

Toys-4-U Relations

Brian slinked up to the Toys-4-U super megastore. The human in a tight embracing rubbery anthropomorphic Shadow Lugia steps up to the front of the store. Two large buff anthropomorphic rhino security guards stand at the far ends, noting him enter. With a spring in his step, he walks through the front doors, hearing that wonderful greeting.

“Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U super megastore! If you need any assistance, please don’t hesitate to ask this one or any of us toys here. We exist to service you!” exclaims a sleek rubbery femboy anthropomorphic shark toy. With soft black skin, yellow highlights along its back fin and tail, with some blue in its ears and eyes, with a unique white coloration of its hair. The toy’s yellow cock is relaxed but seemingly eager to get at the ready as it poses on the greeting pedestal, hiking its butt to those behind it, smiling at him. The shark toy’s golden fish shaped tag jingles with the clear designation of E-8375 on it.

Brian smiles, the dynamic rubber suit shows the Lugia, smiling, “Hello. Toy. You’re looking really good today.”

It stands up, “Thank you. This one’s tries to take care of itself so it can look the best for the customers.”

“Well, you are a very good-looking toy.”

“Thank you. If you like this one a lot, the store it’s from specializes in femboy toys, and other delightful homoerotic interests,” it says with a playful wink.

“You’re from a different store then?”

“That this one is. Toy Mistress thought it is good that we toys get around to let customers know that Toys-4-U has specialized stores for varied customer interests.”

“I see,” he adjusts himself with a soft squeak, “I will keep that in mind. I didn’t know Toys-4-U had specialized Megastores.”

“We are an older store. If you are curious, it can give you the address.”

“I’ll be good for now. Do you happen to know where K-2003 is? I’m here to have a meeting with her.”

“This one isn’t sure, but it can check for you, if you’d like?”

“I would like that very much, thank you.”

“As you wish!” E-8375 says with a cordial squeaky bow, hopping off the stand, rushing off. Brian walks off to the side closer to the pickup and customer service help desk where a sleek blue and magenta nevrean toy is busily working. But his wait isn’t long when the shark toy comes back, “This one is told that Toy Mistress is in its office. If you head to the toy testing rooms, all the way down to the last door on the left.”

“I know of it. I’ve been there a few times, thank you toy. You are very helpful.”

“It is this one’s pleasure to be of service to customers. Have a good day, and enjoy your visit,” E-toy responds, rushing back to the greeting standing in the front of the store while he headed to the back. Passing toys bound nice and tight, showing off the heavy bondage

equipment, being on stands within the store like bondage mannequins. They squeak and moan, drawing customers to them, allowed to touch and feel the equipment that holds them in place.

Brian feels a twitch within his loins, feeling a little excitement but presses on, his heart racing, knowing what is in store for him. He walks into the toy testing room hallway, the smell of rubber is heavy in the air, cleaning supplies help combat an aroma of sex, soft moans are occasionally heard from within one room, but he walks by reaching his destination, knocking on the door.

A few moments pass before the door clicks open. The door swings open, revealing a sleek black rubber sergal with cyan rubber highlights. It stands tall matching his Shadow Lugia rubber covered body. Its eyes give off a soft glow, its cuffs a black and cyan, with cursive lettering of "Fuck Toy" on them. The toy's naked breasts bounce, it leans forward, its silver tag jingles which says K-2003 on the front, "Hello! Welcome, please come in. It has everything set up and ready for you on its bed," it says, holding the door open.

"Hello K-2003, how are you doing today?" asks Brian stepping inside.

The sergal toy closes the door behind him, "This one is good. It's been busy with work, but it's such wonderful work! It got a new assistant to help this one gets plenty of dick... hmm no well that one gets plenty of that. It's for dick something. Dick tattas?"

"Dicktations?"

K-2003's eyes light up, "Ah yes that! Please sit on the bed, its in the white box if you want to take a quick look at it, make sure everything is to meet your specifications. It can make alterations for your body if you so want," it says heading into the office, popping its head in there rump hiked, "E-2453. Please come out and help take notes on how this product works with our very valuable customer. Though all of our customers are valuable. This customer just likes to push the boundaries of our products and venture into new and exciting sexy things," it says popping its head out, sauntering back over to Brian.

He is currently running his fingers across the box, growing eager to open it but waits to see who the toy is talking to. Coming out of the office is a sleek faceless black rubber anthropomorphic sea dragon drone toy, with a blue and purple tight fitting rubber dress attire with handles that shift from blue to purple along the handles. In the drone toy's rubbery claws is an electronic notepad and a stylus.

"This one is here to take notes Toy Mistress," E-2453 says in a smooth sultry female voice, its ear fins twitch, showing the hints of a personality under that smooth blank face.

"You get the most interesting assistance, I will admit that K-toy," says Brian, taking a deep breath, running his fingers across his suit, pressing the press seal area to initiate the opening of the rubber. The suit peels back, the rubber separating like Moses parting the red sea. Revealing the soft white skinned human with brown hair and eyes underneath.

The Shadow Lugia suit twitches, detaching itself from Brian, becoming flaccid in the process, Brian pushing himself out of the suit, stretching and cracking his neck, "I love these suits. I can barely imagine taking them off. But I won't say it's refreshing to take this guy off, but more a reminder of who I am," Brian chuckles.

K-2003 approaches looking at him curiously, “Didn’t you go to the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino?” it inquired, tilting its head, looking over him.

“Yeah, I did. Me and my friends had a wonderful time wearing and believing we were rubber pokémon. A fantastic thing, many thanks. Not the first time I’ve been there. Why do you ask?”

“This one thought you’d be more... of a pokémon.... For some reason.”

“Why do you say that?”

K-2003 gently rubs its chin, “This one is not sure. Perhaps one of the many possibilities of the universe laid before it. Seen in quick glimpses, making one wonder what is the true reality, and what is merely fantasy. That are false memories and echoes of one’s life really what happened, a mis-remembering or something more.”

Brian stares at the toy for a moment, blinking a few times, “What?”

“Huh?”

“What was that?”

“What was what?”

“What you said.”

“This one said huh.”

“Before that.”

“Before what?”

“Before you said huh. All that you said. What was that?”

“This one has said a lot of things before the word huh. It takes years for this one to go over it. Don’t you have your new custom suit to try?”

Brian sighs, “Never mind, and you’re right I do,” he replies, wiggling fully out of the suit, the naked him, gently placing his Shadow Lugia suit off to the side, “You know before I think I’d be nervous just being naked around toys. But now? I think I got a handle of it. Thanks, toy.”

“This one is glad to help and be of service!”

“I know you are, toy. You’re the only CEO I know of that gets this in depth to the day to day operations of their company.”

“Well, this one really likes to get nice and deep into things. Really drive home it,” it says with an affirmative nod, the toy walking over the cameras, setting them up.

Brain quirks an eyebrow, “What’s that?” he asks nervously.

“Post suiting camera shoot. This one has had many hermaphrodite suits for males, females, and all in between, even for other hermaphrodites you know. But this is using a special dynamic rubber that it uses on its drone technology, an interesting hybrid so it wants to make sure everything is good and well-advertised for those who can’t determine if they want to suit with a cock or a vagina? How about a super pleasurable both!” it exclaims happily.

“I’m glad to give you improvements to your current suiting lines. Though I know you have done much to make suits that help people feel like they are the other gender. And you help people explore themselves in ways never thought possible.”

“This one tries to help others become happy, and live happy productive lives. And that is this one does. Now, why don’t you take a look at your suit, this one is sure you will enjoy!”

“I know I shouldn’t be putting this off. I’m really excited to see it and really feel it out,” he says, going over to the box, lifting the cover, reveals sleek and shiny magenta-pink rubber. The aroma of “new rubber” lingers in the air, a subtle smell that only one who has been around rubber could differentiate from the rest. He reaches for the suit, unfolding it from the box, feeling the sleek latex against his fingertips, the cherry-red hair, claw tips and eyes are exactly what he is hoping for as he lays out the hermaphrodite sergal suit. The rubber has a sheath already built in with a clit hood that in its default state rests against the female sex hidden right behind the balls, much like how K-2003’s cyan clit hood rests against its own arousing sex.

On the bottom of the box there’s a matching set of cuffs and collar with the cherry-red being the cuff’s outline and the cursive lettering that he can just imagine glowing lettering that will come about once it’s on. He swallows a lump in his throat, wiggling his butt against the black rubber bed sheets, causing them to squeak loudly.

K-2003 leans on the foot of the bed, breasts out, squeezed tightly together, rump swaying side to side, hiked eagerly for anyone who could be behind it, even though there's no one there, “Does that meet your standards? This one was surprised you wanted to get one of its species, slightly southern variety, but it aims to please,” it says with a nod.

“I’m always impressed at the level of quality you put into these models. And they are so realistic and brings things to life in so many ways. The efforts you get to make it feel real, and just come to life. It’s made me feel not naked even though I’m butt naked inside of the Lugia suit. I sort of feel like it's me there, and I’m no longer hiding.... Does that make any sense?”

K-2003 nods, “Yes it does. This one completely understands. It’s a core component of what this one does. Helping people strive to find themselves in a world that doesn’t always encourage that kind of self-discovery. And we here at Toys-4-U strive for a safe way to discover oneself and reach their potential. Helping make the stresses of everyday life a little less stressful, allowing one to achieve a greater balance with themselves and the world around them.”

Brian gives K-2003 a cursory glance, “You tend to get rather physiological for a fuck toy, don’t you?”

“Well, this one knows that there’s more to life to fucking, but life cannot happen without fucking. Like being a toy, its purpose is more than just the release of a quick rush of brain chemicals caused by physical and mental stimuli releasing a moment of climactic bliss. We like to provide substance to our delights and pleasures that nourishes one externally and internally to the best of our abilities.”

Brian looks over the sergal suit, feeling the thick cherry-red hip handles and back handles that give perfect grip for anyone that would to take him. Along the hips he sees a barcode with the letterings put at the base of the barcode that reads, “ST-125-409” There’s a small matching on on the right side of the neck as well as he explores the suit, “What does that designation by the barcode mean? Normally you have all the toys like yourself with a letter and four digits.”

K-2003 stands up, walking over to him, looking at the suit, “Well you aren’t a toy. And it's a general prototype suit that uses neural attachments along the spine and the back of your mind to replicate and grow the sensation of having an extra set of genitals and further enhancing the pleasure felt through the suit skin, by making it feel even more like your skin. Rather than our very common yet still very popular method of transferring the touch to your actual pleasure spots to make yourself feel pleased by the touch and trick your mind that you have said new genitalia. This creates a brand-new erogenous zone for you to experience. It’s very similar to our drone units and helmets we use, but to a more localized degree making them a cheaper alternative to some of the other models.”

“You’re always thinking of others, and I appreciate the time you take with me.”

“You are a very big customer... well money wise. This one has serviced feral dragons and they are far bigger than you in terms of that. And this one knows the customer comes first.”

“Cums or comes?”

“Comes. Well normally they do anyway before the toys. Anyway, this one thinks you should look over the suit, destinationless toy so we can get this underway.”

“I am, just checking for all the fun details,” he says, looking at the inner thighs, seeing the cherry-red arrows that are along the inner thighs, pointing toward the female sex, and along the rump and underside of the tail that do the same for the rear. Brian swallows a lump in his throat, “I would have never imagined myself wearing anything like this before, but now... I think I will be rather comfortable with it.”

K-2003 jumps, “Yay! This one is so glad that you think so. This one does want you to break through your mental barriers and simply accept yourself... gosh why does that sound so familiar...” it mutters, gently rubbing its chin with a soft squeak before shrugging.

“Strange, it doesn’t say ‘Fuck Here’ like I was asking.”

“Ohhh, this one has added a special feature to yours, going with the technology that makes our cuffs glow like this, you see?” K-2003 says showing off its “Fuck Toy” lettering on its cuffs that glow softly.

“You got me curious.”

“Why don’t you try it on and see. This one thinks you’ll love the surprise.”

“Are you sure it's a good idea to surprise the customer with features not asked for in their suits?”

“This one knows you will like it. If it's one thing that this one is good at, is being able to read customers. It’s an essential part of its job,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“After what you’ve done with the suits, I’ll trust your judgement,” he says, running his fingers along the back of the suit, the rubber parting ways, revealing the glistening pink interior. A soft aroma of cherry fills his nostrils mixing with the latex of the suit. His member twitches, feeling a growing urge within him. He looks to K-2003, tensing a little, “Are you both going to watch me wear this?”

E-2453 says, “This one is taking notes of the wearing process and will be taking notes of any issues you have, dressing yourself solo. Is that alright?” it asks with an ear fin twitch.

“I suppose that’s alright, and you K-2003?”

“This one is here to make sure that you get any help you need,” it replies sitting on the bed, wiggling its rump with an eager squeak, looking over him while the suit is now fully open for him to slip the suit on.

“Well, that’s good to know. Though I am surprised you’d be the one to help me. I’d figured you’d have far more important things to be doing,” he responds, rolling the suit back, slipping his feet into the smooth rubber, watching the legs fill out, the rubber squeaking and tugging as it slides across his skin.

“This one is on lunch break.”

“Do you have lunch breaks?”

“When this one decides it.”

“Do you eat lunch?” he asks curiously, pulling the legs up, feeling his feet pop into the sergal feet, the rubber caressing and squeezing his feet like soft cushioned foam rubber that embraces his feet, his toes moving, moving the larger sergal toes.

“When this one wants to. It has a kitchen over there you know,” it says, pointing.

“Ah, I was wondering why you had that kitchen there. Does that mean you live here?” he asks, standing up, pulling the suit up, feeling the rubber press against his crotch, his hand reaching in to adjust the suit, so his junk slips into the sheath, guiding his hard member into the sleeve, watching the cherry-red sergal cock be pushed out of the suit, out and hard like he is.

“Need any help making sure it's fitted right?” K-2003 asks, turning onto the bed so it's on all fours, breasts out, rump hiked, tail raised, looking at him with an almost devious grin as it squeezes the rubber bed sheets with a squeak.

“I got it toy. Perhaps once I am fully suited up, you can check to make sure everything fits and where it’s supposed to be?” he suggests, reaching into the suit, slipping his arms into the gloves of it, feeling the hefty breasts press against his smooth chest, making him tense, the cock twitching, feeling the growing heft of the female breasts before him while his arms fill out the suit’s arms.

“Sure, this one completely understands. It is here in case you need any help any sooner,” it responds with a nod.

“Thank you, K-toy,” he says, reaching behind him, which helps slip his hands into the suit better, popping them into place, fingers fitting perfectly, a hand into glove as it were, before he reaches behind him, gently feeling up his rubber covered butt and the sergal tail behind him, making sure everything there is mostly in place. The rubber pressing up against his cheeks, against his rear, knowing that the hole is gently touching his pucker, lining him up perfectly for his purpose, “And so far, so good.”

“This one is glad you think so,” it says, crawling across the bed, its body squeaking against the bed sheets, the bed creaking under its weight, the toy getting a nice look under his tail, while tis own butt his held nice and high.

Brian gives it a curious look, “What are you doing?”

“Making sure everything is fitting alright.”

“Perhaps wait till I am done?”

“This one is simply observing. Don’t mind this one. Carry on. Call this one if you need any help.”

“I will, thank you for your concern,” he replies, adjusting the front of the suit, making sure the breasts are nicely lined up against him. The smooth rubber pressing and caressing his front, his sergal cock tip just visible past his breasts, the thought of his already growing combined sexes adds to his tease, driving him even more wild. Smoothing out his arms, making sure not a single wrinkle remains within them, he folds the head over, seeing the warm and welcoming interior of the rubber.

“This suit is so similar yet different than the Lugia. The Lugia is so much bigger than the sergal. There’s less to hide, less to make me look not like me, but that’s okay. This is fine. I will be hidden away, snug under this cute and sexy sergal toy form. Just relax and enjoy this,” he thinks, pulling the hood over his head, the front of the hood is already attached to the suit, showing no opening in the front.

The sound of rubber creaking past his ears deafens him to all other sounds, the taste of rubber filling his mouth, flooding his senses, his hair pushed back, and gently tugging at his roots, the rubber completely embracing his head, his hands moving up to adjust and slip everything into place.

His teeth align into the mouth opening like a dental professional mouth guard. His vision slowly returning as he makes subtle adjustments to the mask, giving him a slightly limited view of the world. The cherry-red latex covering in front of his eyes tints his world. He feels the cool air against his back while he arches his back, pulling his arm back helping the suit press along his form, “Uh... perhaps closing the back will be nice?” he asks, his hands just not quite able to reach behind him to press seal it closed.

“This one is here to the rescue!” it exclaims, climbing over to him, grabbing the rubber suit, tugging the ends closer while running its finger across the opening, helping it seal the suit, locking Brian within the Toys-4-U rubber once again.

K-2003 presses its breasts against his back, the toy loudly squeaking while its hands reach around and gently fondle his junk, claw tips rolling across the rubber coated sack, other hand gripping his length, giving a few solid firm strokes.

“T-toy, what are you doing?” he asks, tensing up, letting out a soft muffled moan.

“This one is making sure everything is fitting right before we activate the suit,” it says, reaching along his sides, teasing the handles, the weight of which can be felt on his shoulder blades and hips. The toy’s claws run across the rubber, which sends shivers through Brian, till the toy gives the breast a firm grope, squeezing them, “So far so good.”

“Next comes the gear before the suit activates, right?”

K-2003 pulls away, “Yup! The cuffs and collar. Yours just has the ankle, thigh, wrist and collar, right?”

“Yeah. The upper arm cuffs seem a bit too much for me. But the ones near the thighs? Oh, that does feel nice and kinky,” he chuckles, his body squeaking, cock twitching.

“That is what this one thought, it just wanted to make sure,” it says, laying out the cuffs.

“These suits operate on my body heat, when do some of the functions start up?” he asks, feeling the suit tighten around him moments after he speaks those words. The rubber squeezing and pressing around him, pushing into his rear slightly, opening his rear, his balls caressed by the rubber while he gets a subtle sensation that he’s in a mobile vac bed, the rubber pressing around him, tongue moving within a rubber tongue sleeve. His words become a little less muffled, but he does clearly feel he’s wearing a suit, as lovely as that suit is.

“This one would say about now. It has a few minutes of idle time to build up the energy within the suit before it activates. It is currently still at the early stages and not fully activate as that requires your permission to do so. But we’ll get to that once you are all geared up. This one can’t have you naked in front of the cameras now.”

“Uh... I don’t think a set of cuffs and collar counts as clothing?”

“Now, now, don’t be shy, these will help complete you,” K-2003 says, spreading Brian’s legs, taking the first ankle cuff and wrapping around his ankle. The toy rubs its finger around the opening, sealing it closed then around the cuff’s center, binding it to Brian’s suit, giving a merged toy bondage cuff feel. And within moments the connect, the cherry-red cursive lettering text glows with the words “Fuck Toy.”

Brian watches with amusement, seeing the lettering light up when he catches something else. Flashing light along his thighs, making the arrow that leads towards his sex appear to be moving towards his faux female sex. Furthermore, he can see the text flash as the arrows move, “Fuck Here” in a constant wave fashion that brings one attention to his privates. Upon seeing this his heart skips a beat, “Are my arrows animated.”

K-2003 just finished putting the second ankle cuff on him, looks up with a friendly smile, “Oh you finally noticed. This one was beginning to wonder when you would.”

“Is my tail the same way?” he asks, looking behind him, seeing the red reflective glow of the text and arrows on the black rubber bed sheets, which quickly answering his question, “Holy fuck, you did.”

K-2003 placing the thigh cuffs around his thighs responds, “Well you do have holes to fuck, yes. This one tried to make you get that sex prisoner slash sex toy feel when it comes to your suit. Being bound up really does free you, doesn’t it?” K-2003 asks, working on the next thigh cuffs.

Brain takes a deep breath, calming himself, feeling his member ache even harder between his legs, “Yeah. That saying that bondage sets your mind free? I say it’s similar to me on that. I’m a prisoner in my own body. Too shy to go out in public and have people see me. Judge me for what’s on the outside, and never on the inside. Which is why I wear your suits. The advanced technology for long term wear and how you’ve worked to normalize it in some circles, allowed me to go out and be me. Even without it I could never have myself do so.”

K-2003 finishes the other thigh, reaching over to grab his wrists, “This one has never figured why people put so much on looks anyway. And it doesn’t mean about how one dresses. There are rules that society makes to help the world work. Business suits, dressed for success?

Those things. That this one understands. It also understands why people have certain attractions. Species without breasts, their kind often don't have a high demand to have them in their suits or their sex toys, but there are exceptions to those rules of course. No one is a perfect fit to anything, no matter how general you try to make the rules."

"Toy, I don't think I am following what you are meaning."

"Following? This one is right here. Nothing for it to follow. But to end what this one is saying. It can't figure out why people worry about how they look that can't be changed. Why judge someone by that? Why worry what others think of you if you have scales, fur, feathers or simple skin? Does that really define who you are? This one doesn't think so. The rubber suit you wear to go out and be you, never defined you. Only enabled you to overcome the blocks in your mind that prevented you from being you. And this one is so glad that it is helping you do that. Nothing makes this one more pleased that enabling people to be themselves in a friendly, loving and helpful way," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Wow K-2003. That is rather insightful. And I don't mean just because you're a fuck toy."

"Now lets get this collar on your neck so we can prepare the cameras to show your mental transition into a totally slutty bondage toy! With the help of the stage one hypnotic AI program that we've pre-installed into your suit!" K-2003 says gleefully, moving behind you giving his butt a squeaky smack, pulling the collar around his neck.

"And there goes the moment," he says with a soft chuckle.

E-2453 remarks, while jotting down information on the electronic keypad, "Toy Mistress is often like that. Jumping from one thing to the next. Very friendly at least, and the best Toy Mistress this one could ever hope for."

"Awe thank you E-toy!" K-2003 says happily, pressing its breasts against Brian's back toy handles, sealing the collar in place, letting the red metal cherry, cherry shaped tag rest on his front, the collar sealing and attaching to his suit, completely the ensemble. K-2003 bounces off the bed, moving back behind the cameras.

"I forgot you were here," comments Brian.

"A good secretary isn't heard. But takes good notes," she responds, stepping out of the way of the cameras.

"This one is always happy to hear that one's advice. It's why it was made, to better service this one in service to the company. Though it must say it really loves its faceless mode the most."

"You do?" asks Brian while K-2003 adjusts the cameras.

"Oh this one loves both modes," it responds.

"Toy Mistress was referring to this one's interests," E-toy explains.

"Oh, I see. I understand it now. Sorry when you refer to yourselves as you do, I sometimes get confused."

"No worries. We toys know that when you get a lot of us in a room talking about itself, that one, this one that it can be confusing, but it is what it is... though this one isn't a fan of that

phrase for some reason... but oh well! Now, this one is going to start the cameras, please put the box off to the side and get on the bed however you feel comfortable.”

“Oh, sure, sure,” Brian replies, taking the box, slipping it under the bed, his rubber body squeaking loudly on the bed sheets. He scrambles to smooth out the bed, laying across the bed, “Is this alright?”

“If you feel comfortable like that, then yes.”

“Actually, I am thinking that it might be better if I just sit up for this then,” he says, sitting on his feet, legs spread, showing off his throbbing cock, but quickly hides it when his leans forward, arms in front of his crotch, in a partial teasing yet hiding pose, “This might be good I think.”

“Perfect. Cameras start in three... two... one,” K-2003 flips a switch, “Now for legal sakes. This one wants to get on camera that you are undoing this trial phase of our new gender enhancement prototype pleasure suits. The current species is sergal, hermaphrodite. And that you are doing this under your free will, give complete and total consent to the Toys-4-U company and that we are not legally responsible for anything that happens during this test be it any long term mental altercations and the like.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” he says, giving K-2003 a curious look, “Is this dangerous?”

“No more dangerous than the hypnosis you’ve been under before. This is simply legal mobo jombo that it has to stay to prevent you from holding us responsible for anything that might happen that was not foreseen by this one and its crack team of research toys. Nothing serious.”

“Alright, well then I agree to all the terms and conditions of using this suit and I am completely doing this under my free will.”

“Wonderful! That is exactly what this one was hoping you’d say. Though it is not sure why you wouldn’t agree. Otherwise, we couldn’t continue and this one can see how eager you are to continue.”

“Are these cameras on?”

“Yup!”

“So they are recording this?”

“Yup!”

“Alright, good to know... now what?”

“Start with saying very clearly, Suit activation command A. Toy suit active.”

Brian nods, saying “Suit activation command A. Toy suit activate.”

The moment he finishes the phrase he feels the suit grip his body tighter, a tingle runs down his spine and a voice speaks into his mind, ***“Command accepted. Activating slut toy condition. Duration. Six hours. Thank you for using Toys-4-U prototype toy suits. Toys-4-U is not responsible for any over conditioning and long-lasting cognitive effects from Toys-4-U brand hypnosis.”***

Brian shudders arching his back, showing off his breasts, cock twitching harder, hearing the voice continue, ***“Core personality unchanged. Disabling inhibitions, increasing core sexual desires. Predicted conditioning period. Fifteen minutes.”***

“What? Only fifteen minutes?” he mutters, the suit squeezing him more, pleasure increasing, the cool air around his body becoming ever more real with each passing moment. Steadily he looks forward, feeling his mind being drawn into a soft hypnotic trance. Drawing his consciousness away from his current sense of self. Steadily as he’s drawn out, drifting out into the depths of the hypnosis, eyes glazed over, mouth open, cock still twitching, aching. Feeling better and better, the length the cock growing, the tight sheath his cock slips out of growing all the more sensitive, hefty.

Every so often he twitches feeling a growing pleasure and heat between his legs, his faux female sergal sex complete with clit hood, of cherry-red rubber becomes more attached to his mind. A wave of pleasure washes over him, his body grinding against the bed, clit hood twitching, his mind wrapping around how to move the sergal clit hood, the prehensile nature of it is like a tongue, and like a tongue it is soon licking around between her aching legs, body feeling that growing urge to fuck.

“Yes... yes...” he moans out hearing the voice in his head, guiding his thoughts, building onto his current psyche.

“You are open. You love your body.”

“I am open... I love my body.”

“You love to show off yourself.”

“I love to show off myself.”

“You’ll do anything for a good fuck.”

“I’ll do anything for a good fuck.”

“Fucking his wonderful.”

“Fucking his wonderful.”

E-2453 writes down on the keypad, remarking, “We should fix that typo.”

“Ah yes, we should. Toy, adjust Fucking his wonderful to fucking is wonderful.

Override adjustment toy command K-2003, Toy Mistress,” states K-2003.

The suit responds in Brian’s mind, ***“Affirmative. Making adjustment.”***

“Affirmative, making adjustment.”

“Fucking is wonderful.”

“Fucking is wonderful.”

“You are a slutty sergal.”

“I am a slutty sergal,” he says, shuddering the suit making his voice higher, more feminine.

“You are a good girl sergal.”

“I am a good girl sergal,” she says, moaning out in delight, her cock twitching.

K-2003 leans over to E-2453 whispering, “We’ll edit that mistake out in post.”

E-2003 nods, “Yes Toy Mistress.”

“Good.”

Brian lets out another long, needy moan, saying “I am a slutty girl,” she purrs, eyes glazed over, several more minutes pass, as the hypnosis takes deep root within her mind. The sergal body with each passing moment becomes ever more real, ever more part of her. The tail, the aching rear, the twitching female sex, with a hidden sleeve within it to allow for deep fucking and give as much pleasure to Brian as possible.

“Your hypnosis is complete. You accept it all for the duration.”

“My hypnosis is complete. I accept it all for the duration,” Brian says, letting out a soft lewd mind, eyes fluttering to life, looking like a sleek smooth rubber toy much like K-2003 with soft glowing parts. She looks at the cameras, wiggling her rump a little, leaning forward, seeing K-2003 giving a sly grin, knowing just what K-2003 represents... a fun fuck.

“How do you feel?” K-2003 asks with curiosity, wiggling its rump, growing eager and excited.

“I feel fine deary. The hypnosis feels great. I’ve never felt so great like this before,” she says, giving the toy a playful wink as she adds, “But I know you could make me feel even better.”

“Wonderful!” it exclaims with glee, turning to E-toy, “Please man the cameras. It will be starting the demonstration.”

“As you wish, toy Mistress,” the dragon toy says, getting behind the cameras, adjusting them while K-2003 saunters into view.

“Dear, though this one will not be using your real name for your privacy, you know who you are and what’s currently going on, don’t you?”

“That I do. I am a human under this suit, but I don’t feel human. I am a lovely hermaphrodite sergal, pseudo toy. And there is nothing more than I’d like than a good *long and hard fuck*,” she says with a soft moan hiking her tail up, breasts jutting out, legs spread, showing off the throbbing cock, dribbling with a little bit of pre-cum, the rubber surrounding his real cock has gone down his cum slit providing full access to his true body.

“Wonderful, and does this feel great? Any reservations?”

“None at the moment love. This feels wonderful. I finally feel free of myself, and I am just so eager to explore how *good* it can be to be such a *slut*.”

“Do you mind you are being recorded for this?” K-2003 asks reaching up to gently rub and pet Brian’s head.

“Why would I mind if I am being watched. That sounds rather...” she says, leaning into the pets, nuzzling K-2003’s fingers, drawing one into her mouth, suckling the rubbery digit. Grabbing K-2003’s wrist, allowing her to bob her head up and down the digit, moaning softly, humping into the air, breasts bouncing as her cock sways, slowly she pulls her head away from the toy’s digits with a loud pop, saliva trailing from the toy’s fingers to her mouth, “*fun*.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump, “Well that is wonderful! This one is here to show off a lot of your features for future advertisements for this new suit type, which will be coming in a wide assort of species and preferred genders,” K-2003 says looking toward the camera, giving a

playful wink, “We will also be accepting custom orders if you can’t wait on a specific mass-produced species.”

“Always the lovely salesman,” says Brian with a soft pant, “But I can’t wait to have you sell my piece of rubbery ass.” She lets out a soft moan.

“This one won’t be doing a porno for this, but it will be showing off your features,” it says moving over to Brian, reaching out to grip the handle, sending pleasure through the human’s body. Making him feel like his cock is being stroked and teased when K-2003 grinds her grip around one handle and then the other, keeping her grinding hips nice and still.

“Oh, fuck me...” she moans.

“Later, this one needs to show off your features. And the first feature which will relate to another feature is the improved neural sensation between the customer’s body and the rubber suit. Making that second skin sensation of our suits feel like a first skin! So detailed are this new dynamic latex connection within the suit, based on our drone hood technology introduced a few years ago, that even these handles which no organic customer would ever have, feels as pleasurable as any erogenous zone on your body,” K-2003 says giving the handles another firm squeaky twist.

“Oh yes... yes... fucking yes,” Brian moans.

“As you can see they are very pleasurable, and have a solid anchor on the body allowing for good grips when fucking your friend, or when wants to be fucked really hard. But the handles are optional incase that is not your thing,” K-2003 force turns Brian to the side, showing off her body, “This suit even comes with shoulder blade handles, how wonderful is that?” it squeaks happily.

“It feels wonderful to me...” moans Brian, pressing herself up against K-2003’s touches. The toy reaching around to give the breast a firm squeeze, tugging at the nipple, showing off the one that is facing the camera, causing her to moan even louder.

“Everything becomes more intense and real. The hypnosis helps blur the line between reality and fantasy just enough to allow one to really dive into the state of being that they are begging to experience, but there is more, as this one will show you,” it says, licking across Brian’s rubbery ear, “Be ready for this one,” it whispers into Brian’s ear, tugging him against the bed by the back handle so they are half laying against the bed with a loud squeak. The toy quickly moves over him, pinning his head between the toy’s sleek strong rubbery thighs, making him look straight up against K-2003 sealed sex.

“Oh my what a lovely sight,” she says, raising her head licking across K-2003’s clit hood, tasting the lovely rubbery while the toy is climbing across her body, keeping her pinned, K-2003 spreading her legs wide, butt and sex exposed to the cameras, while its breasts press against her lower belly, the toy’s thighs still holding and caressing her head.

K-2003 lets out a soft moan from the lick, the toy running a claw across the exposed female sex, “The suits come with multiple gender options upon creation and ordering. It doesn’t matter what you are when slipping inside, as our Toys-4-U suits will help bring out the you, you want to be,” it explains, slipping a digit into the female sex, watching the clit hood grip around

its finger. The toy gently fingering it, showing off the arrows that point towards the toy's sensitive holes.

"Ohh..." Brian says with a soft moan, feeling her clit hood grip around the toy's digits, her sex twitching and tensing, hips wanting to grind up but the toy's powerful grasp and prowess pins her down, preventing her from being able to achieve success, further making her helpless to the toy, which only increases her arousal.

"The increased lust and the arrows and further toy degrading additions are all optional when it comes to these light hypnotic persona delving suits. Helping people try being new people within reason and legality. As we here at Toys-4-U ensure that no hypnosis is done that would make any user commit anything illegal or do harm to another person or themselves," K-2003 explains, "But..." it leans in closer giving the rubbery toy cock a long slutty lick, its tongue snaking along the throbbing length, moving up to the tip, giving it a firm soft suckle, making Brian moan out, hands tightly gripping K-2003's thighs with a loud squeak, "We do pride ourselves in using it to help free people to be who they want to be and provide ultimate pleasure," it explains, its claw tips gently fondling the rubbery balls with a loud squeak.

"Please, take me! Please!" exclaims Brian.

"Shh, this one will do what it wants as it shows off your features," K-2003 says grinding its sex against his face, "So you can see that we the suits holes are self-lubricating though there needs to be replenishment of the toy rubber when the supply given by the body is not sufficient, which is all part of the video 'How to take care of my Toys-4-U suit' video. The link will be in the description of this video."

"K-toy..." moans Brian, leaning up to nuzzle and lick across the rubbery sex, getting the faintest hints of the arousing female juices that the toy posses behind that thin layer of rubbery flesh, that twitching clit hood that keeps that seal behind those toy flood gates.

K-2003 grinds itself against his muzzle, "Shh, it's K-2003 while on camera as that's this one's official designation. Can't get people confused, what if they think this one is a different toy? Which can't be possible as there is only one of this one," it says with a nod, pulling back, running its hands across the other sergal body, claws stopping on the breasts, giving them a firm squeeze, gently tugging at the nipples. The toy brings its crotch down onto him, pinning the head between her tight rubbery thighs, "As you can see, every part of their body feels good, translated corrected to their mind, ensuring the most delightful of experience. An expansion of the way to feel like you are a totally different species! Isn't that wonderful. But there's even more if you can believe it. There are adjustments to our suits that can be made to make lovely what-if type sensations. Such as like... this one isn't sure..." the toy pretends to be thinking, gently licking its lips.

Brian moans underneath K-2003, feeling it's control over her. Her cock twitching, aching in the air, sex still exposed to the cameras with arrows constantly pointing toward the two needy holes in her loins. She can almost sense the arrows, drawing in the desire to focus on her needy holes to be taken, building up the lust within her.

“Adjustments to other parts like mouths is doable! Let this one show you as this wonderful volunteer of our products has just so happened decided to have a wonderful expansive mouth that might add a little greater... let's say... *sucktion* to their mouth?” it says with a playful wink, getting off of Brian’s face, grabbing him by the handles, leaning him forward.

“K-2003 please take me. I am so horny,” she moans out, showing off her dripping slightly fuck hole like mouth as the sides of the lips have a webbing to provide that extra suction capabilities.

“This one will soon, but you know you love to be all pent up and bound up,” K-2003 says, showing off the toy’s mouth, “See like a real fuck holed mouth fuck toy. Speaking of which, if you have a partner you can trust, and you really want to get deep into what it may feel like to be a toy...” K-2003 says licking across Brian’s ear, suckling the tip, the toy’s tongue slipping into his ear canal, “You can have the toy deluxe hypnosis, keeping you in a toy like state of mind, so your speech pattern can perfectly imitate what we have. With just a few simple commands. Like so...” the toy leans in closer whispering, “Toy Time.”

Brian shudders, feeling the hypnosis begin again, quickly delving her back into the lustful warming state of the hypnosis.

“Toy is a toy.”

“Toy is a toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy obeys.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no I.”

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

“There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy,” the hypnotized toy Brian says with glee, moaning out in delight cock twitching, feeling so hard, sex burning with lustful need.

“And don’t worry. We have precautions that no one can fake our toys using our programing for those toy enjoyments. The hypnosis is guaranteed to be on a level two mental conditioning. Meaning it only lasts at most a few hours with no long lasting effects,” K-2003 says, pulling away, gripping Brian’s handles in the back, giving them a firm soft squeeze, pressing its breasts against the back of Brian’s head.

“Oh... yes... yes this one loves it when its handles are gripped. It’s almost as good as when someone touches its cock,” Brian says, gently rubbing its breasts, keeping legs exposed, bucking into the air, while K-2003 keeps its head tightly snuggled between its breasts.

“This one knows you do, and as you can see,” it says, looking at the camera, “That we take special precautions to ensure pleasure and safety for our users. This one will show that this product is compatible with our products that we sell at Toys-4-U, opening up near unlimited

possibilities and combinations of play,” it says, releasing Brian, slipping off the bed with a squeak, leaving him there for a moment as it goes behind the cameras to grab some materials.

Brain meanwhile looks at the cameras, feeling a delight of all the possibility of the eyes upon it, “Oh this one knows you really want some of this, don’t you,” it says, gently squeezing its breasts, letting out soft moans, pinching its nipples with a squeak, “This one is always ready for a good time,” it says turning around, lifting its tail, the arrows pointing towards its needy holes, flexing and having the rear and female sex wink and clench down, showing just how empty and needy it is for a good fuck. The toy wiggles its but, tail swaying happily, “This one is so ready to be taken. Again. And again. And again,” it moans, arching its back, dragging its breasts across the bed with a loud and long squeak.

K-2003 comes back holding a bunch of leather bondage gear in one of its arms. The metal bits clank a little as the toy gives the butt a nice firm audible rubbery smack, “This one knows you want it, but you want this even more,” it says placing the bondage gear beside it.

Brian lets out another needy moan, gasping, squeezing the bed sheets with a loud squeak, wiggling its butt, showing just how eager it is for more as it then notices the gear laid beside it. The cameras catch its body tensing, the clit hood squirming, growing so eager that it rubs itself with the sensitive flesh within its tight hole, “Oh yes, this one does,” it says.

“That is what this one thought,” K-2003 says, gently running its rubbery claws along his muzzle, reaching to grab his handles, spinning him around, forcing him to face the cameras again, the breasts bouncing, “Smile for the camera as this one gets you nice and suited for the day.”

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” it moans in delight keeping its legs spread, arms forced behind its back.

The domineering sergal toy takes a simple climbing hook and latches the Brian’s wrists together, locking them in place, the handles pulled in to face toward each other slightly. K-2003 smirks, looking at them, licking its lips, “This one has an idea... but first,” it mutters, taking the leather arm binders, wrapping them around the toy’s arms. The black polished leather shines in the lights. The toy wraps it around the other toy’s arms, squeezing them closer together, stretching the human’s body underneath.

Brian lets out a needy moan, gasping as it hears the zipper behind it, the pull and tug of the leather binders, making itself ever more helpless, removing a little more of its agency, allowing it to focus on other things, like the burning need within its loins, the ever growing desire to be taken and simply enjoy the moment, and not let any worries muddle up its thoughts, “Oh Toy Mistress...” it moans.

“Relax, this one is just getting started,” it explains, grabbing the hip handles, giving them a firm squeeze, forcing him to sit on his feet with a squeak, the toy reaching for the first leg binder, which is big enough to wrap around only one of his legs. The toy easily lifts up one side of him, using the handles for leverage, causing wonderful blissful pleasure to shoot through him.

“Yes Toy Mistress, this is wonderful,” it moans, shivering in pleasure, biting its lower lip, showing for the camera just how delightful it is feeling as K-2003 simply slides the leg

sheath under its own leg, bringing the shining polished leather around the entire leg, binding it together, making it impossible to open the hinge of the toy's knee. The tight leather squeezing together, adding a layer of helplessness, feeling the bondage grow stronger with the pull of a zipper. Silver metal D rings built into the binder stand out for all to see. It simply watches, toes curling, panting heavily, cock twitching, while the process is done all over again for the other leg.

K-2003 gently runs its cyan claw tips along Brian's back, making him moan and shiver in delight, "Normally to keep you nice, spread and exposed it will use a bar spreader, but given your current state, it won't be needed... Besides, this one has a far better idea. Using physics and math!" The toy moves in closer, pressing its breasts against the top of his head, claws gripping the breasts giving them a firm fondle, "Remember people. Math can be used for sex to. Which makes math... sexy," it wiggles its butt in excitement, walking off for a moment, coming back with cherry-red colors rope only a few moments later, along with a few smaller black leather bondage straps.

Brain watches this with curiosity, moaning in need and delight, unable to hold itself back, just wanting to fuck, it bucks its hips against the air, cock bouncing up and down while it's breasts jiggled. It's mind so addled with lust that it felt near impossible not to just express its need for such play. And when the toy came back with the rope, its excitement grew, heart pounding, heavy in breath, so hard not to watch as the toy sauntered closer back into view of those cameras.

"First we'll set the basic bondage points that we want extra secure to build the base of our bondage," K-2003 explains, using Brian's wrist and ankle cuffs to bind his wrists to his ankles, forcing his body back, breasts out, exposing himself more, but his legs squeeze together, forcing his cock up, gently squeezing the balls a little bit.

"Toy Mistress... this feels so good."

"Shh," K-2003 says gently, placing a finger on his lips, which he takes the opportunity to coil his tongue around the rubbery digit, quickly suckling upon it. K-2003 humors him for a moment, diving its finger in and out of his mouth, muffling his needy moans, "This one is trying to give a demonstration and needs you to be quiet so they can hear this one. Now be a good toy and relax and obey."

"Yes, Toy Mistress," Brian says, feeling a shiver of delight in the toy's loving yet controlling words. The sergal toy's finger pops out of its mouth with a pop, the saliva being wiped off the digit along its own chin and side of the head, letting the toy get back to work.

"That's a good toy," it says, taking the rope, running it through the back handles, letting the soft fabric brush against that sensitive rubber.

Brian gently bites its lip, muffling its moan, wanting not to go against its Toy Mistress.

The black sergal toy pulls the ropes down, running them through open D rings in the cuffs and the sides of the arm binder, adding to the bondage, the toy then weaves it forward, through the back handles again, then around the front, using the ropes to coil around the breasts, spreading and showing them off, then back down its body, "You see if you make a pulley system

you can make the bondage more powerful with less force, and if you apply that force to the sides of the toy's legs, and pull back, towards the focal point which we made here already," K-2003 says, turning Brian to his side, showing off what it is doing to the camera.

Brian shudders, its body feeling on the brink of release, but not enough direct pleasure was being applied to the parts that needed it most to receive that wondrous moment, forced to be on the edge, made to lean farther over than ever before, kept aloft from just falling off the edge by a series of ropes.

"Now that we got that set up, we run the ropes through the sides of the legs here, through the rings, so it becomes nice and sturdy, making sure to get the last ring near the knee, and don't worry about the thigh cuffs bulging here, it's all fine, no harm will happen to the binders or the one inside, we ensure blood circulation is maintained," it explains, pulling on the rope, the backward pull forces Brian's legs to part, spreading them nice and wide once more, while K-2003 runs it back to the bondage cluster in the back around his wrists and ankles, tying it all off, making it one kinky bondage pully system designed to spread his legs apart by pulling backwards.

The ropes move across Brian's body. It shudders in delight, being moved in front of the cameras again, showing off its needy cock, a hint of its female sex, the clit hood wiggling underneath, and with each subtle movement there's a pull and a tug across its form, showing off its sultry nature, and giving a firm yet loving reminder of just how tightly bound it is.

K-2003 wraps its arms around Brian, resting its head on top of his, breasts pressing against the small of his back, "As you can see. The power of math has allowed us to apply forces that spread the toy's legs wide open, without the need of a spread bar to block the way. Also due to the handles there are new ways to apply bondage that you don't normally think of. Curious about more BDSM rope tricks? Check out our video on Shibari with handles. Link in the description below," it says with a playful wink.

"Can this one moan loudly now, Toy Mistress?" it asks, looking up at K-2003 with its eyes, tensing, making its cock twitch and bounce upward as pre-cum gently dribbles down the cherry-red length.

"Hmm..." K-2003 says, looking down at him with a smile, moving a bit to give his rubber ear a soft suckle on the tip, while its claws run down his sides, gripping the handles giving them a firm squeeze and twist. Feeling Brian try to hold back the moanful pleasure building up within him. His heavy pants, heavier beating heart, the tensing as he bites his lip in a vain attempt to muffle his moans, "This one supposes you may."

With that like a climax without the climax, Brian lets out a deep needy moan, edging ever close to the precipice of that delight, wanting nothing more than just to have this continue.

"Next this one will show you all how to make polishing a fun and lewdful experience with these new suits. Though this one bets most of you already know how to do this, there could be new people here, and it wants to show what can be done," it says with a nod, grabbing a bottle that was hidden under all the BDSM equipment, along with a microfiber yellow washcloth.

“Though smell-o-vision was a big flop, this one will at least let you know that this one plans to use Cherry Tango scented Toys-4-U brand latex polish. Add aroma to your sexual pleasure with Toys-4-U brand latex polish. Best quality polish at the best quality price,” K-2003 says, dampening the cloth in the polishing liquid, the strong aroma of cherry’s fills the room.

Brian moans out, watching the cloth get near its breasts, the first spot that the toy gently polishes. The cooling sensation of the polish feels delightful against its body, while seeing the shiny latex grow even shinier, the mixture of latex and cherry filling its nostrils, assaulting its senses with greater bliss than ever before. Sight, scent, sound, touch, the taste of rubber in its mouth, all of its senses are being assaulted, making this a total and complete experience. Driving it further into a blissful state of lust and joy, so incomprehensible that it’s difficult for it to even fathom at this moment that countless people will be watching this video as a simple advertisement for the toy’s products.

K-2003 continues to polish Brian, its butt hiked in the air, showing off to the cameras, its sex still sealed, giving that teasing view, all the while toy hums and gives a fake song, “Polishing the toy. With Toys-4-U polish. It’s great polish as it makes toys shine good.”

Brian is too lost in his own delight to comment on the toy’s less than stellar singing performance. The faceless dragon in the background taking notes, thinking, *“We will have to voice over something better for that. It might take away too much from the advertisement. Or simply cut that part in post.”*

K-2003 will continue on, showing off Brian’s features, tormenting him the entire time. The hours ticking by all part of the expression of just how long lasting and delightful the suits are, but eventually the six hours of endless teasing, and playing come to an end, the hypnosis time period ending.

“Return to normal. Accept yourself for who you are.”

Brian shudders and moans feeling his mind being lifted up out of the lustful void of the toy persona that he was pulled into softly muttering, “Return to normal. Accept myself for who I am.”

K-2003 watches in eagerness and delight, the suit still feeling as part of himself as ever by the hypnosis that broke away his inhibitions are rebuilt, letting his mind return to his original state and as the human does so, still wrapped in that same tight bondage from hours before he lets out a soft still girly moan.

“Oh... fuck me. I did all that didn’t I?” he moans.

K-2003 nods happily, “That you did. How was it?”

“It was... an experience. I am not sure how else to describe it.”

“Would you do it again?”

“Oh, fuck yes. I never felt so free in my life. But to do all that in front of cameras, and to be that unforgivingly lustful? Oh boy.”

“Any regrets?”

“No... I think all of that is what I wanted. Deep down anyway. Nothing that I wouldn’t do if I didn’t have me get int he way.”

“Wonderful!” K-2003 says hopping in delight, turning to the camera, its tail brushing up against Brian’s head, allowing him to get a nice peak under the tail, “And there you have it folks. A wonderful example of this one’s newest product. To be out in the coming months. Please check our Toys-4-U website for updates and where you can pre-order your very own advanced dynamic gender suits.”

E-2453 then says a few moments later, pressing a button on the cameras, “And that’s that Toy Mistress.”

“Wait... we were still rolling?” he asks with a shiver, letting out a moan cock twitching, feeling that clit hood against his faux female sex wiggle and twitch adding to his pleasure.

“Yup!”

“The entire time?”

“Well, we need lots of footage for the advertisement.... Though perhaps this one’s initial performance wasn’t too good. Perhaps we’ll do it all again from the top?” it asks, looking at Brian with a smile.

His eyes widened, “Ah... I think I am good for right now. Perhaps the genuine first time trying is the best? Really capture my honest surprise and not try to fake it.”

K-2003 rubs its chin, standing straight again, thinking, “This one supposes. Alright! That’s enough for today then.”

“Good, good. I don’t think I could take any more. I’m not a toy like you that can make the energizer bunny run out of power before you.”

“Oh so you saw that commercial then? Wonderful! It’s only allowed in so many questions.”

Brain quirks an eyebrow, “Huh?”

K-2003 tilts its head, “What?”

“Nothing... so as much as I love this feeling, I do recall everything that happened. Mind letting me out of the bondage? Perhaps give me a quicky? I’m still rather horny”

“This one thinks it can do that, you’ve been a good toy after all,” it says, gripping Brian by the handles, giving them a firm squeeze while the toy climbs onto the bed, sitting before it, legs open much like himself, before pulling him up and onto his lap with a loud squeak.

Brian moans out, panting heavily his cock twitching, feeling the lovely touch of the handles, the words “Good Toy” linger in his mind as he feels the toy’s warm press up against it. Not knowing K-2003 broke its seal on its sex, flooding the room with its arousing aroma, which will soon be getting the faceless dragon toy squirming.

K-2003’s clit hood reaches up and touches Brian’s sergal clit hood, the who twisting and turning, rubbing the pleasure, while the toy comment sent delightful shivers up along his spine into his mind making him feel even better. The moves one hand along his back, keeping him nice and pinned up against it, clit hoods tussling, the more experienced one overpowering his. It’s sleek arousing juices seeping into the other’s rubber, building up higher need and pleasure, setting his mental capacity of arousal to the very max. It’s at this moment the toy reaches for and

wraps its claws around Brian's gonads, gently fondling and playing with the balls giving them a gentle firm squeeze.

"Oh fuck... fuck... fuck," moans Brian, tensing and panting, squirming in his bondage, totally helpless to the powerful toy before him. Pre-cum is oozing out of his rubber sergal cock tip, running down his length, twitching in the air, on the verge of climaxing simply from the touch of K-2003's hand and clit hood against his own. Shocked at his own ability to move his new sexual appendage, and more so at the delight its giving him, almost bringing him to the edge right then and there.

"That's it. Enjoy yourself. This one will bring you to the edge and over very soon. This one knows you've wanted it so much. But the feel of your first double uniform climax will be special and mind blowing. It doesn't want you to forget it," it says, leaning forward gently licking across Brian's nipples, giving them a soft tender suckle, pulling at them with its lips, while its hand moves up, gently caressing the rubber sergal shaft, starting to pump.

Brian pants heavily, grinding himself against the toy's hands, feeling the clit hood of the toy stretch and lick across his outer female sex, building up that new pleasure, doubling the pressure within his loins, a feeling he's never known before. He shudders, gasping, looking out over past K-2003, seeing the dragon toy taking notes, working diligently, yet he didn't care that it was there. Everything felt so good, so perfect.

"That's it, a little bit more," K-2003 says in a loving tone, licking across the other nipple, giving it the same loving treatment, pumping his cock faster, squeezing out the built up pre-cum, letting it dribble down the length, making it shimmer and shine in the slick male juices. The toy sliding its squeaky hand over its entire length ever faster, quick, pumping the member, feeling every twitch and pulse, the building pressure growing.

All the while its clit hood, squeezes and milks the other sergal clit hood, bringing its sex as close as possible to Brian's own, allowing it to dive in deeper, playing and licking across the folds, hitting the sweet spots that it knows that exist, having helped build it after real sergal's clitoral hoods and vaginal opening. Sleek rubbery toy juices leak from the opening. K-2003 occasionally dipping its own hood into its sex, coating it once again in its own arousing softly cyan juices, diving them into Brian's hot wanting event, knowing the affect it will have on him.

Brian pants, squirms, unable to do anything, he's totally at the mercy of the sergal toy who is feeling every twitch, every groan, the beating of his heart, the depth of his breath to keep track of the building torrent of pleasure that is about to be released. He feels the toy's free hand move down, caressing his butt, feeling under that tail, a single claw tip running across his rubber hole before slipping in. Adding another point of pleasure to split his attention, to create one giant erogenous zone in his body that is being used to simply make him stop thinking. To only feel and embrace the pleasure. There was no man there, no human, simply a moment in time of pleasure and delight about to be released, the cosmic big bang about to happen in his own sexual awakening.

The singularity of bliss and delight hits him, an explosion of pleasure, a total rush of ecstasy that he's never had in his entire existence. Discovering something new for the first time,

the dual delight of having both sexual organs explode in pure tantalizing pleasure, blossoming within his mind, getting a glimpse of what is on the other side of the fence. He couldn't scream out in pleasure or cry out the toy's name. His breath was taken away from him, only soft grunts and groans manage to escape his lips as hot juicy seed spasms from his cock, dripping female juices gushing out of his female vent, while his butt clenches down hard on the toy's one single digit as it expertly takes this time to milk his prostate, drawing out every last bit from him till there is literally nothing left.

K-2003 nuzzles into Brian's breasts, feeling his hot sticky seed gush up and splatter across her chest and belly, marking the underside of its breasts, oozing down onto its crotch, getting all over both of them. The toy softly says, "Yes that's it. Embrace it. Enjoy it. You've earned your moment. Let it all out. All those worries. Concerns. Have your moment in the sun. Enjoy the warmth of it. The afterglow."

With heavy pants Brian's body becomes limp, every ounce of strength has been drained from him. He gave everything he had and then some. He leans forward, resting his body on K-2003 as he softly whispers the words, "Thank you."

K-2003 smiles, "You're welcome," the toy gently lifting him up and back down onto the bed as it begins to remove the bits of bondage, one layer at a time.

Slowly as the layers are stripped away, movement starts to return, his muscles tense, sore from the length of bondage he's experienced, a layer of soreness and pain, a ticket fee for the level of bliss he's just experienced, and one he'd gladly pay time and time again.

He sprawls out on the bed, the sergal suit still tightly around him but now the bondage gear is off to the side along with the rope. K-2003 looks over him, standing beside the bed, the cum beginning to dry on its body, "Rest there for a moment then you can get yourself rung up and head out with your new suit."

"That... sounds wonderful," he replies with a pant, arching his back, his cock now back in its snug and cozy sheath, clit hood relaxing against the female sex, "There's no problem if I wear this for a while?"

K-2003 shakes its head, "tested for a month full time wear without issue," it explains.

"Wonderful. I don't want this feeling to leave me just yet," he responds.

"This one can understand that," K-2003 says gently petting Brian's head.

E-2453 speaks up, "Toy Mistress?"

"Yes?" it asks, turning to it.

"The store closed an hour ago. We could open up a register and ring him out if you want though."

"No, rules are rules. And this one will stick to them rules, even if it made them," it says with a nod, turning to Brian, "This one apologies but the store is closed. But seeing you've been so good, and it is this one's fault that you are here after hours, how about you stay the night?"

"You can do that?" asks Brian, slowly sitting up.

“Of course this one can. We have rooms for employees that work here on the second floor.... Amongst other things. Come, let's get cleaned up. It bets you don't want to go to bed with cum all over you. Though it could be wrong.”

Brian looks over himself seeing the wads of seed clinging to his rubber body, “No, I think a shower is just what I need.”

“Wonderful, when you are ready please follow this one,” it says, turning to the dragon toy, “E-2453, please clean up this mess and get some rest once we depart.”

The dragon toy bows, “As you wish Toy Mistress. It will be this one's pleasure.”

“Thank you,” it says, turning back to Brian, who is already sitting up on the bed, feet touching the floor, “Whenever you are ready. There is no rush. As it is this one's fault we stayed so late, that it is only fair it handles the accommodations.”

Brian smiles, “That's very nice of you toy. I'm rather impressed you have so much. So do you like live here all the time? I know about your unique classification as a toy-not a toy, and I find it strange that you'd just stay here all the time.”

“This one spends a lot of time working the store. But it goes on business meetings quite often, and business trips. But make sure it takes some time to get back home and spend some quality time with C-1010.”

“C-1010? Who is that?”

“Didn't this one tell you? When we went to eat at the pancake house. You met them, a wonderful toy unit that has been around almost as long as this one.”

“Uh... I don't recall, I'm sorry.”

“This one is sure that... oh, a different Brian. This one apologies.”

“How many Brians do you know?”

“As many as this one gets paid to know probably.”

Brian stands up with a soft squeak almost falling over, but K-2003 catches him, “Thanks. I guess I'm a little bit more exhausted than I thought.”

K-2003 reaches down and grabs him by the hip handles, “Not a worry, this one will make sure you don't fall.”

Brian shivers with a soft moan, “You know they still feel sensitive in a good way.”

“This one knows,” it says, guiding Brian past the kitchen, through a set of locked doors on the far end of the room, away from the toy testing hallway he came in, past a break room where he sees a very buff looking lion security guard having lunch, checking his phone, not even noticing them as they head up a stairwell.

“I never been so exhausted in all my days. A nice hot shower will be good,” he groans, eventually getting up the stairs with K--2003 to an apartment like hallway, with its own elevator nearby, “Why didn't we use the elevator?”

“The stairs were closer.”

“Wouldn't have been easier to take the elevator given how tired I am?”

“But that would have required more steps to get to.”

“But it took more steps to get up the stairs.”

“But we are already here, less waiting than the elevator.”

“For one floor?”

“Never know, but now we are here, this one thinks room six is open. If it recalls right,” it says, guiding him over to the door, the toy puts its hand on the keyholeless door, which flickers green and clicks open.

“Now that’s a neat trick.”

“Toy is the Mistress key to unlock all the locks.”

“Do you mean Master key?”

“This one is a female model toy after all.”

Brian sighs, “Okay, okay, I get it,” he says, K-2003 opening the door, helping them slip inside a simple small apartment room with a kitchen/living room combo with a bathroom and single bed. He whistles looking around, “Not a five star hotel but for a fuck toy shop, this is rather snazzy.”

“It is meant for one employee. We have the security do shifts so they can have time to spend with loved ones. One month on, one month off. With alternating two weeks on and two weeks off every six months to shift the schedule so one doesn’t get the same month off or on two years in a row,” it says with a nod.

“That’s rather impressive if I must say so myself. Mind if I take a shower?”

“Of course, mind if this one helps?”

Brian stiffens, “Wha-what?”

“Mind if this one helps you shower? We are both rather dirty toys,” it says with a rump wiggle, breasts squeaking, “And you are still tired. It wouldn’t want you to injure yourself now. Your safety is of this one’s utmost concern.”

“I don’t think anyone in their right mind would say no to you K-2003 on having a shower with you.”

“Wonderful! This one is so pleased with your response. This one tries its best to be a good toy after all,” it says, helping him to the bathroom with the double shower head so water flows on either side of the rather spacious shower.

“That’s a big shower,” says Brian stepping inside, looking at the shower handles, and the detachable shower heads that can spray water across their bodies whenever they want.

“This one tends to hire really big and strong looking security guard people. It makes it easier for people to stay in line when they see a mass of muscle standing between them and trying any thievery things. Deterrent is the first step in asset prevention,” it says with an affirmative nod, going over to a mini closet in the room, pulling out a black towel which it places nearby.

“That does make sense. I’ve always seen them when I’ve come... oh crap we totally forgot my Lugia suit! And wasn’t it in the shot of the cameras the whole time?!” he exclaims, turning to K-2003 his tail hitting the side of the wall with a soft squeaky thud, causing him to tense.

“Oh... yes we did, at least for the first fifteen or so minutes. We’ll edit that out in post. This one doesn’t think that was a big deal, and your suit will be cleaned and prepared for you to wear again whenever you like,” it says with a nod, stepping into the shower, “And be mindful of your tail. You’re smaller and more agile than your Lugia, meaning you could knock over things in different ways.”

“Right, right, I got it, thanks,” he says, watching K-2003 turn on the showers, adjusting the temperature accordingly.

“How’s this?” it asks.

Brian sticks his hand into the water, hearing the water droplets hit the rubber skin, feeling the warmth of the water as if it was his true skin, while getting the odd sensation of the water being repelled away from it, “Perfect.”

“Wonderful, please step in and this one will help get you cleaned.”

“Only if I get to help clean you,” he says in his soft feminine hints of being sultry tone of voice.

“Why of course, this one would hope so, but was not required you to do so,” it says, the two stepping in, their rubbery hands gently caressing and rubbing each other in loud squeaks. Soapy clothes run across their bodies, wiping away the grime from their play, cleaning away the layer of seed that Brian has left upon them.

The human can’t but admire K-2003’s supple curves, its perfect form, crafted for the one purpose of being a living fuck toy, yet can’t help but admire the personality that is behind the toy, crafting something that is so much more. His rubber hands, massage and rub the toy’s breasts, feeling it press itself up against it, moaning in such a needful way in one moment and then in the next, it reaches out to grip and massage his breasts, running the cloth across them, cleaning underneath, saying, “Remember to get under the breast too. It’s like cleaning behind your ears... but for breasts. Though that would technically be your back now that this one thinks about it. For what’s behind your breasts? Your back! Which means this one needs to clean your handles. Turn around.”

“I get what you mean toy. Thank you for your help. This is rather nice,” he says, tensing and moaning, feeling his member twitch within the sergal sheath, as K-2003 takes the cloth and runs it through his back handles, then along his entire back side, along the tail base, washing over his entire butt. The toy kneeling behind him, lifting his tail to lewdly yet effectively clean under the tail base, up along the thighs. He leans forward, moaning softly, panting, enjoying the toy’s lewd yet caressing touches, “As much as I love this, best not to get dirty while in the shower.”

“This one knows, it’s only doing the basics,” it says with a nod, wiggling the cloth into Brian’s butt, spreading his cheeks, “Always clean the area where the sun don’t shine,” it says with a nod.

Brian swallows a lump in his throat, collecting himself, “I think you’ve done enough down there T-toy!” he exclaims feeling K-2003 rub between his legs, massaging and cleaning along his faux female sex, feeling how real it is, and sensitive it still is, making him moan, his cock starting to slip out of his nice snug sheath.

“Almost done, just give this one another moment.”

“I don’t think I can handle another moment,” he replies, before K-2003 pulls away, “There we go, all done. Now you can get this one,” it says posing before him, breasts out, legs spread, showing off its body to him.

“I feel like I owe you money after this,” mutters Brian, taking the cloth, getting to work on the toy.

When they hop out of the shower, K-2003 take the towel to dry him and then itself, “After this we get some nice polish to polish ourselves and then we are all cleaned again, ready to tackle the day... ah er night.”

“I never had such an exhausting and wonderful showering experience before. Thank you K-2003.”

“Most welcome.”

“Which polish would you like?”

“I did enjoy that cherry-tango. How about more of that?”

“Oh this one is so glad you thought so. And it can get it not a problem,” it replies with a nod, leaving the room.

“I can’t believe all this is happening,” Brian mutters walking around the living room sitting on the touch, slipping his tail into the tail compartment, looking at the flat screen television, “How does it even afford all this? Oh right... sex sells. A lot.”

K-2003 pops back in, “Okay this one got the polish!” it says happily.

Brian leaning back on the couch, smiles at her, “Great. Though... Toy I am meaning to ask you,” he says, K-2003 moving over to him, placing the polish on the nearby coffee table, getting ready to polish him.

“As this one what?”

“Do you do this often?”

“Polish toys? Yes,” it says, as it starts to polish him, feeling the wonderful cooling effect of the polish as the scent of cherries fills the room.

“No, that’s not what I mean. I mean give such time and effort to one single customer? I mean I can’t imagine you have time to do this often.”

“This one would love to, but it knows you can’t. The time you spend with this one is part of the packaged deal you got with your product.”

“Ah yes... that did cost a pretty penny.”

“A lot of pennies.”

“But you are doing far more than what you are contractually obligated to, that’s for sure.”

“This one tries to make sure the customers are happy to the best of its ability. And at times it has the time and the ability to spend time like this.”

“So do you often have time like this?”

“Not as much as it used to, if this one is to be honest,” it says, polishing up and down along his legs, moving up towards his crotch, gently massaging his bits, making him moan.

“Ah... do you get lonely with what you do?”

“This one is never alone. It always has the guidance of what to do within itself. And it has many wonderful toys and customers that work with this one to help this company grow and prosper.”

“Ah I see. Well then. If you weren’t... in a way being a paid escort for me. Would you hang out with me?”

K-2003 lifts its head, tilting it, “You are a nice person. So, caring, thoughtful. Look at what you did for your friends? Despite your poker face you are easy to read Brian.”

He chuckles, “Really?”

“Well you did lose to this one at the casino.”

“That’s true. Never got beaten by a toy before. Though the Mistress she’s really good poker face too.”

“This Mistress has been through a lot. Something she learned to do, but yes, she is good at it! And a wonderful customer that this one works from time to time.”

“I see...”

K-2003 sits beside him, gently polishing his chest, “Tell this one. Are you lonely?”

“What me? I have some good friends, a well-known poker player with the most wonderful poker face,” he chuckles with a sly grin, “How could I be lonely?”

“This one thinks when one asks this one about being lonely, it's more that you want to give this one company. And perhaps just maybe you don’t want this one to leave once it's done being polished by you.”

“Ah.... K-2003 how did you get so psychological?”

K-2003 smiles, leaning close to him, “It's this one’s job to understand people, and what makes them tick. It helps this one make the best products possible with the best quality material it can get its hands on.”

Brian smirks, “Ah... well... maybe a little bit.”

“Why do you think that?”

“I don’t know...”

“This one knows the suits make you happy, but that layer of separation between you and those you are with might be a reason.”

“Are you down selling your own product?”

“This one cares about customers, and you are a customer,” it says rubbing the cloth along his breasts, making them shine, “Toy is happy you re breaking out of your shell, and you are doing better. Give it time, you’ll fully blossom into what you want to be. There is no timer or rush for it. There is no set path for you to not be lonely. And if one of this one’s products help. It’s happy to sell you one. But it must warn you... this one is not for sale.”

“Oh, I would never think about buying you toy. But perhaps when you are home, I can come to visit sometime?”

K-2003 smiles, gently rubbing the cloth around his face, and neck, “Sure, this one can would like that. It doesn’t get a lot of company at its primary home. Mainly because its rarely there.”

“Sorry to hear that.”

“It’s totally fine.”

“I’m glad we could have this talk. Honestly though as much of a fuck toy you are. I sort of see you as a friend more than a toy. Is that weird?”

“Not at all, and this one is happy to make friends when it can.”

“Am I your friend then?”

“Hmm, this one thinks so, otherwise it wouldn’t be having you polish this one for free,” it says with a chuckle tossing the cloth into his lap. The toy laying across the couch, resting its feet on his lap, the toy clenching its toes, “Get to polishing.”

Brian chuckles, “Of course,” he replies, grabbing the bottle.

“If you like, tomorrow this one might have something for you to do.”

“For me to do?”

“This one is doing a charity auction in the city. The annual BDSM con is coming up. And it has had a booth there every year for decades. Perhaps you’d like to raise some money and rent yourself out as a charity donation toy for a little while,” it says with a sly grin.

“Ah... let me think about it. But it is a tempting idea.”

“No rush, let this one know tomorrow,” it says with a rump wiggle, Brian dampening the cloth with the polish, running it along the toy’s legs.

As he looks over the delightful shine of the toy, running the cloth along the toy’s backside, smelling the growing aroma of latex and cherries he thinks, “*No rush it says, but wants to know the answer by tomorrow. Toy, what are you thinking?*”

K-2003 meanwhile thinks, “*Toy is a good toy. Toy obeys. Toy is an object. A fuck toy. A thing. This one is a good toy. This one will help Brian open up more at the charity auction and be a good sell to help others...*”