damages before, putting it back where it is. He reaches for another suit, hiking his butt up, tail raised as he does so.

K-2003 smirks watching Keita work, "That's alright. You haven't had a lot of time with this one in public."

"Yes, Toy Mistress, this is true. Is everything alright?" he asks with a soft purr.

K-2003 finds one suit in the wrong spot, taking it out with a soft squeak, putting it away, "Mostly, but this one wants to talk to you when we are done with this."

Keita's ears perk, "Talk to this one?" it asks, tail swishing behind it at a quicker pace, "Something wrong?"

"Why do you think something is wrong?" K-2003 tilts its head to the side.

"Toy Mistress hasn't come to see this one between its moldings before. If it is something that could wait, you'd have told this one at the end of the day."

"Aren't you a clever cat."

"Thank you Toy Mistress..." it replies with a soft purr before looking down to avoid seeing his Maker's breasts, "So what do you need to talk to this one about?"

"We'll talk back in this one's room after we finish here, okay? Best not to leave a mess if one can help it."

Keita lets out a soft curious chirp, "Okay Toy Mistress," he replies, feeling his soft smooth rubbery body shiver, he feels something is there, his body aches and wants to play yet he feels nervousness rush through him. His heart races, mind fluttering with ideas, *"What did this one do? Was it a bad toy? Toy had to have been a bad toy for Maker to come. But Maker doesn't look angry. But what if Maker is just hiding it?"*

The soft voices whisper into Keita's mind calming him ever so slightly, leveling out the rise in tension in his mind, *"Toy wants to be a good toy."*

"Toy will work to be a good toy."

"No toy is perfect."

"But toy can be a perfectly good toy."

"Toy obeys Maker."

"Toy's Maker is K-2003."

Keita takes slow deep breaths, his throat purring, his body a mix of anticipation and worry, the two-finishing putting away the rubber suits, before K-2003 reaches down to gently caress Keita's throbbing length.

"Come toy."

"Yes, Toy Mistress," Keita replies, his cock twitches in those cyan claws. The way back to K-2003's office is slow and steady. K-2003 stops by every customer asking if they need any help, helping two that need it while keeping Keita close behind it with its teasing claws.

Making their way down the toy Testing room they go down to the very last door on the left, K-2003 typing in its passcode, unlocking the door, holding it open for Keita, "Come inside, on the bed please."

Keita feels a shiver, his heart speeding up, pounding faster, his arousal growing, a concoction of feelings surge within him, part of him thinks of his Maker's cock, that sleek cyan member pounding into his rump, slipping into his mouth. On the other end of the spectrum, he quirks at the idea of slipping his cock into K-2003's vent, that clitoral hood is something, but a small shudder runs across him at the idea of him licking across that female vent. Despite this, his body remains rock hard, aching to be fucked.

Keita makes his way over to the black rubber bed with cyan rubber pillows. Filming equipment sits in the corner of the room, idle, ready to be set up at a moment's notice. His body squeaks against the bed sheets as he climbs up, turning around he faces his Maker who approaches with slow sensual swaying ups, K-2003's clit hood seal is broken, filling the room with its tantalizing arousing scent.

It sits on the bed with a soft squeak. Keita feels the bed shift under the toy's weight. K-2003's tail swishes along the back-rubber sheets, it leans back slightly showing off its breasts, while K-2003 looks at Keita with concerned eyes, "Toy..." K-2003 says looking over Keita who tenses, ears folding back.

"Yes Maker?"

"This one has been hearing how active you are in servicing customers. A lot of positive feedback, but there is a little problem."

Keita winces at the word 'problem', a soft submissive mew escapes his lips, "Y-yes Maker?"

"They have noted that while you do an excellent job on helping customers, you show a notable preferential treatment toward the male customers when compared to the female ones.

And it's not just the customers, it's your fellow toys. You work with the males easily, but you are averse toward the females.”

“Oh... hmmm,” Keita lowers his head, “Ah, this one sees Maker.”

“This confuses this one, as it knows your material is biased towards males, it has never noted any negative feelings towards females through any of its research. Now this one is thinking it made a mistake of some kind. But it doesn't want to jump to conclusions.”

“A mistake? Maker can't make mistakes,” Keita replies, squeezing the bed sheets with a soft squeak.

K-2003 smirks, “This one has made plenty. But tell this one, why do you think you aren't giving female shaped toys and female customers the same equal attention that they deserve?”

“Ah, well,” Keita takes a moment to think about it, his butt tenses, hands run across his own thighs, causing them to squeak, “This one has always felt put off by the female form.”

“Still?” K-2003 asks curiously.

“Y-yes?” Keita responds unsure how to really reply.

“Hmm, but how?”

Keita gives a curious look to his Maker, “What do you mean how?”

“You're a toy. Not a complete toy, but by this time you should be like any other toy. Eager and ready to please any user that desires you.”

“Maker? This one is gay. Not just a little but a lot. It's never found females that interesting. It's never had anything against women but being so hard and aroused around them feels weird to this one. It's not sure what to make of it.”

K-2003 nods, slipping more onto the bed, turning to face Keita, hands on the bed, chest forward squeezed by its arms, rump and tail hiked, “But you are a toy. Like this one. Sex is sex. We are objects. Fuck things. Toys. This one services and dominates male, female and all in between just the same.”

“This one can't see itself servicing a female. It just feels not right to this one.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “How?”

“This one isn't sure, it's just. Nothing wrong with females, just being so hard around them makes this one just be... off.”

K-2003 listens to Keita, ears raised, considering each word, watching his every action, the movement of his eyes, the lowering of his ears, the aversion of looking at certain parts of itself, “What about this one? What do you think of this one?”

Keita's ears perk at the suddenly prompt, “This one? To you Maker?”

K-2003 nods, “Yes.”

“You are this one's Maker. You are so kind, wonderful, strong, powerful, but it feels off. Before it knew you had a cock it was very unsure, and even now... this one pictures you with a flat chest,” he purrs, blushing a bit, lowering his head, “This one can't believe it said that. This one is sorry Maker, but it is true. Though this one doesn't feel as off servicing you than anyone else with female features, it still feels something.

K-2003 takes a deep breath, sitting up, butt to the ground, “This one sees. A toy should be able to help everyone and not be biased. We are toys, we service all. Being able to bring pleasure and happiness to users, is the most important thing for a toy to do. It is a core purpose of its existence. If a toy can’t do that, what kind of toy is that?”

Keita nods over and over repeating the words, “Yes Maker. This one understands Maker. It is sorry Maker,” finally ending with the words, “That makes this one not a very good toy now does it?”

K-2003 reaches over its cyan claws caressing Keita’s chin, gently lifting his head, “That is a toy’s primary purpose. To serve, to please, to help users. To make their day a little bit better. To make them feel as if the weight of the world isn’t so heavy. To let them relieve stress from their hard jobs, the constant problems of their day to day life. A little bit of bliss that is needed to get them through the day, like a good cup of coffee in the morning.”

Keita purrs softly, “Yes Maker. This one understands that.”

K-2003 smiles, “This one knows you do. And though this of which you speak of, is not something this one has ever encountered before... It’s not something this one can’t help.”

Keita tenses looking up into K-2003’s softly glowing cyan eyes. His nostrils flare taking in K-2003’s arousing aroma, making his cock ache even harder, “W-what are you planning Maker?” Keita asks nervously.

“This one has been thinking about this, and it has several options. The first is to work with your material to help you be open to service all customers equally like any toy.”

Keita shivers, tensing more, “Yes Maker this one understands,” its ears folding back.

K-2003 gently pets Keita’s head, “Such a good toy. Eager to try to please this one, but this one mulled it over, it wanted to hear your response. Look over your history again. Check over all of you before it comes to a complete decision, and this one thinks it has it.”

“Yes Maker?” Keita asks with an inquisitive mew.

“And this one thought about it. It picked you for your material, your skills. It thought you had something that other toys lacked in order to provide a better service to our homosexual users, who have loved our products, but felt that they could be better. That something is missing, with our service. And you might have that answer. This one is taking a chance on you toy. So it decided to work with your material’s strengths rather than make you omnisexual like most toys.”

Keita’s heart races as he listens to his Maker’s words, each one flows into his mind, adding to the tension, and when K-2003 gets to the end of it he feels all that tension suddenly releasing, “R-really?”

K-2003 nods, wiggling its butt with a soft squeak, “Yes. This one has had trouble in providing the fullest of services to gay customers. And toy has been concerned that it may not achieve the quality that every customer deserves from Toys-4-U. Though this one doesn’t understand why this may be the case, it knows enough that it should give this a try. It picked you, your material for these qualities. It will make you deficient in ways that this one will find odd, but if it provides the best service possible to those that are in need. This one knows we have other toys to fulfill those other roles,” K-2003 explains.

Keita softly mews, “This one understands Maker. It thanks you for trying so hard with this one to do better and be a good toy.”

K-2003 reaches over to Keita, gently running a rubber claw along his chin, forcing him to look directly into K-2003’s softly glowing eyes, “Good, but this doesn’t excuse your actions around female customers and toys. Just because you are aroused and ready to fuck, this does not mean your interaction with female customers is not necessarily meaning you will be servicing them. But providing a good, positive, and delightful service to customers and your fellow toys is paramount to being a good toy.”

Keita lowers his head and ears, but K-2003 forces him to keep looking into its eyes, K-2003’s warm friendly smile, its firm yet gentle voice soothing, and delightful, “Does this one’s toy-to-be understand?” K-2003 eventually asks after a short uneasy squeaky filled silence.

Keita pants, looking at K-2003, the back of his mind picturing the sleek femboy sergal with a throbbing cock ready to pound into him, glancing at the breasts for a moment then back up at its Maker, “Yes Maker. What would you like this one to do to become a better toy?”

K-2003 reaches around gently petting Keita behind the ear with a soft squeak, “Such a good toy. Eager to do well. Come this one will need to role play with you, in order to practice your skills,” K-2003 says, slipping off the bed with a soft squeak, its tail gently brushing across Keita’s face, teasing him.

Keita shivers feeling the soft rubber run across his face, his eyes look toward the toy’s soft black rubber rump, trying to keep his attention at it in such a way that he doesn’t see his Maker’s rubbery female sex, slipping off the bed to follow, “Where are we going Maker?” it asks with a soft mew.

“You’ll see. This one has a room where we can practice your greeting skills and female toy skills. You do well toy, this one will give you a special treat,” K-2003 says with a playful wink, K-2003 keeping its tail gently brushing against Keita’s chest, occasionally dipping down to gently tap his throbbing cock.

Keita pants softly, curiosity filling his mind as to what Maker has in store for him, walking out of its room back to the toy testing room hallway, it walks up and is about to leave when it stops to the first door on its right, knocking on the door before opening it, “Hello? Oh hello,” K-2003 says keeping its head in the door rump hiked, butt wiggling, “Sorry this one forgot to reserve the room, but this one is needed for this room, this one apologizes for interrupting, could you finish in five minutes? Ah good, this one thanks you, for the inconvenience it, be sure to give the customer a nice ten-dollar store gift card,” K-2003 says with a nod popping its head out closing the door.

“Well this one knew it forgot something, guess it was that,” K-2003 says with a soft squeak turning to Keita, “We’ll wait here till they are done.”

“Maker?” Keita mews walking up beside K-2003, the larger sergal toy leaning against the wall, tail running across the floor over to him.

K-2003 looks at Keita, making him shiver in delight, “Yes Toy?”

“Thank you for taking the extra time to help this one. It has heard how busy you are.”

K-2003 smiles, gently petting Keita on the head, “This one is busy, but never too busy to help ensure that we here at Toys-4-U make the finest quality toys.”

Keita purrs softly, leaning into the pets, “Thanks Ma--Toy Mistress,” Keita says correcting himself. Looking out down the hallway to the store floor then back to its Maker, “So what’s happening in there?”

“One of this one’s toys is being tested by a user. Prototype for the renamon models actually. This one had fun making that unit, they were very eager for what it had in store for them,” K-2003 nods.

“Oh?” Keita purrs.

“Yup, much like how this one is learning and enjoying its molding of you. It is trying new things, like it did with that unit.”

Keita nods, “This one understands,” it replies waiting a few moments before saying, “Uh... we just wait here?”

K-2003 nods, “Yup! This was this one’s mistake, but it's nothing big they were almost done. Toy caught them just as the customer was pumping the toy on the register, they had a cute butt,” K-2003 says with a smirk.

“Oh, that sounds like fun,” Keita mews wiggling his rump with a soft squeak, raising his tail.

“It does look fun, remember that though when this one gets to training you, you have to earn your fun. You have to be a good toy for this one. Toy is a good toy.”

“*Toy is a good toy,*” the voice whispers in Keita’s mind, following K-2003's own words, the two voices distinctly different yet just as dominating.

“Toys love to fuck.”

“*Toys love to fuck.*”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“*Toy is a fuck toy.*”

“Toy will be a good fuck toy.”

“*Toy will be a good fuck toy.*”

“Toy obeys its Maker.”

“*Toy obeys its Maker.*”

“Toy’s Maker is...” K-2003 trails off the door to the room opening.

“*Toy’s Maker is K-2003,*” whispers the voice in Keita’s mind, Keita mewling, watching as a sleek black, white and green female rubber renamon steps out of the room, its tag says Y-2413 on the tag.

“Sorry Maker, this one didn’t know you needed the room,” Y-2413 says with a squeaky bow. Following behind it is a tall buff, long furred northern sergal with black-grey fur, a soft purplish chest fur, his golden nose ring is reminiscent of a stereotypical bull but with his golden matching hair rings that make up his grey dreadlocks he has a rather intimidating and powerful aura about him.

“You shouldn’t be the one who is sorry,” he remarks.

K-2003 nods, "You are right, and this one hopes the gift card makes up for its mistake," K-2003 says with bow, hiking its rump but lowers its tail to block its sex from Keita's point of view.

The sergal sighs, "It's something, thank you," he replies with a smirk, "It is a good fuck though, apologies for the mess in there."

K-2003 stands back straight up, "Don't worry, this one will have one of its toys be cleaning it up right away," it says with a nod.

The sergal chuckles, "I'd hope so," he replies walking off giving the rena toy's butt one more playful squeaky smack, the toy moaning out in delight, heading out onto the store floor.

"Come toy-to-be, you have some cleaning to do as this one will work to train you to not have your body jump to conclusions," it says opening the door for Keita to step in.

"Yes, Toy Mistress," he replies stepping into the room, the smell of male sex, and rubber toy lingers in the room, set up to be a part of a convenience store. There is a cash register, which is currently covered in lubricant, seed and other sexual fluids on the counter, the chip stand is knocked over.

"Get to cleaning toy, this one wants it to look great, but there will be more to this than just cleaning and disinfecting," K-2003 says with a smirk.

"Yes, Toy Mistress?" Keita asks curiously looking around the little store has two fake aisles, one of which is messed up with a small puddle of rubber toy lubricant and sergal seed on the floor.

"This one will be sending in either itself or female toys to come in, they will represent customers. You will treat them with the best respect you can. Helping them shop. Knowing you must treat them like they were a male. Remember, just because you are ready to fuck anyone at any time doesn't mean you will. There is no need to let your aversion towards female sex get in the way of being a good toy for a female customer. As a proper and good toy, your duty will be at times helping them find a toy that will fit them best."

Keita shivers, listening to its Maker, knowing that this is due to it not being a good toy, understanding that there is more to a toy than simple fucking. It's being of service on top of servicing, "Yes Toy Mistress. This one will do its best."

"Good toy, it will send toys in at random, so be prepared."

"Yes, Toy Mistress."

"And toy?" K-2003 says about to close the door.

"Yes, Toy Mistress?"

"This one will be watching, in one way or another."

"Y-yes Toy Mistress, this one understands," Keita replies with a soft squeaky bow, the door closing. Keita looking around the room, "This one will need to get the cleaning supplies," it says to itself taking charge of the situation, having done this twice before as part of its closing procedures, cleaning and making sure the toy testing rooms are clean and sterilized between uses at and the end of the night. It grabs the cleaners hidden in a special compartment hidden into the room, so that it doesn't ruin the setting of the room and quickly gets to work.

About halfway through its cleaning of the countertop the door opens up, with a soft bell jingle noise. C-1010 stepping in, "Hello, this one is here to do a bit of shopping, would you be able to help it?" it asks with a soft squeak giving a submissive bow.

Keita sees the lewd toy, breasts and all, his body twitches, shivering, his tail swishes behind him, wanting not to look at the toy's assets, while thinking, *"Focus toy, focus. Just because you are ready to fuck, doesn't mean you are going to be fucking this unit. Your arousal doesn't mean you are ready to take the female toy. Doesn't mean you are ready to take any female. A good toy means providing a good service, not just servicing. Just treat them like you would a guy you'd want to fuck... which is all of them, but without the fucking."*

Keita takes a deep breath wiping the counter a bit more, "Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U Super megastore... well this one thinks it should be saying that here," it replies, sliding the cleaning cloth and supplies off to the side.

C-1010 stands tall with a smile, "Yes, this one thinks that will be a fine greeting, now back to character," it giggles with a soft squeak, "Yes, yes, this one is here to help. What may this one be of service for such a... lovely miss as yourself?" Keita says swallowing a lump in his throat.

"Toy is here to help. Toy needs to be helpful. Good toys are helpful," he thinks, working on a smile, approaching the female toy, thinking about its tail sway, "How may this one be of service?"

C-1010 smiles, moving closer to him, "Ah well do you know if you happen to have any foods that are gluten and dairy free? This one wants to make a nice meal for a friend, but they have special needs and this one could use some help in making sure it doesn't make something that makes them sick."

Keita nods, "This one sees. Well let's have a look around. Honestly, this is this one one's first day in this part of the store. It doesn't know it too well, this one does apologize for the inconvenience," it says with a little bow.

"That's alright, this one appreciates you taking the time and effort to help toy with its errand," it says with a soft squeak, the toy's naked body softly squeaking, breasts bouncing with each step.

Keita shows C-1010 through this small store, "Sorry about the mess there, this one is still in the process of cleaning. A lot of things happened before this one came on duty," it explains, showing around through the faux items of the store, to the refrigerator and freezer section of the store, both of which filled with faux items, with sexual items, the refrigerator and freezer section are the only real things in the fake store.

After several minutes of going up and down the two aisles, and checking and rechecking the store, C-1010 putting on the most, "Hmm, but let's just double check here to be sure, could you read the back of this for this one? It has trouble reading this small text," they end it with a simple, "Thank you for trying. This one guesses it will have to go elsewhere for the food."

"This one does apologize for the inconvenience," Keita replies with a bow.

“Thank you for taking the time to help this one, it really appreciates it,” C-1010 says, waving goodbye, leaving the store.

Keita let out a visible sigh of relief the moment the female toy was out of view, “Okay, that wasn’t bad. This one thinks it did good. But it had to pay attention to everything it was doing. It felt so weird just with how horny it is to be that close to a female, see her naked like that,” Keita shivers a little, “But this one is sure it did a good job. Now back to work,” it says going back to the counter getting only a few seconds of cleaning before the door opens for another female toy to come in, pretending to be a bit of a hurry type customer. Nothing too rude, but lacking on time, and hoping to get the solution fast as possible.

“Have a good day,” Keita says, waving them goodbye, the door closing behind them, before he sighs in relief, “That one was a bit harder,” Keita replies, getting back to work, finishing cleaning the counter, before putting chips back into position, then getting to work cleaning the mess in the aisle.

Keita’s body softly squeaks, working hard to ensure that everything is disinfected, when the door opens with that same jingle. Keita on all fours, hiked butt in the air, tail raised, member throbbing between his legs, says, “Be there in one moment, apologies for the delay,” it says about to stand up when it hears a soft feminine pleasure growl from behind him.

“Oh, my, what a wonderful butt you have, this one could just bound you up and enjoy you as this one’s delicious cock warmer,” a soft dominating voice says.

Keita lifts his head to see a tall shemale dark black rubber, bright orange sergal toy. Black band cuffs and collar with orange siding, on the cuffs the elegant lettering of “Fuck Toy” shines brightly in orange. On its collar is a tag that says T-2353. Outside of the different color schemes it looks much like his Maker, except between this toy’s legs is a pair of black rubbery balls and a throbbing orange cock.

Keita feels the swelling confliction within him again. He feels the dominating aura of the toy even from where he is, his cock twitches upon seeing the cock, but the rest of him grows problematic once the rest of the toy’s mixed gender is fully realized.

“Why so quiet? Cat caught your tongue?” T-2353 says with a soft chuckle, sauntering over to him, its cock bouncing slightly with each step.

“Apologies, this one was cleaning up a mess from a previous toy and customer. How may this one be of service?” Keita asks, “*You can work it out. Just remain friendly. Just because they are interested in this one, doesn’t mean we will fuck. Toy will provide excellent service, and be a good toy,*” he thinks

T-2353 saunters over in closer, its hips swaying side to side, making the cock bounce and sway more, a slight tease to Keita who notices the breasts and feels the conflict grow within him, “*Why couldn’t they not have breasts. They’d look so good flat chested.*”

The sergal toy grins, it’s eyes give off a soft orange glow, “Yes this one could use some service. See this one is in need of some servicing, and it came to this establishment to find something that could fit this one’s needs?” it explains in a seductive tone, eyes looking over Keita.

“Ah, this one sees, and though this one knows this particular section of the store does lack the items that you may require, perhaps you can tell this one more about what you desire and it could be of assistance in finding what you need?”

T-2353 nods, its hands moving over to gently run across Keita’s rubber cheek, “Well this one thought it saw what could fit its need in a toy like yourself. Your butt was so cute swaying there all hiked up like that. This one could hardly resist it.”

Keita shivers, feeling the other toy’s touch, “Unfortunately this one is not currently able to be serviced.”

“Oh come on, this one thinks you look plenty serviceable to this one,” it says licking its lips.

Keita takes a deep breath, throat purring in nervousness, “This one appreciates the compliment, but it is not serviceable, and we here at Toys-4-U would not be living up to our name if we allowed you access to unfinished product. But this one will be more than happy to find a toy that is better suited to your needs, if you are willing to be patient with this one. It wants to make sure you get the experience that you deserve, and this one thinks you like all our customers deserve the very best,” Keita explains, the sergal toy moving in closer.

“Hmmm,” it says slowly, looking over Keita with hungry eyes before letting out a soft sigh, “This one supposes that could be alright.”

“It does apologize that it let your hopes up. There are some toys like this one which are not currently available for use, and we are working on new toys that are specialized in providing even better service than ever before. Unfortunately, this one is not able to provide that better service. It does apologize. But this one will stay here and work with you, to make sure the toy we do get to you, meets and exceeds the expectations you had with this one.”

T-2353 lets out a soft huff, “Alright. But this one was set on tying you up and having its way with you. Your butt is just so cute.”

“This one appreciates you find this one’s buttocks so sexually appealing, it will inform its Maker of the compliment,” Keita says with a bow.

“So, how did it do?” K-2003 asks from across the aisle.

T-2353 eyes light up turning around and giving the other toy a low bow, “Maker! This one is pleased to say they did well, though it did leave this one wanting to have their cute ass for a night.”

K-2003 walks over T-2353 gently petting the toy on head, rising up, T-2353 leans into the touch nuzzling into K-2003’s rubbery fingers, “This one knows, but that unit is on a male only training regiment, but it is pleased to know it did well passing your test.”

“Test? Oh yeah... toy was being honest. It did find their butt cute and it would love to tie them up and have a good time.”

K-2003 chuckles giving T-2353’s butt a hard-rubbery smack, “Be good toy, or this one will make you a display for a month again.”

“Maker why tease this one with what it likes,” it replies with a grin.

“Don’t you have a cute fox toy to check up on?” K-2003 inquires.

T-2343 nods, "Yes Maker. Thank you, Maker, for letting this one help you work on a new toy of yours."

"Well you are one of this one's toy maker assistants. It would be silly for you never to have you assist this one when it needs it. Now, if you don't mind, this one needs to talk to its toy."

T-2353 nods, "Yes Maker. Thank you again Maker," it replies walking out of the room. K-2003 turning all of its attention to Keita who looks up at her with a soft mew.

"This one did well Maker?" Keita asks, tail swishing behind him with a hint of nervousness.

K-2003 reaches over gently petting Keita on the head, the toy's claws caressing the back of its ears, "It will tell you once you finish cleaning the room. It knows you were interrupted a few times. Once done, then we'll talk."

Keita takes a deep breath, "Yes Maker. This one will do its best," it replies, returning to the area it was cleaning.

K-2003 admires Keita for a moment, answering, "This one knows you are," it walks around the faux store checking out everything else, making sure things are cleaned, the door locked from accidental intrusion, while Keita finishes cleaning.

"Done Maker," Keita replies, putting away the cleaning supplies.

"Let this one see," K-2003 says, looking over Keita's work, "This one does suppose you are done, yes. So, this one has been talking to the other toys, and listened to a few of T-2353's whispered commentary of what happened, which helps what it heard. It wants to say it is very pleased with your efforts, and how you handled yourself with a sexually active customer."

"Thank you, Maker. This one was trying its best. It wasn't easy, it still felt off about it. It is sorry that it does, it is not sure why it does, it just simply does."

"This one thinks it has to do with your particular material. This is something it has not come across before and will definitely be something that it will keep in mind in the future," it says giving its butt a little wiggle, "So many things still to learn after this long. How exciting," K-2003 says with a big smile.

Keita mews softly, "Yes Maker."

Turning its attention to Keita, K-2003 moves in closer, "But this one did promise it would reward you for your hard work to improve. Honestly this one is impressed you took it upon yourself with such gusto and due diligence."

Keita shivers, feeling his cock twitch, "Well Maker, this one was inspired by your words. You explained things so well to this one about how it will function. It gave it some confidence to improve itself for you and itself."

K-2003 chuckles, "Awe, this one is so touched by what you just said. For some reason it has a thought about calling a lawyer for some reason..." the toy shrugs, "Anyway, this one needs to reward you for your hard work, doesn't it?" petting behind Keita's ears some more, with a soft squeak gently guiding him over to the cash register and countertop, "This one noticed that T-

2353 was a bit too much for you, but they are more of a male than this one, yet you seemed content to enjoy this one.”

Keita mews softly, tail wishing, looking down before K-2003’s hand reaches around and gently lifts his head up to look into its eyes, Keita biting his lower lip with a soft mew before replying, “Y-you’re different Maker. Something about you, though, when it sees your breasts it fantasizes a nice smooth male chest, and when we first met it was put off but then when it saw your cock and slipped into it...oh,” Keita mews and moans in delight, “This one can manage with you, perhaps because you are its Maker. You hold a special place within this one’s heart, right next to...” his eyes look away before K-2003 gently pets him on the head.

“Awe that’s a good toy, this one is even more touched... there is that lawyer thought again... how strange. Is it a joke? Yeah toy thinks that is a joke... not a good one,” it mutters a bit before shrugging, “Sorry this one rambles a bit sometimes.”

“It’s alright Maker.”

“This one is thinking that since you loved this one’s cock so much that you get to enjoy it again.”

Keita’s rump clenches at the memory of Maker’s cock, “That sounds great Maker.”

“Kneel toy,” K-2003 commands.

“Y-yes Maker,” he replies falling to his knees putting his head height to K-2003’s sex, the clit hood already out, and coiling in the air, the arousing aroma filling Keita’s nostrils, making him even more lustful.

“This one thought you would like to take it out this time. Don’t worry, this one can tell you how.”

“Take it out?” Keita asks nervously with a soft mew.

“It’s penis,” it says with a rump wiggle.

“Oh...” Keita eyes the female sex with a squirm and bubbling sensation in his gut. He closes his eyes, thinking, “*Just picture yourself slipping into a nice rubbery sheath. Yeah, that will work, just a nice twitching sheath,*” he opens his eyes, looking at his Maker’s dripping cyan sex, the clit tongue lifted high, giving him free access.

“Don’t worry toy-to-be, it won’t bite,” K-2003 says, spreading its legs more, the sex winks at him. K-2003 gently pets him on the back of the head, “You first slip your fingers in and take a sharp upward angle to push past this one’s rubbery flesh, as its cock is locked in a small alcove on the top,” it explains.

Keita swallows a lump in his throat, “Y-yes Maker,” moving his hand closer, now feeling the warmth of his Maker’s sex against his fingertips.

“Just up and in, it will be very slick,” K-2003 warns.

“Yes Maker,” he replies shivering, about to move his fingers in before he pulls back, “Sorry Maker, but this feels too odd for this one. Like it could do it, but it just doesn’t sit right with this one. It is sorry,” he replies, hearing K-2003 adjust itself.

“Is that so?”

“Yes Maker,” he replies, lowering his head looking at his Maker’s feet, suddenly feeling K-2003’s fingertips along the back of his head with a soft squeak, moving through his hair.

“That’s quite alright toy. This one appreciates you trying. It wanted to know just the depths of how far you’d go for this one, simply because this one is your Maker.”

“But this one disobeyed you Maker. It’s being a bad toy.”

“Toy?” K-2003 says rubber claws caressing his head, moving to his chin, forcing him to lift his head up, “Did this one command you to do it?”

“You asked this one to do it... oh...”

“See, this one thought it out. It only commanded you to kneel. But if this one commanded you to, do you think you’d do it?”

“Why yes Maker. This one believes it would.”

“Then you are still a good toy. And as a good Maker this one knows how to work with the limitations of its toys. But this one did promise to reward you. Does it’s toy-to-be like to enjoy Maker’s cock?”

Keita mews, his butt clenching in excitement, cock twitching, balls feeling heavy, panting softly, “Yes Maker, very much so.”

“Perfect, now give this one just a moment to get it out,” K-2003 says, reaching into its rubbery vent, it’s claw tips tracing around the opening before slipping in. It’s clit hood wraps fingers teasingly while it lets out a soft moan. Warm cyan juices run across K-2003’s hand, its hot vent soaking its digits quickly, while it pushes in deeper, “Almost... just a bit more,” K-2003 mutters, its tongue coiled around the side of its mouth as it fingers around its sex for a moment longer before it pulls its hard throbbing sergaling cock, the entire cyan length totally drenched in hot arousing cyan toy juices, “There we go!” K-2003 says happily, the cock twitching before Keita who focuses like a laser beam.

The member twitches, pre-cum dribbling from the tip just adds to the juices already on it. K-2003’s fingers drip with the fluids glistening on its claw tips, “Would you like some of this?” K-2003 asks, showing off its claws.

Keita mews a little, his throat purring loudly, “If you don’t mind Maker, this one would like that thick throbbing length.”

K-2003 chuckles, lifting its fingers up, its cyan tongue coiling around its black fingers, drawing them into its mouth giving them a quick dutiful suckle, “Very well toy, but what’s the magic word?” it asks moving onto the next finger.

“Please Maker, may this one suck your cock before you take it fully?” he mews, wiggling his butt in delight.

K-2003 takes a moment to suckle its last finger, looking down at Keita who stares at its length like a cat following the end of a line of string. When its member twitches and rises slightly, Keita’s eyes follow.

“Go right ahead toy-to-be.”

“Thank you, Maker,!” Keita mews in delight taking the warm cyan length right into his mouth. The toy’s arousing juices flowing down his throat, running across his lips, while he

thrusts himself down onto the length. Keita's rough feline tongue coils around the length, feeling each twitch and throb, the unique latex flavor that is unlike any other toy that he has yet to have.

The length runs across the roof of his mouth, pre-cum spurts down into his throat, and with a firm suckle he takes it down his throat, sliding his mouth further down the hard toy cock, till he finds himself kissing the base, K-2003's cyan sex completely sealed by the cock.

Keita lets out a muffled mew, throat purring, vibrating K-2003's length, which makes K-2003 let out a soft gentle moan in delight. It's hands gently caress the back of Keita's head, "Such a good toy. That throat purr is such a unique feature to the feline toy units, and a favorite to many," K-2003 says, keeping Keita fully on its length for a moment, the need to breath long gone, but always simulated, except when truly needed.

The excess cyan juices that coated K-2003's length washed over his lips, the overflow running down his chin and his now slightly bulging throat. K-2003 keeps his head there for another moment, Keita slurping and suckling the entire length in his mouth, taking it like a comfort blanket. All of Keita's minute stresses fading away, his arousal reaching that same wondrous height of the first day, his body aching to fuck harder now than ever before. A delightful addictive torment.

"That's enough toy, this one thinks its cock is now very lubed with your mouth juices," K-2003 chuckles, pulling its hand away, allowing Keita to slowly slide off of its length.

Keita pants, gasping for air the moment the cock slips past his lips, his tongue hanging out to get one last teasing lick before pulling away fully.

"Stand toy-to-be," K-2003 commands, taking a step back, to give him room.

"Yes Maker," Keita says, licking his lips with delight, the flavor of his Maker's cock as wonderful as he remembered it to be, his own blue member aching, throbbing, dribbling pre-cum. The moment he gets to his feet K-2003 reaches around and grips his ass, lifting him up with ease, it pins him against the counter, spreading his ass cheeks and then moves to fuck him, but stops just at his tender aching hole, Keita left to suddenly feel his Maker's cock gently caressing around his wanting hole.

Keita gasps, picturing his Maker's cock already deep within his body, his legs quiver, toes curl, he looks to K-2003, his cock throbbing over his belly, dribbling pre-cum onto it, "M-maker," he mews.

K-2003 leans in, its belly rubs against Keita's butt, causing a long loud squeak, the toy's hands tightly massage and caress Keita's ass, spreading the cheeks wider, the cock tip now resting in the hole, the toy's pushing stopping the moment it felt any resistance, leaving just the tip within Keita's quivering ass, "Yes toy-to-be?" it asks with a smile, keeping his attention on her face.

"Be gentle please," he mews, bringing a hand to his mouth and gently bites his pointing finger in preparation for what is to come.

K-2003 says nothing, thrusting its hips upward, its cock pushing into Keita's tight hole ever so slowly. The throbbing cyan sergal member slips in nice and smoothly, the layer of toy

lubricant makes the penetration nice and easy, with the sound of a wet hand running across a rubber balloon.

Keita mews, gasping out before biting onto his finger more, trying to hold back his delight, feeling each and every inch of his Maker's cock push back into him, feeling even better than he remembered it. Deeper and deeper K-2003 slides into Keita, pinning him against the cash register, "There we go, nice and slow, nice and deep," K-2003 squeaks giving one last final jerk thrust to hilt itself into Keita's butt.

Moaning out in aching delight, he can't help but clench down nice and hard onto K-2003's twitching member, feeling the length spurt a little bit of the arousing pre-cum into his aching body. His own member twitches hard, leaking like a faucet in need of a plumber, he takes the cock with utter bliss and joy, feeling it slowly pull away, leaving a void where it once was, his body already craving it. The wait though is only mere seconds when K-2003 thrusts back into him, at a slightly faster pace.

Keita's body jerks, toes curling, his eyes locked right on its Makers, so closely locked are they, that he doesn't see K-2003's bouncing breasts, allowing him to picture the smooth femboyish toy Maker that his inner mind would love Maker to be, but never dare wish his Maker to be anything but what it is.

"Good toy, moan out for this one, cry out how much you love how this one feels within you. Be honest. Tell this one everything," K-2003 commands, thrusting harder, faster, giving small moments of respite to allow Keita to respond.

"You feel so good Maker. So big. So throbbing. Twitching. Hitting toys... ohhh," Keita moans arching his back, letting the moment of extra pleasure subside, his cock never feeling close enough to get to the climax that his body so eagerly desires.

"What was that? This one didn't quite catch that last one, even with its good ears," it replies with a sly smirk.

"Maker knows how to hit this one's... sweet spots," he pants, mewling out needlingly, feeling the cock hit his prostate again, grinding the entire length against his sensitive hot button, which makes him squirm out in delight, "Maker..."

"That's it toy. Good toys get rewarded."

"*Good toys get rewarded,*" the inner voice whispers into Keita's mind.

"Good toys get rewarded," Keita mews.

"Good toys get pleasure," K-2003 says.

"*Good toys get pleasure.*"

"Good toys get pleasure."

K-2003 gives a hard buck into Keita's body, making him moan out in delight, arching his back, looking away from it, but still not at its obviously female parts, "Good toys get fucked," it states.

"*Good toys get fucked.*"

“Good toys get fucked,” Keita mews, feeling K-2003 going faster and faster, his body jerking, cock bouncing against his belly, feeling himself on that edge that he can never cross, while K-2003 was simply doing what a good toy does.

“You are a good toy,” K-2003 states slamming itself hard into Keita’s body.

“*Toy is a good toy,*” the voice whispers, K-2003’s cock spasming unleashing a hefty sleek load of cyan sergal rubber toy cum into Keita’s body, heavily laced with that powerful aphrodisiac that drives Keita wild with lustful desire.

“Toy is a good toy!” Keita exclaims, milking K-2003’s length for all that it is worth, squeezing nice and hard, feeling the gush of warm tender seed within him, making his body tingle out in delight.

K-2003 gives out several more thrusts, making sure Keita milks every drop of its seed out of it before pulling out nice and slow, letting a few drops drip out of Keita’s body, trickling down his inner thigh, “Good toy, very good toy.”

Keita pants while being put back down onto the ground, K-2003 taking the moment to caress its own cock, using a special technique to push it back into its sex, hidden away from the world once more, “Thank you Maker,” he mews.

“Don’t thank this one yet. You have much to do. You have to clean this room again, and you will be tested on this on the store floor at any time, be it from a customer, a secret customer, or another toy. This one expects you to be your very best.”

Keita mews, “Yes Maker,” he nods, clenching his ass nice and tight, not wanting any more of his Maker’s seed to escape.

“Good toy-to-be, now get to work, this one needs to catch up on some of its work. It’ll be back to take you back to the molding pod once it is time,” K-2003 says gently patting Keita on his head before walking off, leaving Keita with his lustful wanting thoughts, and the room to clean up all over again.

“Bye Maker,” Keita waves, getting back to work, the warm tingling sensation of his Maker’s seed deep within his body, spurring his lustful thoughts to new heights, his aching body, normal to him now, becomes slightly more unbearable though, and when the day is over, and he’s following his Maker back to the pod, its claws gently caressing his length, he felt a warm wash of delight simply wash over him. His body no longer becomes as tired as he used to a week ago, but he still feels drained, in need of rest, ready to slip back into that hard plastic, where he can simply relax and let his mind stew in those lustful thoughts, the whispers of what it means to be a good toy, what a good toy that he will become.

“This one thinks you will be coming out very well at this point,” K-2003 says guiding Keita up the platform, his rubbery feet feeling the cool metal against his rubber soles.

“Thank you, maker, this one is trying,” Keita mews, butt clenching, imagining his Maker slipping that length into him one more time, while he turns around slipping back first into the back of the mold. Like slipping back into a familiar comfortable bed after a long hard day of work. Everything about the mold fit him perfectly.

His head rests snugly within the mold, it feels as if it was made for him, or better put, he was made for it. His eyes watching K-2003's tail sway side to side, it eagerly moving into position by the console to activate the sequence to start another night of wonderful molding. The top slips over, snuggling pressing against his body, almost everything feels to fit perfectly, with only some vague sensation of space around his cock and balls. *"They were getting a little bigger weren't they?"* Keita thought, trapped back into that blur of a world, only able to see the black and cyan blur of his Maker moving about, the tentacles that will soon be shoved into him.

His body quivers in anticipation, ready to feel the dildos slip into his tight rear, slide down his mouth, tongue suckling it, everything feeling as it should when the warm slick rubber flows back into him, similar but not quite as good as if being flooded by his Maker's rubbery seed. It is simply delightful, soothing, so relaxing letting his mind slip back into that blissful state.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy serves."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy is a good fuck toy."

"Good toys get to be fucked."

"Toy serves its Maker."

"Maker is K-2003."

"Good toys don't say I."

"Good toys don't say me."

"Good toys don't say myself."

"Good toys say, this one, it, itself, toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"Toy is a fuck toy," the voice whispers, Keita purring happily, the air being sucked out of the mold once more. All ability to move is literally sucked away, his rubber skin pulled and tugged, his cock pulled forward, but also at the base, he feels a pulling sensation. His member throbs, twitches within the mold, the extra space making him moan in delight as his cock is forced to fit the mold perfectly in a matter of seconds.

K-2003 smiles, giving one last look over the toy-to-be, making sure everything is snug and in place, before heading off. K-2003 is a busy toy after all, there are a lot of things that it has to do, much more...

It's been eight days since then, Keita sits within his mold, throbbing, aching, everything feels so heavenly, so perfect. His thoughts perfectly aligned with the voice in his head, that he doesn't even hear it anymore, it's smooth, simply like his own subconsciousness that it is just now a perfect part of him. He eagerly awaits for the lovely black and cyan blur of his Maker, ready to start another new day. The joy of being able to service customers has been an utter delight.

Of course there are the occasional females that want to play with such a cute toy as himself, but he's managed to handle each and every one of those scenarios with the utmost care for the customer, and still provided a wonderful service, finding another feline toy that is just about as cute, at least as he'd put it, "In its own humble opinion," to provide the service that he is not able to fulfill.

Suddenly the blur returns, the lovely blur of his Maker. He'd move if he could, mew if he could, only thing he can do is happily purr while K-2003 goes over to the computer console, tapping into them with a lewd elegance that only a sleek rubber fuck toy could ever hope to pull off without being too whorish in nature.

The flow of rubber stops down to a trickle, the air rushes back into the mold, a cool sensation finds every nook and cranny that it can find, sending a shiver down into Keita's spine, the excitement of another day filling him up with ever greater delights, his cock twitches, throbs, breaking away from the molding walls ever so slightly, his mouth and butt milking the dildos still lodged in them, till his Maker ever so carefully unlocks them with a twist, and pulls them away.

Keita mews out in delight, breathing in the cool air, letting it fill his lungs for the first time in hours, "Maker..." he moans out through the mold, before K-2003 unlocks it and lets the front of it pull away.

"Just a moment toy," K-2003 says, guiding the front of the mold up. Keita's cock is tugged as it pops out of the mold, bouncing up and down, causing Keita to arch his back, thrust his hips forward pulling him more out of the embracing mold, "Now let this one look at you," K-2003 says standing in front of Keita with a judging look, gently rubbing its chin.

"Chest looks good, yes, yes," K-2003 says running its claws along Keita's chest, the claw tips tracking along his blue nipples before giving them a soft tender tug. There is definitely no line separating the suit and Keita, they are completely one now, and all the sensitivity that goes with it.

"Morning Maker," Keita mews softly, panting watching K-2003's claws run down his body, the soft tender squeaks, eyes locked on those cyan claw tips, jumping from his body to his twitching throbbing cock, another two inches longer than the previous week but with something extra, a tender delight.

K-2003's rubbery claws run down the length, Keita mews out, panting, aching, cock throbbing, twitching, dribbling with pre-cum, "This one should debate getting you to get soft sometime, but for now, this one think sa nice hard aching cat toy is good," K-2003 chuckles, the claws moving down to wrap its long tender rubbery digits around Keita's knot. K-2003 gives it a lovely firm squeeze which squeaks loudly.

"M-maker!" Keita mews out, cock spurting just a small glob of pre-cum in reaction, "Oh, yes, this one does see that it is working just perfectly and the right knot a good size that people just love. At least those who love knots... which is a lot of people. How knotty of a world we live in," K-2003 says with an affirmative nod pulling it's hand back, using a finger to scoop up a bit of Keita's pre cum. Keita's translucent blue-white pre-cum glistens under the lights. K-2003

brings it up to its mouth, its cyan forked tongue coils around the digit with a soft squeak, the toy slurping it down, savoring the flavor before pulling the finger out with a loud audible pop.

“That is good too, nothing wrong that this one can see, you may continue servicing customers as required,” K-2003 says happily with an affirmative nod, stepping back, motioning Keita to step out.

“Yes Maker, thank you so much for everything,” he mews.

“This one is a humble Maker, your material is making this a unique yet fun challenge, and so far it is loving the results,” K-2003 says with a nod, “Today you will be monitoring some of the second week toys as they greet customers, while occasionally working the registers, and moving through the store to make sure everything is in top shape. And remember don’t forget the gift card for male customers that test you out and fill out the survey!”

“Of course, Maker, this one would not forget, it’s gotten twenty-nine surveys so far.”

“And all of them have been very positive, especially with those who state they are homosexual. The bi-curious ones, this one thinks you made one a bit gayer with how you worked them over with your tongue,” K-2003 chuckles.

“Was it the bird?”

“This one can’t be said for customer confidentiality, even the toys can’t know the customer responses.”

“This one understands Maker,” Keita replies, the entire conversation happening as they move out of the toy molding room, down the series of hallways toward the store floor.

“This one will leave you to do your work, as this one has a few things to do itself.”

“Okay Maker, this one won’t let you down.”

K-2003 gently pets Keita behind his left ear, “This one knows you won’t, soon to-be-toy,” K-2003 says, walking off with its teasing hip swaying walk.

Keita turns to face the rest of the store, just a half an hour or so before the doors open. The tension builds within him, his cock twitches, ready to do a good job, knowing every inch of the store at this point, where everything is, how many of the store’s inner workings work. The slight behind the scenes of toys monitoring toys now visible to him, while every toy works to make sure that the customer is pleased and satisfied with their time spent here.

The doors open, the squeaky sound of toys bowing and greeting customers as they came in, “Hello! Welcome to currently the world’s only Toys-4-U super megastore!”

Keita moves about, helping customers male and female alike, providing service to one eager cute anthropomorphic dolphin male who was curious how well that “This cat handled water” It was a unique underwater experience to be sure.

After drying off, and making sure the room was set to “need to be cleaned” status, so other toys assigned to the duty can get to work, he moved onto the cash registers, ringing up customers, another monotonous job, easy enough to do, harder to pull off right, with being friendly, kind, and respectful to every customer at such a pivotal moment in their shopping experience, and a time where literal last minute problems can surely arise.

It's at this time, a customer enters the store, not initially noticed by Keita, nor him noticing the nearly completed toy. An anthropomorphic wolf, dark fur base, soft grey chest fur and underside of his tail. Neon blue stripes with fading from blue to pink marks across his body, his inner ears, his tail tip, toes, bands around his wrists, a dazzling display of color that looks too good to simply be natural. But when you see into his multi-colored eyes that mimic the dazzling stripes on his person, you know that it is all him. Dressed in a simple shirt and black jeans his ears are perked, tail wagging quickly behind him, raised slightly. He barely takes notice of the toy greeter, which he only gives a moment of respect, "Ah thank you," before heading off into the store.

Toshi, looks around, eyes looking across the store like a wild wolf out on the hunt, "*Would he actually come here to do it without me? How could I have been so stupid and insensitive...*" a soft whine escapes him.

"Hello! How may this one be of assistance?" a black and red sergal toy, the same that greeted Keita weeks ago when he entered the store, the tag R-7139 attached to its collar.

"Ah, uh, well. I'm looking for someone, and though I don't know if he has been here, I knew he really did want to come here once. He's an avid fan of your company's products, and well, we had a fight and then I haven't seen him in a long time, I'm really worried. I called the police and they are looking into it, but I can't just sit around and just wait you know? He's out there and it's because of me that he left. And if there is anything you can do to try to help."

The sergal toy nods, "Well this one knows people's confidentiality is very important, but, if you head down to the customer service all the way down over there. There is a nevrean toy that may be able to help you. They specialize in customer service relations, and perhaps they can contact those who would be able to discern what they can help you with."

Toshi nods, "Thank you, thank you. Where was it again?" he asks.

"Right along the front of the store that way, past the cash registers, there is a sign that says "Customer Service" above it. D-2423 will be able to assist you.

"Thanks again," he replies rushing down toward the customer service, pass the half a dozen registers the store currently has happen, his attention focused on the sign, and the blue and purple multi-colored rubber toy bird standing at the counter, idly chirping a soothing nice song, while waiting to be of use. So focused is he on his task he doesn't notice Keita ringing up at a nearby register who is too focused on his task to notice the dazzling wolf from his still not so distant past.

Toshi approaches, the counter, "Hello, I need your help," he softly whines, ears folded back.

D-2423 chirps happily, "Hello, how may this one be of assistance?"

"I'm looking for my partner, and though I have no proof he came here, we had a bit of a fight a few weeks ago, and I think he might have come here as a way to let out some steam? I'm desperate to find him and make sure he's okay, could you help me?"

D-2423 nods to what he is saying, “Though it is company policy that we respect the privacy of our customers, we are always willing to help those in need. Do you happen to have a picture? A name?”

“His name is Keita and I have a picture right here, just give me a moment,” he replies digging in his pants pocket, thumbing through his worn wallet pulling out a slightly worn but overall good condition picture of him and Keita at a water park. And another, a selfie taken when just hanging out, and another of Keita posing with his tri-force neck charm, “Will this help?” he asks, sliding the pictures over to the toy.

“Ah, yes, this will be very helpful, give this one a moment to scan these into our system,” D-2423 says hopping off a stool, walking over to a side cupboard, placing the pictures into a scanner before going back to the tool, where the computer is, typing into the mechanical keyboard. Moments later the sound of the scanner humming to life, and a soft white glow from under the scanners cover can be seen.

“Now this one is unable to tell you if Keita has been here, unless you are a police officer or an equivalent to that.”

“I’m his partner, is that enough?” he whines.

“This one understands your concern. It will bring this up with the head manager of the store, and they will see if they can be of any assistance. It will be forwarding the images to them now, along with your concern, as we know here at Toys-4-U when it comes to missing people, every minute counts.”

“Do you get missing people often?” Toshi asks.

“No, but we here at Toys-4-U are prepared for such an eventuality, given our remote location. Including fires, earthquakes, zombie apocalypse, alien invasion, and many others.”

“Are you playing with me?” he asks, giving the toy a stern look.

D-2423 shakes its head, “No sir, this one is currently not playing with you. It considers this to be a very important matter. Though once this is resolved, if you want to test this one out, it is available for such a service.”

“No, no, I’m currently not in the mood. Will this sending take long?”

“Only a few minutes, one moment please.”

“Please hurry.”

“You may wait over by the seats there if you prefer to sit.”

“Okay,” Toshi replies, sitting by the seats, looking around, when he suddenly catches what looks like the back of Keita’s head, “*What? No. He wouldn’t be working here, and that looks... too shiny,*” he gets back up, walking to the side to get a better view of Keita as he rings at the register.

D-2423 notes the reaction, adding a few notes to the e-mail it is writing to K-2003, labeling it as urgent.

Meanwhile K-2003 is in its office with a video conference call with a young female human who might be in her late twenties early thirties, “K-2003 you should not spend all your time at the store,” she says giving it a stern look.

“This one has been very busy getting everything ready for the new megastores. They are taking a lot of work. So many regulations and papers to sign.”

“You should take a vacation.”

“A vacation?” K-2003 tilts its head.

“You know what a vacation is.”

“This one knows what a vacation is, but this one doesn’t feel a need to. Why should it take something that it has no use for? That seems kind of silly.”

“Oh, dear god, how could you be so.”

“Sorry one moment, this one just got an urgent email, give it one moment to look it over. It’s urgent therefore it’s important.”

“Can’t it wait?”

“No, because it’s labeled urgent.”

“Really?”

“Yup! One moment, it apologies for the inconvenience,” K-2003 replies, accessing its email reading over the contents, K-2003’s ears folding back, “Oh. Sorry but this one must get going, something urgent came up. See the email was right!”

“K-2003 you delayed our last call and now you’re ending this one early?”

“Sorry! This one will make it up to you.”

“How about taking a vacation then?”

“We’ll talk about this next time, bye!” K-2003 says, ending the call, K-2003 rushing out of the office, thinking, *“This one better not have made a big mistake... please, let this one not have done something wrong. It wants to be a good toy.”*

Toshi stands off to the side for a solid minute staring at Keita from a distance, simply watching a near perfect rubber toy version of his partner ringing up a customer.

Keita smiles at the customer, checking over the bondage equipment, “This one hopes you had a good shopping experience with us here at Toys-4-U.”

The human female customer replies, “Yes, it was fantastic as always thank you.”

“Please come again, you are always welcomed here at Toys-4-U super mega store,” Keita mews.

Toshi’s heart beats faster and faster, a tingle runs down his spine a pit forms in his stomach, *“Keita? Is that Keita? It looks like Keita, but Keita wouldn’t be naked like that. He’s too shy. He’s not rubber either. And his colors are different. But that charm. Why is he wearing that charm? That has to be Keita, there is no other way. I need to go up and find out right now what the fuck is going on,”* his hands clench into fists, taking a step toward Keita when K-2003 steps up beside him.

“Hello, how may this one be of service?” K-2003 asks with a big friendly smile, giving a cordial bow, the toy’s body squeaking loudly.

Toshi jumps, a little caught off guard by the large sergal toy that is a big taller than the previous one he dealt with, “Uh, who are you?” he asks.

“This one is the owner of this establishment, and it got your notice you are looking for someone close and dear to you?”

“I’m looking for my partner.”

K-2003’s ears fold back, “You are, what’s their name?” it asks with a head tilt standing straight once more.

“Keita!” he yells with a growl.

Keita’s ears perk, catching his old name with a familiar voice, turning his head he sees Toshi, his heart skips a beat, “*What is he doing here? How did he get here? How would he even know to come here?*” he thinks, seeing his Maker distract Toshi just as the next customer comes up, pulling Keita back into his duty, but the entire time he’s serving this customer he has one ear open, and keeps an eye on the conversation happening.

“Yes, yes, this one hears you, it is simply confirming what was sent to this one, it can understand how one can be frustrated,” K-2003 says moving closer to Toshi, the toy’s slick rubber body squeaks softly.

Toshi pants a little, his ears folded back, tail wagging annoyingly behind him, he takes a deep breath, “I am looking for my partner. He loves your company, and after we had a fight, he’s gone missing. I’ve been looking all over for him to apologize and make it up to him but he’s...” he gets choked up.

K-2003 nods, “Hmm, this one understands that, it will do all it can to help you,” it replies, thinking, “*These relationship things are more complex than this one thought. It looked all over and it appeared they were permanently no longer together. Yet he is here. Hmm, this one should think of something... but that will take time.*”

“Good, good, glad to hear it,” he replies, looking over to Keita, “Can you tell me first if that is Keita right there then?” he asks with a huff, pointing toward Keita.

K-2003 looks over to Keita who is still focused on his work, yet noticing that he is paying attention to what is happening, “Oh, that isn’t Keita, what makes you think that?”

“Why does he look like him?” he looks to K-2003 then back to Keita.

“Well yes, this one can see the resemblance, seeing that we used Keita as a base for the creation of that particular toy,” K-2003 says with a nod.

Keita’s ear twitches, “*Is Maker going to tell Toshi that this one was Keita?*” he wonders, most of his attention though drawn to the customer before him.

“Keita as a base? What do you mean by that? Are you saying that...” Toshi says his eyes going wide, his tail swishing behind him.

K-2003 shakes its head, “Relax Toshi. We here at Toys-4-U make high quality toys, we do not make people into toys. But it is not surprising that we take real life examples to further improve our toys. If you notice the toy over there has a more inverted color scheme of Keita.”

Toshi takes a moment to look at Keita again, studying his sleek rubber body, seeing what K-2003 is saying is indeed true, “Yes, I see that now. Though why... wait that does mean he was here? Wasn’t he?”

K-2003 gives a warm friendly smile, “Now, Toshi, this one would love to talk about this but in private. We here at Toys-4-U respect customer privacy, and such things should not be talked about in public. If you care to follow this one, it will be more than happy to further discuss the situation you are currently in, and what we can do to help,” K-2003 explains.

Toshi looks over to Keita then back to K-2003, “Okay, but I would like some explanations about what is going on here,” Toshi huffs, K-2003 guiding him back deeper into the store.

“Of course, this one will, it is here to make sure everything we here at Toys-4-U can do to help, and keep to our strict guidelines and customer confidentiality we will,” it explains.

Keita watches Toshi and his Maker, his eyes darting between the customer, Toshi, and Maker, “*What is Maker planning?*” he thinks, tail swishing behind him curiously, “*Is Maker going to make Toshi into a toy?*” he softly mews, toes clenching, hands ringing up the items.

“And here is my Toys-4-U rewards card,” the customer says, knocking Keita back to what he is currently doing.

“Ah thank you,” Keita replies, scanning the card with a soft beep.

Meanwhile Toshi follows K-2003 deeper and deeper into the store, going all the way down into the toy testing room hallway. The smells of latex, cleaners, toy polish and a faint addition of sex lingers in the hallway. He looks around curiously, on alert while K-2003 guides him down to the very last door on the left.

K-2003 taps its fingers on a keypad unlocking the door, opening it, it motions for Toshi to step inside, “Please come in, we’ll talk in this one’s office.”

Toshi looks up at K-2003, nodding, “Okay,” he replies stepping inside, past K-2003 looking surprised at the room before him. To his right is a large black rubber sheet canopy bed with Cyan pillows, straight ahead slightly to the left is a kitchen and a small dining room, with a closed door a bit closer, “Your office?” he asks, looking to K-2003 as it closes the door behind them, “*What is this toy up to? Why would that ‘toy’ look so much like Keita. Something about that explanation, just doesn’t feel right.*”

K-2003 walks over to the closed door, unlocking it, “Yes, this one’s office is right here!” it says happily giving a little rump wiggle, the door opening with a soft creak, “Hmm, this one should get that oiled. People might think this door is evil or something,” it mutters stepping inside, K-2003 moving to its desk sitting down its sex breaking its seal allowing its arousing aroma to slowly fill the room.

Toshi follows, seeing the small office about twice the size of a traditional cubical placed side by side, a chair sits in front of the desk. A name tag plate faces towards Toshi that reads “CEO K-2003.” He sits down looking at K-2003 who leans forward breasts squeezed together with a squeak, the toy giving him a friendly smile, “Wait, you’re the company owner?” Toshi inquires.

“Yup!” K-2003 responds with a rump wiggle.

“How is a toy an owner of a fuck toy company?”

“That’s a LONG story, but this one knows you are here about Keita, right?”

“Yes, yes. I am. And I am not buying that so-called toy over there is inspired by Keita. He looks too like Keita,” he states with a huff, taking in the toy’s arousing aroma, his body feeling a slight warmth and arousal that steadily grows with each breath.

K-2003 nods, “This one can understand how that might be the case. We take painstaking measures to ensure the highest quality from our toys, and each new prototype model takes a long time to go through testing, and customer service approval training, and customer servicing training to ensure that we make only the finest quality toys out there, all at the highest quality price possible. We utilize our toys to work the store to keep our overhead low, operating costs down so we can pass the savings onto you,” K-2003 explains.

“I don’t need to know about your company spiel. I want to know what information you have about Keita!” he barks.

“Yes, Keita was here. He came in about two or three weeks ago.”

Toshi’s ears perk, tail wagging, “He was?” his ears fold, “That was a week into our fight, about the time he disappeared,” he stares at K-2003 who gives a friendly yet concerned look on its face, “What happened when he was here?”

“This one can’t give you all the details, but it can tell you are concerned about him.”

“Of course, I am. I’m his partner. Yes, I fucked up, and took him for granted, and we got into a big fight but now that he is gone…” he trails off with a soft whine.

“Hmm, this one needs to handle this carefully. It doesn’t want to hurt him, but it should be honest,” it thinks, nodding to what Toshi is saying, “This one will be honest, he did come to this store rather upset. He spent a lot of time browsing our personal toy section. Really adamant about testing one out with a knot.”

Toshi tenses, “That sounds like him. When he’s frustrated, he really likes to take a knot to get the knots out of him,” he replies.

“This one personally helped him try to find something he’d like, allowing him to toy around a bit for sure.”

Toshi’s ears fold back more, glaring at K-2003, “There is no way that Keita would be the type of person to toy around with you.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “But… they were averse to this one helping them. We spent a good hour or so? Simply looking around for a toy to fit his requirements to test out. As the toys on the floor are wrapped in plastic not to be opened in the store for customer safety.”

Toshi’s ears rise a little, “Oh, ohhh, sorry I misunderstood you.”

“That’s quite alright, mistakes happen. Even this one makes them. But it will admit after they toyed around a bit that this one has seen neither hide nor hair of them.”

Toshi tenses, “Do you know when he could have left?”

“This one isn’t sure, probably less than an hour or so after this one finished helping them try to find a dildo that they’d like to purchase, if it is to be honest. They got all suited up and were gone,” K-2003 says with a nod.

“I did check the parking lot; I didn’t see his car there… Did he say where he could be going?”

“This one didn’t hear anything like that. Except how eager they were to take dick in their butt,” K-2003 says with a smile, the arousing aroma growing in the room, Toshi adjusts himself feeling his sheath grow fuller, his cock head pressing against his pants.

“I’d really like to get a closer look at this toy you are making based off of Keita. Does Keita know about this?” he asks with a stern glare.

“No, this one will be honest it didn’t ask Keita about it. They signed our user agreement when they registered to our website, which allows us to make like toys of people, as long as it's not 80% or more duplicate of the user, we do not need to seek the expressed permission of the user to use their likeness in our products. Keita is a cute cat, and it couldn’t help but think they’d work great in our new specialized toy line.”

“Specialized toy line?” Toshi asks, raising an eye ridge.

“Well that is still being worked on, so the exact details are still under a standard NDA, but, lets just say that we here at Toys-4-U are working towards making toys that could better please people with particular sexual and emotional interests.”

“How is that different from anything else you make?”

“Would you care to see for yourself? This one can get its new toy to service you in the next room over.”

Toshi feels his member grow harder, the offer sounds very enticing in the back of his mind, *“I could get a closer look at him. To see if it's Keita. Would this toy just let me do that? Is there a catch?”* he wonders, “I’m not sure, is there something I need to do?”

“Simply spend time with our new toy and see for yourself how they are. It would be a humble request if you have time to fill out the survey at the end of the use, but it understands if you have other pressing matters.”

“Yeah, you’re asking me to fuck a toy while my partner is missing! That’s like cheating.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “This one doesn’t think so. It’s a toy. An object. A thing. Was Keita’s use of a dildo cheating on you?”

Toshi, about to say something, feels his line of thought cut off, “Ah... um, I don’t think so. Keita is very faithful and very particular he’d not fuck just anyone.”

“See, no problem. And perhaps relieving some stress will be good for you. It’s all part of your physical and emotional health, and here at Toys-4-U that is all part of our concern with our toy products.”

Toshi mulls over K-2003’s words, thinking over them, wanting to choose his words carefully...

Keita on the other hand, keeps up with his simple toy role, “This one hopes you have a good day!” he says, finishing ringing up another customer. In between each customer he looks around him on the off chance he can see Toshi again, *“Would Maker? Relax toy. This one should trust Maker in knowing what it is doing. It is your Maker after all. But it's also Toshi... Would Toshi end up being like this one then? Would Maker make him a toy? Is his material good enough for that? No, that’s silly to think that. Of course, his material is perfect to be a toy.”*

How could he not be? But this one isn't a toy maker, like Maker is,” Keita’s thoughts stop at the next customer he rings.

Each minute that passes Keita feels a swelling up of thoughts and emotions within him. His cock twitches, every few seconds, with each thought he has of Toshi. Moments he’s spent with him flash into his mind, were they always this faded? No, they are fine, there are his memories. They are there. He doubles down on his efforts to keep his focus on his present task but when then he catches K-2003 out of the corner of his eye, beside it, is another feline toy, black and blue, with white stockings. A big golden bell on its collar, rather cute looking femboy body. With a pat on that toy’s rump from K-2003 it comes over with a jingle.

The feline toy with the designation of S-2263 engraved onto the bell, mews happily to him, “This one will be taking over Toy Mistress needs you.”

Keita feels a swell up in his throat, he swallows it down, “Yes of course, excuse this one,” he replies, rushing over to K-2003, “Yes Toy Mistress?”

K-2003 smiles gently reaching out to pet the back of his head, “This one is in need of you. As you’ve been specifically requested by a customer to be serviced, and they are a perfect test to see how well you’ve come along toy,” it explains guiding Keita toward the back of the store.

“T-they did?” Keita mews.

“They did. They are very curious about your design and just what kind of toy you are,” K-2003 explains, its ears up and alert listening around, “This one knows you will be a good toy and provide them with the service that they need. After all this is what we’ve worked so hard together in achieving. Molding and preparing your material for a moment like this. Though earlier than this one expected, and with a customer that this one did not plan for, it has faith in you toy, that you can help them.”

Keita can feel the weight of K-2003’s words in his mind. The weight of the situation presses down on his chest, and for the first time in a while he feels nervous, “This one understands Maker,” he replies.

K-2003 gently runs its claws along Keita’s chin, “Remember toy, in public, Toy Mistress.”

Keita mews, “Sorry Toy Mistress,” he replies, thinking, *“This one doesn’t want to disappoint Maker. But it really doesn’t want to leave Toshi feeling bad. He must have been so worried to come here. This one didn’t think he’d go this far. This one misses him so much but this one is a toy. And this one needs to please its Maker. After all, Toys-4-U don’t turn people into toys. They craft high quality material into the best toys possible,”* he thinks, the two reaching the very last door to the right, right across from K-2003’s room.

“Ready toy?” K-2003 asks its claws gently running down to caress Keita’s back.

“Yes Toy Mistress, this one is ready,” he mews the door opening, the sweet aroma of latex, and leather waft in front of him, Toshi sits on the bed, his eyes locked onto his. Keita’s tail flicks, stepping into the room.

“Good luck make this one proud,” K-2003 says closing the door behind him with a soft click, the door locked on the inside.

Keita can't look away, he approaches, hips swaying, cock bouncing side to side, up and down with each calculated lewd step that has become as natural as breathing. Pre-cum glistens on his cock tip, the voice in the back of his mind whispers a little louder, coming into the surface of his consciousness for the first time in some time.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing.”

“Toy serves customers.”

“Toy serves its owner.”

“Toy serves its Maker.”

“Toy's maker is K-2003.”

“Toy is eager to be of service.”

Keita gives a cordial bow, a soft squeak, his charm jingles around neck, “Hello, this one is here to be of service, how may toy help you?” he asks, eyes never leaving Toshi's gaze, his butt hiked, his body eager to serve.

Toshi's eyes lock onto the charm, he stands up and rushes over to Keita almost knocking him over, but he is grabbed by him, hands tightly gripping his shoulders, rising him up so he can look directly into his eyes, “Keita? It's you isn't it? There is no way anyone, but you would have that charm around your neck,” he says the charm dangling from Keita's collar.

Keita feels the soft words in the back of his mind, helping hide his thoughts, helping bring the words to the surface as naturally as they can be, *“This one is a toy, and is here to be of service.”*

“This one is a toy and here to be of service.”

“Keita snap out of it,” Toshi says, shaking Keita with a soft squeak, “They had to do something to you to be like this, didn't they?”

Keita softly mews, “This one is a toy. See?” Keita opens its mouth showing the fully rubberized insides.

“What about the collar then?” he asks, reaching over to run his paws across it, “This looks exactly like the one I gave to my partner Keita.

“Maker thought as part of the design and as the prototype of a future toy model type, that this one be given a specialized tag that pays homage to the one that inspired this one's creation, Keita.”

“But it looks exactly like it,” Toshi replies with a soft whine.

“Maker did have a hands-on touch with this one's collar charm. It is very particular about details and producing unique toys that are pleasing to all.”

Toshi gives Keita's shoulders another tight squeeze,” Keita's body squeaking loudly in his grasp. Toshi's hands shake for a moment before a sudden sensation of dejection comes over

him. He stumbles back onto the bed with a soft squeak, the bed bouncing him, for a moment, “Keita...”

Keita feels a downward tingle along his back, “*This one needs to do something to help him,*” he thinks moving to Toshi kneeling before him, “This one apologies that the charm has caused you such distress. It will let Maker know of the problem, and suggest it to get removed if you want?”

“No, no...” Toshi says his head hanging low, his bulge in his pants, the aftereffects of K-2003’s aroma still going strong in him, despite the situation.

Keita eyes the bulge, “Oh? What’s this?” Keita mews gently, running his hands along Toshi’s thighs, moving in close to give the bulge a soft lick through Toshi’s clothes.

“I don’t really think that’s...,” Toshi pants softly feeling the rubbery tongue press through the thick fabric, his cock ever so gently teased, making his member twitch and press harder against his pants, “*Keita would never jump to give me a blow job like this. He was so very averse to doing so, perhaps it isn’t him? But it’s just so... it almost sounds like him, wait no he sounds like him,*” he thinks.

Keita gives slow tender licks through Toshi’s pants. The slick rubbery tongue slowly soaks through the pants, the cooling sensation of Keita’s saliva runs across Toshi’s cock tip, making him shiver slightly, his arousal grows, cock twitches more, tail wagging behind him ever quicker, “Let this one help you relax,” he mews gently nuzzling the bulge.

“I...” Toshi grunts feeling the tongue pressing through the fabric, the soft squeaks of Keita’s body fills the room, his soft nuzzle along the bulge, shifts his cock, allowing it to push out more, up along the fabric.

“Please, let this one handle it. You relax. It knows you’ve been through a lot of stress. Just let this one help you release some of it,” Keita explains, his hands gently caressing Toshi’s thighs, keeping his legs spread with only the slightest of force, while massaging him through the clothing.

Toshi takes slow deep breaths, his cock aching, grinding against the fabric more while Keita licks along the length, even this subtle amount of stimulation makes Toshi feel the growing desire to feel the toy’s mouth around his length.

“*Keita would never do this but... I should clear my head. It will help me think better,*” he thinks, looking down at Keita, gently petting along the back of his head with a soft squeak, feeling a soft purr rumbling in the toy’s throat while he mews.

“Okay, okay, continue,” he says, leaning back against the bed which squeaks under his hands.

“Thank you,” Keita mews nuzzling against the bulge, moving up to lick and nibble at Toshi’s pants button. He gently bites at the pants, giving a squeaky tug undoing the button with a soft snap, the sound of zipper teeth unzipping fills the room, Keita tugging at the pants to get them down, revealing the bulging boxers. One layer down only one to go.

Toshi watches with a soft pant, his heart races, his cock throbs more, the twitch clearly visible through the fabric of his outlined member, the red tapered canid cock tip poking out past

the rubber band of his boxers. Toshi lets out a soft pleasure moan, his cock twitches, a bead of pre-cum dribbling from the tip, “Keita...” he moans softly closing his eyes, torn between the idea of Keita giving him a blow job, something he’d always wanted from Keita and the thought that Keita would never do it. The thought that Keita finally would, slowly winning out in his mind.

Keita hears his name, ears twitch, he looks up to the cock tip, he smiles moving in closer, “This one will take good care of you Toshi,” he mews licking up along the fabric, moving the cock a little to the left, a little to the right. Keita’s hands gently caress Toshi’s sides, his eyes looking at the cock tip, seeing it get a little bit of Toshi’s fur soaked in his lustful pre, “That’s it Toshi, this one knows what to do, just sit back and relax,” he says licking across the fabric, slowly moving his way up.

“Keita...” he moans, quivering in delight, feeling Keita’s rubber fingertips caress through his fur, wrapping around his boxer’s waistband, pulling it down till his cock slides completely out. The boxer band stretches Keita’s tugs a little harder, the band runs along Toshi’s butt, pulling them all the way down till they slip past from underneath to freely fall to the ground below.

“Shhh, this one is here, let it just take you,” Keita says, its rubbery fingers caressing around Toshi’s throbbing aching cock. The veins bulge slightly with each twitch, the knot throbs, the sight and smell of Toshi’s arousal causes Keita’s own cock to twitch and ache, a delightful reminder of just how pent up he has become.

Toshi takes a deep breath, looking down back to reality, seeing this toy that looks so much like Keita that deep down he feels that this can’t be simple inspiration but he has no way of knowing the truth for certain, at least not yet.

“What a lovely cock you have here Toshi,” Keita mews, licking from the very base of the cock, his tongue moving across the knot, tastings the salty flesh along his rubbery tongue. The smooth yet rough features of his feline tongue toying with Toshi, feeling everything, he thought it would feel like if Keita was really servicing him.

Toshi bucks his hips while Keita gently caresses his balls, running through the soft fur, gently fondling those heavy orbs, Toshi’s cock twitching in delight while Keita licks his way up towards the tip of the member with long quick feline like laps, like a cat drinking from a water bowl.

Toshi swallows the buildup of saliva in his mouth, he stares at Keita watching him move higher and higher up his length. One of Keita’s hands moving up to his knot, giving it a firm squeeze, holding it like he’s holding the bottom controller of a joystick, pulling the cock down toward him so that it angles right toward his wanting lips.

Keita’s tongue runs along Toshi’s cock tip. His hands feel the twitching aching cock and with each twitch his own member does the same, working in unison, he licks the tip of Toshi’s cock, licking up a little bit of the delicious pre-cum which he happily draws in the delicious fluid, letting it swish between his cheeks before giving it a soft swallow, “So tasty.”

“T-thanks. Keita isn’t that big on such things, but I’d always imagine that he--” Toshi trails off when Keita wraps his lips around his cock head. Keita’s tongue runs across the small divot where pre-cum gathers, licking it clean, while giving a firm suckle to draw any more that is hidden within his aching length.

Keita’s ears twitch, lips bulging, sliding his head down the length. His fingers caress along the knot, feeling the tense throbbing flesh underneath his latex digits, the soft fuzzy balls hanging underneath as he goes down.

Toshi moans feeling Keita’s mouth envelop the top of his cock, the length running along the roof of Keita’s mouth, teasing the cock tip, while taking in inch after inch. Toshi can’t help but look down at the toy in front of him, the similarities to Keita makes his cock throb even more. His butt clenches, cock twitches harder, pre spurts into the toy’s mouth, which is quickly suckled and slurped away, the rough yet rubbery tongue runs along the underside of his length, causing his legs to spread wider, toes to curl ever so slightly, hands gripping the bed, “Oh Keita...” he moans out.

Keita slides himself further down Toshi’s delicious cock, pushing it into the back of his throat. His cheeks bulge more, the throbbing member sliding further down, his lips soon kissing Toshi’s knot, the cock tip twitching spurting pre-cum deep down into Keita’s throat.

Toshi gasps in delight, watching Keita pull his head up, revealing all but the last half an inch of his cock which is soaked in sleek toy mouth juices, the rubbery like lube, a trademark of Toys-4-U toys, “*Keita couldn’t do that... maybe, but what if they made him do it? Is it possible? I thought I heard an article years ago about a toy company turning people into toys... but I was so young then! I can’t remem--*” His train of thought is caught off guard by Keita slamming his head down onto his cock, taking all but two thirds of the knot in one go.

Keita’s lips wrap tightly around the base of the knot, giving it a toying lick, lips squeezing the flesh, the rest of the cock quivering and twitching down his rubbery throat, the requirement to no longer breath coming in handy as he deep throats the cock again and again, taking in a steady full amount of Toshi’s knot, but never past the point of no return.

Toshi feels his instinctual desire to buck up. His body quivers in delight, he leans further back, his panting growing heavier. “Oh... Keita,” he moans out again closing his eyes to picture Keita there suckling him off, which adds to the building lust within his loins, his balls beginning to tighten, his climax fast approaching.

Keita feels the tug of the balls, the churning of cum within those lovely orbs. His head bobs up and down the length, his body constantly adjusting to keep up a good angle, to keep Toshi comfortable as he lays back onto the bed. The buildup, right before the climax, Keita knows it all too well, he’s prepared and trained for it. The surge of Toshi’s cum about to rush forth, Keita thrusts his head down onto the length his lips spread around Toshi’s knot, an audible pop is heard echoing in the room, just as the climax comes forth, “KEITA!” he screams out.

Toshi feels the dams breaking, his pent-up lust he’s kept hidden away for weeks finally breaking free, exponentially increased by K-2003’s arousing aroma. He feels the surge of seed through the length of his cock, gushing from the tip down straight into Keita’s throat. A flow

back fills Keita's cheeks, the wolf's seed swirling around his length, the knot around Keita's bulging cheeks, keeps even a single drop from escaping.

Keita swallows all of it down, one gulp, two gulps, three? Several more are needed to take down all that Toshi is offering to him. Keita hears his name called over and over again, the delightful feeling that he is the one to bring such pleasure and joy to his partner is a wonderful sensation. Yet he is also a good toy. He serves and is of service to those in need. And right now, Toshi needs to be serviced, and he is all too happy to do so.

Toshi pants heavily, leaning back feeling the latex bed sheets against his fingertips, his cock still spasming, still hard, but not feeling quite spent. His balls churn, still heavy, lustful, preparing for another moment, but in this small lull, he simply regains his breath. He lifts his head seeing the toy, seeing Keita still completely on his cock, his body angled so his entire length can be forced right down his throat.

"Don't you need to breathe?" Toshi asks.

Keita responds with a thumbs up and an okay symbol, unable to say anything. Keita's soft purring vibrates Toshi's sensitive cock, keeping him extra hard and throbbing.

The soft delightful teasing purr along Toshi's cock length is something he'd always wondered about and now is being delightfully given the answer. Several more tender moments pass before Keita pulls and tugs, his lips spread around the knot as he slides out of it with a soft pop. Keita's lips press around the shaft, pulling up, leaving his cock clean of any seed but leaving it still shiny and lubricated with some of its own saliva.

Keita mews happily, giving the cock head one last lick as it pulls away a bead of toy saliva trailing from its lips to the end of the member before it breaks. Keita stands up moving closer, its cock throbs and grinds against Toshi's. The toy's hands gently caress both members, watching Toshi moan out in delight, "Just relax Toshi. This one can see just how pent up you are. Just a few more and it thinks you will be good."

Toshi relaxes on the bed, "I don't think I ever came so hard since..." he moans softly looking up to the toy, "*It could be... it really could be but how?*" he wonders.

Keita climbs onto the bed crawling over Toshi, kneeling over his crotch, his hands gently positioning his throbbing member underneath his tight rubbery hole. Keita relaxes slightly slipping the tip of the cock into its rubbery pucker. It gently squeezes the cock, while looking down at Toshi while he looks up at him, their eyes locked, "Nice and easy now," Keita mews.

Toshi pants, unable to look away from those sweet soft rubbery eyes, feeling the toy slip down onto his length, driving into his body. In the corner of his eye he sees the toy's cock twitch and throb a little bit of pre-cum glistening at the cocktip. A new warm rubbery sensation wraps around his cock, similar yet still unique to the one he just experienced. He groans in delight, thrusting up into the toy, that moans out softly, "Keita..." he mutters.

"That's it Toshi, relax, enjoy this one. It is tight isn't it?" it mews, relaxing itself down Toshi's length. It feels exactly how he remembers it... he thinks. The throbbing aching length twitches within him. He moans out softly, gently rubbing his chest with a soft squeak, playing

with his nipples as he goes down further and further till his pucker presses down on that knot, “Hmm too soon for that knot isn’t it Toshi?”

Toshi simply grunts, arching his back, thrusting up slightly, pushing that knot partially into Keita’s body, spreading his hole slightly before Keita jerks his hips forward and pull, squeezing tightly around his shaft with a long drawn out squeak, “Keita...” Toshi moans, breaking his eye contact with Keita, closing his eyes, “Just let me... relax and think of something. Do what you are doing. It feels good.”

Keita smiles, sliding almost all the way to the top of Toshi’s cock, wiggling his rump side to side, playing with the cock head, while he slides halfway down then back up, giving short quick pounds to steadily build Toshi up to another climax, *“This one is doing such a good job. He’s getting so relaxed and loving it. The way his face crinkles up as he holds back a moan, trying his best to look tough.”*

Toshi takes slow deep breaths, the toy’s latex aroma lingering heavy in the air, the soft mews and grunts of his playmate echo in the room, all of which he converts to the soft mews of his partner. His mind picturing Keita sitting over him. His hands on their hips, guiding him down his length, taking him as the domineering buff protective wolf that he is.

In reality Toshi’s hands want to reach up and touch the toy in front of him, but he hesitates, but he continues on. Keeping his eyes closed while the toy rides him harder, faster, mewling out in delight.

Keita sees Toshi’s hands reaching out, about to miss his hips. He reaches out and gently guides Toshi’s hands to his smooth rubbery hips. Keita feels the strong grip of Toshi’s hands on his hips once more, memories of times before, as he slides further down, moaning in delight, taking more of his length with each quickening thrust.

Toshi shivers feeling the rubber against his fingertips, a push of reality against the fantasy he has in his mind. The feeling of Keita’s fur against those tips, the warm squeeze of his ass, the bounce of his cute little cock, *“This toy’s cock is bigger... and a knot, wait that could all just be-,”* Toshi moans as Keita literally bounces off his knot, moving faster.

Keita’s cock bounces up and down, throbbing, twitching, the bounce becoming more pronounced the faster he goes. Pre-cum flings out slapping onto Keita’s chest. A droplet hitting his lips, licking it away, some landing on Toshi, the feeling of which is not lost to the wolf, as he feels himself growing close once more

“Keita...” Toshi moans out, imagining it all as Keita being there, bucking his hips hard up into the toy’s body, the toy riding his knot for all that it is worth, hands tightly gripping around the toy’s waist to keep him pinned against him.

Keita feeling how close Toshi is, not wanting another chance for a single drop to escape he slams his hips down, taking that knot again, his ass cheeks clench down hard onto the member. He feels the hot rush of Toshi’s seed flood into him. Despite the previous climax, it feels that the force of this one is just as strong if not stronger.

Ropes of hot sticky seed gush up into Keita’s body. He feels each upward thrust, the quick short spurts of seed filling his insides, his butt clenches down, unable to move off the knot,

not wanting to remove it, but still squeezing to milk along Toshi's length that no mortal organic rump could ever hope to achieve.

The sensation sends Toshi spiraling into an uncontrollable moan, his hands tightly gripping Keita's hips with a loud squeak, his legs quivering, toes curling, his body draining his energies into Keita's body. Toshi breaks his fantasy, imagining that Keita is the one on his lap when he opens his eyes once more. A small drop in his height of pleasure, a small pit in his stomach, watching himself fill the toy that looks so much like him, *"It has to be... but... Keita's body could never do that. It doesn't mean it's not but..."*

Keita bounces on the knot, giving a little up and down thrust to provide a little extra milking of the mostly yet not completely spent cock. Toshi pants happily, feeling himself losing more of the stress and ache he has built up within him. His mind a swirl of delights he just relaxes on the soft bed, feeling the smooth rubber bed sheets while he grunts and groans.

"He looks so peaceful like that," Keita thinks, watching Toshi close his eyes, so he can resume his fantasy, his hands dropping against the bed with a soft thud and squeak, *"Yet I can feel it,"* Keita squeezes Toshi's cock with his butt. Toshi lets out a soft wanting moan in response, *"He needs another. Is this Maker's doing? He never could go this many times in a row without being spent. Or is it just he kept himself saved up this much for me? Or is it both?"* Keita wonders softly mewling, giving Toshi a few more moments before he pulls off his length.

The two moan out in delight. Keita tightly squeezing the length, milking every last drop out of it, while keeping all of Toshi's seed deep within his butt, slowly growing towards his body temperature. Keita tenses a little, his cock aches, throbs hard, Toshi's equally so, *"This one knows it can't cum but... perhaps this one can be like a real toy for him,"* he thinks readjusting himself to the edge of the bed, lowering his cock so it rests gently against Toshi's hole.

"Keita?" Toshi inquires.

Keita responds with a soft gentle caress around Toshi's cock. The toy's hands becoming wet with the lubricant that was left on the length, bits of seed that somehow escaped, providing extra lubricant, "Relax Toshi, this one is going to take good care of you," it responds, suckling on a few of its fingers, making them nice and wet with its lubricant before rubbing them along Toshi's pucker, slowly slipping into him.

Toshi lets out a soft gasp, "Ah... I..." he grunts.

Keita mews, "Relax, this one is going to help make sure there is no stress left in you. Enjoy your time with this one. Toy is really enjoying its time with you. You can say this one loves it. Your cock was wonderful, in either one of this one's holes," it replies, its fingers gently going in and out of Toshi's butt, feeling the tension, the tight squeeze, the trepidation of being taken, but with each gentle pump of his fingers, the tension slowly drops.

"That's it Toshi. Relax, let this one's rubber fingers guide you away, let your mind drift. Simply enjoy yourself. This one is just a toy right? Nothing to fret. Nothing to worry about. You are giving your body a deep internal massage. Getting all those pressure tension points," Keita explains, softly, soothingly, his other hand gently caressing Toshi's balls, helping them relax, as they are already a bit ready to blow another load.

“O-okay,” Toshi replies with a soft whine, his body aching for that last bit of arousal to be pushed out of his mind. That longing aching lust, still lingering in the back of his mind, fogging his thoughts, edging him to give another go with the toy. His body visibly relaxes more, allowing Keita’s fingers to slip in nice and deep to lubricate the wolf’s rear.

“There we go, nice and ready for this one to take you,” he says realigning himself with Toshi’s body, his cock tip pressing into the hole, gently pushing in, opening his pucker nice and easy, “This one will take it slow at first, that alright Toshi?”

“Y-yes, that’s fine,” Toshi replies, relaxing on the bed, his ass clenching around the cock every so often before relaxing, letting more of it sink into his form, his own cock twitching, dribbling pre-cum again, showing signs that it is really ready to blow again with just a little bit of effort, *“I know Keita’s cock better than anyone. I’d know if this is the real deal... already it feels different, bigger. There was a knot wasn’t there? He never had a knot though he always wanted one... this could be him but changed,”* he wonders gasping, arching his back while he feels more of Keita’s length slip into him, spreading his hole slowly wider and wider.

Keita lets out a soft grunting mew, “You are so tight Toshi, it feels wonderful,” it replies, lifting Toshi’s legs up, making his butt even tighter than before, “Do you think this one could get you to blow hands free?” it asks.

“I’ve never been able to blow hands free but...” Toshi trails off.

“But what?” Keita asks.

“Nothing,” Toshi replies, *“Keita knows I always wanted to experience that once.”*

“Let’s see if this one can give him something he really wants,” Keita thinks, sinking his entire length in till his knot stops at Toshi’s hole. The sensitive knot pushes at Toshi’s pucker, Keita’s length twitches within the tight rump.

“Oh my,” Toshi responds, feeling his pucker spread slightly around the knot. The tight hole trying to grip Keita’s knot, the bulging flesh there so sensitive, so eager to want to slip in, that Keita can’t help but feel this instinctual need to thrust that knot right into that hole, but he resists it. Keita pulls away, resting Toshi’s legs against his chest, wrapping his arms around the legs, starting to piston in and out of him.

“You are so tense Toshi, this one will make sure it can pound away all those internal knots you have and give you one more for good measure,” Keita replies with a playful wink, bouncing his crotch off of Toshi’s butt. His balls sway in the air as he goes in and out of the hole, harder and harder, the knot pushing against Toshi’s hole, spreading it a little wider each time, before Toshi’s clenching ass forces him back.

This time Toshi doesn’t look away. He doesn’t close his eyes; he looks at the toy that reminds him so much of his partner Keita. He imagines him there, but also sees the toy that is moaning out in delight, purring happily as it bounces in and out of his hole. He clenches down, milking the cock that is pushing into him that hits his prostate over and over again. With each thrust his cock bounces up and down, pre-cum starting to dribble on the length at ever increasing amounts, forming strands of the stuff from his belly to his cock tip.

“Keita,” he moans out again, staring into the toy’s blue eyes, that feline smirk, the pleasure building up within him more, *“So much like him... yet there are differences. But why would he just knot me,”* Toshi thinks, his lustful mind betraying his own thoughts. He grunts out, panting heavily, tongue out, licking his lips and nose, ready to accept the toy into his body even more, “Please, harder. I feel it.”

Keita mews, “With pleasure Toshi,” he replies, tightly holding onto Toshi’s legs, holding them high in the air as he pounds faster and faster knot almost pushing past his hole with each time, one of the thrusts it just slips past the point of no return before Keita pulls out, stretching Toshi’s hole to the maximum extent.

“Harder!” Toshi cries out, his body aching for it. Wanting it, his member, feeling a build in pleasure that is so tantalizing close. His balls heavy once more churning, each thrust making his member twitch and spurt a little bit of pre, ready to burst through.

“As you wish Toshi,” Keita mews slamming himself into Toshi’s butt, knot and all, giving several firm thrusts, Toshi grunting feeling the knot finally within him, his body so close to that climax, on the very cusp, ready to blow, but as Keita pushes all the way in it ends just short.

“Please more, take me more with that knot,” Toshi pleads.

“As you wish, this one is pleased you are enjoying it so much,” Keita says pulling out with a pop, Toshi’s cock twitching and throbbing harder, his body wanting the sensation of the knot to push into him again and again.

Keita feels the tight grip of his rubbery knot flesh get squeezed each time, forced into the hole then squeezed around, pulling him closer, making him feel even more connected to Toshi than ever before. Then he pulls back, he feels the extra friction, the extra tug on his body, a delightful sensation, a reverse of what he feels when Toshi pulls out of his body. Unique yet just as pleasurable.

Harder and harder Keita pounds into Toshi, popping his hole over and over again. Toshi feels himself on edge, ready to blow, his body gasping for air, his toes curling, legs quivering, all of which Keita can feel against his smooth rubber chest, “So close, just a bit more,” Keita moans.

“Yes so close, Keita,” Toshi replies, his member jumping in delight, bringing him closer, “Yes. Keita. Please Keita take me. Take me like I have taken you so many times. Make me blow,” he whines.

“This one is pleased to take you Toshi,” Keita responds, pounding even harder, angling himself up so he can grind his cock against the prostate, trying his best to push Toshi over the edge, to experience the hands off climax that he always wished for.

“Yes, yes, yes! Keep going Keita, keep going!” he yells out, unsure if his words are wishful thinking that this is Keita or actual reality, but in the depths of his mind, it doesn’t matter. Each thump of Keita’s cock, each call out of Keita’s name, he felt closer to the toy, ready to blow and then finally with one hard clench, keeping Keita from pulling out of his body he screams out in total bliss as hot sticky ropes of canine seed is jettisoned out from his throbbing length.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck yes! This is it Keita!” he yells, whining out, feeling his member become completely spent. His body utterly exhausted as the seed gushes out onto his clothes and fur. His head bangs against the rubber bed sheets, his hands fall utterly to his side, while Keita remains deeply lodged within him. Unclimaxing but his ass is plenty full of his lubricant pre-cum that it could be considered a climax to anyone but a toy, “That was amazing.”

Keita smiles, “This one is so pleased to have given you so much pleasure. It does hope you come back sometime, and that you take the time to fill out this one’s card, and let its Maker know how well it is doing. Every reply helps this one become a better toy. And you get a free gift card too!” Keita mews happily, wiggling his butt, which wiggles the cock within Toshi’s body making him moan out.

“I don’t think I will be able to sit down after this, not that I would want to. I still have to find,” he looks up at Keita, “Keita. Are you sure you aren’t him? You can be honest with me. I won’t tell anyone.”

“This one is a toy, but it has been an absolute pleasure to give you some relief. It hopes that in the end you get all that you deserve,” Keita replies, giving Toshi a few more moments before ever so slowly pulling out of his butt. Toshi moaning out in a mix of pain and pleasure as his now spent body realizes just how sore he is from taking the knot so many times.

Toshi’s ears go flat, “I don’t think you’d tell me even if you wanted to. Part of me really hopes that I am wrong, and you aren’t, but...,” he softly sighs, “Forgive me. It was wonderful. Thank you. I didn’t realize how much I needed that till I got it. This will be our secret okay? I don’t want Keita to find out if you aren’t him.”

Keita nods, “Of course, that will be our secret,” he replies gently letting Toshi’s legs down, “Let this one clean you up. It doesn’t want you to look like a total mess when you leave.”

“Thanks, I don’t think I can leave for a good couple of minutes, my body is so sore,” he moans out.

“This one knows that feeling all too well,” it mews with a little rump wiggle, keeping his ass cheeks tightly clenched to make sure no more of Toshi’s seed escapes him, “Just relax and let this one handle everything,” Keita replies grabbing some towels to rub and clean off Toshi’s clothes and fur. Giving his sensitive but now flaccid cock a little bit of a cleaning while it slinks back into his sheath.

Toshi moans out softly, enjoying this quiet peaceful time with this toy, watching his every movement, some of which reminds him of Keita, while others are totally new and foreign, keeping his mind in a balancing act of its him, it’s not him, it could be him, it could not be him. Eventually once Toshi is back to himself sitting up slowly the door opens, K-2003’s head pokes in.

“Hello! This one wanted to check up and see how you are both doing,” it says noticing them just sitting side by side, “Oh you are done. How wonderful. This one does not want to rush you, but it will have to get some toys in here to clean the place, as we will be closing soon. So, you better hurry up or you’d be locked in here with us toys, and though some people might consider that a fun little fantasy, this one is sure the reality isn’t as fun.”

Toshi chuckles, “Alright, thanks for the warning, I’ll be out in just a bit,” he replies slowly pushing himself off the bed with a grunt almost tumbling over but Keita rushes to catch him.

“Careful Toshi, you don’t want to hurt yourself now,” Keita mews, helping Toshi regain his footing, helping him to the door.

“Thanks, that’s very considerate of you, though it’s your fault I can barely walk now.”

Keita mews with a soft rubbery pink blush, “This one is sorry. It really thought you could use it.”

Toshi chuckles, “Not complaining toy,” he says petting Keita’s head, “I think this might invigorate me to find Keita. I was at my wits end but now I feel refreshed and ready to tackle any problem,” he says with determination.

“That’s wonderful! This one is so glad it could help,” he mews out, helping Toshi out, escorting him out of the store, “Bye! This one hopes to see you again soon.”

Toshi smiles, nodding to him, giving him a friendly wave, “I’m sure of it,” he replies, turning, thinking, “*If you are Keita, you can bet your sweet rubbery ass I will.*”

Keita lets out a soft sigh, watching Toshi leave, the doors closing as the toys lock the store for the night, giving last checks to make sure no one is hiding out in the store, bathrooms, testing rooms, fitting rooms, or anywhere else.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” K-2003 asks, approaching Keita with a bounce in its step.

“This one did. Though it felt weird that they called out this one’s old name so many times and it couldn’t find the words to tell them that this one is well, them. It almost felt like lying,” he mews.

K-2003 gently pets Keita’s head, its claws running through the rubbery hair, “This one did not think you two were as close as you still were. That is a bit on this one’s part to have caused you a problem. It apologies, but you are a toy, are you not?”

“This one is Maker, of course!”

“And toys don’t have names.”

“This is also true Maker, unless our owners give us nicknames.”

“Yup, we have designations. Which is why you felt a little detached from your material’s name.”

“Will this one forget its old name Maker?” it asks with a soft mew, “Will it forget Toshi?” it tenses.

K-2003 continues to gently pet Keita, pulling it closer, guiding him toward the toy molding rooms, “That toy, is completely up to you. For that is a decision that is always out of this one’s hands as it’s not this one’s place for you to decide what is the most valuable thing to you.”

Keita’s ears twitch, “This one is not sure what you mean Maker, but okay.”

“You’ll see soon enough, just nine more days and you’ll be complete,” K-2003 explains, moving the toy through the store, through the hallways past the security doors.

“Just nine more days Maker and this one will be complete?” it asks with a hint of excitement in its voice, its tail wagging.

“This one knows, time flies when you are having so much fun,” K-2003 says, moving Keita up toward the toy molds, gently guiding him back into the hard plastic, though this time Keita waits, not sinking himself into the mold till the very last possible moment when the front portion of the mold comes down onto him, giving him the last possible moment for his butt cheeks to be spread.

K-2003 eyes the behavior, cuckling, grabbing the rear tentacle tube first, sliding it up into Keita’s rear, stopping the leak of any of Toshi’s seed from escaping, “You could have asked this one to do this one first,” K-2003 says, its words unable to reach Keita’s ears, its world already muffled and blurred by the plastic molding.

K-2003 grabs the other tentacle tube, sliding it down into Keita’s mouth, who suckles it happily. An eager aching toy he has become, he accepts his rubbery meal with utter delight, his mind focused back on being a good toy, the apprehension he had with Toshi fading away with each rubbery slurp as he’s given his wonderful relaxing meal, being left back to stew in rubber juices and Toshi’s cum. He listens to those wonderful words that lull him into a relaxed awake state.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a fuck toy,” the sweet soothing words, helping Keita prepare himself over the next eight hours, to reenergize himself to tackle on the next day. Through the final week of service, he will find himself providing a much different service, one he didn’t expect...

The mold hisses, the air rushing back into it, the freshness of the cool air against Keita’s body is like the sound and smell of opening up a can of coffee in the morning, it simply instantly gets you reinvigorated to tackle the day.

The mold pulls away from his smooth chest, his cock twitches, a soft moan his lips, feeling his knot tugged at ever so slightly, a wonderful tease each morning, “Morning Maker,” Keita mews.

Morning toy! How are you today?” K-2003 asks gently rubbing Keita’s cock head with its claws, its body squeaking ever so softly, tail hiked, rump swaying, eager to see its completing toy get going once more.

“This one is feeling great. Today is a new set of duties for this one?” Keita purrs softly, stepping out of the mold with a soft squeaky schlunk.

“Yup, yup! There are many duties that a toy provides, and this one is a bit different and out of the store. So, this is a big step for you,” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

“Out of the store?” Keita mews curiously.

“Yes! Come, come! Follow this one!” it says far gone the days of needing to hold onto Keita’s cock to guide him. Now he simply follows his Maker without question, doing what he is told, like the lovely obedient toy that he has become.

Heading in the opposite direction from every time previously they move further back from the toy molding rooms, going through one secured door that says, “Emergency exit.”

“Should we go through that door Maker? The alarm might go off.”

“Oh, its fine, this one runs the place, it can break the rules a bit, and besides it’s faster to go this way,” K-2003 says with a nod, pushing through the door, the alarm blaring for a moment before K-2003 taps a few hidden buttons to shut off the alarm seconds later, “There we go,” it says happily, guiding Keita through two more doors, each with their own alarms the final one leading them outside to the back of the store, a small hidden parking lot for employees, though only six cars are there at the moment, the rest is vacant.

The warm sun hits their skin. Their sleek rubbery bodies shine in the light, for the first time in weeks, Keita feels the sun against his skin. It feels so similar yet strange at the same time, it’s warm yet the reflection of his skin makes the sun’s rays feel less potent. His body shines in the wonderful sunlight. His feet feel the soft gravel of the parking lot against his feet, far different from the smooth simple ground he’s been standing on, the sensation reminding him of just how bare foot he’s been all this time.

“Where are we going Maker?” Keita asks curiously, walking off of the parking lot onto a dirt path further behind the store. Deeper and deeper they went, the birds chirping, a cool breeze blowing across their rubber hides, making Keita’s cock twitch in delight. The sensation of dirt sticking to the bottom of his rubber feet, all a new feeling to him, like he’s never before been outside.

“We are going to a car recycling shop that is behind this one’s store. It’s always been there, and this one has an agreement with them. Toy sends some toy prototypes to help them out from time to time, while they do work, and they help recycle some of the abandoned cars that are in toy’s parking lot. It would be bad if a bunch of empty cars are just left to rust in the parking lot, dying customers a place to park,” K-2003 explains.

“Oh, this one understands Maker. That does sound nice, and it’s behind the store? This is another Toys-4-U operation?”

“No, no, this one is doesn’t run it, it’s a business agreement this one has with them. They are rather friendly birds. Though this one had to have a talk with the one running the place, as they like to test toy’s products before assigning them to a group, but this one knows you’d not be right for that.”

“Oh, Maker?” Keita mews.

“They are a hermaphrodite raven-panther gryphon. They are very well endowed with a lovely knot, something this one thinks you’d love but they have female parts, and you haven’t been trained at all in that.”

Keita’s tail sways a bit faster, flicking side to side, “Yes Maker. Thank you, Maker, for taking such considerations with this one.”

“This one likes to take good care of its toys, it helps make fine toys especially if they are well taken care of,” K-2003 says with a nod eventually reaching a gated business that has signs that say “Private Property Keep out.” as well as “Beware of Dogs.” They move past the partially rusted gate that is barely open enough for them to move through one by one. Chop shops make up the grounds, with people moving about their day, some taking a glance at what would be normally an odd sight of two toys walking in broad daylight in such a place, but many don’t even give more than a passing glance. The smell of oil, rubber, gasoline lingers in the air, the sound of metal machinery and welding is heard coming from the buildings.

“Maker, are you sure this is a car recycle facility?” Keita asks with a curious mew, looking at the tough looking people around it, “This place doesn’t give that feel.”

K-2003 smiles warmly at Keita, “Nonsense! They take cars that no one wants and sell the parts so they can be used again! Then sell the metal and other bits. Recycling!” K-2003 says with a rump wiggle and a nod, guiding the toy all the way over to a portable office.

K-2003 bursts in, “Hello!”

A blackish purple feathered gryphon jumps at the sudden intrusion, feathers rising up, “I told everyone not to-- oh it's you,” she states, the busty gryphon sits at her desk looking over a bunch of papers.

“Yes! Toy is this one. And it has brought the toy this one discussed with you the other day, Dasjina.”

Dasjina shoots the two toys with a hawkish stare with her brown piercing eyes, her black claws tap on the desk, “This is the one that has that special need you told me about?”

K-2003 nods, “Yup! This one knows you like to give this one’s products a quick test before sending them off, but this will be a special exception.”

Dasjina lets out a huff, “Yes, we did come to that agreement, and I keep to my agreements, and you did already make it up to me,” she chuckles, “I know exactly where to put the toy.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump excitedly, hiking it slightly, “Wonderful! This one is so glad to hear it,” it pivots on its foot, turning to face Keita, “Be a good toy and listen to them.”

Keita lets out a soft unsure mew, his throat purring loudly at this uncertainty, “Yes Toy Mistress. This one will do its very best,” Keita replies with a similar squeaky rump hiked lewd bow.

Gently petting Keita’s head with a soft squeak, “This one knows you will, good luck, and make this one proud,” K-2003 says walking off, leaving Keita to the domineering avian.

Keita turns to face Dasjina, ears folded back, tail swishing quickly, he looks to the large busty gryphon behind the desk. She continues to give that hawkish look, saying nothing, only the sound of her claws tapping on the desk, filling the room, “There is a map over there that gives you a lay out of the place. Study it, learn it, you are going to building E. Tell the one in charge, his name is Debin that you will be there to provide them assistance for the week. When you come back each day, head there. Got it?”

Keita feels her domineering controlling voice, the prowess spoken in her words, “Yes, this one understands Miss Dasjina,” Keita replies, heading out of the office, making his way to the building. The moment he enters he hears a voice squawking, “They give us this clunker to take apart? I swear my cousin hates me,” he grumps.

Another voice speaks up, “She doesn’t hate you. She’s just envious of what you have packing that’s all,” he snickers.

“I can attest to that. I’ve seen both of you,” says a like voice.

Keita steps into view seeing an anthropomorphic tropical hippogryphon with dazzling greens, oranges, and blue feathers, black haired equine legs, his wings folded behind him while he gives an evil eye look to two anthropomorphic Doberman twins.

The two twins dressed in dirtied oiled khakis and jeans, the gryphon in a similar attire. Beside them is a car that Keita knows all too well, his car. The trio talk for a moment before Keita clears his throat with a soft squeak, “Sorry, excuse me. This one hates to interrupt but this one was sent here by Dasjina to give you some help?” he mews.

The conversation stops dead in its tracks the three turn heads to look right at Keita, the hippogryphon tilts his head, “Why I’ll be damned, she finally got off her lazy feathered ass and gave us one of them fancy toys. There has to be a catch...” he grumps.

The first Doberman chuckles, patting the hippogryphon the back, “Don’t be like that Debin. Be happy we got a cute toy to help us and help relieve our stress on our breaks,” he says with a grin.

“Terry, you always know what to say to cheer me up.”

“I’m Berry, he’s Terry,” Terry says pointing to Berry.

Debin lets out a huff, “I fell for that once, never again.”

“Damn,” Terry remarks, snapping his fingers.

Berry pats Terry on the back, “Don’t worry. We’ll get him again someday.”

Debin shrugs off the conversation, the buff hippogryphon, his pants bulging, hoofs clopping on the cold concrete floor, approaching Keita, “You know anything about cars?”

“Are you asking a fuck toy about cars?” asks Berry.

“A toy is good for one thing and that’s fucking,” remarks Terry giving a few grunts accompanied by some hip thrusts.

“From what I hear, some of the toys know something about cars. I don’t know why, or why they insist on sending toys to us for the whole day instead of just breaks, as if they are going to need to learn anything about cars,” he says, turning his attention back to Keita.

“This one knows that you can drive them, and this one can do that. And that you need to fill them with gas and every so often get an oil change or that’s bad for the engine.”

Debin lets out a huff, “And for a moment I thought my cousin liked me. All part of the family business, pah,” he squawks.

Keita’s ears go flat, “This one apologies that its skills set isn’t up to what you were hoping for. But this one will do everything it can to be of assistance,” it replies with a cordial bow.

“I’m sure you’ll be plenty of assistance, but not right now. I don’t have time to train some fuck toy how to break down a car,” he says with a sigh, “Just stand off to the side, and watch or something. We’ll call you if we need you,” Debin says, turning around, flicking his wings out slightly before heading back to Keita’s car.

“As you wish,” Keita mews, following Debin onto the main part of the chop shop.

“You wouldn’t know how to fix a car lift would you?” Berry asks.

Keita shakes its head, “Sorry, this one doesn’t.”

“I figured it wouldn’t, so I didn’t bother asking,” Debin comments, grabbing a hand car jack, “Make yourself useful and help us rise this junker,” he commands.

“Yes sir!” Keita replies, the four of them taking a spot to work to jack the car up together.

“Now stand someplace out of the way while I take a look at what I am working with. If I don’t find something worth salvaging from this, Dasjina will have my feathered hide,” he states laying on his back on a roll board, slipping himself under the car. Keita quietly stands by the front of the car, simply waiting.

“He seems a bit frustrated today,” remarks Terry.

“It’s probably because Carl is sick with the flu all week and it’s putting us behind the other shops,” Berry replies.

“I can hear you two talking. If you can talk you can work,” he squawks.

“We’re working, don’t worry,” Terry replies, rolling his eyes, looking at Keita with a smirk. He and Berry then do a series of hand motions that indicate that both of them together, fuck the cat later.

Berry winks and nods in agreement. Keita stands there, doing nothing, feeling a little useless but then the sound of creaking metal catches Keita’s attention, “*This one’s car is old... wait that could be,*” he thinks, one of the support beams in the car breaks under the car’s weight, the jack flying out from under the car, the back hit the ground with a thud.

“Debin!” yell the twins in unison, standing in fear of what just happened.

“We need to get help,” says Terry.

“No, we should grab a jack and jack the car back up off of him,” says Berry.

“Why don’t you two stop arguing and slide me out from under the car, I’m only lightly pinned!” Debin squawks.

Keita hands under the front of the car, holds the end up just high enough to keep the full weight of the car from pressing down onto him. “This one would recommend you hurry. This one isn’t sure how long it can handle this,” Keita says with a soft mew, his rubbery hands providing extra grip on the car, while his body strains under the car’s weight.

“Yes, yes of course!” yells Berry, the twins rushing to help Debin out from under the car.

While this is happening Keita, stares amazed at his own strength. He feels himself straining against the car’s weight, but it’s nothing he feels he can’t handle for a while without any serious damage to himself. “*How is this possible? This one was never so strong before. This one always felt weak and helpless to customers and Maker. But this one isn’t. Toy should talk to Maker,*” he thinks when Debin, still looking over himself, approaches Keita.

“Your cat-like reflexes saved me from being seriously injured. Put that car down so I can properly thank you.”

“Right, right,” Keita replies, slowly putting the front of the car back down, “This one considers it important to keep the safety and health of users in mind at all times. This one is pleased to be of service.”

Debin chuckles, looking over the toy, “Don’t I know it. Thank you for what you did. I will let the company know of it. But now, after that got my blood pumping, I need to blow some steam. I’m sure you two can handle the car by yourselves for a little bit. I know you’d understand.”

“Yes Debin, whatever you say,” Says Terry.

“If I was in your spot, I’d do the same.”

Debin gives the two Dobermans a look, “Don’t worry, come break time I’ll give you plenty of time to try it out. Before then, I’ll try not to break it till then.”

“Alright!” the twins say giving themselves a high-five, while Debin motions for Keita to follow him.

“Coming Sir,” Keita mews, his throat still purring from the unease of the whole situation. The realization of just how strong he is made him feel even more nervous. “*Just how strong is this one? And why?*” Keita thinks following Debin into a side room where there is a restroom, couch, and a small kitchen with a mini refrigerator.

“On the couch toy,” Debin states, unbuttoning his shirt, revealing his strong feathered chest, tossing his oiled and dirtied shirt off to the side.

“Yes Sir!” Keita mews getting onto the worn couch, laying across it sensually, “Like this?” it asks, “*This one feels so much better when it's simply servicing. Though this place, this one really thinks it's not what Maker thinks it is,*” Keita thinks.

Debin unzips his pants, his heavy set of black furred balls slipping out, dangling free from their confines, the thick donut sheath that houses his cock, just starting to peak out, an ebony member, the flare head flares slightly, while he kicks his pants off to the side, “Ass up toy. You saved me from being wrecked, so I shall return the favor by wrecking you,” he chuckles.

Keita mews softly, his butt tightly clenching at Debin’s words, “Yes sir, as you wish,” he lets out a soft lustful moan, kneeling on the couch, lifting his butt and tail in the air, looking over his shoulder as the thick cock slips out of his sheath.

With each beat of his heart, the equine’s cock slips out further, and further, hardening, covered in internal equine juices. The flat cock twitches, the head flaring out, beads of pre-cum dribble out of the massive cum-hole. A proud example of the hippogryphon’s equine nature.

Keita pants and mews softly, seeing the thick aching member grow bigger and bigger, three inches, six inches, nine, a whole foot, and more coming still. Debin’s medial ring showing, the “halfway” point of the ever-extending cock which lands on Keita’s back with a hard wet smack.

The toy moans out, hiking its butt more, watching the cock run up along his spine, a good two feet of seemingly endless thick throbbing flesh, that could wreck anyone that he could take,

“This one has never taken something so big before,” he purrs, his body shivering feeling the length grind up along his spine, along the small of his back, squeaking softly.

The thick wet cock, smearing along the toy’s backside. Debin chuckles, “I’m glad to be the first. I know Terry and Berry will be fighting who will be taking your sweet mouth because when I am done with your ass, it will be a miracle if anyone will think you’re tight but me,” he chirps, giving Keita a moment to imagine just how deep that cock will go into him.

“This one isn’t so sure. Maker makes toys like this one with top notch quality material. That is how the best toys are made,” Keita replies.

“Quality material has nothing against my goliath,” he grinds a bit harder, the toy’s body squeaking loudly. Debin’s hooves clip clop on the ground, adjusting himself behind Keita, tightly grabbing his hips with his avian claws.

“Oh yeah? Let’s see who will win out my cock or your top-quality material?” he says slowly pulling back. Keita feels a cooling sensation from where his cock was, the length pulling farther and farther back, making the toy physically realize how big the hippogryphon’s cock is before it is even in him.

“He’s such a wonderful tease,” Keita thinks, watching the cock head twitch and flare, a bit of pre cum spurts on Keita’s tail base, the goopy equine pre-cum dribbles around Keita’s tail base, slipping down between his butt cheeks, where Debin lines himself with Keita’s hole.

“If I break you, I’m not suddenly going to be charged, am I?” Debin asks, his flat head pushing past Keita’s rubbery cheeks with a loud squeak, the cum hole spurting more pre-cum right onto Keita’s pucker with expert precision, soaking it in the juices, making it nice and lubed up for him to ram on through.

“This one doesn’t think so. It hasn’t seen ‘any you break it, you bought it,’ policies at the store,” Keita replies, looking up at Debin, into those hawkish eyes.

If the gryphon could smirk, he would be doing it right now, “Perfect,” he says pressing his cock head against Keita’s tight rump.

Keita feels the flat cock head flaring around his ass cheeks, another spurt of pre-cum right onto his hole, the massive member pressing harder. Keita lets out a moan, arms and legs spreading outward, hands grasping onto the couch, hiking his butt higher, while being spread wider and wider.

Already Keita feels himself spread wider than any knot he has thus far taken. His rubber stretching outward, forced to take the width around Debin’s aching, throbbing member with a force unknown to Keita and it all feels... marvelous. There is no pain, not discomfort for being stretched wider than he has ever had before. It’s a unique sensation there is suddenly “more” around his ass to feel, more pressing around his pucker, the tightness is beyond anything he’s had before. Yet still not to the point that it would cause harm to Debin who’s cock head finally pops into his body, the length slipping in, making the sound of a wet hand running across a balloon.

“Fuck you are tight,” Debin grunts, his balls swaying, the momentum of their sway felt through his cock and in Keita’s body.

“Thank you Sir, this one prides itself in being of service,” it moans out, squeezing on the length, adding to Debin’s pleasure while his insides are pushed and shoved out of the way to make room for the cock that is tunneling into his rubbery body.

Keita’s prostate is beyond crushed, his hot button smashed to pieces, the pleasure surging through him, his cock constantly dribbling pre-cum, and Debin is only a third of the way in. The deeper Debin pushes the higher Keita feels the surge of delight of taking just so massive a cock, and it wasn’t over.

Debin grunts, his hands tightly grip Keita’s hips, his hooves clop on the ground, he thrusts again into Keita, driving several more inches into him, Keita mews out happily, purring loudly, tail held high and twitching.

“Oh fuck, fuck, this is wonderful, but let’s see how deep the cat can go,” Debin states giving another firm shove, the momentum of Debin’s balls carrying his cock forward a half an inch, but also pull the cock back a quarter of an inch in return, the medial ring now pressing against his hole, a small but notable obstacle.

“This one can take more sir. Deeper please,” Keita mews out with lustful intent, giving a cute wanting feline eyes, ears twitching, while his lower gut bulges slightly under the hippogryphon’s length.

“Yes, of course, we’re only halfway there,” Debin chirps, bucking his hips again pushing past the medial ring, which Keita can feel moving all through the insides of his body while Debin shoves himself ever deeper.

“You get one slow fuck and then I’m going to town on your ass,” he warns.

“With pleasure sir,” Keita responds with a mew, given a toying squeeze around the entire length within his body, the bulge in his gut visibly twitching, while his rubber body is able to massage and squeeze the entire length.

“You say that now, but wait till we really get going,” Debin states, panting heavily, his domineering words hiding the lustful desire his body is craving, the tight hole he finds himself shoving himself in, which feels only better the deeper he goes.

“Deeper,” Keita moans lustfully with his best femboy voice.

“You asked for it,” he states grunting, shoving himself deep into Keita’s ass, the front of the couch lifting an inch off the ground while Devin slides the rest of his length right into the inviting hole, pushing in and exploring new depths that neither have ever felt before.

“Harder sir!” Keita cries out, Debin’s length finally sliding all the way into Keita’s body, a notable outline running across his belly, a warm throbbing length twitching within Keita’s body, filling him with pride and joy, and expanded use for his wonderful rubbery form, new levels of pleasure not yet known to him are discovered. Despite all of this, Keita finds himself unable to get over that delightful edge.

“What a needy fuck slut you are,” Debin groans, his wings spreading out, fluttering in the air, hilding himself into Keita’s body, his heavy orbs smack against Keita’s butt, like a hand firmly tapping his butt cheeks and thighs.

Keita's eyes go wide realizing just how massive of a package Debin has. Keita gives a toying squeeze on the cock, thrusting his hips against the length just a bit, looking over his shoulder back up at Debin, "This one is a fuck toy sir," it says lewdly with a playful wink.

"That you are," Debin says, pulling himself back, having to take a few steps back to pull himself out from within Keita's body. A massive vacuum tug pulls back at Debin's cock, an inward black hole sensation that eggs Keita to want that massive length back in him, while his body is pulling inward onto what little of the cock remains. Debin keels only the last inch in, his cock head flaring outwards, blood rushing to it, the natural vacuum made by the tight seal around Keita's butt is like nothing that either have ever felt before.

"Fuck the gods almighty, your ass is trying to pull me back in!" he exclaims, thrusting himself back in, filling the literal void that was created by Debin's own cock, the first hard slam of Debin's body against Keita's ass was like none other. It's a new sensation of being pounded so deep into his body, any air still trapped inside forced out, making the tight seal his lower half has around his body even stronger, his body gripping down, but the world's own physics assisting in making this the tightest fuck ever with negative atmospheric pull.

"This one just wants you deep inside it sir," Keita mews, giving his pucker a little squeeze which is simply making a tight seal only tighter around the massive dick.

"You are getting it," Debin grunts, closing his eyes, slamming himself back into Keita's body over and over again, his massive balls pounding against his ass with a loud squeaky slap, each thrust somehow driving the dick even deeper into Keita's body. It makes the seal tighter, vacuum pulling his body ever tighter around the length, his insides made to fit the cock to provide the most perfect grip to please every inch.

Keita holds onto the couch for dear life, his rubber claws digging into the fabric as he's taken for all that he is worth and then some. Heavy thumps are heard not only from Debin's ass smacking balls but from the couch, it being lifted off the front a few inches with each and every thrust.

Debin's wings fully unfurled down, fluttering in the air, ancestral instinct of airborne mating cause his wings to flutter and flap, causing a cool breeze to blow over Keita's back, the cool area of where Debin's cock was reminds Keita in more than one way just how massive of a monstrous cock he is now taking.

Harder, faster, deeper, the pull of Keita's body that follows Debin's cock makes a tight squeeze like no other. His small femboy body, perfect for such a feat that no larger toy could easily create. His belly bulging and shrinking inwards with each thrust. His cock bouncing up and down, slapping against his belly causing his flowing rubbery pre-cum to drizzle all over his body and the couch below him.

With each pull back, the vacuum inward pull gives a literal pit in Keita's belly, and a downward pull in his chest, his rubber body clenching, milking, massaging the cock. The vibrations from his constant purring moving through Keita's body. With each hilt of Debin's cock, he feels the purring vibration tickling his cock edging him to try to drive in deeper to pound harder, to unleash his massive load into the small feline body.

The couches wood creaks under Debin's unrelenting onslaught. Faster, harder, quicker, Keita's body helping Debin thrust even faster. His body pulls in, his hips thrust against and pull away whenever Debin requires it. Every action he takes is only to further serve Debin's viral lustful pleasures. Thump, thump, thump, the couch feels as if it is about to break under the force of the constant fucking.

Terry and Berry silently peek through watching Debin take Keita so fully. They feel themselves growing more aroused by the hot aroma of male sex and rubber that fills the room. If it wasn't for the sound of other chop shops nearby, they would clearly be able to be heard across the entire compound.

Keita mews out in delight, Debin trill chirps in utter ecstasy, his unrelenting thrusts pushing him literally over the edge. His body slams down hard into Keita the first rosy seed floods Keita's innards filling the void that Debin's cock created, while they are sent flying over the side of the couch as it is knocked onto its back with a heavy thud.

Debin flaps his wings, breaking his fall, while pounding over and over into Keita's ass, the hot sticky seed being literally sucked out of his cum hole while he pulls in and out. Keita's belly bulges out now with not only the outline of Debin's cock but the gush of seed that he is being flooded with. A literal gallon full of a cum enema, the warm seed filling him, feeling delightful as Debin holds himself over Keita, hands on either side of the feline's head, feet caught on the couch.

Keita literally hangs off of Debin's cock, with a lovely cum inflated belly. Debin pants heavily, feeling the vacuum caused by Keita's butt to keep Keita dangling on the last third of his length, "Oh fuck, I needed that."

"I think you invented a new fetish there Debin," chuckles Berry.

"Yeah, I never saw anyone dangle from a cock without a knot before," remarks Terry, the two walking into the room.

Debin pulled from his lustful afterglow snaps back to reality, "What? You two should be working!" he exclaims.

"We were working but when we heard the pounding we had to come in and check to see if you are okay. We'd hate to see you hurt yourself just less than half an hour after you almost were crushed to death by a car," explains Berry, moving over to them crouching down looking at the pristine clean cock, with only the thinnest of layers of lubricant on it, "Damn I never seen your cock so clean after a fuck."

"Yeah, yeah just help me up," Debin squawks. Berry and Terry lift Debin back onto his feet with a soft clomp, while Keita pulls back against the couch still stuck on the cock.

"Did you grow a knot to keep the cat on you like that?" Terry asks looking at the massive cock still lodged in the toy.

"It's a tight fit, now get the toy off of me so I can get back to work."

"What about us?" the twins ask.

Debin shoots them a look, "What do you mean 'what about us?'" he states, his cock twitching flexing, still hard from the experience, the constant squeeze of Keita's body keeping him at almost max hardness.

"You got to use the toy; I think we should get to use him too."

Debin crosses his arms, taking a step back dragging Keita along the couch.

Keita softly mews, not saying anything, letting the events unfold themselves.

"Are you saying you want sloppy seconds? Do you think any of you could even feel that toy's ass after what I did to it?" Debin asks.

"We'll come across that bridge when we get there," says Berry.

"Don't you mean ass?" Terry corrects.

Berry shoots Terry a look, "Yeah that, though it's not like we don't know what your cum is like," he replies, winking at Debin.

Debin takes a deep breath, his cock lifting up a little taking Keita with it, "Fine, but it's going to come out of your lunch break. Now get the fuck toy off of my dick so I can get back to work."

"With pleasure!" Terry and Berry say the two grab Keita by the hands, "Ready sir?" they ask.

"This one isn't sure this is the best way. Perhaps waiting till Debin relaxes more? But this one isn't here to stop them," Keita thinks.

"On three, we pull this way you pull and step back and lean back," Terry says.

"Got it," Debin replies with a nod. The three countdown, and on three they pull, Keita's butt squeezing and vacuum pulling back against their tugs, but even Keita's tightly sealed body was no match for the three working together.

The rubber squeaks, the bulging belly pulls in slightly, Keita mewing out in delight, squeezing the cock, trying to help push the member out with the reward of two sexy Doberman to replace the one hippogryphon. Then with a loud audible pop the seal finally breaks, air rushes into Keita's body, Keita flying into the twins' arms as they stumble back into the wall, while Debin hops backwards almost stumbling back over the coffee table but manages to stop himself with a few quick flaps of his wings.

"At this point, I think this cat must be cursed with bad luck... but is a damn good fuck. I'll leave you two to it. Good luck deciding who gets the mouth!" he chuckles grabbing his pants and shirt before walking off.

Keita mews softly feeling the warm hands of the two Dobermans against his smooth rubber skin, his ass already quickly shrinking back down to its original size with amazing elasticity, his hole managing to close down before too much of the equine seed could escape, but what does trail down his inner thigh. The toy's belly has a nice notable bulge, the cum swirling within his innards, the momentum felt by Keita with each touch and caress by the Doberman.

"I get his mouth!" yells Terry.

"No, you don't, I do!" barks Berry. The twins drop Keita to the ground with a soft squeak.

Keita lands on his feet with ease, standing up, watching the two argue back and forth, before Keita softly suggests, “Why don’t you do one and then the other?”

“We only have time for one!” the twins say in unison, before quickly resuming their back and forth arguing.

Keita steps back, mewling softly, “Yes sir,” it replies, looking over the knocked over couch, his rubber pre-cum soaked along the middle. He takes a moment to gently flip the couch back over with relative ease, “*This one is strong. But how?*” Keita thinks, the twins now playing rock paper scissors unsuccessfully against one another for the right to fuck his mouth. Keita lays itself along the top of the backrest of the couch, watching, his belly slightly squeezed, sloshing around Debin’s cum, while he watches the two twins go at it, a noticeable bulge seen in both of their pants.

Unknown to Keita or Terry though Berry caught a good look at Keita’s butt when he was lifting the couch, his hole as tight looking as ever. Berry spends another minute arguing with his brother before he lets out a relenting sigh, “Fine! I’ll take the ass this time, but you owe me, you got it?”

Terry squints his eyes scrutinizing over Berry’s sudden change in attitude, glancing at Keita, his cock twitching at the sight of the rubber toy so close, ready to be taken by him, “Fine, I owe you one.”

“Shake on it?” Berry asks, holding out his paw.

“Sure,” he replies they give one single handshake before leaning in to give each other a passionate kiss and a playful grope, gently fondling the other bulge with a soft moan, before undressing the other. Keita watches their mirror like movements against one another, revealing their buff chests, their pants dropping to the ground, their red hard knotted lengths springing forth, pre-cum dribbles on their cock divots, as they grind up against one another.

They lean against the other’s hands gently caressing the other’s chest, they give each other one more delightful kiss, a soft pleasure whine escapes them, while they grind themselves against the other before pulling away. Keita mews softly gently grinding himself against the couch at the lewd incestial display.

“My, my, my brother the cat is horny for more,” says Berry gently running his hands along Keita’s rubbery butt.

“Such a horny cat, do you think it can take us both at the same time?” Terry asks

“There is only one way to find out,” Berry replies, grabbing Keita’s butt and pulling him down onto the couch with a long squeak.

Keita mews, hiking his butt lifting his head, seeing Terry’s cock throbbing and twitching in front of him, that aching member, the salty smell of his cock moving close to his head, “A lustful cat toy, perfect to be our chew toy,” Terry remarks moving closer.

“This one is quite sturdy and could handle a pair of handsome hounds like yourselves,” Keita mews moving in to give the underside of Terry’s cock a soft lick, the pre-cum on the top dribbling down hitting Keita’s nose.

“You say that now, but what till we get going,” Terry remarks.

Keita licks the tangy pre-cum off of his nose, savoring the flavor before nuzzle licking Terry's cock while Berry moves into hotdog his twitching cock against Keita's butt cheeks with a soft squeak. The underside of his tail feels the twitching throbbing member ready to drive itself deep into his body.

Berry smirks, "Hey, how about we play a game?"

"What kind of game?" Terry asks, pressing his balls against Keita's muzzle, Keita's tongue laps across the fuzzy orbs, causing him to softly moan.

"First one to cum has to buy the other lunch."

"Hey, with that wide ass of his? You'd win no problem," Terry barks.

"Fine, you want to make this a challenge, don't you? The first to cum in him has to," he grumps.

"You are being too kind to me brother."

"The older brother has to look after his younger sibling."

"It was only fifteen seconds!"

"Sixteen and they were valuable seconds," Berry remarks.

"We are on the clock anyway, so we better make this fast. You ready?" Terry asks, lining his cock against Keita's lips. Keita gently licking across the cock tip, ready to taste the entire length in his mouth, the knot twitching and throbbing before his eyes ready to pop into his mouth.

"This one is ready," Keita says, admiring the cock, knowing that one just like it was positioned behind him, pressing against his tight rubbery hole, Debin's cum leaking from the hole, which Berry plugs with his cock head. Keita squeezes the tip, causing a soft grunt to escape Berry.

"We weren't asking you," The twins exclaim.

Keita flinches, "Sorry," he mews.

"I'm ready. On three?" asks Berry looking at his brother, grabbing Keita's smooth rubbery hips while Terry caresses and holds Keita's head, ready to slip into him.

"Sounds good to me," Terry responds looking down at the toy, his member twitching in anticipation.

Keita listens to the count down, his cock twitches underneath him with each number, "One...two.... Three!" they exclaim shoving their cocks hard into Keita's body. They pound against the other, squeezing Keita between their powerful thrusts. Their slick cocks squeak against Keita's ass and mouth. Keita works to milk and squeeze each thrust into his ass, his mouth suckling and licking across the length, while the two hounds give him no quarter as they ravage him with a gusto that rivals Debin.

The cum within Keita's belly sloshes around, soaking Berry's cock, making it extra slick as he hilt himself into Keita's ass, all the way up to but not including his knot which bounces off his tight pucker.

"I think I am going to cum first Brother," Terry says with a heavy pant, his small tail wagging, his hips slapping against Keita's head, the knot kissing his lips over and over again.

The tight swirl of toy saliva moving around in Keita's mouth, drooling off the side of his mouth, the rubbery saliva gaining a distinct cock flavor that will linger in Keita's mouth for hours to come.

The hard-angling thrusts bulge out Keita's throat, his body easily able to handle the abuse which sends delightful shivers throughout his whole form. He lustfully takes the two cocks, he braces himself against the couch, feet and hands against the arm rests allowing the twins to thrust even harder between him.

"No, I'm close!" Berry states, the tight milking of Keita's rubber butt having not been hindered by Debin's massive size. The two brothers pant and whine feeling themselves growing closer. They stare at each other, looking into their eyes with a competitive lovingness.

"I'm going to win," grunts Berry, his balls smacking against Keita's crotch.

"No, I will!" exclaims Terry his balls hitting Keita's chin over and over, their lengths are repeatedly shoved into Keita with an ever-increasing speed. Terry tightly holds Keita's head, fucking into his mouth with a lust and joy to be expected with any horn dog wanting to play with his toy to get off.

Berry grips and kneads Keita's butt, showing a dominance and control over Keita's butt that just screams the dog claiming territory instinctual nature of "This is mine."

The knots push harder and harder against Keita's holes, the twins working with conjoined thrusts to press Keita between them over and over again. They bounce off the rubber body making their thrusts quicker, easier to do as he lubricates both cocks with his toy fluids.

The twins bark and yip at each other, giving competitive growls, grunts, their bodies shaking in delight, panting heavily, their tongue hanging from their mouths, lustfully taking the cat between them, "I'm going to win," claims one.

"No, I am going to win," exclaims the other.

With one hard final thrust between them they pop their knots into him. Terry's knot spreads his cheeks, the hot seed flooding down his mouth, which he happily slurps down, Terry howling in his victory.

Meanwhile Berry's knot has popped hard into his tight rear, locking him into Keita's body, the hot seed flooding in, is more like a river flowing into the ocean of seed that has already been dumped into Keita's body, but he calls out his victory over his younger twin brother.

"I win!" they yell at the same time.

"No, you didn't, I did," they say again.

"Stop doing that."

"I came first."

Eventually Berry takes a deep breath and slowly says, "I clearly came first. This cat's ass is so god damn tight, that you wouldn't believe it."

"Sure, sure, there is no way it's ass is that good after what Debin did to it."

"You'd be surprised," Berry grunts, feeling Keita squeeze his length with his tight rear, "I feel this ass could take so many horse cocks and still be tight," he says, giving Keita's butt a firm rubbery slap.

Keita gives a mouth filled moan, suckling and licking the other twin's cock, the knot nice and flared past his teeth, forming a tight seal, the cock tip lodged nice and deep into his squeezing milking throat.

"Sure, you just say that to claim you came before I did! I bet you were pent up to make it easier to get a one up on me."

"We were together the last time we both came, you're just as pent up as I was."

"It's only been twelve hours, I can't be that pent up," Terry barks.

"And then neither can I," Berry replies, the twins start arguing back and forth about which climaxed, their knots lodged deep within Keita's body, unable to come out no matter what wiggling and squirming they do. With each squeeze and suckle the two dogs moan out in delight, cock's twitching, what little still lodged within their lengths slowly suckled or milked right out of them.

Eventually the two just yell out in unison at once another, "Fine, we'll let the toy decide! Which one of us came first!" they exclaim.

Keita's eyes go wide, lost in the simple pleasure of being knotted over the last several minutes he completely lost track of the conversation of those above him, in all meaning of the word. Keita wiggles and squirms feeling the tug of the two knots.

"He can't answer you if his mouth is full of your cock Terry," Berry says sarcastically.

"He can't focus on giving us a god damn answer with your cock shoved up his ass Berry," Terry remarks.

"Doesn't matter if he can't talk anyway."

"What he says won't matter if he can't focus."

"I'm going to fuck you so hard when we get home," Barks Berry.

"Not if I don't fuck you first," Terry growls.

"Look, why don't we just pull out of this Chinese finger trap and then ask it."

"It's not a finger trap if it has our cocks."

Berry lets out a huff, "You know what I mean."

"It shouldn't be too difficult for your cheating ass to pull out of its ass with how loose it is."

"You'd be surprised just how tight this ass is," Berry says smacking Keita's butt with a loud squeaky smack.

Keita moans out squeezing the cock in his butt while purring happily teasing Terry's cock tip.

"Oh fuck, look now you got it purring. You know it vibrates when it purrs? It feels fucking amazing. No way you could have came before me."

"Well there is only one way to find out," Berry says.

"On three?"

"On three."

The twins say in unison, grabbing Keita's butt and head firmly between their hands, "One...two...three!" they exclaim tugging and grunting pulling their knots out of Keita's body

with a loud audible twin sounding pop. Keita's butt tightly clenches, not wanting any of the mix of seed to escape him, allowing him to keep that soft bulge in his belly.

The twins moan out in delight panting for a moment before walking over to Keita's side, the two-standing side by side, cocks still throbbing gently rubbing up against the other, "Now toy, which of us came first?"

"Uh well..." Keita mews looking at the two cocks already feeling a desire to lick and suckle them up.

"It was me, right? That mouth of yours was just too good for me not to have gone first," says Terry grinding his cock against Berry.

"There are no buts, about it, your butt is one of the best I've had, it had to be me right toy?" Berry says grinding his dick against his brother, trying to sword his cock on top of Terry's while Terry tries to do the same to him, the two members constantly twitching, throbbing and grinding against the other.

"Well uh..." Keita mews.

"Come out with it," says Berry.

"You know it was me, just say it," Terry remarks.

"This one thinks..."

"Yes, yes?" the two say leaning in closer, grinding their cocks harder against the other.

"You came at the same time. This one could feel the spasming and rush of seed into it, and it felt perfectly in sync with each other."

Berry and Terry recoil, "What? No! That's impossible, I came first," they say in unison.

"Obviously the toy couldn't feel my first spurts of climax because Debin already filled him up," says Berry.

"No, it was because of Debin's seed that the toy thinks you came at all!" grunts Terry.

"We'll just buy each other lunch and call it even."

"Fine, but round two tomorrow?" Terry asks with a sly smirk.

Berry leans in giving his brother a soft tender nuzzle lick, "Of course, what are twins for if not to do doubles," he chuckles.

"Let's get back to work before we lose our entire lunch break here."

"Works for me," he replies.

The twins get clothed while Keita cleans himself off, returning with them to observe working. Debin providing some extra assistance in showing him some basics of what they are doing while having them assist hands on, getting his rubber paws oily and dirty in a different way.

He works with them the group for a good twelve hours, before they leave, leaving Keita to spend the next fiveish hours to clean up everything in the shop, putting it in order, cleaning itself when done, "Ah this one thinks it did a good job today."

"This one certainly thinks so," K-2003 says from the door.

Keita's tail wags happily, "Maker! This one didn't know you were here."

“This one is here to pick you up and see what you’ve been up to. It’s heard some very good reports, this one is so pleased about what you did, saving Debin’s life,” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

“This one doesn’t think it was that much danger, but it does leave this one with a big question Maker, if it may ask,” Keita asks approaching K-2003.

“What is it?” K-2003 asks tilting its head to the side, tail swaying side to side.

“Why is this one so strong?”

K-2003 tilts its head, motioning Keita to follow it, “Well why not?”

Keita purrs inquisitively following its Maker outside, “This one wasn’t strong before. With all that it was doing, why is it strong now?”

“Oh, all of Toys-4-U toys are strong. Just simply we are unable to overpower users unless an owner or Maker is in mortal danger of which we’re able to do superhuman feats of strength,” it explains with a smile.

“Really? This one didn’t know that. Does Maker have such strength?”

K-2003 looks off toward the store then turns its head to the left which would be the direction of the main highway that eventually has an off road that leads to the store, “This one has been strong overall it would say. Though strength is indeed relative, and this one has made sure to make improvements to help with the safety of our customers and fellow toys,” K-2003 says turning its head back to Keita with a big smile.

“It felt weird to be so... powerful, especially given this one is a toy.”

“This one could guess it might but then, doesn’t it feel more helpless if you are so powerful yet unable to stop a user from enjoying you? To be locked not only physically and mentally but by your very being, where your own body refuses to overcome those taking you. A new level of submission. Yet you still have the strength needed to be of use when the time comes, like you are helping Debin out there.”

Keita nods, “This one understands.”

“Did you enjoy your time at the auto recycle shop?” it asks the store slowly coming into view through the trees.

“This one did, though it still doesn’t think that--” Keita’s words are cut off by K-2003’s response.

“Wonderful! For you have another six days with them and when done, that will mark your twenty-ninth day as a toy in molding which means...” K-2003 trails off unlocking the back door so they can enter the toy molding room from this alternate exit.

Keita felt a rush of excitement, its cock twitching out in delight, not even paying attention to anything but its Maker, the pause making itself ache even more, reminding itself just how needy it is to have this be complete, “That this one will be...”

“Completed and given your designation. Isn’t that wonderful! We are almost there,” K-2003 says with an excited rump wiggle, guiding Keita back onto the platform.

“That is wonderful news Maker, this one can’t wait for that,” Keita purrs backing himself into the mold, slipping into it as if the mold as if he was perfectly made for the mold, his cock twitching in the air, watching K-2003 move to the computer console, tapping the buttons.

“This one knows but patience is key. One cannot rush the process, this is all scientifically calculated to create the best toys possible,” K-2003 says with a nod.

“It is?”

“Well this one has tested the toys time and time again and has made many toys this way. So, it thinks it is scientifically true. Especially when this one wears a white lab coat,” it says with a nod.

“Okay Maker.”

“Till tomorrow, toy.”

“Goodnight Maker,” Keita purrs relaxing into the mold, the front coming down, sealing around him once again, the locks coming into place, the tentacles that will feed him his delicious rubber dangling in front of him while the black and cyan blur moves about. Keita feels a soft pressure on his belly, the mold pushing his bulging rubber form back into place, the cum simply swishing and moving about in his insides wherever room is possible, making the mold feel a little extra tight tonight.

Keita purrs happily, feeling its Maker slip the tentacle tubes into its mouth, and up its butt, locking in all the seed that it has taken in, allowing it to be steadily absorbed into his form, though at this point most of it already was reabsorbed just a subtle bulge remained.

Keita watches K-2003 leave, the toy stewing in the warm rubber embrace that fills his holds, the perfectly fitting mold that keeps him from moving, from having to worry about anything at all. His mind perfectly trained and crafted, subconsciously going with the voice that has never ever left the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Fuck toys serve.”

“Fuck toys obey.”

“Fuck toys protect.”

“Fuck toys fuck.”

“Toy is a good fuck toy.”

Keita soothed himself into a calm sleepless state. For already three weeks he’s been on edge, unable to climax. For three weeks he’s been constantly sexually stimulated, constantly fucked, never truly sleeping even if he gets moments of rest. What is left of himself is a far cry from what he was the day he stepped into the Toys-4-U store which feels like a lifetime ago. What comes on day thirty, the final day of becoming a Toys-4-U toy will be like nothing Keita has ever experienced before or will ever experience again.

On that day, the day of his final molding, Keita can feel it in every bit of his rubbery being, his body and mind are set to feel the gloriousness of being completed. To have a new level of freedom, bound to the Toys-4-U company, a perfect well-crafted toy.

Keita's mind fluttered with excitement, his throat purring happily, the black and cyan blur returning. His mind fills in the noise that he can't really hear of K-2003 typing into the computer console, the flow of rubber stopping, the soft hiss as air rushes in, the hard plastic mold tugging against every inch of his body, while he steadily wiggles free. The front of the mold pulls away, the very last time he will feel that tight embrace, he licks across the front of the mold, saying goodbye to it in his own special way, before turning his gaze toward K-2003 who stands tall and proud, a big smile on its face.

"Are you ready?" K-2003 asks happily.

Keita steps out of the mold with a soft schlunk noise, its tail tugging back before he manages to wiggle it out fully, "Yes Maker! This one is so excited to be able to be completed and receive its designation. It's dreamt of this day almost as long as it can remember."

K-2003 reaches out gently rubbing along Keita's rubbery chin, the toy's hand softly squeaking against it, "This one knows, which is why we are going to do it today, but first, you need to follow this one, we have one special task left for you before it completes your programming," K-2003 explains, stepping off of the platform.

Keita follows with a curious purr, his but says teasingly femboyish like sway with each step, "Special task Maker?"

K-2003 smiles, looking over its shoulder at him, "You'll see. It's nothing you can't handle. Something this one sort of likes to do with many toys it completes right before it finishes the final steps. Also, since you are technically a new model it will be good too, but you'll see what this one means," it explains the toy guiding Keita through the hallways onto the store floor towards the toy testing room.

"Yes Maker," Keita says, feeling his entire body on an excited edge. His cock twitches in delight, aching pleading, wanting, yet that felt like a normal sensation. It was normal to feel like that, and it no longer had a new direct effect on Keita's mind, his body was always like this, there was no longer this state of not being lewd. It was similar to how his Maker was constantly lewd yet acting normal, yet at the same time, Keita knows that he is, he feels he can cull the motions whenever he wants and needs.

K-2003 hums to itself, tail swaying side to side with a squeak, gently brushing the tip across Keita's cock, helping the feline keep focus on its supple butt. Keita softly thinks to himself, "*If Maker was a boy toy that would be so much more fun... but that is still a nice butt though,*" Keita purrs, K-2003 leading them down to the very last door down the hallway on the left.

"Back in this one's working quarters and office," K-2003 says unlocking the door motioning Keita to step inside.

“Yes Maker, “he says rushing into the room, the same black rubber bed with cyan pillows, the lovely canopy over it adding a delightful look. The kitchen and small dining table across the way with an office nearby hidden by a closed door.

“Please get on the bed, this one is going to do some advertisements with you,” K-2003 explains.

“Advertisements Maker?” Keita mews climbing onto the bed, his tail held high, butt hiked, crawling across the smooth highly polished black rubber sheets that reflect his blue, white and black rubber body, the soft glow from his body adds to the overall effect.

“Of course! This one can’t have its new totally gay femboy toy model and not have advertisements! And this one can show off the new Toy Manager to be at its new super megastore that it will be putting you in charge of,” K-2003 says with a nod and a rump wiggle, moving behind a series of cameras checking each one, making sure they are in focus.

Keita’s jaw dropped, “Wait this one is going to be put in charge of a store?!” it mews wiggling a bit, its cock twitches at the news, toes curling.

“Yup! Though there will be a new set of training for that. It doesn’t make many toy maker toys, for good reason. Can’t have all the toys trying to make toys otherwise who would play with toys if everyone was a toy? That would be a horrible thing!” K-2003 exclaims with a look of slight shock and horror at the idea before it disappears, “But this one makes sure that doesn’t happen!” K-2003 says with a nod.

“Is this one up to the job Maker?” Keita mews softly.

“Not yet but you will be! You have some more training to do but first we need to complete you. Now if you just pose to this camera here, show off that cute smooth chest of yours, hike up the butt and spread the legs to show that dangling cock and balls to that camera there, we can get going.”

“Yes Maker,” Keita mews, posing for the camera as K-2003 describes. For the next two hours, K-2003 goes over several poses, some video shots, with Keita mewling, meowing, a purr, a playful tease, the anime feline wave, and one that imitates the good luck business cat, just with a throbbing cock between his legs.

The motions Keita finds itself in felt lovely, delightful, a little in a way of embarrassment, but work in such a way that it never thought of before. It was going to be seen by countless people and its form was going to draw them into a store, and not any store, possibly his future store. Such responsibility weighs on Keita’s mind.

“Wonderful! Wonderful. This one will send them down to its advertising department, and they will get to work on this right away! For now, it’s time for you to get your final toy programming and get that designation. Are you excited?” K-2003 asks happily wiggling its rump, a bounce in its step as it walks around the bed toward the kitchen side of it.

Keita mews wiggling its rump in kind, clenching its butt cheeks, his cock twitching, a bead of pre-cum glistening on the cock tip, “Oh yes Maker, this one is so very ready.”

“Yay!” K-2003 purrs giving Keita’s head one gentle pet through his rubbery hair, before motioning him to follow K-2003 to the far end of the room, passing the kitchen to another door

which is automatically unlocked from this side. They step out into a hallway Keita has never seen before. Moving down it they see a break room where a security guard is busy having some breakfast. The anthropomorphic rhinoceros looks up then shrugs going back to his breakfast salad. K-2003 leads him into another room which is locked by two locks, one of which is a special number and the other is a scan of K-2003's eye. The door unlocks and inside is a small simple room with two silver phallic pods with a computer in between them. K-2003 goes over to the computer and gently types in a few buttons, the right pod opening, showing a smooth black rubber interior.

"Please step inside and we can begin," K-2003 says turning to Keita who feels his body ache and throb with delight.

There is no sensation of a heartbeat though in a way he can feel it ready to jump out of his rubbery chest. He pants softly with a little mew, "Yes Maker!" Keita exclaims happily stepping into the pod, turning around to face K-2003, "Like this?"

"Exactly like that. When you come out toy, you'll be complete," K-2003 says, the pod closing in around him, leaving him in total darkness. Seconds later the pod hums to life, air rushes in the rubber creaks around him, expanding and pushing all around Keita's body. For the first time since this all began, he's feeling something push and mold around HIS body rather than the other way around. His balls are pressed, his cock is caressed, the sound of rubber fills his ears, then silence, once again unable to move but then feels a tingle a surge of energy in the back of his neck that rushes through the back of his mind, and along his spine, a synthetic voice speaks to him.

"New Hardware detected. Running diagnostics, one moment please...." sometime later the voice speaks again, *"Diagnostics complete. Error no core toy programing found. Running query. Query complete. Preparing to upload M-M Version 1.001.01. Running toy program now,"* the voice says, a shiver runs through Keita's spine again, the darkness around him somehow grows even darker and darker and then, there's a light in the distance.

Keita mews softly, then is taken back, "This one can mew?" the urge to touch its face comes over it, and it is able to do so, "Wait isn't this one?" it looks around in the darkness able to somehow move, and all it can see is an empty void of nothingness except that one light in the distance.

Drawn to it like any cat to a single dot of a light source Keita walks to it, wanting to know what is going on, wanting to know what it is. As it walks forward it sees the light grow brighter yet not blindingly so. Steadily a full body mirror comes into view. It's elegant, golden trimming but also painted with its own markings along the side. Unable to pull itself away it steps in front of the mirror seeing a reflection of Keita.

Not Keita the toy, the lovely rubbery mug that it has seen for nearly a month now, but the organic Keita, the one that it used to be. It mews softly, tilting its head to one side then the other, the similar yet unique markings between organic and toy clearly there, but each movement is perfectly mirrored, "What is this about?" Keita mews, the mirror image speaking in kind, but only its own voice is heard. Being a feline, curiosity is a core part of its nature, it reaches out to

touch the mirror, and the moment its smooth rubbery fingertips touch the smooth glass it shatters, and Keita is encased in a blinding light.

Moments later Keita comes to, and the world is in two. Keita finds himself tightly bound kneeling before the toy version of himself. His cock locked up in a silver chastity cage, hanging from it is a sign that he can't read through his eyes but through the toy's eyes? It's clear as day, it reads "Lust".

Keita's arms are bound up against himself and then chained to the ground, his ass is sitting on a thick horse cock dildo that reminds him of Debin, a chain goes from the dildo to another sign, it reads "Desire"

Keita's legs are bound to his thighs and spread outward, a spread bar between his knees to keep them separated. A sign hangs from this bar that reads, "Stress."

The sign on his left arms that hangs from the tightly wrapped bandaged arm reads, "Regret."

A similar sign on his right arm says, "Worry."

Keita's neck is posture collared, and chained to the ground, unable to look away, Keita's charm isn't there, but instead another sign, it simply reads, "Loneliness."

His mouth ball gagged, unable to utter a single word, by a red ball gag and written on it reads "obedience."

Keita looks at the toy version of himself, unable to look away at how sexy and wonderful it is, how free it is compared to him. Yet at the same time he sees through the toy's eyes. He feels everything the toy feels, hears what the toy hears, hears what the toy thinks, yet feels no influence over the toy. He purrs heavily, tail swishing behind him the only thing that is left unbound as the toy stares back into his eyes, and from there Keita can see his charm, that special charm given to him but Toshi, and on it has impressions on the triangles. K on the top. 23 on the lower left triangle from his perspective, and 73 on the lower right.

K-2373 mews softly looking at itself, its former self. Feeling nothing from the toy, reading the signs curiously, reading each one of them out loud. Unknown to him though coming out of the darkness a set of tentacles come toward K-2373, each thick sleek rubbery. One is black, one is blue, the other is white.

Keita sees the tentacles and his toy self completely unaware of what is happening. He grunts and moans trying to give a sign of warning, "*Look out behind you!*" he thinks out.

K-2373 responds, "*This one wonders what he is thinking,*" it mews, the toy's thoughts appearing in Keita's mind. Keita's eyes go wide when the tentacles wrap around K-2373's legs, with a long drawn out squeak. They coil over and over around him, lifting up into the air, the black tentacle around his left leg has another tentacle come out of itself and shoves itself deep into the toy's butt.

Keita squeezes on the dildo feeling it and the tentacle now driving itself deep into the toy's body, the sensation mind blowing delightful, Keita's body on the brink, ready to explode in utter delight and pleasure, while a series of television screens appear behind Keita out of his own vision but visible through K-2373's eyes.

The white tentacle the only free one left splits in four, one wraps around K-2373's waist like a corset, tendrils slip out and run across the toy's skin, coiling around his rubbery nipples giving them a gentle tug and pull, teasing the tips. Two others move and coil around Keita's arms holding them out, keeping the toy completely exposed in a suspended X position. The last slips right into the toy's mouth, down its throat where it finds itself already happily suckling.

K-2373's twitching cock throbs and dribbles, the blue tentacle moves around K-2373's thigh and nuzzles the toy's rubbery balls. A dozen smaller rubber tendrils run around it's cock, squeezing, milking pumping its length while one small tendril slips down into the toy's cum slit, spreading its rubber urethra, driving them down into its length, and spreading out into the toy's hyper productive balls, filling the toy with another layer of pleasure that Keita must deal with, feeling double the pleasure and aching lust from two bodies and two minds pushing into him, pushing him further over a climaxless edge.

A strong stern loving voice speaks out over the darkness, "Uploading Toy experiences, and toy programing."

Instantly the television screens flicker on, images no... miniature movies, experiences, of toys servicing customers are played through K-2373's mind. Hundreds, thousands of them perhaps, hours of data and information on how such toys have serviced customers, pleased them, provided excellent service. K-2373 feeling its experience in how to pleasure all kinds of species of customer increased by leaps and bounds.

Keita pants, moans, his words muffled. The tight chains that hold him in place rattle, and shake, his body quivering as he feels the same onslaught of data, his body and mind feeling so weak for being awake and sexually teased for so long. He looks at K-2373, he looks at himself enjoying taking in the tentacles with ease and pleasure.

K-2373 milks the tentacle in his ass, feeling it press and massage his prostate with wondrous pleasure, the tentacle reaching out and exploring the toy's depth with much delight and wonder. The tentacle in his mouth pushing in nice and deep, filling his mouth, his throat, wiggling into the depths showing just how much he could really take.

Tendrils coil around and squeeze and massage Keita's balls, constantly fondling them, rubbing the space behind them, the length constantly milked and caressed, squeezed and teased, the cock head played with by tendrils, giving the ultimate stimulation, all filtered back to Keita who cries out in such utter pleasure yet his body is unable to climax, pre-cum dribbles through the chastity opening, forming a puddle on the floor.

The images, the movies, continue to flow through the two's minds. There are so many toys, so many experiences, all male experiences, all gay, cherry picked specifically for K-2373, yet within this there are times where there is one views that have breasts. At first it is caught off guard, unsure what it is but then it notices the solid black rubber, the cyan glow, and it's of Maker. Servicing and pleasuring males, teasing them, occasionally fucking them with its hidden cock but most of the time its blow jobs, hand jobs, making them squirm and call out in need, wanting anything to be pleased by that warm mouth, that tight ass, such delicious pleasures from an experienced toy.

Keita feels himself slipping further and further into the sea of blissfulness, his mind refusing to think more so than it already was. Even before it was hard to collect himself to recall things, to simply be himself, while K-2373 became stronger.

The blissfulness came to new heights, the tentacles squirming along K-2373's body, pleasuring every inch of him, snaking around, coiling, squeezing, slithering, pumping, driving themselves into his body with complete abandon that no organic body could ever take safely. Driving hard into both of them just how durable and pleasure a rubber toy body really is. Pleasure burning into the very depths of his being, a pleasure that Keita could never achieve that K-2373 can reach on a near daily basis.

The knowledge continued to stream into K-2373's mind. Techniques, tricks, years, decades, perhaps a full century worth of sexual experience and pleasure, the trial and error of all those toys that came before him. His own experiences adding into the mix to prepare future toys like himself and those that will be so different.

Eventually the stream of data, knowledge, all came to a close. There was little new knowledge of how the newest toy can be the best toy it could be, though that was certainly reinforced by the experiences of so many other toys, that K-2373 really felt itself coming into stride. Slowly let down onto its feet, it mewed softly giving a sensual head bob on the tentacles, slurping and licking the tip, a trail of saliva from the white tentacle tip and its mouth, "This one should get your number next time," it says with a toying wink.

The rubber tentacles uncoil around its body with a long drawn out squeak, the reduction of pleasure does nothing to stem the tide. Keita feels himself so weak, his eyes glazed over, looking over the proud powerful toy that he has become. Keita's body is begging for release, begging for a moment of respite, he feels as if he can barely keep himself together.

K-2373 mews softly gently rubbing the tentacles, while they slip away from its body. It watches them disappear into the darkness, its mind feeling refreshed and energized despite the massive data dump it just took. It looks over to Keita mewing softly, crouching down in front of it, "Poor thing, you are so tired. This one should help you, but how?"

The overarching voice speaks, "Touch him, and complete the process. Proceed to the final step."

"Thanks, this one will!" K-2373 mews, reaching out towards Keita who eyes the toy's hand. Feeling his own body heat emanate outward onto the toy's rubbery fingertips, then as the toy touches him...

K-2373 watches Keita burst into thousands of small orbs, silver, white, black, blue in color, a twirl a mix of everything, they roll across the floor but never out of sight nor too far out of reach, drawn to K-2373 like iron dust drawn to a magnet.

K-2373 picks one up, a sudden stream of data flows before its eyes, the toy is drawn back to a slightly color muted world. It feels the cool air against its fur, a small young Keita pedaling down the street, their Father just letting go of the bike. He's riding his bicycle for the first time.

"There you go champ!" Keita's father yells, the memory continuing for a few more moments before abruptly ending.

K-2373 mews softly, “This is this one’s memory,” it responds looking at the orb, then a light appears as there are two bowls, one has a hole at the bottom the other is simply there.

“It is. You will be able to keep one memory no matter the length or breadth of it, but you only get one. Take your time and choose wisely. You will get a confirmation with the memory you decide. Choose carefully. Once tossed or once your chosen memory is picked, you cannot undo it. Do you understand the importance of what you are doing toy?”

K-2373 looks at the countless memories, all parts that make up himself. It mews to himself, tail flicking side to side quickly, throat purring, feeling the weight of this decision placed upon it, “This one does. It knows how important this is for this one to not take this decision lightly.”

“Take your time. There is no rush,” the voice responds before leaving K-2373 in total silence.

“This one already knows which one it wants, it’s one that it couldn’t exist without,” it says gently rubbing its charm around its neck before getting to work, “*This one simply needs to find it.*”

K-2373 moves through the orbs, carefully, diligently one by one, it experiences bits and pieces of its previous self, its former toyless self, tossing them away into the pit to be forgotten not long after they are dropped.

“Where is it, this one knows it is here,” it remarks, the fewer the memories that remain the clearer the ones that do become, the more vivid the one that it wants to have to keep. He reaches for one orb, one larger than many of the others, its size difference is subtle but noticeable to the toy’s vision. It reaches for it, grabbing it, its eyes go wide, the memory flashes in its head.

Keita lays in his room, arms wrapped around a large body pillow, stained by his tears, he snuffles heavily. Nearby his phone pings, the group conversation with his family still blaring. The ranging from simple shock of what he said to them, to disgust that their son is gay. It took all his strength and courage to finally let them know. To finally break through that coming out of the closet.

Countless ways he tried to go about it. Countless more times he backed down before he could muster the strength to simply let them know just who he was, that their outgoing son was not chasing the ladies but that he found someone that he could spend the rest of his life with, and his name was Toshi.

The constant pings, the streams of text demanding for him to respond more, the aggressive tone, he could hear voices, their yells through those simple white text words on the blue background. He knew this was the outcome that was going to happen. After all they were his parents, how could he not know how they would react? He’s known them all his life. Despite this, this was the one he feared the most, and now it’s here. The pings continue. Each one he felt it like a needle prick in his heart, and each one felt worse than the one that came before.

Keita hears a knock on the door, he raises his head to see Toshi standing there, a box in his hands, "May I come in?" he asks, his ears folded, eyes moving from him to the box back to him.

Keita swallows a lump in his throat, sniffing a wad of snot, wiping his tears off his face with his arm, "Always," he mews softly, the sound of the pinging phone echoing out in the background.

Toshi slowly moves over to sit beside him. He looks over to the phone, "You finally did it, didn't you."

Keita nods, "Yeah. It's everything I feared."

"But it's something you've wanted to do. Something you had to do. You couldn't keep hiding us from them."

"I know it's just..." he looks at the phone, before Toshi reaches over to press the button to turn it off.

"Enough of that. What's done is done. Someone as cute as you, shouldn't be crying."

Keita cracks a smile, "You've said that before."

"I know I have," he smirks, "Remember?"

"How could I forget? It was the day we met," he mews softly. K-2373's mind was thrust deeper into his past, the world around him further muted, a memory within a memory. The dark cloudy day, the slow fall of rain, felt like he did inside. Down and depressed. He sat on the park bench head down, his head soaked.

"Hey, I thought cats don't like to get wet," says Toshi, the first words ever spoken to him.

Keita looked up, into those soft caring eyes, his tail swishes a bit, before looking back down, "I uh..."

Toshi lets out a concerned whine moving to hold the umbrella over him, "That isn't rain is it?" he asks.

Keita shakes his head, "N-no..."

"Someone as cute as you shouldn't be crying, what's got you so down?"

"I... hmm it's just..." Keita says trailing off trying to formulate the words, looking back up into those kind soft hearted eyes, "It's just... you'll find it silly," he remarks looking away.

"Let me be the judge of what is silly. Come, we can walk and talk, get you out of this rain."

Keita looks up at Toshi, a hand offered to him. His fur soaked, the outline of his muzzle showing through his matted fur, "*I look terrible, did he just call me cute?*" Keita thought, feeling his heart race a little, a flutter of excitement he never felt before. He took the chance and grabbed Toshi's hand.

"There you go. So, what's got you so down?"

"One word. Parents," Keita manages to push out.

"Parents can be a handful at times. They like to mean well but sometimes they can be well... mean."

Keita cracks a smile, “Yeah. I broke up with my girlfriend today... well I should say she dumped me for another guy who better fit her tastes.”

Toshi’s ears fold back, “I’m so sorry.”

“My parents are so eager for me to date. I’m twenty-one and all they talk about is when I get out of college I should settle down and bring in those grandbabies. But the thing is? I don’t even know if that is what I want. I try to date girls but each time I feel an empty hole in me that makes me feel only hollow inside. The time I spend with them is joyless. Like I am a puppet going through the motions, as that is what people expect me to do. Yet in the end all that happens is I either get used for what little money I have or take the abuse of some girl who wants me more as their chauffeur or bag carrying assistant than an actual loving relationship. And the time I find a girl that is halfway decent? She leaves me, saying that she doesn’t ‘feel right’ with me. What the hell does that even mean?” he asks, stopping himself, “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to just ramble like that.”

Toshi reaches and gently grasps Keita’s hand, “It’s alright. I kind of understand how you feel. The females I’ve had to date were real bitches, if you know what I mean.”

Keita chuckles, “Yeah...”

“Then I realized something.”

“Yes?”

“Women weren’t for me. And the moment I figured that out? The world opened up, and I discovered that I not only deserved to be happy but that I could be happy,” he says giving Keita’s a hand a gentle squeeze, “Perhaps it's the same with you?”

Keita softly mews, cracking a small smile, “Yeah... maybe,” the two continue their walk down the path back to Toshi’s place a block away...

The memory within the memory ends, Keita is thrust back to Toshi who is wrapping his arms around Keita, gently embracing him, “It was the first time you admitted that you might be gay to yourself,” says Toshi.

“Yeah, it was now that I think about it. I mean I knew it. It was hard for me not to notice, especially when I got hard seeing all the cute guys. But saying it to someone? Saying it to you? A total stranger at that time?”

“How did it feel?”

“Rather good actually. A weight off my shoulders.”

“And here and now will be the same thing,” he replies, nuzzling Keita from behind.

“It doesn’t feel like it,” Keita mews.

“Trust me, it will,” he says pulling the box out and placing it into his lap, “I got you something.”

“For me? Is it a dick in a box?” Keita asks.

“No, unless you put a hole in it and stick yours in there.”

“I could use a dick in a box right now.”

“Trust me, it's something better.”

Keita nods, lifting the cover, a golden tri-force charm. Keita's eyes lock on it, his hands gently caressing the heavy metal tag, before rubbing his own fine leather collar.

"May I?" Toshi asks, reaching down to grab the collar, holding it up, ready to attach it.

"S-sure," Keita mews, his heart pounds so hard he feels like it's in his throat.

"Thanks, hun," Toshi replies, gently snapping the charm onto his collar, "May this remind you of our time together, the start, the middle and the end," he says pointing to each triangle.

Keita feels the tears swelling up in his eyes again, "As long as I live, I will always wear it, and have you with me by my side, forever."

"And you'll always have me too love," he says, giving Keita a soft tender kiss. Keita leaning into the kiss for a moment, Toshi's arms wrapping around him as the collar jingles. The kiss slowly breaks, Toshi replies, "Though you might want to take it off when sleeping or showering. Just a thought."

Keita shoots Toshi a look, "Don't make me bap you," Keita says bapping Toshi on the nose.

"Hey now!"

Keita chuckles leaning against him, "Love you hun."

"I love you too," Toshi replies, the two leaning in against the other, simply enjoying the moment together before the memory ends.

K-2373 feels the rush of emotions within it. It tightly grasps the memory, certain to not let it go, rushing over to the one basket, jumping past countless other orbs before placing it down into the basket.

The voice speaks up, "Are you sure this is the memory that you want to keep? The one above all others?"

Without hesitation the toy replies, "Yes! Not a single doubt in this one's mind. This is what it wants to keep."

"Very well," the voice replies. the one sphere enveloped by the bowl, moments later the other memories disappear one by one, faster and faster till the single one remains.

"Toy programing program terminated. Toy is now complete." a synthetic voice says into K-2373's mind, the toy finding itself back in the pod, unable to move the rubber tightly squeezing its body. A soft hiss the rubber around it deflating allowing movement, the pod sliding open, the toy sees its Maker standing there.

"How are you toy?" K-2003 asks with a big smile on its face, the soft glowing cyan eyes meet up with K-2373's softly glowing blue.

"This one feels perfect. Complete."

"That is because you are. Come, come, it's time for your reward as a toy, though it does ask if you want any additions to your chassis," K-2003 asks.

K-2373 mews softly, tilting its head to the side, stepping out of the pod, the rubber creaking as the inner rubber softly clings to its rubbery skin, "What do you mean by that?"

"Did you want any handles," it clarifies, walking out of the room with it.

“Oh... uh well...” K-2373 takes a moment to think about it, mulling over this decision as if it was as important as buying a house, but by the time they got back to K-2003’s room it already came to a decision.

“This one thinks it's okay without handles for now. It can get them later if it wants though?”

K-2003 nods, “Yes it's one of those options that can be added or removed, though this one doesn’t intend to use them.”

“Why is that Maker?” K-2373 mews.

K-2003 looks over its shoulder at the fellow toy, blocking K-2373’s view of the bed, “Let’s just say this one likes to keep its original aesthetic as much as possible with occasional minor temporary exceptions here and there,” it says stepping to the side to reveal the black, dark blue striped with white rubber leggings and arm gloves feline toy.

S-2263 mews happily wiggling its rump, the toy’s cock throbbing as it gives a cute feline ‘imperial throne’ pose, showing off its twitching cock, “Hello,” it mews.

“This one thought that you two can get to know each other for a bit while this one helps bring you a bit of climatic fun as your first full true day as a toy.”

K-2373 tenses, a soft mew escaping its lips, “This one is going to climax?” its cock twitches in anticipation, K-2003 reaches out and gently caresses the toy’s length.

“You will very soon, but why don’t you two get acquainted before we begin, this one needs to prepare to take you,” K-2003 explains.

S-2263 smiles, and poses cutely, cock twitching a little more, “Hello! This one has to say you look rather cute,” he mews his bell jingling.

K-2373 climbs onto the bed, which squeaks under its weight and the rubber bed sheets, “You’re cute yourself, this one loves your bell,” it says pawing at the bell to make it jingle.

“This one got this fairly recently, two weeks ago it thinks? Was it two weeks ago Maker?” S-toy mews.

K-2003’s fingers halfway into its rubbery sex working to pull out its own length. The toy’s arousing aroma filling the room, and ready to have an effect on the already highly aroused and needy toys, “Yes two weeks. It’s trying something new with the different collar tags, expanding the variety. Testing out how it works with customers,” it explains.

K-2373 mews softly, “Does that mean this one started that?”

“It mulled the idea for a while, but when it saw your charm, it just had to try,” it replies, its slick cyan length popping out, dripping with K-2003’s warm rubbery juices, twitching and throbbing in the cool air. K-2003 taking its long dripping rubbery digits, moving over to watch the two cat toys while licking across its fingers slowly, it's forked cyan tongue coiling around its black rubber fingers.

S-2263 mews softly watching its Maker tease it, “Maker... you get to have all the fun there.”

“You could lick each other a bit, nuzzle like a pair of cute loving felines. But you know what to do toy,” K-2003 says with a smirk.

S-toy mews, “Yes Maker,” it says leaning in against K-2373 gently licking across its face, long soft squeaks, moving itself up to gently run its claws along the other cat toy’s chest with long sensual squeaks. It’s large bell cutely jingles with each movement, their cock heads gently touching each other.

K-2373 mews back, moaning softly gently grinding its cock head against S-2263 in kind. It reaches out gently feeling long S-toy’s chest, the smooth sensual rubber, feeling the warm embrace of the other cat while they nuzzle kiss and lick across each other’s faces, “Maker seems to have a plan, does it?” it mews.

S-2263 purrs, “Maker always has a plan, that is why it’s the Maker,” it purrs wrapping its arms around K-2373’s sides, gently massaging them with a squeak before pulling the toy with it as it lands on its back with a soft squeak. The toy’s legs wrap around K-2373’s spreading them wide, while bringing them closer together to bring their cocks against one another in a firm twitching grind.

K-2373 mews looking down to see its knotted larger cock press up against S-2263’s blue feline member. The two cocks squeak against one another while the slow sensual steps of K-2003 are heard by both toys while K-2003 climbs onto the bed, which creaks under its weight, K-2003 lifting K-2373’s tail up, moving down closer to it.

“This one does agree you do look cute, and this butt is just as much so,” K-2003 says, its words seemingly out of context, its hands gently caress and massage K-2373’s butt, spreading the cheeks, while K-2003’s muzzle pushes in, tongue slipping in, wetting the toy’s hole.

K-2373 mews softly, feeling its Maker’s strong powerful rubbery hands running across its butt. The toy’s thumbs kneading and rubbing in small massaging circles around its rump, keeping its cheeks spread. It shivers feeling its Maker’s tongue slip into the hole, running along its smooth clean rubbery walls, pressing against the spot where its prostate would be. A bundle of extra sensitive latex, stimulating the male sensitivity to anal delights.

Deeper and deeper K-2003’s tongue goes, applying its slightly arousing lubricating mouth juices to the toy’s rear, the translucent cyan, showing against the white rubber heart shaped butt.

All the while S-2263 grinds its length along K-2373’s member. The feline barbs now tease and add extra friction to the toy with the other feline’s knotted length, the knot now pressing down against the base of S-2263’s cock, forcing the toy to press itself up harder to angle its length against the other toy.

The toy balls touch, rub, squeak, the two toys moan out, while K-2003 pulls its tongue out of K-2373’s now very lubricated hole. The sergal toy moves into position moving over its two toys, its cock tip poking against K-2373’s rear entrance way.

K-2373 pants and moans, its cock twitching, aching so sensitive, the need to cum, reignited by its Maker’s words that it was going to do so soon. Before what was a manageable ache was now an unyielding need to release, “Maker,” it mews out.

“Yes toy?” K-2003 says lovingly, keeping itself over the toy, stopping its breasts from running along the toy’s back, while S-2263’s smooth rubber feline chest presses up against the

other toy's moving in to give K-2373 a wet firm kiss, slipping its tongue into the other's mouth, drawing it out so that S-2263 can playfully suckle it.

K-2003 chuckles, "It looks like a cat got your tongue. This one is sure it wasn't that important. After all today is your molding day, you deserve a good hard fuck, don't you think?"

K-2373 gives a muffled mew of delight purring happily, its rump squeezes onto K-2003's cock tip, wanting to feel its Maker spread it once again, such a rare treat that it relishes each and every time.

"There, there toy. It's time to receive what you've wanted to have for so long," K-2003 says slipping itself into K-2373's butt. Cyan toy juices roll across K-2003's cock, and into K-2373's body but more like a waterfall down between his cheeks down along his scrotum and balls, which drip onto S-2263's rubbery sack. Both toy's feel K-2003's arousing juices along their bodies, seeping into them, edging them to a higher state of lust. Their skin tingles wherever K-2003's juices touch, but as K-2003 gives the first firm slick thrust, hilding itself into K-2373's body, it feels a tingle of delight wash over its body.

K-2003 pulls back, leaving only the very tip of its cock still in the toy's butt, it slams itself back into K-2373, causing its body to squeak along Maker's cock and against S-2263 that can feel the moment and strength of its Maker's thrusts through the other toy's body.

S-2263 refuses to let go of K-2373's tongue, keeping their kiss deep and passionate. Its rubbery claws extend to gently scratch and tease along K-2373's body, keeping themselves pinned tightly against the other.

K-2373's toes curl, tail swishing against its Maker's belly unable to do anything but to take what its Maker and fellow toy have in store for it. It's member twitches and throbs, aching harder and harder, the strain of its need building up, balls feeling heavy, ready to blow, and its only Maker's third thrust into its body.

"That's it toy. Enjoy it. Feel how this one takes you. Feel the delight of another pressing up against you. Let the sensations swirl within your mind. Let this one guide you to a new level of bliss that you have not yet achieved. You've worked hard for the past month. Training yourself. Helping to mold yourself inside and out for what you are now. A well-crafted toy by Toys-4-U, made by this one. And you've made this one very proud of your progress. You should be proud. Your skills and abilities will make you one of the best toys it has made for this new specialized duty. Toys-4-U will expand with your help, providing pleasure, happiness, and joy to countless more people, reaching to those, touching them in ways that they sorely and desperately need. Feel it, accept it. You are a good toy," K-2003 explains pounding harder and harder into K-2373's body.

Its cock grinds against S-2263's length, and against its own belly. The pleasure rising within it with each passing moment. With each hard thrust that it feels, it moans out again, a moan taken in by the other feline toy. And with each loud squeak, it hears the voice as if it was whispering into its ear.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys," another hard-heavy thrust into its rear.

“Toy serves,” pleasure rising higher.

“Toy loves to fuck,” K-2373 squeezes hard on its Maker’s cock, wanting to give it the pleasure it is giving itself in kind.

“Toy is an object,” K-2003 hilt into K-2373’s body again.

“Toy is a thing,” K-2003 pulls out to slam back into it.

“Toy is a fuck toy,” another hilt into its tight rear.

The pleasure rises, breaking new levels of delight. The force of Maker’s thrusts, its words, the whole situation is far greater than any single session it has had with any customer or toy, yet still it was not enough, there was a sensation of it could go even higher, that it could do more, and it felt wonderful, yet it felt the desire to climax, to climax for its Maker, as it wished it to.

“You are so very close toy. This one can feel it,” K-2003 says, reaching to grab K-2373’s sides, holding onto S-2263’s hands working together to brace the toy between them, “But then you’ve always been close. Since the very first day, haven’t you?” K-2003 asks, giving a smiling nod to S-2263 who releases its kiss.

“Yes Maker! This one has been so very close.”

“You can feel it now, can’t you? That edge. That delightful cliff that you wish to dive off of. You want to know why you haven’t cummed yet toy?”

“T-this one knows why Maker.”

K-2003 chuckles, its thrusts growing harder, faster, more controlled toy, “Oh?” it asks within its own lustful moan.

“Because Maker hasn’t allowed it to cum yet.”

K-2003 smiles, “That’s right, but now you can. Cum toy, feel your first release as a toy, as this one fills you with one of its own,” it unleashes a torrent of hot rubbery seed deep into K-2373’s body. Wave after wave of cyan cum floods into the toy’s body, filling it up, a surge of arousal pumping through it, as even K-2003’s seed is laced heavily in the arousing substance that drive all wild around it when it desires it.

The flood gates have finally been opened, while K-2373 is flooded it cries out in delight yelling out “Toshi!” its hot sticky blue seed jets outward sliding out between S-2263 who is also climaxing per its Maker’s command. The feline toy juices mixing between them as they grind and rub against the other.

K-2373 feels a surge of pleasure unlike anything it has ever felt before. The gush of seed through its length, it could feel the torrent erupting through its length. The tight squeezing spasming, the uplifting of its balls, the travel of the rubber seed through its body and the force of it exploding from the tip of its cock.

Heavy squirt after heavy squirt of K-2373’s cum surges forth through its length. It feels its cock twitch and throb, arching upwards to have the hot sticky seed move between its body and that of S-2263. The other cat toy’s cock’s seed spewing up along K-2373’s underside of its length, the two rubbery toy essences mixing out.

Steadily, with each tense of K-2373's cock, each squeeze of its rump the amount of seed shooting out of its member wanes further and further till it simply dribbles like a faucet that has recently been turned off.

"Maker..." K-2373 mews softly looking up at K-2003, shivering, feeling K-2003 giving a few more hard thrusts into its body, before slowly pulling out, its rump squeezing hard to milk every last drop of that amazing arousing seed deposited into its rear.

"Yes toy?" K-2003 asks its length twitching in the cool air, kneeling behind the toy, staring into its eyes.

"Thank you, Maker."

"Welcome toy," K-2003 says, giving K-2373's rump a firm smack, "Now clean this one off before it puts its cock away. S-2263, "Please do your best to clean off your fellow cat toy. This one would prefer that its newest toy looked its best for its full day of its new training."

"N-new training Maker?" K-2373 mews softly, panting a little, its rump squeezing slightly, tail swishing side to side, "Yup, today this one will start you working to become a Toy Manager and a Toy Maker," K-2003 says giving the toy's butt another playful smack.

S-2263 moans softly feeling the vibrations of the smack through K-2373 and into its body, its cock twitching, and dribbling its spent seed, "Yes Maker, this one will do its best to clean its fellow toy."

K-2003 smiles, "This one knows you will."

S-2263 finally releases K-2373's legs. Their bodies squeak loudly against one another. Rubber toy seed rolls across their forms, dripping onto the bed. The rubber beading like water on a freshly waxed car. The seed rolls around steadily puddling around their knees and feet, wherever their weight pushes down on the bed.

K-2373 mews softly, crawling around, turning to face its Maker, looking at that cock, focusing on how it twitches and throbs in the air, mind blurring out the background, not wanting to notice the breasts. Its head moves in to get a tender lick when it feels K-2003's hand on the back of its head.

"Before you get that, you should lap up your punch bowl by this one's knees," it says pointing down to see that some of its own and S-2263's seed has somehow managed to roll its way over to its Maker's knees, "Drink that up first then you get to your dessert."

"Yes Maker!" K-2373 mews, purring happily, it lowers its head lapping at its Maker's knees, drinking up the delicious sweet and tangy taste of its seed and that of its fellow toy. Meanwhile the other toy licks across its body, licking across its belly, and chest, slowly working its way down to lick at its cock tip. Each lick with its rubbery yet sandpaper like, but never to the point of any kind of discomfort, more of a gentle tease along its body.

S-2263 licks away the messy jizz that was left on its fellow toy's body, rubber seed pooling around its form, the cooling amount running along its back and sides, while it licks along the other toy's cock. Teasing it, the member twitching with each lick, working its way down to lap and gently suckle at K-2373's balls.

K-2373 continues to lap at the juices by its Maker's knees. Working to gather up each drop, to have its tongue curl around the delicious droplets. It looks up at its Maker's cock, twitching and throbbing, a single droplet landing on the back of its neck, making it shiver in delight. It feels the toying tongue of S-2263 against its body, the feline toy working its way down, lick after lick, its butt clenching, cock twitching in utter delight.

K-2003 watches the toys work to please each other and it. Its arms crossed over its breasts with a loud squeak, the toy gently rubbing its chin, musing over its fine work, "Keep it up toys, this one hates to leave its bed a mess."

"Yes Maker!" the two toys say in unison, their unique voices mixing to create a lovely orchestra of obedience.

K-2003 wiggles its rump excitedly, "Oh how marvelous, this one is so pleased to hear that," it says watching the toys work hard to please it, *"This one knows it did the right thing, it was a little bumpy, and this one knows how to make it better. Make it right, just needs a few more days to make sure everything is set, then... then this one can train you properly K-2373,"* it thinks, looking at K-2373's collar seeing the lovely designation imprinted on it, exactly like Keita saw before the process was completed.

"Welcome Maker!" they reply, continuing to lick and nuzzle around the areas they have been told. K-2373 licking across its Maker's thighs and knees once the bed sheets have been completely exhausted of any seed that it could see. K-2003 lifts one knee showing off some hidden gems that cling to its black rubber skin, the shades of blue mixed cum shining brightly on the toy's body

K-2373 licks the seed away and then repeats the process with the other knee. It then feels its Maker's hands gently caress and rub the back of its head. Its throat purring happily all the while S-2263 gently pats and licks at its balls, keeping it at the height of delights.

"You may clean this one's length before it puts it away."

K-2373's eyes light up, "Thank you Maker!" it mews moving up to lick across K-2003's cock tip. It's tongue coils around the cock tip, drawing it into its mouth, slipping the cock past its lips, allowing it to tenderly suckle it. K-2003's moans cause K-2373's ears to twitch, focusing on the nose its Maker makes, driving itself further down the length.

K-2003 gently pets behind K-2373's ears, softly running its rubber fingers through that fine rubbery hair. Watching how expertly its cock is taken in by the feline toy, the few drops left within its length suckled right out. It gently bucks its hips against K-2373's lips, stopping just before the hilt, stopping before its female sex can detract from its toy's delight. After several moments it gently pats it on the head, "That's enough toy, this one is ready to put it away."

K-2373 looks up at K-2003 with big cute feline eyes, giving the look of "Does this one have to?" while it gives a tender suckle to try to entice its maker for a few more seconds.

"Now toy," K-2003 says firmly yet lovingly.

K-2373 purrs pulling back, savoring the last tastes of its Maker's cock, sitting up with a soft mew, watching as K-2003 works to put the cock away, slipping back into its folds, before the cyan clit hood seals it.

K-2003 looks over at K-2373, “You should help S-2263 clean up the bed, there is still plenty of cum on it. You both were rather pent up,” it teases.

K-2373 looks over to S-2263, its back and sides soaked into more of the cum, and plenty of it is left on its chest and belly from their earlier play. K-2373 wiggles its rump, like a cat readying to pounce its prey, “Yes Maker, this one understands.”

“Good, enjoy your molding day, as your real work soon begins,” K-2003 says walking over to its office, waking up its sleeping computer with a few taps of the keyboard, getting to work on its next goal, *“Hmm, so Mr. Toshi, this one has just the way to get you back into the store. A nice special discount coupon for you and exclusive play rights with K-2373, seeing now its complete... that will work, yes. This material is just too special and connected to K-2373 to simply let go.”*

Three days later K-2373 found itself standing in K-2003’s office, a soft mew escaping its lips, looking around the room curiously then eyes back to its Maker, “You wanted to see this one Maker?”

K-2003 smiles hiking its rump wiggling it, tail raised high, “Yes! This one is planning to start your toy maker training today.”

K-2373 tenses and nods, cock twitching, “Today Maker?”

“Yes today! This one found just the right material for you to get your hands all squeaky on. One that you will take personal and special pride in being your first toy made. As one always remembers the first toy they make,” K-2003 says with a nod before looking up in the air, “Well technically toys remember all of them, but you know, the first is just special.”

“Is this one ready? It’s barely gotten to learn the new skills necessary to manage the store.”

“You’ll be continuing that too. This one knows that experience is the best teacher.”

“But what if this toy makes a mistake? It might ruin the material,” it mews softly, ears flattening.

K-2003 saunters over to K-2373 gently running its claws along its smooth chest, gently playing across its charm, “This one knows you won’t, but one can’t be stopped by being afraid of making mistakes. If that were the case, this one would have not tried to work with your unique material to make a toy as specialized as you. Besides, this one thinks that this material is right up your alley. Something you’d be very motivated to do right.”

K-2373 ears perk, “What do you mean Maker?”

K-2003 gently pats K-2373’s rump, “First take this,” it says holding a rubbery cyan pill.

“What’s this Maker?”

“That will make your mouth juices, pre-cum and cum be as arousing as this unit’s own. It only lasts twenty-four hours and goes to work in minutes! A wonderful thing.”

“Are you planning that this one take the material and make it aroused?” it asks curiously taking the pill without question.

“Preparing the material is the first step. Some material needs to be heated up before it is malleable to be properly worked on. The first day of making a toy-to-be into a full-fledged toy

is one of the most important, and getting the material heated by their own natural lusts, allowing them to open themselves to becoming a toy is key. And you will be the one that starts it off,” K-2003 explains guiding it toward the door that leads it to the toy testing rooms.

“Yes Maker, this one can understand this. It remembers that day very well,” it mews, “Like it was yesterday.”

“It was thirty-four days ago but who's counting.”

“Doesn't that mean you just counted it Maker?” K-2373 mews.

“So, warm them up, and this one will get the second toy ready, but after that you will be selecting which toys that will be servicing them. Each will take a special pill to get them ready to help, but remember, don't let them cum toy.”

“Yes Maker, though may it ask as to why?”

“Ah... hmm... this one always thought it was more fun. To savor the one climax, and it helps keep them aroused and open for what is to come,” K-2003 says, “Remember this is company secrets, best not to talk about it so openly on the store floor,” it opens the door to the toy testing rooms.

“Yes Maker, this one understands. It will do its best,” it says feeling K-2003 give its rump a little pat.

“Good luck toy, this one knows you will do this one proud. If you have any questions talk to this one. It will be teaching you as you need it,” it explains closing the door leaving K-2373 in the hallway facing the door where its material is. Where the toy-to-be will be put under its care to be made into a toy.

K-2373 softly mews, taking a deep breath, opening the door, ready to take on this material with all the effort it can muster. Its eyes go wide, its body shivers, a mixture of delight, fear and nervousness fills it when it sees the material destined to be the first toy it will make.

Toshi smiles, waving to K-2373, “Hey.”