

## Xenomorph Toy: Capture

The dark blue and black xenomorph suit wrapped around Maria felt too good to be true. Some would question themselves as to why anyone would find such a deadly killing machine so sexy, but then just look at them. Everything about their design screams with sexual undertones that the primal mind picks up. Slow deep intoxicating breathes, the rubber creaks, hands squeaking when she runs across the hard rubber chitin that caresses every inch of her scales. The xenomorph sex, nearly invisible to the untrained eye, pressing up against her sex, caressing her folds. Her petals quiver at the touch against them, warming her body further. She barely minds she can't really talk, and her muffled words are only audible to the sergal toy's sharp hearing.

Speaking of the sergal toy, K-2003, sleek, black rubber, cyan hair, and fluff at the base of its tail and tip, those black and cyan cuffs that say in brilliant glowing cursive lettering "Fuck Toy." It's silver tag that has its designation. The toy's softly glowing cyan eyes are locked on her, admiring her like she's a piece of high art, and perhaps she is, she certainly high on something, if anything the moment, "Let me see myself." She tries to say, groaning when she hears the xenomorph head turn her words into a gentle hiss and nothing more.

K-2003 grins, high on the joy the toy-to-be is experiencing, the state of nirvana she has found wearing the product, a sense that all those long hours with itself and the other toys and product testers is getting a glowing review right now, and the icing on the cake that it feels confident that it has found the right material to kick start this new toy line project, "Of course, this one has it set up right over here," it says with a squeaky snap of a clawed finger, the toy acting like Vana White, guiding Maria's gaze toward the mirror that has revealed itself under a spot light that has casted away the darkness in that corner of the room.

She steps towards it, wanting to get a closer look at herself, that domineering, sexy, primal, instinctual beast of nature. The wrath of mother nature incarnate. The mirror seems out of place from this hive setting the room has been sculpted to be, but she is getting what she wants, and that is all that matters.

Most of her body is that deep dark lovely blue, her body shining in the light, the ridges of her legs and thighs look tantalizing to the touch that she can't help but caress it. Black accents her external protect rib cage, that hides and squeezes her breasts, hiding any nurturing part of her, and leaving the primal deadliness, such as her sickle claws on her feet or the alien claws on her hands.

Her smooth faceless face, the dome head, that turns into ridges that would make one scream. Of course, no one could hear her scream for joy at what she is seeing. Her claws caress the head, feeling up the squeaky latex, sliding across it with the slime lubricant that thinly coats her body, helping it not only shine but feel the cool air around her.

K-2003 approaches from behind, running its claw along Maria's back, but in a way that will not set off the press n seal technology, "Do you like what you see?" it asks, breasts pressing up against the lower back tubes.

She nods, her sex tensing, the toy's aphrodisiac aroma has sunk deep into her body, causing her instinctual arousal to bubble up, tainting every thought and desire in her own juicy arousal, mudding her thoughts from anything else except what her body is craving.

"Are you ready to go a bit deeper? This one hasn't fully activated the suit. This is just the first stage."

She swings her head around so quickly that the sergal toy is forced to dodge out of the way. She grips K-2003's shoulders, hissing, mouth open, as she says "Yessss"

The toy grins, "Wonderful. Please turn around and this one will activate the color and our light hypnotic system that will help ease you into the body you are wearing."

"Hypnosis? That doesn't work on me," she attempts to say.

"It'll be fine," K-2003 says, gently running its cyan claws along the xenomorph suit's chest, "Trust this one."

Maria shrugs, turning around, giving the toy access, looking in the mirror, seeing the toy pressing something in the back of her neck, causing a gentle pinch and tingle that runs down her spine, which feels almost enhanced by the suit squeezing her body further, the latex pressing up against her scales in a tight yet still comfortable manner.

"You may feel a pinch!" K-2003 warns.

"*You're very late on that one toy,*" she thinks as there's a gentle yet domineering female voice whispering into the back of her mind so softly that her own thoughts will easily overpower them in terms of volume yet not in force, but in these first few moments, her mind is clear to hear the first few phrases clearly.

*"Your mind is clear and receptive."*

*"Give in and listen."*

*"Sink and follow."*

*"Let go and feel free."*

Maria shifts, shivering, thinking, "*Hey, isn't that...*"

K-2003 moves in front of her, hands caressing her long xenomorph head, "Let's warm up with a bit of polishing as it takes effect, and then we can have some fun. It is sure you'd like that," it says with a playful wink.

Her sex quivers at the thought. She grabs the toy's head, opening her mouth with a soft hiss, the inner jaw pushes out and into K-2003's muzzle, which it happy licks across, suckling down as it would any cock, with a vigor and delight of the well-practiced toy. Distracting her from the next parts of the whispers, and hypnotic beating phrases that start laying the foundation of what she'll become, a toy.

*"You are a good toy."*

*"Good toys obey."*

*"Good toys serve."*

*"Good toys fuck."*

*"You are a fuck toy."*

*"You exist to please your owner."*

*“You exist to please your maker.”*

*“Your Maker is K-2003.”*

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no myself.”*

*“There is only this one, itself, its, toy.”*

Yet there is more to the hypnosis than just the basics. A building foundation of something new to help users, a new set of hypnotic tones and phrases are also interwoven into the mantras, and after the initial opening test run, this set begins, with a bit more force, and white noise, that begins just as K-2003 breaks the kiss, “Just stand there and it’ll handle the rest,” it says, running its claws along the underside of Maria’s xenomorph head, sauntering off to the side, hips swaying in a sensual, sensual teasing manner.

The raptor follows those hips eyes locked on that smooth highly polished ass that can reflect the world in them, the other whispers entering her mind, *“Feel the suit.”*

*“The suit is you.”*

*“Embrace the sensation.”*

*“Embrace yourself.”*

*“You are a xenomorph.”*

*“You are a xeno.”*

*“An alien.”*

*“A creature of primal sexual desire.”*

*“Domineering”*

*“Yet dominated by your queen.”*

*“Obey your queen.”*

*“Serve the hive.”*

Changing phrases, explaining meaning, sinking Maria into a new mind set, little by little. She breathes in deep, still in command of her faculties, yet when K-2003 comes back with a bottle that says “Xeno slime polish” something within her swelled. The toy drenched the cloth in the liquid, watching it slide and strand from the bottle in a sticky yet slick and sensual way. The toy rubs the polish across Maria’s chest. The latex instantly cooling down, sending shivers through the raptor’s body. A wonderful compassionate and intimate feeling that allows her to relax, sink, and obey.

“There we go, shining you up and getting you nice and lubricated for the fun we’re going to have,” says K-2003, its hands caressing the back tubes. Gently polishing them, rubbing them like a hard phallic tubing that they are. Up and down, gentle smoothing pumping, the sergal squeezing them, sending tingles down into Maria’s body.

*“The suit is you.”*

*“Feel the suit.”*

*“Feel the body.”*

*“The body is you.”*

*“The suit is you.”*

*“Feel everything.”*

Maria tenses, breathing slow, deep, the cool air flooding her lungs, the latex tightly gripping her form, the tubes tingling as her mind drifts into the abyss of the words. Massaged so tenderly, lovingly, teased and toyed with, her mind crafts the sensation to believe her back spines are real, that they are part of her.

The slime polish drips across her blue rubber body, her tail hiking as the toy finishes with all four back spines, moving down toward her ass, squeezing, caressing, teasing and toying with her, “Are you feeling that all right?”

“Yesss,” she hisses, body quivering, wanting to so badly to fuck, that she might do what could be unthinkable for her, forgo the requirement of an actual dick and accept the toy’s itself, yet something about it just tells her that she wants something *in* her.

“Wonderful, does it feel like you are wearing nothing at all?” she asks, slipping between her legs, kneeling before the tight folds, running the cloth across the highs and crotch, the rush of cool from the latex crashes into her burning hot petals, making her sex twitch and want to be further teased. The caressing of the toy’s teasing claws across the tight folds, makes her almost lose her balance but the toy quickly adjusts and keeps her propped up, “Careful.”

“It feels wonderful,” she hisses out, reaching down to place her hands on the toy’s shoulders, using it for support, which the toy to her surprise is very good at, easily able to keep her popped up and continue to polish her with ease.

With a loving smile the toy nods, “Perfect. This one is going to test a bit of your bits and after that we can expand upon what you want to do before we *really* get into it, is that sound okay with you?”

*“Listen, follow, obey your queen.”*

Maria nods, hissing softly, her mouth full of her own saliva which is heavily mixed with that of the latex. Each swallow makes her feel more alive, her tongue held hostage by the inner jaw, but she doesn’t care, she simply *wants* more and to do what is necessary to keep this euphoria going.

“This one will take that as a yes,” it says, tossing the cloth to the side, gripping Maria’s upper thighs. It’s thumbs gently press along the blue chitin rubber crevice in the center of her legs. The rubber squeaks loudly as the toy’s thumbs push against the slit, teasing Maria’s sex with far greater force without even opening the vent to the outside world.

Instincts hit the raptor. Her hips press up against the toy as she tries to buck forward, hissing loudly, which were the translations of her raptoric purring moans. Her warm fluids mix heavily between her legs, making them ever slicker, which only makes the pressure pushed upon them feel better. Each shifting of latex across those petals makes her ache all the more. Her clit aches and when the sergal’s devilish thumbs hit the top of the hard rubber suit, it presses teasingly long on it, pinching it to make it ‘hurt so good’ Her hips buck again with greater force, gripping tightly onto the toy’s body, using it for support, but she finds her legs won’t

move. Not from a lack of trying but the toy's grip is just that powerful that she is *held* in place and made to take it the toy's pace.

"There we go. Sensitivity appears to be at where this one wants it. But how does something so tight fare with the rest of your body when its... teased and then penetrated," K-2003 says out loud, its claw tips running along the crevice, pushing the lips apart only slightly, giving the faintest angel breath worth of cool air to make it past the rubber to touch her folds.

Unsure if the toy was talking to her, someone else, or just liked to hear itself talk, but at the moment, it didn't matter. Any attempt to wiggle out of the toy's control is met with its powerful grip, allowing the rubber sergal to go at its own pace, parting her rubbery sex, penetrating slowly to her true sweet wet folds that crave the touch all the more.

K-2003's cyan claws push in deeper, thumbs caress and spread the tight vent, spreading the chitin, showing off the pink folds underneath. The toy's hot breath blows across the exposed vulva as micro amounts of its aphrodisiac coat it, adding small sparks of ever-growing need. "Can you give a nice tight squeeze for this one? It would appreciate that."

With a long moaning hiss, Maria does as she's asked, feeling rather good to follow along with the toy's words. Her folds clenching down on that imagined dick which feels so big to part her folds so much. The rubber binding to her folds, help guide the sex back into position, or at least it would if it wasn't for that devilish sergal toy keeping them apart. She holds onto the toy, squeezing its shoulders, claws running along its back with a long slender sleek squeak, "*Fuck, fuck, fuck, this feels good. But I need more. I want to feel primal xenomorphic playful lust. Something thrust into me. But she has nothing that can fulfill me, unless...*" Her train of thought moves to a wonderful idea, looking over at the sleek black rubber xenomorph suit the sergal wore earlier.

The binding is very good, and what a tight grip. Something that will feel so very good, and it doesn't think it would cause injury, but we'll see. When this one brings in its local expert on semi-solid, Newtonian rubber liquid, we'll see, but that's not yet," it says looking up at the panting toy-to-be, "Why hit you with all the fun at once. We have time to take it nice and slow and build a lovely experience. Test out what is possible with the suit, and get your passion driven lustful thoughts all along the way," K-2003 says with a rump wiggle about to stand up but feels Maria pushing it back down, "What is it?" it asks, leaning in to give the raptor's sex a long tender lick, tasting her sweet nectar, getting an idea of just how aroused she is, and on a scale of one to ten, ten being the highest, the word that comes to mind is, very.

Maria is suckling the inner mouth in her maw. Her tongue would coil around it, slurping down the phallic delight if it wasn't held up by the head itself. Her nostrils flare getting the cool intoxicating rubber scented air with every breath, "I want hard xeno fucks," she hisses, pointing to the suit.

K-2003's eyes follow the finger, already knowing the destination but taking its sweet time to complete the connection, giving her more time to simmer in its arousing aroma and soon enough juices, "Oh, is that what you want?" it asks, hips swaying, looking up at her as she looks down at her, face to faceless face.

“Yesss,” she hisses, squeezing the sergal’s shoulder even tighter.

“This one is here to be of service,” it says, grabbing the hand holding it down, gently caressing the arm, standing up slowly, just let...” it says, drawing Maria’s hand toward its mouth, its slender tongue snaking out, coiling around one digit, “This,” it mutters in a mumbled voice, gently suckling the hand, thumbs caressing the palm, while fingertips rub the tip. The toy bobbing its head along one finger, switching to the next one, “One” repeating the process with the other finger till it jumps to the next, “Work.” It gives one last long tender suckle, letting its arousing saliva seep into the latex, into Maria, and keeping her high going, more coals into the burning furnace, the boilers heating up, pressure building ever higher.

*“Who would have thought I’d get turned on by a girl at all... wait, wait. It’s not a girl. Its a fuck toy. Completely different, that’s why it’s like that,”* she thinks, taking a moment to shelve the momentary questioning of her own sexuality, not noticing the toy has already walked away, and has begun to wiggle its sleek shiny ass back into the xenomorph suit.

K-2003 pulls on the suit with an expertise that could have only been garnered by someone with plenty of experience, and furthermore flexibility, able to reach behind itself to utilize the press n seal technology with ease. The toy’s black and cyan colors, its sergal form, consumed by the xenomorph rubber, yet the motions, the swaying of the hips, the movement of its body, gives it away, soon leaving just the head to be put on.

Maria watches the toy practically dance, smoothing, squeaking, making sure each part of the suit fitted her just fine, grabbing the head with ease, moving in the suit that she’s just getting some hang off. She stands there, feeling a bit helpless to do anything, yet not feeling much of *wanting* to do anything about it. She knows the toy will come to her, why risk it?

The toy is sealed away, trapped in the layer of latex, revealing the deadly animalistic xenomorph drone. The toy takes a more primal stance, tail whipping around. It presses a bit on the back of its neck, flooding the suit with rubber to build a tighter grip around it.

Maria watches the suit shift slightly, moving easier with the toy’s movements, moving up to her with those wide alien steps, tail raised just off the ground, hissing to her, which sends shivers down her spine. Her instincts telling her, this could be dangerous, yet her mind knows better. And the mixed feeling heightens every aspect of the situation. Her mind’s desire to stay safe, stay alive, the fight or flight, heightening her senses, to feel every inch of latex around her body, every molecule of scent that enters her nose, the sound of hissing, squeaking, creaking, the toy’s steps as it gets closer, haunching over to give it that iconic alien movement.

Each step brings the toy closer to her, heart racing further, drawing her into the moment, sexual tension building, two powerful sleek creatures ready to pounce and perhaps tear into each other. She hisses “Yess,” mouth opening, taking that tentative step forward, hands reaching out to grab and caress the xeno toy’s head.

It hisses back, opening its mouth, inner jaw pushing out, the toy pressing its face against Maria’s the inner jaw sliding into the other’s mouth, the inner jaws rubbing against each other, pressing its body closer, crotches moving closer, K-2003’s clit hood forcing out past her tight sex

and forcing its way into Maria's own vent, giving a direct pathway for the toy's arousing juices to inject it right into the source of the raptor's rapturing ecstasy.

She pushes hers into the toy's, exchanging phallic mouths, pushing them into their heads, while she holds and caresses that long black phallic head. The nature of the design, so sexual, primal, strong, fierce, terrifying. No emotion can be seen through their face. Just rows of sharp deadly teeth and that pumping inner mouth, that could penetrate her so deeply. She groans, bucking her hips against the toy, as the clit hood worms its way into her, licking her folds, sending a fire of pleasure through her.

She clenches her butt, pressing harder against the toy, rubbing her ribbed chest against her, holding the toy tighter, caressing the smooth head, grinding herself against the toy, ready to take in more. Her folds squeezing the protrusion between her legs, unable to stop it from licking and coating her folds in the juicy delight.

Suddenly in one quick motion, Maria finds herself on her back. The toy moved a leg behind her, sweeping her off her feet, but with its immense strength gently laying her on her back, using the egg to prop her up along with the back tubes that complete the support needed.

Thump, thump, thump, her heart pounding, head spinning, and in the time it takes her to even know what is going on, the black xenomorph toy has turned around, placing her head between her legs, hands spreading her, while its own dripping sex, with the cyan clit hood sticking out between the black rubber folds, drips down its translucent cyan juices right onto her lips, the intoxicating flavor of the toy oozing past her deadly teeth into her real mouth, leaving her body wanting more.

*"Good toy."*

*"Good toys fuck others."*

*"Good toys serve."*

*"Good toys obey."*

Maria hisses, opening her mouth wider, tongue pushing out, the inner jaw, catching the drip, funneling it down straight into her, further adding fuel to the fire. She swallows down the toy's nectar, pushing her mouth forward, running it against the toy's sex as the clit hood retreats back into the wet black folds, leaving a trail in its wake, *"Fucking take me. I will take you, you fucking toy,"* She thinks, gripping the xeno's ass, squeezing it, squeaking it, trying to draw it down toward her so the mouth can run across the strong, powerful and tough folds.

K-2003 was already ahead of her. Its head buried between Maria's legs, thumbs running along her inner thoughts, feeling the ribbed pleasure points, steadily moving up, caressing them as it goes upwards to rub the point where the legs meet the hips, face pressed up against the tender yet powerful sex. Mouth open, drool dripping down onto them, watching them twitch with each drop, begging and aching to be taken, yet still so protected by the layer of chitin rubber that exposing them will certainly feel all the more vulnerable, *"The body hypnosis should help her feel better, more in need, eager to mate with a fellow... hive mate. This one so hopes it works."*

With a quivering sex she bucks her hips against K-2003's inner mouth, wanting the sweet sensation of that inner mouth to push right into her. Fantasy made reality before her. And when the toy pushes in, past her tight folds, the sensation of her protective shell being cracked upon builds upon the moment three-fold. The first is something so strong, so powerful cracking her strong and powerful exterior. Her highly protected sex under that layer of rubber chiton. She *feels* every bit of that mouth push and force her folds open in such a raw primal fashion. She herself experiencing the strength needed as she is pushing her mouth against the xeno's tight sex, knowing so well just how armored and protected it is. Something so not *meant* for sex, yet so sexual in nature, and having the two parts combined into one... indescribable.

The second is that protection affords a greater sense of sensitivity. The hypnosis sinking into her mind, making her feel that the rubber body around her is in some way her real skin. Her sensitive sex never feeling the world outside, becoming relaxed, weakened to any external forces, so when the toy's inner maw touches those folds, they light up with a greater intensity, a level of vividness that is lost upon her otherwise. The danger of the inner jaws tearing through her most intimate parts, focusing her mind on what the toy is doing, slowing her own efforts to push into the toy that is grinding its sex down onto her face, forcing her inner jaws to finally push apart the folds and sink in. Making the deep loving contact with her partner.

The third, final and far from least point of multiplicity of this mirthful moment is that it's her deep seeded fantasy coming to life. To be taken by one of these creatures, propped up against an egg and taken. The feel of the tail wrapping around her neck, not choking her, but keeping her pinned and dependent on it. Ready to be made into a higher benign, of primal sexual energy, tension, fear and predatory domination. Her strengths enhanced; weaknesses stripped away. She felt the pounding penetrations of the toy's inner mouth move in and out faster and faster pistoning her folds with ever growing pleasure, strength and fierceness.

She grinds and squeaks against the toy, against the egg. Her legs quiver, her tight grip on that shiny black rubber xenomorph toy ass grows tighter, as she thrusts her head and mouth into the toy's folds, drinking down the juices which only further drown her mind in the lava lustful moment. There's no more thoughts only action and instinct.

The hypnotic mantra keeps stoking the flames, while the fuel is constantly supplied by the toy's pumping actions, but no matter what the toy did, or how tightly Maria squeezed and bucked and pounded herself against the toy. She only found new heights for her pleasure. It's like her body is refusing to climax till the right note is hit in the symphony of pleasure the two are playing, and the conductor, K-2003 is far from being done with her.

Tails whip around, the xenomorph lengthen ends, drag across the ground, the sharp looking blades, appear in the other's vision, a constant reminder that they are more than sex machines, but killing ones too.

Hungrily Maria drinks down more, losing sight of the moment that she's eating a female xenomorph. Just the concept of using her inner mouth to penetrate and pound the other, like she is, is all she needs at the moment. Eventually her body can't hold up against the egg for much



longer, sliding off to the side with a thud. K-2003 softening the blow, as to not to distract from the on the side sixty-nineing the two are giving the other.

The suited sergal, continues to guide and caress Maria's rubber clad thighs, massaging, teasing, pleasing the whole package and not just the heated point. Spreading the pleasure around the raptor's body while building up a hot center, that radiates outwards through the rest of her body.

*"Please your hive mate."*

*"The hive loves a loyal drone."*

*"Be a lovely drone."*

*"Be a loyal drone."*

*"Fuck your sister."*

Unheard by Maria's conscious mind which is barely conscious under the extreme pleasure of the moment, it's certainly felt and understood by the inner workings of her psyche. Breaking a sexual barrier before its intended. She's driven deep into the moment, the blue and black inner jaws slipping into the black and cyan folds, drinking down the ambrosia that goes to show her just how aroused she can really get and when she thinks she's at the peak, she's proven wrong again. The desire to fuck permeating throughout her mind and body, the joy of for these sweet moments letting her instincts take over and let the conscious mind relax. The lizard brain is now in control and in these moments there's no drug that could make it better, that could compare, this is the meaning of life, rolled up into a fetish kink, the razor's edge between life and death, giving and taking, when fucking such a powerful and deadly creature. It slips from her mind that she and the toy are just in suits, playing up the moment. And for the next few hours, K-2003 uses this to its advantage, letting the raptor's mind get soaked to the brim with its juices so the next stages could star without issue, but with a twist...

When the toy pulls off the raptor, leaving her wanting for more, it taps the back of the neck, adjusting the latex within the head so it can pull its tongue from the mouth grip, it looks down at the toy-to-be, "Can you hear this one?"

With a soft hiss she nods, letting out a muffled "Yes." She pants heavily, her body aching, burning, claws reaching down to gently caress her tight folds, but she only manages to get a few touches in before K-2003 swoops down to stop her.

"Glad to hear," it says with a muffled voice, "We are going to expand our fun. Get up." It pulls Maria back onto her feet, the sudden shift back to standing leaves her lightheaded for just a moment, a sign of her age perhaps, or something else, but she dwells not on it.

"What is it?" she hisses.

"We are going to hunt, bind, and play up as a pair of xenomorphs grabbing pray. Of course, the one we're going to *capture* after we have our fun with it, will be rescued by their partner, and the tables will be reversed on you. This one thinks you'd like that idea, right?"

"S-sexy space marines?" she shudders, her mind flashing to the strong powerful men from the movies, the idea of dominating them swirling on one side of her head, and the thoughts

of them overpowering her, so strong and deadly that they could defeat an alien, bubbles up on the other half of her thoughts.

The black xenomorph nods, rump wiggling with a loud squeak, “Yup! Toy even did something crazy for this.”

“What?” she asks, picturing the marines with sexy guns, dildo grenades, and other lewd crafted objects that look reminiscent of the movies, but heavily altered for their new purpose

“Toy has them wearing clothes! It knows, scandalous, but desperate times require desperate measures.”

Maria quirks an eye ridge, tilting her head to the side, “What?”

“Quick, we’ll stalk in the shadows as we’ll have the lone marine come in for us to capture. There’s a part of the wall over there, that will help in the binding and bondage process and then the real fun to play out more of your fantasies can begin,” it says, giving a playful wink, not that Maria could see that. “Back to getting into the role!” it exclaims wiggling its butt a bit more, pressing on the back of his neck, flooding the head with rubber, reconnecting tongue to inner jaw.

“Alright,” she responds, not questioning the toy’s logic, in exchange of not letting go of the moment.

“Gt down low, meld into the alien walls, and we’ll wait,” K-2003 explains.

Maria shivers, getting into a small alien alcove that helps her blend into the dark shadow walls, though her blue would normally give her away, it was clearly not a thought on her mind.

Meanwhile K-2003 can hear one of its favorite paired toys discussing their plans, as they know it’s time for the start of this little role-playing game.

“Why does this one has to go in and get captured by the alien monsters?” complains M-2483.

“How else is this one going to save your shiny rubbery ass?” responds I-2843.

“Does Maker know about this? This one would like to be the one saving you for once.”

“Of course, this one told Maker it was your suggestion this time around, that way its fair and shared between us.”

“But this one didn’t suggest it.”

“Need not thank this one for the help,” says the domineering sounding rubber shark toy, “It’ll come in after an hour or three, once you’ve had your fun, then the *real* fun can begin.”

“Why are you staring at this one like that with those crazy eyes.”

“Don’t make this one tie you up before you get in there. Now go they are waiting.”

“Okay, okay, this one is going.”

K-2003 smiles happily, “*Those two are perfectly molded for each other.*” It thinks as a moment later the door to the room opens, revealing itself and the light of a different hallway to here. It creaks open slowly, as a black and dark blue female sergal toy is revealed, dressed in heavy colonial marine uniform, with a mock yet very detailed looking plasma rifle in one hand and a motion tracker in the other that gives that iconic pulsating beat.

The lights dim, the xenomorph suits provide a kind of night vision that helps them see their target. The two waits, in the darkness, while the sergal toy moves deeper into the room, a small flashlight attached to the end of the pulse rifle provides most of the light for the toy. Its glowing dark blue eyes help it stand out as it moves slowly, “This one doesn’t see anything. Maybe Maker isn’t here,” it says on a short-range intercom.

“Stay in character. It’s not Maker you are looking for, but for those bugs.”

“Right, right, so far it doesn’t see anything,” it says, tense music begins to play, “Oh man, this one knows that music isn’t good,” it says, doing a scan of the room, looking right over past the two toys, acting like it hasn’t seen them, as it walks over in their direction.

“Just keep looking,” says I-toy.

“This one is, but it forgot to ask what it is looking for,” it responds, turning its back away from the two xenomorphs.

“That’s simple,” I toy responds.

Maria breaths nice and slow, time seeming to slow from her, a recreation of one of her moments that helped her fall in love with the creatures. She didn’t bother to look at K-2003 to get a moment of acknowledgement to go. She grabs the sergal toy pulling it close to her, rubber fingers forced into its mouth. The fake gun popping off flashes and the sounds of the iconic gun, but not firing any real shots.

“Ahhh! Help this one, help thi--” M-toy exclaims flaying about, dropping the weapon as it flails about helplessly.

I-toy chuckles, “You’re looking for to get captured and it looks like you just found it.”

Maria hisses through the suit, saying the words, “Yes, this feels so fucking good, come to me you dumb marine.”

M-toy responds but its words are muffled and garbled, unintelligible as it tries to say, “Hey, this one isn’t dumb,” but more in a playful jab response rather than being actually insulted.

Maria grinds herself against the back of the squirming toy that appears to be unable to break away from her grasp. The surge of power through her, taking this hapless person and able to do whatever she wants to do with it next, is intoxicating. She wet humps against the toy’s back, getting sections of the uniform soaked with her own needy juices. Her body unable to stop dripping, ready to be ravaged herself.

*“She did it just as this one realized it didn’t give her a signal to strike. Crisis averted,”* K-2003 think, giving an affirmative to no one. It saunters out of its alcove, hissing domineeringly, opening its mouth, letting the inner jaw come out. It grabs the marine toy from the other side, giving a little inner jaw snap at it.

Maria hisses back, moaning, snapping in kind, not wanting to let this moment go, the words spoken to her just minutes ago, slipping from her mind, until the near subconscious whispers help put her mind back on track.

*“Listen to your hive mate.”*

*“Good toys obey.”*

*“Obey.”*

“*Serve the hive,*” the voice of the phrases shifting between the original and the new set. Two domineering voices that know exactly how and what to say to help move Maria’s thoughts along.

With a deep breath she gives greater attention to xeno K-2003, fingers pumping in and out of the marine sergal toy’s mouth, making it moan and semi-over dramatically gurgle while helplessly squirming in her grasp.

K-2003 reaches out, caressing the marine toy’s head with one hand, the other black xenomorph claws run along Maria’s head with a loving tender squeak, that feels out of place at the moment, but when the deadly hiss follows, things are right back on track. It moves away from the two, motioning Maria to follow, the lights overhead flickering on like its suffered damage and the power to the lights is not consistent.

Maria follows, pulling the toy along, that struggles in her grasp but its feet tell the story of helping her take it toward the destination, “*I feel so strong, powerful. Now to tie this marine up for the hive,*” she thinks out of her own personal fantasy, rather than the collar’s lust filled hypnotic soaked, tantalizing whispers. Her mind pictures select few people that she’d love to do this to. Some for the sheer enjoyment and sexual prowess this moment provides, others for the dark and primal nature of what being captured by the hive actual means for them.

The flickering lights reveal a xenomorph hive hold, with the clear hard reign spider webbing. Covered in that slimy polish it glistens and seems to welcome someone to be placed within a grove designed to place someone back first.

K-2003 gets beside it, motioning a bit like Vanna White, expressing what to do next.

M-toy moans and groans, trying to “break free” from Maria’s grip but is utterly powerless to do so. The toy squeaks and squirms as its moved closer, “*Why is it always this one put in the tight bondage situations. Why can’t I-toy be tied up? That shark toy is dangerous and needs to be tied up and locked up.*”

Maria forces the toy into the designated spot, the resin snapping into place, like a spring-loaded trap, albeit not as fast. She forces the toy’s arms off to the side, bound to the wall and floor, head locked into place so it couldn’t turn away, while legs are spread and then bound to the floor. The toy’s struggling and screams for help just add to the mixture of utter primal sexual delight that her lust addled mind can’t seem to get enough of. It drives her further into the moment, wanting to take this person, dominate it, so completely. Without a second thought it tears through their pants, revealing their sleek sexy thighs, the dark blue sergal vent that has the iconic sergal hood that pulls up against itself, hiding the vent in some vain last ditch attempt to protect itself, “*How cute, but that’s not going to save you.*”

K-2003 paces behind them, giving tat deep alien breathing, watching, monitoring the situation, its clit hood keeps its xeno suit sex open just enough to continue to let its arousing aroma flood the room to maximum capacity, “*This one knew it was a good idea to use easy rip clothes.*”

Maria hisses, crocheting animalistically over the sergal toy, placing its hands on its head, holding it there, slowly opening its mouth with a low hiss, inner jaw coming out to give it a kiss.

M-toy squirms and wiggles, showing just how tightly held it is, then the inner jaws thrust forward into its mouth, giving a deadly kiss.

M-toy moans and gurgles, toes curling, tongue coiling around the xeno's inner jaw as its used to pump into its mouth. It's saliva has a lesser affect than its sexual juices, which are designed with every drop to help blur the lines of Maria's sexuality. To tear down the boundaries of her interests to make sex be sex. No longer mattering if male, female, or any combination in between. It's subtle at first. The liquid taking it's time to reach Maria, as she's picturing herself just skull eating through her victim. A deadly lustful fantasy that can only be kissed in a moment such as this. Her body burning for more, sex on fire, ready to have something shoved up into her, yet stewing in this aching need feels almost as nice as finding relief.

But the longer the kiss goes on, the initial cracks that formed earlier are widened ever so slightly, a willingness to experiment in ways that never crossed her mind begin to float to the surface. Were they always there just waiting to be released? Or did they form themselves out of the lustful concoction that K-2003 has created? In the end it didn't matter, and after a few minutes, Maria feels a hand run across the length of the xenomorph head, which she swears she could almost feel the whole thing as her own glorious head.

She pulls back, looking at K-2003, the black rubber xeno, motioning Maria to turn around. Reluctantly she does so, "*This better be good, I was just getting into...*" her mind drifts, attention the iconic xenomorph egg. Un opened. Quickly she looks at the other part of the room, the original egg still there, meaning only one thing, that this closed egg is full and ready to go.

K-2003 pantomimes grabbing the egg and moving it in front of M-toy, and poorly giving an idea of what will happen next with slightly over exaggerated motions.

M-2483 whines, "But Maker, why? And why hasn't I-toy come to save me yet!"

I-toy responds over the intercom, "Not in the script yet."

"There's a script?!"

"*All the more fun to get that toy to shut up,*" Maria thinks, gleefully grabs the egg, placing it right in front of M-toy, right between its legs. The raptor gleefully drums her fingers across the egg, getting eager for the passionate moment to begin, while the sergal toy gives a glowing dark blue eye of "terror".

"Hey, this one isn't a balloon toy, no popping or chest bursting," it says, tugging harder on the constraints, but it knows it can't break free, or more like it's not supposed to, helping build the moment that draws Maria into the scene.

The egg opens up, the shiny fleshy rubbery insides reveal themselves. Then one leg of a shiny glistening yellow face hugger leg comes out, then a second. Aligning itself in M-toy's direction and then in one quick go it leaps and latches itself onto M-toy's head. The tail coils around its neck, while it squirms and struggles, the phallic tube forced into its mouth and down its throat in a sexual natural lust that makes Maria's sex twitch.

Her claws run across her body, gently caressing her own sex, feeling how strong it is as she tries to break past the chitin opening with success after enough effort, but only after

constantly rubbing along the crevice between her legs. She just manages to get a few strokes in when K-2003 runs a teasing hand down her spine, making it tingle out toward her extremities.

“Why focus on such pleasures you can do at any time. Don’t touch yourself, toy with that one over there.” It reaches down and gently pulls Maria’s reluctant hands away. Its other hand guiding the xeno head to look straight at M-toy’s quivering sex, its jerking body as it fights against the face hugger, “Don’t you want to live that fantasy right now?” it teases.

*“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”*

*“Good toys don’t play with themselves.”*

*“Good toys don’t climax till they are told to.”*

*“You are a good toy.”*

The idea planted inside of Maria’s head is quickly cultivated and blossoms. The idea of ravaging that sex, which mere hours earlier might have been a deal breaker for her, now seems like a fun idea, “*Yeah, when will I get to do this again? It’s just a toy. Not like I’m fucking a real woman,*” she thinks, justifying her orientation bending thoughts to no one but herself.

K-2003 takes the empty egg away, removing the last boundary between Maria and her prey. The toy watches happily as the toy-to-be gets lulled into the moment, revealing more of her true colors, desires, wants, needs, aches, locked away fantasies thought to be forever out of her reach due to society, technology or the simple fact of reality that these monsters don’t exist... till now and she is one of them.

Slowly she crawls over to the toy, hissing, breathing deeply, panting in need. Her butt hiked up, but couldn’t really say she was showing off anything, due to just how tight and sleek the xeno rubber chitin armor is, but she feels like she is and doesn’t care. One hand on one bound leg that twitches the moment it’s touched. Then the other hand, same reaction. She squeakily squeezes the rubber toy thighs, using it to prop herself up, bringing her mouth toward that quivering vent. The clit hood squirming, worming around, trying to protect those sensitive folds that knows are about to be ravaged by her.

Her heart races, the anticipation is palpable. The smell of the toy’s sweet sex, fills her lungs, the latex on her held tongue is constant but never overwhelming. Slowly the inner jaws come out, reaching out toward the vent, while muffled screams of help are barely heard but not recognized through the face hugger that just won’t let go of its prey, and neither will she.

*“It’s not gay if I use a phallic device or do it with a toy,”* she thinks, for a brief moment she thinks of her cousin but it’s washed away when she gets over that hump that stops her from giving into curious lesbian desires. She drives the inner jaw right into the toy’s hot vent, pulling the clit hood along with it.

M-toy’s moans grow louder, sex clenching down onto the alien invasion, unable to stop it as it goes nice and deep. It bucks against the xenomorph, toes curling, pleasure surging through it. Its nostrils flaring but unable to breathe, the delightful rubber aroma all around it. Its well polished body and lubricated folds makes it easy for it to slide and grind against Maria. Pulled into a moment of pleasure while its corruptive soak and spread into its intended target. The second bit of the foundation that will build the newest toy for the company.

Maria happily pistons in and out of the quivering toy's sex. The clit hood's feeble attempts to stop her just adds to the feeling of power and control. She presses her face flush with the sex so that she can go deeper into the wet squelching folds. Tugging and pulling at the dark blue rubber insides, that clamp down so hard, constantly lubricating the invader so it can in deeper faster, stronger with every thrust. Each slurp, swallow of delight, drinking down the essence of what she's capturing from her prey, the questioning voice deep within Maria's mind about if she's into women at all, or if she is, or just toy shaped ones, steadily goes quieter. It matters less to her about who or what her partner is, only that she can enjoy this moment without issue, without fault or judgment, accepting her desires and embracing them for herself and herself alone, at least for now.

K-2003 admires the motivation, desire, drive, of the toy-to-be. It slinks behind her, gently caressing her butt, feeling her surprise or resistance to being touched non-existent, but more leaning into it. Her tail half coils around the toy as it moves its sex closer to her own, the clit hood reaching out to gently lick and push into Maria's folds, giving her another dose of arousing liquid, helping the raptor drown in her own lustful desires and unbridled instincts that will be used to heat up the material to unbearable levels so it may be molded into the perfect that it was meant to be, "That's it. Keep it going. Keep dominating that one. Show this one how much you love this."

Maria is further pulled into the moment, put in the middle between two toys, the mantras whispering into her mind, helping nudge her in the right direction, though it has a long way to go, and a long way till this focused moment of dominating this helpless sergal toy is rescued by its paired toy.

It's a strange sensation, not one that Maria is thinking about, but is there none the less. Every inch of her body is tightly caressed, held, one might even say bound by the rubber xenomorph suit. Sure, she can move, but only within the confines of the new external form. The constantly whispers, the occasional pulse of light overhead, drawing her into a near automated moment of action. Constantly pounding the sergal marine toy's sex, drilling deep into the body with loud squeaks, drawing up the sweet nectar that makes her question herself less and embrace the moment more. All to the point where it's no longer a matter of questioning her sexuality, but she has forgotten there is even a question at all to be asked. She's having fun, excitement, endless pleasure and she wants to climax so bad. To hit that peek, but there's that small part of her that doesn't want it to end. So, whenever she felt herself get close, K-2003 pulled away. Torn between being frustrated and pleased that the end time has not come yet.

All the while M-2483 is bound and helpless. Being constantly ravaged by the toy in front of it. More of its clothes are torn off, breasts squeezed as they are left helplessly exposed through the resin bondage. Nipples tugged, plugged, even gently bit by the xenomorph mouth. It's mind torn itself between the whispers that let it know it's being a good toy, the pleasure of every inch of its rubber form, a constant reminder of what a good toy it is, and the curiosity of what is going to happen when its paired toy I-2843 is going to do when it comes to the rescue. And it'll be left wondering till that moment comes, who is that toy really going to rescue?

The constant teasing, fucking, pounding by the raptor into the toy and the xeno toy behind her has left her body starting to run a bit on empty. Exhausted, yet she keeps going due to sheer determination and her hyper aroused mind won't let her recognize the feeling of being tired. She didn't even know she's been having this toy for as long as she did, the perfect time for M-toy's savior to come onto the scene.

The sleek black skinned dark blue colored anthropomorphic rubber shark toy, with the same kind of cuffs as M-toy, with the cursive lettering that reads "Fuck Toy" but this toy with its big toothy sharky grin has a spiked collar that is as sharp and deadly as its teeth. Its silver tag has the designation on the front I-2843.

The muscular female toy is dressed in a colonial marine captain uniform, a big Cuban cigar in its mouth, pulse rifle in its hands, with extra ammunition, a flamethrower duct taped together. A meter at the end that has a red number that gives meters till the target, though exaggerated by a factor of ten. The toy is a mix between the heroine of the movies and that iconic colonial marine sergeant, "Ah, another glorious day in the Corps," it chuckles, K-2003 pulling away, turning toward the shark toy.

I-toy rushes over to its Maker, grabbing it and tossing it across the room, showing of its strength and power. The suited sergal toy flies across the room letting out that xeno alien screech which catches Maria's attention.

The raptor huffs, living a strange fantasy of being on the other side of the movies, recognizing the echoes of the movie, pumping her with nostalgia on top of everything else, the music playing in the room growing more intense in its beat. She turns and hisses at the shark toy, "*Nothing but a terrible cos player, I'll defeat you easily,*" she thinks, her sex clenching in anticipation of domineering such a powerful looking shark marine heroine.

I-toy takes a step forward, comically the mechanical sound of a walker plays with the following few steps, "Get away from her you bitch!" it exclaims, almost breaking character from the unexpected extra sound effects, "*Maker...*"

K-2003 from the shadows playing with a remote as it watches the scene unfold, "*This is perfect fun! Best to get the practice in now.*"

Maria lets out a long hiss, which K-2003 happily adds sound effects to make it sound a lot more like an alien queen than a drone. She rushes forward, the steps louder, sound affect driven, though still just as squeaky, "*No way am I going to lose!*" But as she charges in, hissing, snapping, ready to claw at the shark, she's stopped by I-toy grabbing her by the head, noise of a mech loader following the shark toy's movements. She shoots out her inner jaw, flaying about, taken by surprise of the strength of the toy... which only excites a different part of her brain, and makes her just as if not arguably more aroused in a different way.

I-toy grins, "Kissy, kissy," it says, grabbing the inner jaw by the mouth, sucking it, kissing it, and more importantly holding it there as it passionately sucks on the inner jaw, keeping it from retracting back into Maria's mouth.

The raptor's eyes widen, and her sex twitches, her nipples hard, pressing up against the rubber suit, feeling all the more sensitive, not even questioning how this female shaped toy could



turn her own so much, only that she was. She leans into the kiss, giving in just a little bit as the kiss is made real, lips to lips, teeth to teeth, yet the shark doesn't release the xeno's mouth from its tight grip. Only pushing the raptor down onto a second alcove that was just off to the side where M-toy is held.

There she's forced back and despite Maria's best attempts. She is being forced back toward the resin bondage. She squeaks, groans, hisses, and moans, a torrent of mixed feelings of being overpowered by a simple fucking toy, and the fact that her sexual fantasy creature is being overpowered by anything. Such raw strength to dominate nature, the control and bravery to stand up against the dark unknowns of space. It makes her melt as she's pushed down onto her back. The resin alcove grips around her back spires locking around them locking her into it.

There The shark toy breaks the kiss, looking down at the raptor with domineering glowing blue eyes, "Hello gorgeous. Looks like you are going to have breakfast in bed, and this meal is going to be a banquet, this one loves the fucking Corps," it says, forcing Maria's arms into bondage resins, locking them into place.

On the other end, seeing the resin bondage around her, her sex twitches, body aching, breathing growing deep and heavy, hissing, panting, moaning, tail swishing about till its bound in place, legs forced apart exposing her further. Her strong powerful form overcome by a fucking toy, "I'll break out of this and when I do, I'll dominate you so hard!" she exclaims but all that comes out is hisses and soft screeches.

"Hiss all you want, you'll be getting what's coming to you soon," it says, the toy dropping the weapons off to the side with a metallic clatter, rushing over to M-toy, tearing off the face hugger, the toy 'gasping' for air, as the xeno tail is forcefully removed.

"W-what took you so long?" M-toy asks, squirming in its bondage.

"This one came as fast as the script allowed."

"Again, what script?!" it cries out as I-toy releases it from its bondage.

"The one that has us now get our revenge on this naughty bug, trying to take you from this one. No one gets to fuck with you for so long besides this one and Maker."

"Ah shouldn't that be no one and that's it?" it asks, getting out of the resin bondage, rubbing its limbs with a loud squeak.

"Come you get the lower half, this one gets the fun upper," says I-toy with a devilish grin.

"You won't get anything! I'll take you all down with my strength!" Maria declares with her garbled tongue held words.

"Uh, I-toy? This one doesn't think that is a good idea. That one seems very aggressive and angry."

I-toy waves its paired toy off, "It's just hissing, all the more fun to hush it up," it says with a playful grin.

"I'm going to tie you both up and fuck so hard. I'll show you what this xenomorph can do!" she hisses, feeling herself sink into character, her body craving this more, tugging hard

against the constraints, yet finding herself unable to break free. The strength of the bondage is palatable, upping her enjoyment of the moment at least a couple fold.

“But didn’t you hear what she just said?”

“A whole lot of hissing, and screeching. She’s held down nice and tight and isn’t going to anywhere. Now lets have some fun!” it declares, tearing off its pants in one quick go, revealing its glistening dark blue sex.

M-toy just stares at its paired toy, “But she said... and why did you just tear off your pants instead of taking them off?”

I-toy winks, “More fun that way,” it says, hiking its tail with a loud squeak, climbing over Maria, gripping the xenomorph’s head, “Show this one that pistoning mouth of love.”

Maria huffs and shudders, trying to resist, but she can’t help but open her mouth and shoot out her inner jaws, showing off that she still has fight left in her, but is quickly snatched by Ivy’s lightning fast reflexes, keeping the mouth out.

“That’s a good toy,” I-toy says, looking over its shoulder at M-toy, “Get to fucking. This one wants it all ready for when it gets a taste. Maker gave you a clit hood for a reason.”

“Actually, it’s because it’s a female shaped sergal model.”

“Enough yapping, more moaning.”

“Maker is going to hear about this.”

“Maker is watching like the perverted toy that it is,” says I-toy, pointing over to the mostly hidden xeno suited sergal toy that appears whenever the lights flicker on over it. The sergal toy waving gleefully as it takes notes.

“Why this one...” says M-toy, moving between Maria’s latex clad legs, caressing her thighs, as its clit hood licks across the hot yet tightly sealed vent.

K-2003 wiggles its rump, *“It’s going so well!”*

Maria huffs, arching her back as much as the bondage around her back tubes would allow. The warm licking of M-toy’s clit hood on her protected sex makes her sickle claws twitch, but its the tight powerful grip of her inner jaw that is getting her really riled up right now. She stares up at the shark toy with its domineering primal grin. The top predator of the oceans vs. the top predator of space, and she has somehow found herself left wanting. The shark’s warm juices drip down onto that opening and closing little mouth, the fluids trickling into Maria’s mouth, starting to light up her minds, thoughts, increasing her suggestivity of the hypnotic phrases.

*“Good toys love to fuck.”*

*“Good toys know when to fuck.”*

*“Good toys submit and dominate.”*

*“You are a good toy.”*

*“Good toys please their users.”*

*“Good toys please their owners.”*

*“Good toys obey.”*

*“Good toys serve.”*

*“You are a good toy.”*

The words sinking in more, seeping through the cracks in her mental barrier, cracking further, penetrating deeper like M-toy’s clit hood which is feeding her more of the sexuality blurring liquid. The other set of phrases, the xenomorph minded ones, speak to her, tantalizing her very soul.

*“Powerful domineering xenomorph.”*

*“Serve the hive.”*

*“Serve your queen.”*

*“Obey your instincts.”*

*“You are a xenomorph toy.”*

*“Pleasure for the hive.”*

*“Pleasure for others.”*

*“Pleasure for all.”*

*“Good drones don’t cum till commanded to.”*

*“You want to be a good drone for your queen.”*

*“Your queen is K-2003.”*

More of I-toy’s juices flow down onto the inner mouth, the shark toy forcing that mouth to run across her sex. The toy commands, “Bite gently, or *else*.”

Maria tenses, the authority extruding from the shark, washes away any will to resist from her. Her inner mouth gently bites on the sex, causing the toy to moan out, and add more of the corruptive fluids. Another layer to the concoction that will help prepare her for the next step in her conversion.

“Very good, now push into this one,” I-toy growls, going down onto the mouth, making it seem very much less of a command but an inevitability. Slipping the inner mouth into its warm wet tightly squeezing folds, letting more of the sleek toy pre-cum lubricant flow into Maria’s awaiting mouth.

If I-toy could see her eyes right now they’d be pleading for more. Her entire body focused on these moments. The whispers getting strong in her mind, her inner jaw pumping in and out of the shark’s folds the moment she’s allowed to, which is only when the shark’s sex was kissing her lips, and completely soaking her face.

In and out, in and out. Maria pounded into the shark’s sex, drinking down her own corruptive liquids, fueling her own transition toward what will be a toy just like them. But even that is so far away right now. I-toy pounds and moans, humping the xenomorph’s face. Her hands caressing the ribbed head, ready to do more with it whenever it has gotten enough of a fill for this moment. But not yet.

I-toy wants to make sure that Maria is receptive to the sweet voice that speaks into every toy’s mind. The commanding whispers that help guide their thoughts, give them the confidence and purpose that every toy needs to be the very best toy possible.

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

*“Toy is an object.”*

*“Toy is a thing.”*

*“Toy is not a person.”*

*“Toy is fuck toy.”*

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no myself.”*

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

And what a toy will she be. Time will tell, and there is much time to go on just this first and perhaps most crucial day. Maria tugs against her constraints, wanting to get free, but loving the fact she can't. Finding eating pussy not so terrible of a delight, perhaps even a newfound guilty pleasure. Though the entire situation is unfathomably hot. The exhausted raptor finding strength to carry on, under the watchful eye of K-2003, which she'll soon enough be calling...  
Maker.