

Seaing New Opportunities

Zridon the lanky fair skinned human stands naked in front of his closet. His brown eyes locked on the sleek black and white avali suit. His black hair is a complete mess and in need of a shave, "It's been nine months and I still can't..." he huffs, "At least I got a good discount on you." He thinks about the time he spent at the Toys-4-U megastore working off the debt when there's a knock on the door that makes him jump, "Who in the world would be here? It better not be one of those door to door salesmen." He rushes to the front door, through his simple single-story log-cabin style home, with all the modern luxuries one could hope for when living so far away from civilization. He opens the door, "Hell...o?"

Expectations of reality should be and what reality is, crashes before his eyes. Standing tall and proud, towering over the human is a sleek and black, cyan sergal toy. The D-ring bondage cuffs that have glowing band sin cyan cursive writing that tell you exactly what it is, "Fuck Toy." The toy's name dangling from the silver collar that reads K-2003.

"Hello! And this one is definitely not a salesman, technically a salestoy? But it's not for sale anyway. And this one is pleased to find you here and it is tickled squeak that you are so happy to see it."

The human blinks as realizations come crashing down, "Oh my God!" He slams the door in the toy's face, "Shit, fuck," he opens the door, "K-2003... how... what, why... uh, come in. I'll be right back," he says, covering his arousal with his hands.

The toy unphased by what's happening, steps inside with a loud squeak, "Toy was driven here. This was the address you put on your contact forms, wasn't it? And why? This one heard what happened and it came as soon as it could to see how you are doing. You've been such a wonderful help to it. It was not just going to leave you in your time of need."

Zridon uses the door to cover himself, then rushing behind the couch the moment the toy was inside, "That was... a while ago. I'm over what happened. We parted on mostly good terms. Life happens you know?"

"It came the moment it could. It is a busy toy, you know, but that is no excuse for its tardiness, it does apologize for the delay." It gives a squeaky cordial bow, breasts squeezed together, jutting up.

The human blushes and a twitch, reminding him of his everything laid bare moment, "It's quite alright K-toy. I-I can call you K-toy now that I'm done working right?"

"You may, this one won't stop you. It goes by many different variations of its designation."

"Good, uh, great. Can you give me a moment I need to get something on." The human doesn't get more than a step away the toy holds up a white box with a gleaming smile.

"No need, this one brought you something it thinks you'll *love* and its best worn naked. So, you are already ready, isn't that wonderful?" it asks with a squeaky rump wiggle, "A lovely person like yourself deserves nice things, and being all cooped up in this faraway place with no one around? It's perfect time to let yourself go a little." The toy shakes the box.

He feels a lump in his throat as he clenches the black leather couch, his arousal not backing down as his eyes locked on the mystery box, like a moth drawn to a flame, “W-what do you have there?”

The toy smiles, “Come over and find out. This one just loves the look on user’s faces when they see their new birthday suit.” The toy holds out the box, ready for him to come up and snatch it, “Don’t be shy, it’s not like this one hasn’t seen you naked before.”

A shiver runs down his spine like he was just hit with a bucket of ice water... soaked in an aphrodisiac. Unknown to him is very close to the truth. His nostrils flare, taking in the sweet aroma of pine forest scented latex, laced with a powerful aphrodisiac coming from the toy itself.

It moves closer, hips swaying, each step is calculated, and squeaks with a long tender tease. The seal over its sex is broken, as the clitoral hood licks its own folds, helping flood the air with its arousing luscious aroma, “Come on, this one won’t bite, unless you want it to, then its told it just knows where to nibble.” It licks its lips.

“I, uh, wait, this is all so sudden and fast. You can’t just do this!”

“This one can, especially for a cute guy like yourself, who works so hard and did all you could to please others? How could it not?”

“But I... wait! I am not cute.”

“This one certainly doesn’t just think so, it knows so.”

“I’ll bite you.”

The toy takes another step closer, pressing the box up against the human’s chest, “And this one can certainly let you.”

“Don’t tempt me with a good time, toy.” he grabs the box, flipping the lid open, revealing green latex, “What’s this?” he asks, pulling the suit out, revealing a brown-yellow finned, green bodied sea serpent suit. The more he pulls out the harder he gets, the excitement building within him, “Ahhh...” he looks at the toy, “How did you know?”

“Know what?” the toy asks, tilting its head to the side, its green never fading.

He pulls the suit up against his bare-naked skin, shuddering at the smooth feel of it, revealing the fanged head piece with intoxicating purple eyes. His dick throbs, as every fiber of his being is drawn into the intoxicating moment, “You know, pick my sea serpent.”

“This one just had a feeling you’d enjoy this particular attire, and it works well with some testing it wants to do with it.”

“Uh-huh. You just so happened to pick my lustful online persona and come all the way here to tempt me with it?”

“This one didn’t, just so happen to pick it. It was very deliberate.” It gives an affirmative nod, “It hopes you like it.”

“I love it, but the question is why. I know how much these cost. I spent enough time paying off my avali suit. You couldn’t just decide this on a whim.”

“Never on a whim. Whims are flimsy. Really hard to put anything on them. Especially since a a type of winch used to take water up from a mine. But given it’s a sea serpent, water is related to it. Hmm fascinating how coincidental that can be.”

Ignoring the toy's rambling, he says, "I'm going to put this suit on. Are you going to help me or what?"

The toy slinks behind him, pressing its breasts on the top of the human's head, the toy's cyan claws gently running along his side, the toy's warmth washing over the human, "But of course. Fitting a user up with their forever suit is what this one loves to do."

He presses up against that smooth black latex, the pine scent aroma growing stronger, "Yeah... wait forever suit?"

"It's designed for long term wear, longer than your avali one," it says, the toy leaning down, breasts sliding from the top of his head, down along his back with a loud squeak. The toy pulling away only so its forked tongue can lick across his ear, its hot breath lingering there as it whispers, "Now put your ass on the couch, feet up, and let this one take care of you like any good toy should."

His dick jumps for joy as he sinks into his own unbridled lust, the shock of the moment, fading away, letting himself become free of the chains that bind his body and mind, "Yes Toy Mistress, whatever you say."

"That's a good toy," it says, gripping the human's butt, lifting him into the air with ease, only to gently place him down onto the couch.

"You could have warned me," he huffs, pulling the suit in front of him, opening it up to see the green, yellow sleek rubber insides that reflect a soft purple hue at certain angles.

"Please, this one knows you only complain because you like it so much. You love to complain and squirm about the things you like when you're called cute."

He whines, "no, I am not cute!" he pouts cutely.

"Exactly, you only complain because you *love* it so," It kneels before the human, helping open up the suit, "Legs up."

"Yes Mistress." he wiggles his toes, the sergal slipping the bottom half of the suit along his body. The rubber creaks and squeaks as it stretches around him, squeezing his legs as his feet venture ever deeper, filling out the rubber till it reaches the tight end around his ankles. The toy tugs and pulls the rubber up, his feet popping into the slot, spreading his toes into individual slots like a hand to glove.

K-2003 caresses the rubber, tugging and pulling it up tighter around the human's leg, smoothing out every wrinkling. The rubber on the inside does slide incredibly smooth across his skin, like it was lubricated. He shudders, feeling the cool latex caress his body, conforming to his form as his cock twitches with glowing delight, "Wiggle your toes," the toy says in an almost-commanding tone.

"Yes Toy Mistress," he moans, giving the toes a little wiggle. He watches as the three toed foot shifts and moves, the webbed toes tug and move, sending tingles of pleasure like a gentle feather running between the sides of his real toes, "Ohh..."

"It'll get better, but one thing at a time, right? Stand," it commands, the toy rubbing and smoothing the suit, up along the human's legs, pulling and tugging the suit as it glides across his

body. The toy grips the suit, lifting the Zridon onto his toes as it slips in behind him, crouching on the couch, the toy's warm breasts pressing up against the small of the human's back.

He wiggles against the toy. Those soft squishy rubbery mounds providing lumbar back support as the massive sea serpent tail flops deflated behind him, "What about the tail? It looks a bit deflated."

"Worry not about that, just let this one work its magic fingers. As for its next trick its going to turn your dick into two."

He chuckles, "That is going to be some trick... wait what did you say?!" he exclaims only because the toy's hands are gently gripping his throbbing human meat. The toy's delicate claws run along the underside of his member, pulling at the skin. It gives the member a few pumps, pre-cum oozing out of his cum slit. The toy peers around him, pressing up tighter.

"Shh, relax, and let the magician toy handle your magic wand."

"I don't want magic wand to be a euphemism for my dick."

"But you do love it when it's against your dick, don't you?"

He shudders at the memory, gasping as his balls are pressed up against his body, the latex sliding up along his upper thighs and waist. The toy's fingers guiding his cock into an opening. The tight hole wraps around the human's member, squeezing it as the toy pushes it forward. The pre-cum helps lubricate the hole as the subtle green rubber scaly slit bulges slightly. Slowly, pushing out of the vent is not one but two throbbing penises. The fleshy rubber pink lengths are smooth and lick, with ridges along the underside from near the tip all the way back to the base of the slit. They slide out more as the toy pulls the suit over his length, containing it completely within the tight squeezing rubber. The suit pressing up along the underside of his crotch, smoothing out his features, making the slit look as natural as it can be.

"Tada." The toy withdraws its hand, giving the human's hips a gentle caress, squeezing the sides, its claws running along his rear, before it pulls the back of the suit up, "now which is the real one it wonders? The left one or the right?"

"T-the right one."

"Are you sure?" it asks, looking up at him with a devious grin, wrapping its arm around the suit to keep it tightly pulled up in its position, its free hand hovering over the lengths as if about to do something.

"N-no left," he shudders, feeling uncertainty, "*The toy must have a trick up its sleeve.*"

"You were right the first time it was the right one!" it says, slipping its claw tip into the cum slit, pushing the rubber into the human's dick, "Want to make sure the cum flows freely."

He bucks his hips into the toy's hand but finds he can only move so much thanks to the toy's tight pressing grip, "Fuck toy, warn me next time, okay?"

"Strange, how many people ask this one about it."

"Then you should do it by default."

"Toy doesn't like to default. It pays its bills on time, if not early to save on interest."

"What in the worl--"

“Warning.” The toy pulls Zridon into its lap, the toy’s clit hood slipping right into his rear, licking across his hole, pushing the latex in, while giving his body a direct taste of the toy’s power aphrodisiac toy juices.

“I forgot you had that,” he shudders. The toy humps against him, grinding itself against him.

“Toy is surprised that could even happen. Many look at it when they think this one is not looking.”

He huffs, “Right... how about a bit more warning than that next time?”

“Sure thing, this one aims to please.” it gives another squeaky hump, pulling the suit further up.

“You have really good aim.” His cock throbs, the one peen glistening with pre-cum. The aroma of rubber, the sounds of latex grinding up, further enhances the moment with everything that he could hope for.

“This one is really well *practiced*.” It gives another hump, the clit hood stiffening within the human’s rear, listening to his soft moans, feeling the thumping of his heart, the aroma of his excitement filling the air. It holds the front of the suit up, pulling it nice and tight. “Slip your arms in,” it commands.

He’s drawn in by the glistening latex, happily accepting the command. “Yes, Toy Mistress.” His arms slide right in, filling out the rubber with a long drawn-out squeak. The toy pulls the front over him, helping the rubber slide across his shoulders, the air rushing out of the front as the suit presses up against his chest. It squeezes his sides, trying to slender down his already lithe form, girly, effeminate, femboy would be the words to describe what the suit is doing to his shape. Nice hips, thighs for days, clearly male, but that touch of femininity that makes his heart throb as much as his dick.

“There we go, this is coming along nicely, don’t you think?” It caresses the front of Zridon’s rubber clad body, smoothing out any wrinkles, massaging his body with loud long squeaks. Running its hands along his arms, smothering out any wrinkles, grasping its hands along his fingers, pulling on the webbing that makes sure that his hands fit perfectly and *tightly* within the suit, “There we go, we’re getting there.”

“That we are.” He huffs, feeling a little relief now that the toy’s clit has withdrawn from his body, yet the lingering warmth of the toy’s lower tongue leaves him wanting a bit more. His arousal reaches new heights with each passing moment. The air is heavy with the mixing aromas of nature and *nature*.

The sergal toy pulls the back of the suit closer together, pressing the rubber flaps till they are touching. Then it runs a single claw from the base up following the human’s spine, “Time for the Toys-4-U patented press n’ seal technology.”

The latex warm sand melts together. A warm liquid sensation follows the tingle of the human’s spine, warming his mind with ever growing delights, and pleasures that are tantamount to being criminal, simply putting on a suit shouldn’t feel *this* good, “No need to advertise to me

toy. I've been sold on this for a very long time." The suit stops just under his chin, leaving just his head, the last vestiges of his humanity under a sea of green rubber.

"This one knows. It's been following you for a long time and it thinks it knows you well," it says with a grin, licking across the human's ear, giving a playful bite, tugging at the ear lobe with its teeth, before simply letting go. "And as you asked, this one did bite you."

"I-I didn't mean it like that," he cries out.

The sergal grabs the snake hood, the webbed ear fins shift in the air. The toy turns the hood to face the human face to face, "Do you want the honors of putting it on, or shall you have this one do it."

He melts, closing his eyes, pondering the question for only a few precious moments, then staring back into those wonderful purple serpentine eyes, "Both of us. I want to share this moment with you, Toy Mistress."

It smiles. "This one doesn't mind that answer one bit." It spins the hood around, opening it up, "Say Ah to help the suit slide into your mouth."

The glistening latex greets the human, "I know this all too well. It will be interesting to be tall in a suit. I've gotten so used to... well, never mind that right now, let's do this," he says, opening his mouth.

"But of course," the toy says, for some reason thinking of an old corny movie about fighting on the streets, the villain's voice filling its head for just a moment as it pulls the hood over the human. The hood squeaks as it wraps around the human's noggin.

Zridon caresses and guides the latex tightly around his head. Feeling it wrap tightly around him, blinding his vision for just a moment before the suit lines up with his gaze. His mouth is flooded with rubber, the tongue cavity pushing and squeezing his tongue, the rubber pushing his hair back, pressing around his ears, muffling the squeaks that are all around him.

"More time warning in advance." The toy then slips its fingers into the human's mouth, muffling his moans of pleasure. It guides the suit into the right position, making subtle adjustments till it fits him just right, "How's that?" it asks, giving the human's rear a firm squeaky slap.

He shudders, "Great," he says with a muffled voice, able to see much clearer now that the hood has been adjusted. He rubs his rear, feeling the sting linger. "What about my tail though?"

"What about it?"

He looks over at it, "it's still deflated."

"One thing at a time. Let this one, sela and activate the suit and all will become clear," it says with a nod, "With Toys-4-U patented press n' seal technology."

Zridon puffs his cheeks, "You did that one on purpose."

The toy grins not saying another word as the suit tenses and squeezes around the human, "It's activating, just relax and let it do its thing."

He moans, nodding, "S-sure." The rubber tightens around his form, squeezing and adjusting his shape slightly. Ear fins twitch, as a warm liquid flows into his ears, and his tail with each passing moment begins to inflate, and grow heavier, a bit like it was made of flesh and

bone. Within several minutes the tail is fully inflated with a nice bit of heft, but also his nostrils are penetrated by the rubber, flooding his senses with latex.

“The suit is preparing you for the ability to sweet and fake breath under water. The rubber in your ears will prevent you from getting swimmer’s ear. Only rubber toy suit ear,” it giggles.

“And here I thought you’d think a swimmer was in my ear.”

“Don’t be silly, this one knows that’s not possible, unless it was a really small swimmer.” It says with an affirmative nod, remembering the time it was corrected on the term some time ago.

“Okay, what else?”

“The tail is being filled with air, giving it the weight and heft but also being your source of air when going under water, letting you have all sorts of fun. The latex in your nostrils will be the source where you can breathe and protect you from any nasty bacteria that could be in the water that would eat your brains. Brain eating is bad, we don’t do real zombies here,” it says with a nod.

“I almost think that sounds like it has happened before.”

“Nope, but it heard it once when it went camping,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“You went camping? How was it?”

“It was fun, this one learned a lot and found what it was looking for along the way, much like it has with you.”

“Are you coming on to me, toy?”

“This one has yet to climax on you yet. But when we go swimming at the lake, it might,” it says with a playful wink, grabbing the human by the hand and whisking him outside, “It’ll take a bit of time to give you the full time under water, but it thinks it’s been enough time to give it a nice taste, don’t you think?”

Zridon blushes, “This is a bit sudden. Luckily this is a private cabin, so no one will be able to see...” he looks down at his bouncing throbbing dicks then back to the toy as it takes it toward the lakefront a short distance away, straight to the wooden pier.

“No time like the present, and it has a present for you once you get into the water. This one thinks you’ll really fin it lovely.”

He rolls his eyes, with a mix of giving a look of, “What in the world is this toy going on about? Is this really the reality I live in?” He counters, “Watch your words toy are your going to taste something fish.”

“This one thinks it will very soon,” it says with a wink.

It is then they get to the edge of the pier and the toy just drags him forward into the water, “W-wait, I can’t just jump into icy cold water like that!”

The cold like water washes all over him, yet though cold it isn’t as shockingly cold as he thought. Especially given that his cock is twitching in the cool water. He closes his mouth; the tail despite being filled with air is filled with enough air that it has a neutral buoyancy. His nostrils flare, the scent of latex flows in as well as fresh air. Bubbles escape through his nostrils

and mouth. The latex tightly sealed around him that he's able to see without a drop of water touching him.

He looks around with ease, feeling a tingle run across his rubber. He looks to see fins like his ear fins extend along his elbows. He looks over himself, feeling the water resistance, as there's more that have sprung up along the top and bottom ends of his tail and all along his spine, "Okay that is neat," he says, forgetting for a moment he's under water, but what is amazing is no water washes into the back of his throat. The words are heard clearly by him, "Underwater talking?"

"Oh good, this one was hoping the underwater translators were going to work," it says with a nod, the toy pulling him deeper down.

"Who in their right mind would make an underwater talking translator?"

"This one's team did. It took a while, but we got it!" it says with a rump wiggle, letting go of the human's hand, "Come swim with this one!" it says, wiggling its ass at him.

Zridon floats there, admiring the toy's butt, a sly grin creeping across his face, which is slightly expressed through the suit, "I'm going to get that ass and then I'm going to show you who is the king of the lake!"

"Oh, no, not the toy from the black lagoon!"

"Isn't it creature?"

"Copyrights," it says with an affirmative nod, swimming further away.

"Well, this toy is going to get you!" He propels himself through the water with such speed that he easily overshoots the toy as it swims along toward the bottom. The deeper he goes the tighter the back of his mouth feels, muffling his voice, "W-what this?"

"Protection to keep you from swallowing water and greater depths," it says with a nod.

"Wait, do you have the underwater translator?"

"No, toy has good hearing and can figure out what you are saying. It has heard a greater number of muffled voices than you. It's well practiced in muffled-ese."

"Why am I not surprised," he says, swimming back over to the toy getting a greater handle on how fluidly he swims through the water. Feeling a level of grace and freedom he could never obtain on land. The water rushing past him, his cock teased as it hangs there, making him want to sink it into something nice and warm. And he's only human, he could only hold out wanting to sink his length into that toy's devious rear for so long!

The sun above twinkles like diamonds adding to the wonderful ambiance. All the fish in the area, fleeing for their lives, as he bee lined for the toy, torpedoing it right in the rear. His twin dicks fight for space, which only in turn makes the toy's entrance all the tighter for him to sink into. The squeaks echo out into the water.

The sergal arches its back, squeezing the human's bits as they push into the toy's tight but well experienced butt, "What, what in the... well..." it says with a grin, holding onto Zridon's hips, coiling its tail around him as it pushes back against him.

“Shh, no more puns, let me enjoy this,” he huffs, letting out several bubbles that mushroom out and float to the surface, pinging to anyone who might be on the surface of their not-so-secret location.

“The only way you’ll get this one’s mouth to hush is for it to have it filled,” it says with an affirmative nod. The toy grinding harder against his eager wanting thrusts, “*it’s so cute how needy he gets.*”

Zridon playfully bites the sergal, feeling a sense of, “*Yeah... this is right. The toy deserves it.*” He grinds along the toy, caressing and squeezing its breast, the webbed fingers adding more grip to the toy’s plump mounds as he goes faster and faster.

“Hmm, something is fishy about this moment, don’t you think?” it giggles, milking the human’s length, feeling as if he’s about to blow.

Zridon glares at the toy, “That’s it,” he says, pulling out of the toy, his body screaming, not to give into this moment of poor judgment, not when they were so close to release! He pushes the toy down, swimming up and over the toy in a U shape, his dicks rubbing along the toy’s muzzle, while he presses his muzzle against the toy’s sex, the clit hood floating there till he gets close enough for it to lick him along those rubber lips, “Suck it toy.”

“With pleasure,” it says with a grin, wrapping its mouth around both cocks at the same time, its tongue coiling around them so they may grind together, before it wraps its legs around her partner’s head, pushing his muzzle up against her hot vent, the clit hood slipping into the human’s suited mouth, to play with the rubber covered tongue. The toy’s arousing juices manage to filter through the water and the suit to reach the aching human underneath.

“*I love this timeline,*” he thinks, feeding on the toy’s wonderful sex. Unable to get any of the juices, due to the muffled gag on the back of his throat, but he swears he can *taste* the to just the same. He moans, bubbles rising between them tickling their latex clad hides.

The toy caresses and teases Zridon’s rump, slipping a finger into his rear, pushing in its digits nice and deep so it may rub and caress the human’s hot internal button. It bobs its head along the lengths, enjoying every inch of them as they float there, twisting and turning together, a lost floating pair of rubber objects, just enjoying their tender moment and letting nothing stop them from having this weightless experience. The closest they’ll get of sex in space on the Earth.

The human is no match for the toy, and it’s not long till he found himself with an out of this world climax that was as deep as the ocean and even more vast. The toy manages to have a near perfect watertight seal around the throbbing rubbing lengths. The human feels as if he’s climaxing out of both at this moment. The fantasy fills his mind as he fills the toy’s maw. His heavy bubbling pants through his nostrils are greeted with a happy delight. By the time he comes out of his sexual high, he realizes that he’s the one now right side up and the toy is upside down. He tries to pull away, but the toy holds him close, making him enjoy in the warm afterglow of the moment. And thanks to the suit, he doesn’t have to fear about suffocating under the toy’s powerful thighs.

Slowly though as they float back up toward the surface, the toy releasing him from its tight grip, it asks, gently rubbing his belly, “So, how was that as a field test?”

He looks at the toy and then up at the slowly approaching water's surface, "I did not think such experiences were possible."

"Anything is possible with enough hard work, imagination, and funding from those who wish to see it come true."

"Y-yeah..."

"If you are interested in helping this one make suits like these a reality. It could take you on as a helper again."

"You want me to test suits and work at the store again?"

"Yup, though it will admit, this one will be more intense than last time."

"Sign me up."

"It will be one you're obligated to see through to the end."

"Toy..."

"We'd be leaving right away too. It knows it won't give you much time to think on it."

"Toy..."

"When this one was thinking who would best fit the mold for what it has in mind, you are on the top of its list."

"Toy..." he says, squeezing the toy's hips, "When I say sign me up. I mean it. Sign me up."

K-2003 smiles, "This one was hoping you'd say yes." It says, thinking as they travel the last few feet toward the surface, holding the human close to it, "*This one knew your material was perfect for the job.*"