

## The First Rena Toy: A Cleaning Toy

Those days working in the stockroom were a blur to Ross. His body shifted, changed, slowly, steadily, now trapped like many times before in the tight plastic mold in the toy molding room. Unable to move, unable to really breath, suckling down the hot latex that flows down his throat, tightly filling his rear, the rubber flowing across a forming female sex that feels more real with each passing molding. All the while while completely trapped in this mold, the becoming black and red renamon toy must simply waits till it is time to get out of the mold. All the while, the toy programing voice spoken by a domineering woman, that he does not know, but so powerful, so strong that he can barely resist the allure of her, if at all.

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Toy is a fuck toy."*

*"Toy obeys."*

*"Toy serves."*

*"Good toys don't seek self pleasure."*

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

*"There is no me."*

*"There is no I."*

*"There is no myself."*

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

*"Toy pleases its Maker."*

*"Toy's Maker is K-2003."*

The black and cyan blur of K-2003 comes into view, its sudden, quick, and a flutter of excitement for Ross. It's time to do something new, to get out of the mold, as nice as it is, as binding and tight it is around him, not allowing in an inch of movement, nay a millimeter of movement. Ross feels his entire body being tugged, pulled, *stretched* to fit the mold he's in. The only thing he can move is his tongue and that is just enough to enjoy the phallic object he is suckling down. Thoughts of how he could even be breathing long gone, now all he can think about is...

*"Maker is back! Now this one can get back to work serving Maker. How wonderful this is!"*

K-2003 types into the computer console, ending the flow of rubber into the mold, and soon followed by a hiss as air rushes in. The toy smiles, but wiggling with an eagerness, its clit hood seal already broken, filling the room with its arousing aroma. It saunters over to the toy mold, unhooking the mouth tube first, letting the toy trapped inside to gasp and pant for the cool air that soon fills the toy-to-be's lungs.

"So far so good it seems! Well we don't have seams here, no tpool toys. Oh! Make a mental note of trying to make a line of Toys-4-U living pool toys! People are sure to like that... but it doesn't know how that will work. Guess that will take time. Well other problems first," K-2003 says with an affirmative nod, unlocking the dildo that is pushing into the becoming

renamon toy's sex, "Morning to you young fuck hole. This one will be checking up on you soon, but be patient!" it says, looking at the budding female toy sex twitching eagerly, "Well someone is a go getter," it says with eagerness, going to Ross's rear, pulling out the last plug and source of rubber that was flowing into him.

The removal of each item felt nice, but also left Ross with this strange longing. His cock pushed down by the mold and phallic device pushing into him as made his ache in his loins grow all the more. A wanting need, yet its strange. He feels as if his aching throbbing length is being pushed inward making his loins burn with a desire that his mind is still string to get around, but the lust in his mind is still too great and the hypnosis speaking to him too strong for him to really care about those simple facts, as the thought of being a good toy is taking precedence in his mind.

With the phallic objects removed, K-2003 goes back to the computer console, activating the unlocking mechanisms that pull the front half of the mold off of Ross's body, pulling and tugging at his rubber clad form. The suit now feels so tight against his skin that the line between himself and the suit has blurred almost completely.

The human meal feels the weight of rubber breasts on his chest, the soft jiggle of them, the cool air across his body, panting, softly moaning, his cock twitching but the female sex moving in kind. There is practically no bulge left of where his cock would be, and his tongue moves rather well within his elongated feeling muzzle. Nostrils flare at the tip of nose nose, smelling his Maker's aroma, arousing him, making his body ache. His eyes longingly looking at the sergal toy that towers over him.

"Morning toy-to-be! How did you rest in your mold today toy-to-be?" K-2003 asks with a morning sunshine delight.

Ross shudders, feeling the smoothness of their form against the cool air, eyes locked upon the lovely form of his Maker, unable to get that thought out of his head, that sensation of superiority and submission to the sergal toy before him, "Well Maker. This one always finds it very refreshing."

"Good, good, you didn't fall asleep, did you?" the toy asks with a concerned look on its face.

Ross tilts his head, slipping his head out of the mold, feeling the tug of it against his rubber skin, ears twitching a little, "N-no. Toy doesn't think so. Should have it fallen asleep?"

"Not a worry, just something this one checks on occasion. Have to get feedback as it molds its toy-to-be," it says, reaching up to gently caress and run its rubber fingers across Ross's face. Now let this one get a good long hard, aching look and feel of your progress," it says with a sly smile, eyes softly glowing, which draw Ross's attention to them.

"What do you mean a--" his words are literally cut off by the large sergal toy leaning in and giving him a deep passionate rubbery kiss. The toy's tongue is covered in its saliva which is mildly arousal inducing. The toy's tongue slithers into Ross' running across his teeth, while his mouth is held open by the toy's deep unending kiss. The toy makes it even deeper pushing its

head forcefully against his, the back of the mold pinning his head there, making it impossible for him to do anything but take it.

A moan escape's Ross's lips, only to be swallowed by the larger toy. His tongue soon coiled by K-2003's and then dancing along with it, unsure what to do, hands twitching, pulling a bit out of the mold, thinking to touch the toy when it makes another first move, squeeze and fondling his breasts. The pleasure and sensation from his rubbery mounds is not what he is expecting, but nothing he'd want to question. The toy's cyan claws running across his red rubber nipples, pinching them, tugging them ever so slowly, while the kiss continues, leaving the transforming human to be mere puddy in the toy's capable hands. Such wondrous tormenting delight, completely and submissively given into the sergal toy as it teases the upper portions of his body, unsure when the kiss is going to last, his nostrils flaring, smelling the toy's sweet scent that has a hint of... green apple? But it's mixed with the toy's unleashed arousing aroma, the mantra in the back of his mind relaxing him into this arousing loving moment.

K-2003 continues the kiss the toy's fingers feeling across the entire breast, feeling at the undercarriage of the mounds, feeling their size and heft with a soft fondling squeeze, thinking, *"The teeth are forming nicely into the mouth, the tongue has regained much of its prehensile nature, but still feels a little stiff. Breasts are nice, and responsive but not fully formed and perky as they should be just yet. Probably a few more days, unsure how many though. Will need to monitor and take notes so it can do this better."*

The passionate moment suddenly but slowly breaks. Ross out of instinct gasps for air, panting heavily, saliva strands between his lips to the toy's, eyes still locked up at it, watching it begin to lower itself before him. Speechless.

K-2003 hands caress along Ross' sides, feel behind his back when he partially broke free from the back half of the mold, "Doing good toy-to-be, but there is still much more to be tested before this one is sure what to have you do today. You'll be on the store floor, so it has to be assured it assigns you the right duties," it explains.

"O-oh?" Ross manages to ask his curiosity strong enough to make some kind of noise that is acknowledged as a language. But that is soon lost when the toy's hands tug his butt out from the mold with a soft shlunk, feeling the tug of his tail, and how full it is behind him. K-2003 opens its mouth like a viper, ready to strike, its cyan tongue slithering out, licking across his forming sex which to him feels as pleasurable as any other. Another moan, a gasp, voice higher, softer, far more feminine and perhaps a little sultry, its hard to tell in this moment, and hard for the fading human to recognize that this is his new forming voice speaking. All he can think about is that sergal toy's tongue and how it slithers across his twitching wet folds, wiggling its way up into his body, around the aching throb of his length.

K-2003's entire mouth wraps around the sex, the toy's hands gripping the Renamon's butt with a firm grasp so it can push the becoming toy into its mouth, allowing it to get a nice deep mouth inspection. The tongue runs across the folds, before sliding along one side of the folds and then the other, pushing as deep as it can go before it hits a block only a few inches in.

It firmly suckles down any juices the renamon toy produces, tasting and savoring each drop, a grand connoisseur of pussy.

Ross gasps, such constantly arousing aching delights has been maddening to him. He feels like he's constantly put on edge, yet never able to go over. Something is blocking it. If he wasn't having such a good time, mind numbingly good, he might wonder if it's because he's transitioning from male to female, human to renamon, person to toy, or is it something else entirely?

"Fuck...fuck...fuck that feels good," he moans, unable to hide his pleasure, hands reaching up to feel his own breasts, pleasing himself for a moment before he hears a voice in the back of his mind.

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

*"You want to be a good toy."*

*"Good toy's obey."*

*"No touching."*

Ross hands tense, squeeze, one final touch before pulling his hands away from his breasts, softly muttering, "Good toy's don't touch themselves."

K-2003's ears twitch, hearing those words, the toy wiggling its butt, thinking, *"Well sometimes its allowed when done right,"* it smirks, tongue still feeling up the toy-to-be's sex, while its fingers, move across the toy's butt, feeling the curves and contours of it, before its claw tips grace across Ross' rear. Its digit slipping into him, feeling the reaction and squeeze of the o ring around the toy's finger. The slick entrance, still smooth and lubricated from the rubber that was flowing into it not long ago. There the toy moves and slides another finger in, feeling Ross' interior.

He gasps, feeling the new pleasuring torment that is being literally thrust upon him. His ass squeezes the toy's digits, but he's helpless to slow down whatever the toy is doing. The tugging and pushing of his rear sissy hole, which feels almost as good as his new one up front. His tongue hangs out, a heavy aching pant coming over him, legs quivering, using the mold to keep himself erect on his feet, mind picturing his cock just aching there ready to be taken and sucked upon. Mind imagining it using the pleasure of the toy's mouth and tongue, a fantasy playing out in his mind as he simply sinks into the depths of his lust.

K-2003 meanwhile, going far and deep into Ross' body, methodically teasing and feeling up each inch of his erogenous zone. The toy looking up at his reaction, then closing its eyes thinking, *"Prostate is nearly gone to provide a full female rear, but the pleasure not only remains and is enhanced. It could be used in a pinch, but best not to risk it. Not yet at least. The primary sex is woefully not completed. As this one expected. Changing or adding sexes to the material always takes a bit of extra time. Best to keep to its current model for them and all material being molded into toys. Gives it time to be perfected. Okay this one thinks it knows what to do with this one today."*

As suddenly as it all began it ends. K-2003 pulls its digits out of his rear, mouth away from his sex, giving him moments to 'catch' his breath and some composure. K-2003 smiling up

at him, standing tall once again, reminding him just how much smaller he is over the toy, adding to the sense of submissiveness.

K-2003 gently pets Ross' head with the hand not used to test his rear, "Good toy-to-be. This one knows exactly what to do with you today."

"Y-you do?"

"Yup!" it exclaims with a butt wiggle of excitement, reaching down and cupping Ross by the sex, slipping a few fingers in, "Come off that, your molding is done and today you are going to be doing some stocking, and cleaning. Put those stocking skills you learned last week to good use and keeping a store squeaky clean is a happy store."

"Y-yes Maker," he responds, feeling a little perplexed, not expecting those words to come out of the toy's mouth. Then again he feels he can rarely predict anything the toy is about to say, except this one or toy.

"Good, but there is more than that. As you may well know renamons are very popular... wait, do you know that?"

"Know that renamons are popular?"

"Yes that, do you know that."

"Yeah, toy loves renamons. It feels great to be one."

"Ah good. For some reason when toy said those words, it felt as if it was being redundant..."

"Which words, Maker?"

"The ones that made it sound redundant."

"Huh?" Ross responds, giving the toy an inquisitive look.

"Now the issue it has outside of the popularity and the demand for such a product is users will want to test you right away."

"That's wonderful Maker! This one is eager to please," it says, squeezing onto K-2003's fingers still lodged into his sex, while the toy guides him out of the toy molding rooms and in short order during this conversation onto the store floor. The lights are still dim, and it appears the store is not yet open yet, but toys are moving about in a rush to get everything ready.

K-2003's thumb gently presses onto the area above the sex, where the toy's fingers are giving a soft rubbery 'pinch' that is more pleasurable than one might think, "You'd think that but not in this case. We pride ourselves on our highest quality toys at the highest quality prices. And we can't have users testing a product that isn't close to being finished. You've made great progress but you aren't near ready to be tested by users."

"It's not?" he asks, feeling a strange hint of sadness and longing within him, the desire to be taken by a user and used like the good fuck toy that he is filling his thoughts, imagining the scenarios he could be thrown into, the arousing aroma caused by K-2003 from its now sealed sex still lingering heavily in his mind.

"Nope. Visually you look stunning if this one may say so itself... which it does. But you are not ready to be had by users. So, it needs to think of a way to let customers know that you

aren't be tested yet, and we apologize for the inconvenience. Which Is something you will also tell users if they want to test you despite this perfect idea this one has to prevent that."

"If its perfect why should this one be worried about it Maker?"

"Because perfect is never perfect. No plan survives first contact with the customer."

"Ah... toy thinks it gets it," he says, following the toy to the back of the store, toward the toy testing rooms, going down the hall, heading straight back to the last door on the left.

K-2003 enters a keycode to unlock it, "Good, but this one has a good plan to keep things in order, but it will have other toys also keep an eye on you in case you need any assistance as you do your cleaning duties."

"What cleaning should toy do first?"

"The windows and glass sliding doors should be first. That way everyone can get a clear view inside the store and get a good luck on what's up and coming to Toys-4-U, aka, you!" it exclaims, stepping inside to reveal a large room, on the right is a black rubber canopy bed with cyan pillows, deeper in is a kitchen and dining room set up but to the left seems to be a door that leads to an office, which is where the sergal toy is leading him to.

"A good luck Maker?" he asks curiously, just as the toy reaches the office door.

"Luck?"

"You said a good luck what the store is up to."

"Oh, toy meant to say look, not luck. How silly of this one to say, but it does wish you good luck on keeping the store clean and keeping customers happy with your limited abilities. Eventually you'll be serving customers with around the store needs, but that is after you get a lay out of the store once you finished cleaning it," K-2003 explains, opening the door to reveal a surprisingly quaint office with a computer on the desk, a name play that reads K-2003. A single chair that sits across the desk, "Now time to get you ready so customers do not think you are free to be tested. Or that they have a pay a price to test you. Simply that you can't be tested at this current point of time."

"This one understands Maker, so what is it that you intend to do?" Ross asks, moaning softly when K-2003's grip is relinquished from his nether region.

"You'll see, this one just needs just a moment," it says, pulling out two clean white pieces of paper and a pen. The toy takes a moment to elegantly write on them, which is difficult for Ross to read from his side of the desk. K-2003 takes its time writing in large cursive lettering, "Ah, that should work, don't you think?" it asks grabbing one of the two pieces of paper it wrote on, showing it to him.

Ross looks at the fancy legible yet still somehow slightly hard to read words, "We apologies for the inconvenience but this here current toy is currently not able to directly service any customers at this time. We are currently working on improving our products by giving our newest toy model time to interact with customers on a non-sexual basis. Please come again later to see if our toy has reached the next stage of development. Thank you for your patience. CEO and Toy Management, K-2003."

K-2003 smiles happily, leaning forward, breasts squeezing slightly together as it then holds the paper close to it, “What do you think? It aptly explains everything, don’t you think?”

“It certainly does that Maker, but perhaps you should get a second opinion?”

“This one did, it got yours! Now all this one needs to do is to put them on you.”

“On this one?” it responds, feeling a little less sure all of a sudden, watching K-2003 go through its desk draw pulling out various office supplies.

“Now where did this one put them.”

“Wait, what did you mean about putting them on this one Maker?”

“Ah here they are! Now toy can get them on you without issue, hanging nice and pretty for all to read,” it says, having pulled out string and binder clips.

“Maker?” it asks, tilting its head to the side, ear twitching.

“Now, just stand there so this one can tie them to you and clip them nice and tight,” K-2003 says walking back over to Ross, who can’t help but feel the urge to obey.

“Yes Maker.”

“Good toy,” it responds.

A shiver of pleasure runs through him, tail hiking just a bit, feeling K-2003 wrap string around its tail base, and then using a binder clip to attach the paper to the back.

“Perfect, now when you raise your tail or on all fours washing the floor, people can look at that lovely butt of yours and ready toy’s note,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Maker are you sure this is going to work?” it asks with a soft pant, feeling the paper move behind it, making that wobbling paper noise while K-2003 uses the string to make a belt around it, to attach the other paper to its front, “Ah, toy can have it here, that will hide your sex and power button. Don’t want to give the users any ideas.”

“Power button? This one has a power button?”

“Yeah, of course you do. This one isn’t going to hide that lovely red glow just yet. Having the option to have it there or not is good, but it doesn’t want it to get pressed just yet.”

“How did this one never notice it has a power button?”

“You never checked.”

“Oh, okay... wait a second, something about that doesn’t feel right.”

“Relax toy-to-be. This one knows you are nervous about being out there in public. With all those eyes upon you. Watching you, Wanting you. Having to show off what a lovely toy you are, while not letting them touch you... yet. It’s a big deal especially on your first day on the store floor. But this one believes in you. You can do it. And remember there are other toys that can be of assistance if you need them. Okay?”

“Maker...” it says looking down at the tied string and the binder clip holding the sheet of paper with the note over its sex and red glowing power button which shines through the white paper, “This one thinks it will be fine with its duties. It will be great; it just has some concerns about this set up.”

“It will work just fine. Now let this one show you where we keep the cleaning supplies, and remember no touching yourself toy. No matter how great the need. A good toy doesn’t need to touch itself, got it?”

“Yes Maker,” he responds, following K-2003 out of the room, guided now by a gentle breast squeeze, the toy’s fingers idly teasing over the nipple, drawing Ross’ mind further away from the logical concerns he is having to that reminder of just how aroused he is. He almost forgot given the situation that his body is screaming for sex. For a good rut, to be fucked like no other. His body feeling so naked, feeling the smooth cool tiled floor under his paw pads. Concerns about what is not right about his body, sinking into a sea of lust. And the current oddity of the situation is also distracting his thoughts.

“That’s a good toy-to-be. And when in public, call this one Toy Mistress instead of Maker, okay toy-to-be?”

“Yes Maker, this one understands,” he replies, moaning softly, hearing the soft squeak of his breast being squeezed, breast nipple teased, a shiver of delight running through him when he hears the words.

“Good toy.”

“Thank you, Maker,” he replies, tugged along like a good toy, back onto the store floor, over to the stockroom area, shown where the cleaning supplies are, “Oh this one knows of this place. It put some of the items away when it was stocking.”

“Oh? Why didn’t you tell this one you knew where the supplies were?”

Ross smirks, “You didn’t ask this one Maker.”

K-2003 shoots him a little look before the realization hits it, “Touché. Start with the windows, then clean the chrome, wash the floors, after that polish and clean the displays, and the cash register areas. Then the customer’s bathrooms. After that this one thinks you might be able to provide some aid on the toy test rooms. They always need to be cleaned after each time a customer uses them. For the safety and happiness of our customers. But currently toy has the toy that made the mess clean it up. But it wonders if it should change that. Assign a group of toys to constantly clean them up... but then the toy that has been used needs to be cleaned too... hmmm. This one shall ponder that. For now, do those tasks, and we’ll see where you are at by that time and we can go on from there. Did you get all that toy-to-be?”

Ross nods, feeling this urge bubbling within him to do good. His sex tenses, and relaxes, the ache and desire to be fucked put in the background of his mind, as the need to obey his Maker starts to take some of the forefront of his mind, “Yes Maker, this one got it.”

“Good, for this one can’t remember to repeat all of it again exactly like that. It was a once in a lifetime saying and all future iterations will never be quit the same as that.”

“Huh... what Maker?”

“This one is just proud you got all of that, that’s all. Now get to work and remember, don’t let the customers use you. You aren’t ready yet,” it says, giving Ross’ thigh a firm rubbery smack



Ross lets out a soft moan, hiking his tail, body aching in delight, nipples perked, “Yes Maker! And it will Maker!” he responds, grabbing the cleaning supplies, watching its Maker head off. Once gone he lets out a soft sigh, “Maker is nice, but that is something else. This one guesses that Maker just needs a lot of help with everything. And help it shall do... though...” it mutters, wanting to reach up to touch its breast, to feel the heft of it but the collar speaks into its mind.

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

*“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”*

*“Good toys obey.”*

*“Good toys do as they are told.”*

*“You are a good toy.”*

Ross shudders, grabbing the cleaning supplies, “Toy is a good toy. Toy is a good toy. Toy is a good toy,” he mutters, drawing himself into that lovely mantra. His hips sway, walking with a bounce in his step he heads to the front of the store, which is only moments away from being opened. Other toys are on pedestals at the front of the store, eager to greet the customers, while others are stocking, and some are at the registers ready to ring.

Customers eye the toy the moment he walks into view. He grabs some paper towel and window cleaning, spraying the window. It feels the weight of those eyes upon him. There are soft clicks as people take pictures, other take views, hearing muttering, “They have a renamon toy now? It’s about damn time. I’ve been waiting for one since they came out with vixen. How could they have a vixen and not a renamon?”

“A renamon is a vixen, so this is nothing new,” says another customer.

“Renamons are vixen-like, but we aren’t vixens. Especially us male ones,” states a yellow, white and black furred male renamon, dressed in more than just a pair of black renamon gloves. He looks at the two humans having the debate, who blink in surprise upon seeing a living renamon before them.

“Holy shit you do exist!” exclaims one.

“Dude, that’s rude to say,” mutters the other, giving him nudge.

Meanwhile Ross thinks, *“That’s a handsome Renamon... wait no, toy needs to focus. This one was given an important task of cleaning and should clean,”* it thinks, spraying the window getting to washing, hearing a soft squeak fill its ears, a smooth cool sensation across its breasts, teasing him.

*“That feels nice... very nice,”* he thinks, looking down seeing his breasts squeezed up against the window, which is drawing the attention of more people, making the weight of those eyes pressing down upon him grow. A blush of embarrassment rolls over him but then followed by something else, something more lustful and perhaps a little sinister depending on who you ask.

*“Toy is technically not touching itself when it does that... And more people get to notice and pay attention to Maker’s work. We are given minutes from opening. It could be a bit more fun and playful to the customers. It can’t be used but it certainly can tease,”* he thinks with a sly

smirk. Looking at the customers, giving them a wink as he presses his breasts harder against the window, squishing them against the glass, dragging them along with a long squeak.

Ross moans in delight, feeling the rush from the self tantalizing pleasure while still not breaking the rules that are given to it within the repeating hypnotic collar in the back of his mind. The papers rattle, not paid attention by any customer as the toy cleans and polishes the window. Parts of its body shining brighter thanks to the cleaning fluid uses to wash the windows. Making them streak free and spotless, despite the toy's hinderance, using parts of its body press against the glass.

The show garnered more attention by those interested by such things, the time ticking closer to the doors opening, but for these few minutes time for some is going too fast, while others, each moment is a wonderful eternity and Ross knows it. He can see it on their faces, those drawn to his body, those wanting his body, the knowledge that they can't have him right now only makes him more excited. Something about this is growing within him. A pleasure to do the task for his Maker, but to do it in a way that he desires and wants. To be a toying tease in all sense and matter of the word.

Ross playfully winks at the customers, pressing itself harder against the glass, while still somehow diligently working at its duty. Not wanting to do a poor job at window washing now. The store then opens, the other toys happily greeting those rushing in.

"Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U Super Mega Store. Don't be shy to ask this one or any other toy you see for assistance. We are here to serve and service you!"

A small hoard rushes toward Ross, who is all too pleased to get this kind of attention. Something he knew he wanted deep down, but now that it is happening, he's certain that this is the kind of life he wants. Butt hiked, tail raised, that sign blocking the rear entrance, a greater tease rather than words of warning for those who want to get a taste.

All the while K-2003 watches from the security office, through the cameras, the toy smiling to itself as a buff Rhino guard monitors the cameras, "Everything is working like this one hoped it would."

"If you say so Miss," the Rhino responds.

"Yes, this one does say so, if anything big and troubling happens let it know. It has meetings to do."

"I will Miss, as always."

"Good, and keep up the good work. It appreciates the hard work you do here."

The rhino smirks, sipping a cup of coffee, "Thanks."

"Welcome," the toy says, heading off, another day for the store has just begun.