

## Xenomorph Toy: Drone Work

Locked in this pod, unable to move. Unable to see anything but blurs that go past her pod. Maria felt herself forced to fit the mold. The latex flowing in and out of her body. Flowing through the massive xenomorph head. The suit clinging tightly against the raptor's bod. Her tail feeling especially tightly squeezed. She can't move an inch, can't see anything, can't hear anything but vibrations through the molds. But her mind kept in a docile focused state. She was so tired when she in... unknown hours ago, or perhaps it was days? Time has lost meaning to her. Her body aches with arousal, burns even. The warm latex flowing into her, as she listens to the voice the collar that whispers soft truths deep into her mind, encouraging her to go along with them and with no other stimuli she can't help but really *listen* to what is being said as the phrases shift between two voices, both recognized by her, one from a time before, the other far more recent...

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Toy obeys."*

*"Toy serves."*

*"Toy is a xenomorph drone toy."*

*"Drone is sex."*

*"Drone is powerful."*

*"Restrained frightening arousal."*

*"Toy is meant to serve others."*

*"Drone obeys the hive."*

*"The hive is Toys-4-U."*

*"The hive is the patrons."*

*"The hive is your fellow toys."*

*"You obey your queen."*

*"Your Maker is your queen."*

*"Your queen is K-2003."*

Over and over, changing, shifting, adjusting to Maria's thoughts, *"Fuck... why is this so hot. I really need a good fuck."*

*"There is no I."*

*"There is no me."*

*"There is no myself."*

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

Suddenly there is a change in scenery that she recognizes, a black and cyan blur. Her sex twitches, gripping the toy phallic lumps deep within her. Her heart racing, *"Ahh.... fuck...."* The flow of latex slowly creeps and stops, air hisses into the pod as the tight grip around her loosens ever so slightly. Slowly the blur removes one tube at a time, leaving the raptor, panting, aching, body so warm and delightful. The second inner mouth moving out a bit easier than it did

the day before, pushing out of the mold to touch the cool air. Then the ones in her rear and sex are pulled out, tenderly, with care, yet it leaves her body just *aching* for more.

The pod clicks, hydraulics hiss as the front of the mold is pulled away, tugging at the hard latex exterior, which makes her hiss moan. The cool air feels more there, in her face, her body a bit more *naked* than it was. Her mouth full of the suit, her jaws opening slowly as Maria hisses that would make some people's spine tingle, blood run cold with fear of something so deadly standing before them. With iconic raptor sickle claws, a hint of what species the xenomorph was born from.

K-2003 wiggles its rump, "Morning! This one hopes you rested well. Though not sleep, sleep would be bad, but rest? Rest is good. Did you rest well?" it asks, leaning up against the xenomorph toy, the sergal only slighter taller than her.

Maria moans, hissing out a muffled, "Yes... rest."

"Any sleep?"

"I-I don't think so... Hard to tell."

"That's good! Well not using naughty language such as *I*, but this one forgives you for now," it says, the toy gently caressing the xenomorph's head.

Maria tenses her body aching, burning, wanting, leaving her heart racing as she leans against the sergal toy as it helps her take the first step out of the mold, which clings to the rubber skin, the collar whispering its corrections to her.

*"There is no I."*

*"There is no me."*

*"There is no myself."*

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

The sergal gently runs its fingers across the xenomorph's rib cage, "What lovely work, and the latex is doing just fine?" it asks.

"What?" mutters Maria, her words so garbled only coming out as hisses for anyone without excellent hearing.

It gently pulls Maria out of the rest of the mold, "It's alright. This one is making sure everything is turning out just fine. You are going to be a wonderful toy. It is excited to see how you develop. It's wanting to try some new things with you. But first you'll need to get into the swing of things. Come, come, you have work to do."

"Work?" she hisses, taking the first few steps out, her body ready to stumble if it weren't for the toy's support. The raptor slowly regains her footing and by the time they reach the exit of the toy molding room, she's back in step, leaning forward to compensate for the suit's weight, giving a bit of a predatory mantis look to her movements.

"Why yes. A good drone toy needs to know how to work and help along in the store. This one can't expect you to just stand around all day, unless you were tied up in another project," it says with an affirmative nod and a sly grin.

"Why would I do that?"

K-toy turns around, gently rubbing Maria's head, walking backwards with her like it was nothing, "Simple, because *this one* is asking you to. To help make sure everything is working as it should be. You want to help *this one*, don't you?"

Maria feels the hypnotic whispers in her mind, pushing her thoughts along a certain path, helping her just go with the flow, "*Toy wants to help the hive.*"

*"Toy wants to obey Maker."*

*"Toy wants to obey its queen."*

Slowly Maria nods, "I suppose I could help... this suit is nice," she replies with a soft raptoric purr, which comes out more like a xenomorphic hiss.

"That is what this one loves to hear. Don't worry, you are helping this one out greatly. Just keep working and if things get too much you can let this one know, okay?"

Maria nods, as K-2003 opens the door to the store floor. The lights are slightly dimmed as they walk past a dozen toys moving about, getting the store ready for the coming day. There are signs up advertising, "New Toy Model coming soon! Where in space no one can hear you scream for joy!" or another that says, "Coming soon at Toy-4-U! Be prepared for your why fright boner!"

"Normally this one wants to make sure you know the ins and outs of how the store works, but your design is so unique, sexual, striking that survival chord within our patrons, that normalizing you as a simple toy from the get go would be a wasted opportunity. It needs you to fulfill your role perfectly. This one knows how much you want to be a lovely xenomorph. And it is going to make that happen,"

"That sounds nice," she mutters, each step feels like a new experience. The latex squeaks, the sergal toy before her providing the support needed to get used to the suit's unique dimensions. Yet it feels so much like her own skin, yet she knows she's wearing a suit. She can feel it, its just that line is... blurred and it feels *great*.

"This one knew you'd agree. That is one of many reasons it thought you were prime material for this. But we have a lot of work to do to mold you into shape! But it believes you can do it."

"Do what?" she hisses. Her mind feels like there's a light fog over it, muddling her thoughts, her ability to process everything the toy is saying. Part of her is just nodding along, the arousal, and delight of the moment overpowering the logic centers of her brain, as she simply wants to live in the moment and not worry about what came before or what will happen afterwards...

"Be a believable xenomorph toy, that's what! It's going to be great!" it says with a rump wiggle, guiding her toward the back of the store to the toy testing rooms.

Maria helplessly follows, drawn to the toy's movements, that sleek smooth swaying hips, "Toy testing room? But I am not a..." she shudders and moans softly, the collar whispering the one truth that she needs to learn.

*"There is no I."*

*"There is no me."*

*“There is no myself.”*

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

“This is just a shortcut to where we need to go.” it explains, leading her all the way down to the end of the hallway where K-2003 runs its finger along a hidden spot along the wall, which slides away revealing a hidden elevator, “Please step inside,” it says, gently guiding Maria in.

The latex suited raptor follows in without any resistance, finding the surprise elevator to be rather curious, but her head is too sunk in the endless arousal she’s been stewing in to really wonder much about it. Nor noticing the toy hitting the lowest level, forgetting to ask the question, why does an adult toy store have so many basement levels?

“This one is really excited to see how this works out. All that rubber in your head should be more than enough to craft the bondage needed.”

“Craft?” she asks curiously with an inquisitive raptoric purr, tilting her head, which makes her remember just how big her xenomorph head is, and that it has a bit of heft to it.

K-2003 reaches up gently caressing her head, “We put a lot of excess rubber in your head there, to be able to produce the resin needed to put people into bondage. We’ve been doing a lot of tests to get this right, and it should all work fine now,” it says with an affirmative nod.

The toy’s softly glowing cyan eyes draws her attention into them, her mind quieting from the thought, *“Why is there rubber in my head?”* which is further muffled by the collar’s alluring hypnotic whispers, correcting that erroneous thought.

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no myself.”*

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

The elevator dings, the doors slide open, and a purple, black, and yellow doe toy bleats in greeting, “Maker! You’re here just on time as always,” it says, its little tail wagging happily. The toy has black cuffs with purple outline that has the text “Fuck toy” repeating across them. Its collar has a golden tag that reads X-2953.

K-2003 hikes its tail in the direction of the bleating toy, “This one tries its best,” it says, caressing the xenomorph’s head, “Come now, we have your room all set up.”

“Room?” Maria hisses.

X-toy bleats happily, “The alien hisses sound great.”

K-2003 pulls the xenomorph out of the elevator, “We’re getting there, please X-toy, lead the way.”

“Yes Maker!” it bleats happily, walking ahead of the pair.

Maria barely takes note of the laboratory she finds herself in. Rubber vats, gazelle and doe toys are busy at work. They wave and greet them as they pass. So lost in her own arousal and focus of the sergal toy, she doesn’t notice that each empty seat has a built-in butt plug or dildo for the occupant when they sit down at the computer or alcove workbench.

“This one knows you are going to have butt loads of fun. It brought in a toy near and dear to itself. It has an affinity and expertise on xenomorphs, and that one will help you perform your best. So it wants you to listen to that one as needed to get things right, understand?”

*“Good toys obey Maker.”*

*“You are a good toy.”*

*“Your Maker is K-2003.”*

*“Your queen is K-2003.”*

*“Serve the hive. Obey your queen.”*

The raptor moan hisses, “Y-yes...” her sex twitches in delight, a warmth surging through her, as the arousal bubbles up, percolating into her mind, keeping that warm cozy fog over every one of her thoughts as they step into a well-lit room, with xenomorph themed floors and walls on exactly half of the room.

Steading in the dead center is a large, tall dark blue and bright orange double breasted hermaphrodite sergal toy. The toy’s rubber hair floes wildly as its double breasts bounce hypnotically as it greets them with a smile, that reveals its vaginal mouth that is perfect for anyone to use, “Welcome Maker, X-toy, and our newest fine addition, yes? This one is happy to be part of this momentous occasion. It’s been wanting to see this day for sometime.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “How can you see a day?”

G-toy shoots its Maker a look, before turning its attention completely to the xenomorph, its grin growing wider, “This one is excited that it gets to teach you ins and out of being a good xenomorph. It’s sure some will come naturally to you in time, but it’s better to get the base of your skills going, by building a base...”

“Weren’t you going to start with the bondage?” K-2003 asks, tilting its head to the side, the toy’s hips swaying as it walks across the black chitin rubber floor.

The dark blue and orange sergal toy smiles, “You can’t have good bondage if you don’t bind it to something. Therefore, the base is very important.”

“You could always place the bondage onto one’s self and be the base.”

G-toy chuckles, “Yes, but xenomorphs aren’t known for binding people that way, right?”

K-toy rubs its chin with a squeak, gently petting Maria along her back, “This one does suppose so. You know more on this than this one. It just finds them sexy in general.”

“Maker, you find everything sexy in general.”

“Not everything.”

It shot the toy a look, “It didn’t mean literally everything.”

“Oh, okay. Well toy-to-be, you be a good toy and listen to this one and it will make you an expert xenomorph hive and bondage maker in no time,” it says, gently caressing Maria’s long rubber xenomorph head, “And it knows you want to do such things. That *power* and *strength* with the desire to be *bound* up. Do a good job and it will let you be tied up like that.”

Maria softly hissed, something about the toy’s words, touches, the constant swaying of its body with the long drawn-out squeaks has become so alluring that she can’t quite put a claw onto it as to why. The whispering collar was there but forgotten at times as she focuses on the real

world around her, and the large and busty double breasted sergal toy. Then K-toy gives her butt a firm squeaky squeeze, making her let out another hissing moan.

“This one will leave you in that one's care. Good luck, have fun, see you in sixteen hours!”

“Sixteen hours?!” she exclaims, watching the sergal leave, before her attention was pulled back over to the other.

“Yes, yes, not a lot of time for our fun is it? And there are toys waiting to feel your bondage skills before the day is through, so we better hurry. Did Maker show you how to activate your rubber resin abilities?”

“What?” she asks with an inquisitive purr.

G-toy sighs, shaking its head, “Maker, Maker. What is this one ever going to do with that one. It is so over the place that it can be a bit of an air head, but fear not, it can show you.”

X-toy states, “That is why this one is here to make sure it works appropriately.”

“This one forgot you were here.”

“This one didn't,” it says with a blushing bleat.

“Anyway, your excess rubber resin is stored in your head and back tubes. The latex will shift, and change based on what your needed use is. It can be melted and reused again later, but it won't go into the great details about that. And when you run out, it'll show you how to get it refilled, but for the moment... It wants you to think, craft and build the rest of this hive. The biomechanical rib cage design that we all know and love from the movies and games,” it explains, going over many of the fine details of crafting and using the rubber. The sergal toy has a bucket of rubber and a device that gives it the ability to take the dripping, goopy black latex and charge it to help it take shape of what the sergal wants within its mind's eye.

“You don't need a lot, its thin, and strong for the base building,” it continues to explain, attaching and merging the rubber with what the toy already has, adding finer ribbed touches to it with its claws, explaining a lot of the nuances along the way.

*“Am I really going to be doing this? I never thought that I could... but it feels so hot to do,”* she thinks, her body tensing, letting out a soft hiss, the knowledge of what to do lingering in the back of her mind. A newfound instinct like breathing, conscious yet subconscious at the same time as she gets onto all fours, becoming the primal creature she's meant to be, while the collar whispers that one simple correction.

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no myself.”*

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

She hisses, letting out the rubber from her mouth, dripping, gooey, slimy from the inner jaw, which she guides down onto the floor, the latex latching onto what is already there, shifting and changing according to how her mind pictures it. It's a bit like magic, yet there's a methodical science behind it.

X-toy softly bleats, taking notes about every key detail.

The room building is tedious, monotonous, constantly the same thing again and again, yet there's an exotic erotic nature to it that keeps her aroused and enthralled by it. Her mind thinks a bit less as she gets used to the motions. G-toy giving guidance on how to better build sections, redoing parts as they are needed, showing how to activate the melting feature to remold the latex already there for the purpose.

The dark blue and orange herm toy moans softly, its pussy mouth as arousing as Maria herself. The toy's ribbed orange dick throbs in the air, on the verge of leaking yet somehow never gets to that point. It simply hangs there needy, wanting to be touched. It reminds Maria about her own desires. Her burning sex, aching wanting body. There's a moment where she reaches down, wanting to caress her folds, the desire to get off building to a point where she can't stand it.

*"Good Toys don't touch themselves."*

*"Good toys don't need to climax."*

*"Good toys get pleasure from their service."*

*"Service is its own reward."*

*"You are a good drone toy."*

Maria is so close, her hand about to touch those needy chitin folds when a hand grasps her own. She tenses, letting out a needy hiss, looking to see G-toy there.

"You're almost there. No need to worry about things you can't help. *Focus* on your hive building," it says, guiding Maria's hand away, the toy leaning in to give the xeno a soft tender kiss, its tongue reaches into Maria's mouth, coiling around the inner jaw and with surprising force pulling it out to shove it right into the toy's leaky pussy mouth. It softly moans, suckling on the inner jaw, making it pump in and out of itself.

Maria found herself lost in the odd French kiss. Steadily she leans in more, her hand recoiling from her folds, as she teases the large sergal with her maw thrusts, but as soon as it began, it ends, leaving her wanting.

"Now, be a good toy and get back to work. We need to finish this, don't we?"

"Yessss," she hisses, resuming her work under the blue toy's guidance. The process in total takes several hours, but when Maria runs out of rubber for the first time, leaving her feeling a little *empty*.

"You're doing such a good job, but we'll need to fill you back up."

"That is where this one comes in!" bleats X-toy, its doe tail wiggling happily, "Come follow this one and it will get you filled up in a jiffy," it says, grabbing Maria by the hand, guiding her out of the room.

"Where are we going..." she hisses.

X-toy smiles, "Such an eager hissing toy you are, aren't you? Maker will surely work to give you a way to speak soon enough," it says, taking her to the next room over. Where there's a large black rubber vat in the corner, attached to a long tube, with a phallic insertion device at the end.

Maria's sex addled mind look sat the device and feels a twinge of increased arousal. She follows the toy seemingly helpless to stop what's next.

"Open your mouth, go ah, show off that tongue and we'll get the filling process underway."

*"Good toys listen."*

*"Good toys obey."*

*"You are a good toy."*

Any sense of resistance, melts away under the soothing voice, the gentle touch of the doe. So small, frail, simple, yet a power over her that makes her tense up in ever growing arousal. She haplessly does as she's told, opening her mouth, letting the inner jaw out.

"Such a good toy," X-toy bleats, guiding the long phallic tube into that smaller mouth, pushing it back into her own, double filling her orifices and with a gentle grip, forces the xenomorph's mouth closed to suckle around the tube as warm black rubber flows in, "There we go, suck, and accept."

It reminds Maria of the mold. The warming latex, which she swallows, yet she doesn't take any into her mouth. Instead, the latex flows around, slowly filling her head, the latex warming other parts of her body as it travels through the suit into the back tubes. The raptor moans and huffs, suckling the dildo, as it throbs within her jaws.

"We should really make a nice bondage rack for this refilling. It is sure it will go over well."

X-toy turns around, seeing a silver-white and hot pink sergal toy standing in the doorway, "K-2493. What are you doing down here?"

The toy grins deviously, "This one is aiming to help, and give its own ideas, sweet X-toy. Wouldn't you agree? A fun bondage filling element would work for customers and toys alike?"

The doe toy bleats, gently rubbing Maria's back, helping her remain calm as she sucks, moans, groans, hissing away as her head is filled with rubber, "This one does suppose. But it wants to monitor and be certain the current formula works for our needs."

The sergal toy walks up to the doe, gently running a claw along its chest, giving the breast a firm fondling squeeze, "It is sure it will work great. Let it help give ideas as you make sure everything is technically working. The best kind of working."

It moans softly, pressing its breasts into its hand, "D-does Maker know you are down here?"

"What do you think? It's Maker. It knows everything."

"Alright... think on the design then. Talk to its assistances and we'll see what we can cook up."

The toy's claws gently run across the doe toy's nipples, "Appreciate. It'll be back in a bit, once its needed," it teases with a wink, letting go of the breast, and sauntering off.

The doe blushes a bit, turning its attention back to Maria just as the latex is reaching its full, "There we go, nice and full, how do you feel?"



The raptor moans, “G-good,” she hisses, the device pulled out of her mouths, leaving her with the wanting sensation to have more, her head and body feeling full and heavy.

“This one will take that as good,” it says with a happy tail wag, guiding Maria back to continue building the room and when it’s done, the entire room looks like a part of a xenomorph hive, with built in places for her to hold onto and hide, blending in nearly perfectly despite her blue rubber color.

G-toy looks over, “It only took four fillings to get it done, very good work. And now we are ready for your first victim,” it says with a big grin, the toy’s orange claws gently running across its own breasts, giving them a playful squeeze.

Maria pants, feeling a bit tired, but it’s overpowered by her own arousal. The endless crafting kept her mind focused while the collar works away at her mind, helping her feel just so good, “*It wonders if it will be my first victim,*” she thinks with an internal chuckle, as she then feels a tingle of pleasure, unsure if it’s the excitement of the moment or something else that she did *right*.

“This one will help you set the mood and the motions as needed. But it thinks you know much about how a *good* xenomorph toy should be. It knows you want to be a *good drone*.”

Another tingle of pleasure rushes up Maria’s spine into her mind and down into her quivering sex, “Yess...” she hisses.

“Good toy,” it says with a grin, calling out across the room, “Y-2413, you’re up you sweet horny toy you.”

A door on the other side of the room opens, revealing a sleek black bodied, green gloves and off colored female renamon toy. Its cuffs and collar are like all the other toys, matching their two primary colors, though this toy has a rubber head harness around its head and ears, that just screams, “use and abuse this toy.” Its rubber fingerless gloves are tightly held in place by the cuffs on the outside. It smiles with softly glowing green eyes, “Is it time for this one to come and play?” it says with a seductive smile, sauntering out into the center of the room.

“*A renamon? Those are so common,*” she thinks, letting out a soft hiss, “*It will be fun to capture it though...*”

G-toy purrs, walking over to the renamon toy, “It is time. We’ll give a few practice bondage tests and then as a reward we’ll have you have some fun; how does that sound?”

“It sounds great this one is rea--” the toy’s words are cut off by the larger sergal toy that gives its pussy mouth a good use by deeply and passionately kissing Y-toy on the lips. The toy squirms and wiggles, but soon turns into a deep passionate muffled moan. The kiss breaks, the toy’s sex glistens with its own needy lubricant, “Hmm you are a wonderful kisser.

G-toy licks its lips, “This one has had a lot of practice.”

“*Why is that so hot to me?*” she thinks, tensing as the collar encourages the correct thoughts.

“*There is no me.*”

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

She steps up to the renamon, gripping its breasts, the xeno's big hands, easily overtaking the rubber mounds, "*This feels so good to do. So wonderful,*" she thinks, pushing the renamon up against a wall, hissing loudly.

Y-toy moans, arching its back, "Such a powerful toy you are," it says, rubbing the external ribs of the black and blue rubber suited raptor.

She huffs, feeling her strength and power. Wanting to dominate and take over. She pushes the renamon down, spreading her legs as her mouth drool flows down onto the renamon toy's head. Soon the rubber resin comes out, binding the renamon to the wall in a sleek clear bondage that slowly darkens. "*Working for the hive. Binding my first victim.*"

*"There is no myself."*

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

Y-2413 moans, wiggling against the xenomorph, tugging and pulling, "No, no. don't. Please don't bind this one up. It doesn't want to be face hugger food," it cries out in moanful passion. The toy's sex twitches, aching for more, to be touched.

Maria overpowers the renamon's attempts to escape, using its body to pin the toy down.

G-toy monitors, adding to the moment with some suggestions, "Remember this is a more sexual experience. Bring your body closer, shove your sex in their face, but not so close it can lick. Tease it with your body," it says while helping Maria adjust herself accordingly.

*"But it wants them to lick its body... it wants it so badly,"* she thinks, her tight folds tensing even more, ready to feel anyone touch them, caress them, lick them, kiss them, while she binds the renamon's arm to the wall.

Y-toy shudders, licking its lips, grinding against the wall with a squeak, wanting to lick, wanting to enjoy the sweet wet folds of a toy-to-be, to give it the pleasure it thinks it deserves but anytime it gets close, it catches the ire of G-toy, who puts its head back, away from that lovely prize.

It tugs at the constraints, feeling itself bound helplessly against it, moaning as its limbs are all bound to the walls, leaving the rest of its body free and exposed.

Maria huffs and hisses, running its hands along the renamon toy's body, squeaking loudly as it fondles the breasts, "Yes, I can feel how weak and pathetic you are," she hisses, "Hard to fight my alien strength," she states, her body aching for more.

Y-toy groans and bucks its hips against the toy, its sex leaking heavily of its warm translucent green toy female lubricants, "Oh no... how could this one fall prey to a powerful toy like yourself," it moan, unable to hear anything but hisses and soft teasing screeches of the xenomorph toy-to-be.

G-toy looks over the position, the level of bondage, acting much like a connoisseur of alien resin bondage, "Not bad for the first time, very sexual yet a hint of feral. How about we try something a bit more iconic, helpless and exposed? Melt the bondage down and reuse it. Best not to go to waste."

Maria takes a slow deep breath, feeling an unknown excitement as she follows along with what the got is saying, feeling the compliments, her body begging for more. "As you wish..."

she mutters, undoing the bondage, lifting the renamon toy up against the wall, binding the hands together into a thick layer of rubber resin that easily suspends them against the wall.

“No, no!” the renamon toy cries out.

The toy’s over acted complaints feel so good to the suited raptor. Her mind sinks into the zone as she covers the renamon’s feet and legs all the way up to her upper thighs in the resin. Adding more to the toy’s arms till it reaches down past her elbow. Crafting the resin to go all the way down to her elbows.

G-toy grins, “More.”

Maria shivers, her tail swishing happily. She forgets she’s wearing a suit at all, lost in her sexual fantasy, placing another layer of resin around the toy’s belly region, up along her chest like a tight corset, before tying that tail down so it can no longer bounce between her legs. In the end it leaves only the renamon toy’s head, breasts and sex free.

G-toy’s cock twitches, a few more bits of translucent orange pre-cum beads from the tip, “That’s good, very good,” it says, giving the renamon toy’s breasts a firm tender squeeze, its cock running across the toy’s sex, running a single teasing twitch along the hot and needy vents, “This one is proud of your work so far. How about we make it a bit more sexual this time. And we turn this around on its head, if you catch this one’s drift,” it says, winking to her.

Maria feels so lost in the moment. She wants to be there. To grip and tease, to shove her inner jaw into that pussy, the mouth. She wants to have more... do more. To dominate and take control, yet the urge to obey G-toy is too great, the needs of the hive outweigh her own, “Yes... I do...” she responds in simple acknowledgement, breaking the renamon toy slowly out of its current bondage.

The black and green toy whines in need, aching to be played with more. Feeling how G-toy is toying with it, “*You’re always an evil tease. Worse than Maker,*” it thinks.

G-toy thinks, unknowing in response, “*It loves teasing and fucking with Maker’s toys.*”

Maria breaks the renamon free, hearing the moans like screams, which only continue to excite her mind. A feral desire to bind, tie up, and prepare them for the sexual deviant delights that will come. She feels herself sinking into lockstep with the desires of being a xenomorph and a toy.

Y-2413 is turned upside down, its legs slightly spread as they are bound up, followed by its arms, stretching the toy slightly as its left is completely exposed. The tail is bound and put out of the way. It looks up at the toy and the toy-to-be. The dark blue and orange sergal toy’s dick is at a perfect height to press up against its lips, “Whatever will this one do.” It helplessly tugs against its constraints.

“You will take this one’s dick that’s what,” G-toy replies, pressing its ribbed length against the toy’s hungry mouth, muffling and moans from it as it runs its claws along whatever part of the renamon toy’s thighs are exposed., watching how each touch makes the renamon’s sex quiver and ache, flowing up its own hot needy juices, seeing it tenses and squeak with each toying touch.

X-toy continues to jot down notes, thinking, *“So far everything is working as expected, perhaps even better than. At this rate we might be able to make even better liquid rubber items. That will be one less thing for Maker to worry about when it has to go to college.”*

Y-toy’s vision is dominating by the orange rubber dick. The heavy blue balls smacking against its nostrils over and over. The scent of the toy’s rubber sex hidden behind those massive orbs. The weight of the breasts as they jiggle over it. The toy moans, throat filled by the length over and over. It’s tongue coils around the member with ever growing hunger. Pleased it doesn’t need to breath so it can constantly slurps and suck away at the toy’s member.

G-toy grunts, licking along the renamon toy’s sex, pressing its pussy lips against the renamon toy’s rubber pussy fuck hole. Grinding the two female bits together as it licks and slurps away, its tongue functioning as a sergal clit hood in the process. It’s actual clit hood sneaking past its balls to lick along Y-toy’s cheek, for just an instant, reminding that one of how much more it has to give... “Don’t worry, this one is just testing how good of a job you did,” it murr, its attention completely focused on the toy in front of it.

Maria is left with ever growing desire, need, eagerness. It looks to X-toy, moving up to it, pushing the doe toy against the wall.

“H-hey, this one needs to take notes.”

“You will all bound up,” she hisses, proceeding to bind the toy up against the wall, leaving it to hang and squirm in its position, ready to be teased and fucked with. And Maria is about to do so when it feels a gentle toying hand run across one of its back spires.

X-toy bleats, looking to the toy behind Maria, “Help this one,” it wiggles and squirms, feeling just how tight and constricting its position is, feeling so aroused, so helpless, so excited, yet feeling that urge to *obey* and *serve* its maker, and how could it when it's all tied up?

K-2493 grins fiendishly, “This one will, by letting you get a lot of first hand experience on the rubber resin bondage,” it responds with a playful wink.

Maria hisses annoying at the interruption of her fun, “This one is busy. It wants to have fun, it deserves it.”

K-2493 gently rubs the back spire like a cock, giving it a toying pump, “This one knows you deserve many things. And it knows that toy over there...” it says motioning to G-toy that is still having fun pounding into Y-toys muzzle, French kissing those pussy lips, “Should get a taste of what its been toying you with. Don’t you think? It’s such an expert, you should prove that you are the best. Being the *actual* xenomorph here. Right?”

Maria thinks for a moment. The poisoned honey words sinking into her mind, *“Yes, I couldn’t agree more. Toy should bound that toy up for all its teasing. Getting to take its prize after I bound it up.”* It pulls away from the doe toy, stalking over to the other two. G-toy’s legs are spread, hands placed on the wall, as it uses the renamon toy for all its worth. Panting happily as those heavy balls smack against that hungry mouth. It’s breasts jiggling with each hefty thrust.

Maria stealthily gets behind them, letting out a single hiss, which draws G-toy attention away just as it begins to bound the sergal toy’s hands to the wall.

“What are you doing? This one didn’t tell you to do that...” it says with an eager moan, its cock throbbing harder as it tugs against the bondage.

“This one is showing you what a good job it can do, binding you all to the walls,” it hisses happily, dropping to all fours, grabbing the sergal toy’s feet, and binding them to the floor.

“Wait a moment. Make route this one in charge of you, you can’t do that...”

K-2493 pipes up, while it idly fondles X-toy’s exposed breast, “Please, Maker knows you’d want this and expect this. Keep going. You know it wants it, let it happen!” it exclaims.

Maria nods, “Yes, why should it stop? It serves the queen, the hive, not you,” she hisses, binding more of the toy’s limbs to the floor and the wall, forcing G-toy’s forearms to its elbows to the wall, lowering its head down so it’s almost perpetually kissing Y-toy’s sex... if G-toy didn’t actively try to pull its head away... which it didn’t.

The black and green renamon toy moans, bucking its hips nice and hard against the sergal toy’s maw, giving as much as it can while getting equally as much in return. It suckles hard along the orange dick, not wanting to leave its mouth for an instant. Its tongue tightly coils around it like a snake that found its prey, as it slurps down all that it can with hungry gulps.

Maria adds another layer of resin to the pair, locking them in their close lewd sixty-nine standing position. Moaning, squirming, squeaking. It runs its claws along the side of G-toy, groping the breasts, as its ribbed chest grinds against the toy’s back, “Yes, serve the hive, and keep you bound,” she hisses.

G-toy gets lost in the moment, licking and slurping the other toy’s sex, thinking, “*It’ll be fine. Maker wouldn’t keep us here for long when it arrives... wait, what is this one thinking?!*” it tugs and pulls at the bondage, trying to break free, but something within it won’t let it. “*This one can’t think this toy-to-be is still a user?!*” It pulls its pussy mouth from those aching pussy lips, giving one last lick and tease, drinking down the renamon toy’s juices, “Come now. Let this one out.”

Maria hisses teasingly, giving the toy’s breasts a firm fondle, “No, I will have my fun.”

K-2493 which has been massaging and tugging at X-toy’s breast the entire time, breaks free from its current project, sauntering over to the trio, “Yes. Have your fun. This one knows how much you want it, need it. That desire between your legs is so unending isn’t it?” she murmurs, grabbing Maria’s suit by the back spires, gently yet forcefully pushing her down onto her knees.

The raptor’s heart races, her body aching, speaking about the problem only makes it worse. Her sex is burning, her body quaking, everything feels so good, so sensitive, and only the suit provides her the ability to focus as it provides just enough protection to not overstimulate her hyperactive mind. She’s forgotten just how many hours she’s been endlessly working. It’s been a blur, but now she sees G-toy’s sex that has been hidden by the toy’s tail from one end, cock and balls from the other. The clit hood gently caresses its own folds, which makes her want to give herself a little touch.

K-2493 grabs her hands, “Good toys don’t touch themselves.”

The collar whispers in kind, “*Good toys don’t touch themselves.*”

The white and pink toy grins, “See how that one is so sneaky, touching itself? You should *punish* it with that inner maw of yours, yes?”

“Yes...” she hisses, opening her mouth, letting that inner jaw come out, the sergal’s heavy tail resting along her head and back, pressed between the suit’s back spires, thanks to the other helpful sergal pushing the tail down between them.

“That’s it you primal monster, get on all fours and pound that cunt.”

“Yes...” she hisses more, arching herself under the tail, pressing her lips against that sex and pumping those folds, tasting the sweet juices of the needy sergal toy that squirms and moans under its assault. The raptor feels her breasts so tightly squeezed by the suit and the emotion combined, reminding her that she actually has them, but then when she shoves that inner mouth into that eager pussy again, milking her mouth like an aching dick, her attention is pulled back to the juicy reward.

“That’s it. Feed from the nectar of your constituents. Be the sexy monster that you are,” it moans, caressing the back spires, pressing its sex against them, the toy’s pink clit hood licking across the ridges, as it slowly slides down, ready to use Maria’s back spire as its own personal dildo.

“This one is back!” exclaims K-2003, exploding into the room with a loud squeak, “Oh, toy’s word. What do we have here? This one wasn’t expecting this at all!”

“Maker!” exclaims the toys, some more muffled than others, except for Maria who was too busy pounding to G-toy’s sex.

K-2493 leaps back from the xeno toy, leaving a lot of its pink juices on the back spire, “This one wasn’t expecting you to be here so soon. Does time fly that fast?”

“It’s relative,” it replies, wiggling its rump, approaching Maria, gently caressing her back spire, “Come, that’s enough. You are meant to practice your building first, then the rest will follow.

She hisses, feeling the needy to keep going but the collar whispers and innate desire to listen to the sergal is just too great, and slowly but reluctantly she pulls back, pressing her head up against the toy’s hand when it pets her.

“Very good. This one hopes you were just doing that for a little while. Was the day productive?”

“Yes,” she hisses.

“Wonderful! G-2273, was this toy-to-be, living up to your expectations?”

The dark blue sergal toy pulls against the constraints, moaning softly as its dick is still sucked by the eager renamon toy, which is eyeing the Maker with love and devotion, “It did fine Maker... it’ll be a good hive maker and binder in no time. A natural really...” it says moaning loudly, giving a firm tug against the resin constraints.

K-toy gently caresses and squeezes G-toy’s rump, “This one is glad to hear it,” it says giving the toy’s rump a follow up smack, “Good work in teaching this one.”

It moans, arching its back, hiking its tail and rump as much as it can, the tail popping free from between Maria’s back spires. “Thank you, Maker.”

“Welcome! Come, we have to get you back into your molding. You had such a long day, and it bets you want to rest, don’t you?” it asks, continuing to pet the xenomorph on the head., caressing the ridges.

The request hits Maria hard, her body suddenly realizing just how *exhausted* she is. She happily leans against the toy’s touch, pressing up against the toy’s hand as she slowly pulls herself back onto her feet, with a little help from her Maker, “Y-yes, so tired. It is so tired.”

“Speaking much better. Great. Come, time to get you all back into your mold.”

G-toy squirms, “Maker... what about this one?” it huffs, the renamon toy giving it no quarter.

“Oh, sorry, this one apologies. You did a great job too teaching this one to be a good xenomorph toy. It is proud of the work you did. It is terribly sorry that it didn’t compliment you well enough before.”

“Maker...”

X-toy bleats, “Maker?”

K-2003 goes up to the bound doe toy, giving it a long deep passionate rubbery kiss, the toy’s breasts pressing up against its own, gently rubbing the toy’s head with one hand while pulling Maria along with the other, slowly the kiss breaks, the toy flooded by the sergal toy’s light aphrodisiac filled kiss, leaving it blushing and bleating as strand of salvia go from their lips. “And this one is always proud of you. And to commit to testing the rubber resin. Best way to test is to do it yourself. It loves your go-getting attitude. Keep up the good work.”

X-toy is left unable to say anything, its body aching with desire, need, the collar whispering the pleasant thoughts into its mind as it hangs there, saying nothing as K-2003 leaves with the toy in molding.

K-2493 stands there, hand on its hip, remarking once it is sure that the Maker can’t hear it, “Wow... how did an air head of a toy become the Maker.”

G-toy shudders and moans, “But Maker is our airhead of a toy.”

It sighs longingly, “Yeah... And you’re all going to be so fucked... by this one,” it says with a sly grin, “We’ll really test how strong this bondage is.”

Maria followed her Maker, her queen back to the sweet embrace of the molding pod. The words constantly caressing and smoothing her mind. So easy to follow the sweet domineering hypnotic words. So easy to just listen, *obey*. When she’s put back into the mold, squeezing, locking, forcing her into shape. Leaving her in a state of constant needy mind-numbing arousal, she is left to her thoughts. Thoughts that are constantly being adjusted and tweaked with each passing moment. She slips into a rested awake state. Unable to sleep, unable to move, only listen, follow, obey, like the good toy that she is becoming...

And as K-2003 gave the mold one last caress, the rubber tubes pumping the raptor full of latex, the sergal toy thinks, “*It’s strange that those with the strongest face, give in and accept their material’s purpose so readily...*” K-2003 smiles, heading out of the room, muttering to itself, “Now to head back downstairs and *reward* its toy for calling it an air head. This one’s head is full of rubber, not air.”