

Hybrid: Home Use

O-2693, a sleek pink and purple rubber rena-drake moves about the kitchen, its pink rubbery nibbles nice and hard, their purple length twitches, but not dribbling pre-cum, the toy knowing it's currently not in use, and therefore keeps its lubricant off. The toy's purple and pink edged handles send soft shivers of pleasure through its body, the hermaphrodite toy eager to please, sensitive in so many ways, its soft purple eyes glowed, "Mistress will love a nice sandwich. She's been staying home a lot, and a good meal would be helpful."

It's big renamon rubber tail sways side to side, a spring in its step, approaching its owner, Angel's bedroom/office. It's about to enter when its ears twitch catching a conversation that she is having.

"Yeah, I still think that working for home is the better option for me," she says, there is a pause when she continues speaking, "I can't believe it's been six months since it happened... I miss everyone too, but given everything... I appreciate the flexibility you have given me. It means a lot to me, and I will work extra hard to repay the favor several fold. Speaking of which I need to get back to work now. Thanks again."

Angel hangs up the phone when O-2693 steps in, its purple rubber scaled wings fold behind its back. The female human with her soft skin, long black hair which is a bit frazzled and in need of combing. Her brown eyes look over to the toy, a soft smile appears on her face. She is sitting at her work desk, a little messy, with half a dozen pictures of herself and her missing lover Patrick, who unbeknownst to her is now the toy holding the plate with a sandwich for her.

"Mistress, this one has made you lunch. It's an hour past noon and it thought you'd be hungry," it says, holding out the plate of food with a soft squeak, tail hiked ever so slightly. The toy sees Angel's computer has two monitors, the first has all her work stuff on it, the other is a bunch of tabbed internet searches, one of which it can see is a Toys-4-U website.

"Ah, what time is it?" she asks looking at her computer screen.

"It's 1:43 pm," O-2693 answers.

"I didn't even realize," she says with a soft sigh, "Thank you O-2693. You're always so thoughtful and helpful."

"It's a toy's duty to help their owner. And this one will do all it can to help make your life a little easier."

"If it were only so easy. I'd buy a dozen of you to find... never mind," she says waving off the idea, "I do appreciate this. And once I'm done with these reports, perhaps we could have a bit of fun? I could really get my mind off of everything," she says rubbing her forehead before brushing her hair off to the side.

"This one is always eager and happy to please you Mistress. Is there anything you'd like this one to do while you work?"

"A foot massage would be nice."

"With pleasure," O-2693 responds getting on all fours, reaching out toward her feet when Angel says.

“I was kidding on that... at least right now. I can’t get anymore distracted from my work. If I don’t get these reports done, it could really put my position in jeopardy. Not to mention my remote working from home.”

O-2693 nods, sitting up, looking cutely up at Angel, its wings twitching slightly causing a soft squeak, “As you wish Mistress. Is there anything else this one can do for you?”

“Keep the rest of the house cleaned and let me know if I receive any packages. I should be getting one today that might help alleviate some of my stress.”

The toy’s eyes light up, “With pleasure Mistress!” the toy responds, jumping onto its feet with a squeak, breasts and cock bouncing up and down, “This one won’t let you down.”

“I know you won’t toy. You’re from him after all...”

“What was that Mistress?” it asks.

“Nothing, nothing. Leave me be for now. You can update me on anything that happens once I’m finished with my work.”

“As you command Mistress,” O-2693 replies, heading out of the room, hips swaying, walking with a bounce and a squeak in its step, the toy softly hearing the voice in its head, droning on, helping it always remind it of what it is, even at this point it’s long past necessary.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Good toys obey.”

“Good toys serve their owners.”

“Good toys love to obey.”

“Good toys love to serve.”

“Good toys love their owners.”

“Good toys please their Maker by being a good toy for their owners.”

O-2693 happily hums to itself, working around the house, the sleek toy, its body shining in the light, doing all it can to make sure everything is in order. Suddenly there is a knock on the door and O-2693 rushes over to the door, opening it up to reveal an anthropomorphic turquoise skinned hooded snake in with green eyes, dressed in a brown shirt delivery uniform.

“Package for an Angel...ahh...” they look up to see the relatively naked rena-drake toy standing before them, their cuffs with the glowing pink lettering “Fuck toy” on the black rubber cuffs with a purple band around the top and bottom.

“This one is here to receive Mistress’ package as Mistress is currently working and she needs to be left to it.”

“Ah... right... well this is the place, sso, if you can sign here, I can release this package to you,” he says holding up a digital pad to them.

“With pleasure,” the toy responds, signing its designation and type, “O-2693 Rena-drake fucktoy.”

“Good thing no one checksss thessse,” he responds, handing them the brown package about one foot by one foot in size, “Here you go. And have a good day.”

“Thank you, you too,” the toy replies with a big smile, taking the package inside while the delivery person remarks.

“I’ve had greetings... but not by much,” heading to their delivery truck.

Angel on the other hand is mostly busy at work. Occasionally she’ll go to the other tabs on the other screen, several of them set on auto-refresh every minute to check for any local news for anyone by the name of Patrick or any person matching his description, and around the area where he was last seen, in the general vicinity of the main Toys-4-U super megastore.

Occasionally she’ll also go on the Toys-4-U forums asking questions of if anyone has possibly seen Patrick, or if anyone has any strange experiences at their mega stores. There was also a topic she went to on “How to take care of your advanced Toys-4-U full bodied interactive fuck toy.” And another topic she checks on, “Advanced Toys-4-U personal rubber pleasure suits.”

Some of which were topics that Patrick browsed in his past, and time and time again she’d pull herself away from those searches and get back to work, knowing the importance of what she has to do, while feeling the constant tug of trying to find anything leading to him, or just experiencing him around, reading his nearly year old or more posts, just to get an idea of how he was at the time.

Eventually she finishes her work, looking at the time, “It’s nearly seven... damn,” she groans, stretching, the scent of dinner ready reaches her nose, or to better put it, she finally realizes it’s been there for the last half hour. Her stomach growls as she gets up and heads toward the dining room to find some roasted chicken and an assortment of sides there ready to be enjoyed.

O-2693 stands by the table, setting the last bits up, it looks over to her, “Evening Mistress. This one just finished; this one hopes you find this to your liking.”

Angel smiles, “You know O-2693, the first few times you’ve done this I found it to be odd. Given how... uh... ready for other activities you are, but now... I am not sure how I’d ever find time to eat a good, cooked meal without you.”

“We Toys-4-U toys come programmed with several cooking recipes and some cooking experiences. Though we cannot come close to a real chef, we do try to provide a service that will ease the stress of your day. At least this one hopes it is, Mistress.”

“I’d say that you are toy and I appreciate it.”

“Nothing pleases this one more Mistress than you are being pleased by its action.”

Angel takes a seat, O-2693 pulling out the chair and pushing it into place, “Then you should be very pleased O-2693. You know you spoil me.”

“This one cannot spoil you Mistress. It is simply doing its duty as a toy.”

“Far beyond what is required,” she says, tasting the meal, “And you are getting better at this. Lovely work.”

“Thank you, Mistress. This one will also inform you that your package arrived. It’s currently in the living room.”

“Would you mind taking it to the bedroom? That’s where it’s going to be used.”

“Yes Mistress,” it replies, doing as its told.

“Patrick, were you planning to get this for me? Or is this just happenstance?” she thinks while she eats.

O-2693 spends the extra time cleaning up the mess around Angel’s computer, getting the bed in better order, and making sure that everything is ready for what’s to come next. It’s length twitches in eagerness, the toy always ready to go. It’s female sex moist, tight, clenching in the anticipation of what delights could be in the near future and what it could do to best please its Mistress. There was also a tantalizing curiosity of what’s within the box. It recognized the Toys-4-U anonymous shipping label. But despite its browsing and helping of its Mistress all the time, it nary a clue of what’s within the box.

“I hope you didn’t mind the wait O-2693. You made such a delicious dinner, I had to take my time with it,” she says, entering the bedroom, seeing the rena-drake toy on the bed, the box kept between its legs, thighs squeaking against it, fingers gently drumming against the cardboard shipping container.

“Not at all Mistress. This one is always pleased to do as it told for you,” it responds with a big smile, wings unfurling upon seeing her enter the room.

Angel gives a soft smile, slipping out of her clothes and lazily letting them fall to the ground, her handful breasts are revealed upon themselves, her nipples perky and her soft white skin and supple curves are revealed as she undoes her black lacy bra, “O-2693, if you please can you cut the tape on the box.”

“With pleasure Mistress,” the toy responds, the rena-drake using its hidden draconic claws that extend upon command and easily cut across the taped edges of the box, “All done Mistress,” it replies with delight.

“Thank you,” she says, kicking off the last of her clothes leaving her clean-shaven naked body in perfect view of O-2693 to admire every inch of her form.

“You look lovely Mistress. This one couldn’t be happier to have a better-looking Mistress than you,” it compliments while she climbs onto the white bed sheet covered bed. It creaks under her weight as she crawls toward it and the box.

“We both know you are programmed to say that O-2693.”

“This one is here to please you Mistress and it knows you don’t like lying. So, it is truthful in what it thinks about your perfect body,” it says, bucking its hips, its cock grinding a little against the box.

“You say that with such conviction O-2693 that it’s difficult to believe you are really just a toy,” she says, reaching for the box, easily taking it from it.

“We Toys-4-U toys try our best to be of service and of use to our owners in any way we can. This one is pleased to be a companion to help you through your difficult days.”

Angel is about to say something but then stops. She looks down at the box, flipping the flap to reveal two boxes inside, the first a rectangular box that was the image of the specialized strap on the side, “Sizzling Snake Hermaphrodite strap on, female addition.” She grabs the box and looks over it, placing it to the side, “That will go on first, but I want to see how the suit looks,” she says, looking at the box still inside.

An image of a sleek black rubber naga named, “Naughty Naga.” and below it it has the Toys-4-U name and extra advertisements proclaiming, “New Interactive rubber addition! With real slithering action!”

Angel feels a little rush of excitement, “He encouraged me to get something like this. I was fond of snakes, and so wa... is he. Sorry, sorry I shouldn’t be focused on that right now.”

O-2693 moves in closer, placing a rubber hand on her thigh, “Mistress. You are free to focus on whatever you want, whenever you want. This one knows how important Patrick is to you. And it’s sure that whatever is holding him up, it won’t be forever. But till that comes, this one will do everything it can to ease your burden.”

Angel smiles, “Thanks O-2693, you are very sweet,” she gives it a nice squeaky rubbery hug, feeling the toy’s warm slick smooth rubber body against her soft human skin, “This is a really advanced suit of theirs. It put me back a bit, but if it claims to work like it did in those videos, my God. It’s going to be amazing.”

“This one is eager to see you enjoy yourself Mistress.”

“I got a front-loading design for the suit. Since it’s a press and seal, which hides the seams, it didn’t seem to make sense to get the harder to close up behind the back version,” she says, pulling out the box, and pulling out the rubber suit.

“That is a good idea Mistress. This one knew you were as smart as you are sexy, perhaps even more.”

Angel chuckles, “O-2693, you flatter me a little too much there.”

“This one didn’t mean any...”

Angel leans in and gives the toy a kiss on the rubber cheek, “But thank you. It’s nice to hear,” she says, smiling, opening the box to pull out the single piece suit. It’s black rubbery body shines in the bedroom light with a pink ‘scaled’ underside and front, with notable space for her breasts. The snake head has a full cobra hood with pink in the front, black backside with golden markings. Along the eyes are similar Egyptian style golden markings.

“A lovely style Mistress,” O-2693 says, helping to smooth out and reveal the full suit which is about nine or so feet in length with a clear opening in the front, that shows a glistening black interior.

“Custom pink belly and black body but I picked the golden Egyptian tattoo patterns for the hood and around the eyes and face. I thought it would add a little flare to it. And best of all it’s designed to work with the specialized strap on I got.”

“Ooooo, that sounds like fun, do you need help putting on the strap on Mistress?” it asks, wings spreading, tail hiking, legs spread, showing off its bouncing breasts, and twitching length.

“Maybe, let me try first, alright?” she asks with a smile, gently petting along the toy’s rubber muzzle.

O-2693 nuzzles into her hand, “As you wish Mistress,” it replies, licking along her hand, suckling one of her fingers, eyeing her with lustful need.

Angel takes a moment to slide her finger in and out of the toy’s mouth before pulling them out with a soft pop, “Easy O-2693, we have all night to have fun,” she replies, pulling out

the slick shiny red single naga cock strap on. Soft black cloth makes up the straps of the strap on, but on the end of the dildo, there were a few unique things, that the instruction manual that came with it became clear. The human took a moment to read up on the toy, “Adjust the strap to fit, adjust the female sex into your vaginal opening, squeeze to adjust, attach the base of the dildo to your labia, use lubricant for added stimulation. Tighten as needed to provide a stable and enjoyable time to experience the wonders and pleasures of a hermaphrodite genitalia. For optimal pleasure, please use Toys-4-U brand lubricants,” she mutters while reading through the booklet.

Angel tosses the instruction booklet off to the side, “I wasn’t expecting so much for just a strap on, I’m sure the suit has its own novel,” she comments, slipping on the toy, letting out a soft moan, feeling the female lips slip into her sex, sliding against her tender and sensitive walls, cupping and spreading her folds, and lips, while the very top of her sex felt a soft squeeze by the dildo that was placed on top. The straps were adjusted, with a little help from O-2693 as she requested, making sure everything felt snug.

Moments later the strap on “came to life”, making her sex feel warmer, pleasure transmitted down the dildo length into her sex, the cool air around the dildo cooling her labia giving a slight faux feeling to the length, which twitched every so often which caused slight pleasure into her.

Angel curls her toes, panting softly, her hips bucking against the toy, feeling it move against her body, her breasts bouncing slightly, while O-2693 moves behind her, reaching out to gently caress the sides of her body, rubbing her belly, its own cock warm and twitching against the small of her back.

“It looks lovely Mistress,” it says, reaching out to gently tease the cock length, which sends vibrations into Angel, increasing her tease.

The human gasps, leaning back against her toy, “It feels great...” she moans softly, enjoying the moment for half a minute before pulling away, “Next is the suit. We can’t get too ahead of ourselves. I want the full experience,” she says, grabbing the suit instruction booklet which is like a novelle in size and length. She quickly reads through it, taking note of the “activating the tail and body expansion” of the suit.

She quickly reads, “Toys-4-U’s Naughty Naga series of interactive rubber suits comes with three pounds of expansive rubber that fills and expands the rubber suit to make a perfect custom fit to the user. Extending and expanding the tail to provide a realistic slithering naga movement by using only your ankles and toes to make your sexy slithering snake fantasies a reality!”

“Hopefully that isn’t too difficult to master but shall be fun,” she says, feeling the faux cock twitch between her legs, causing a shiver of delight to run up her spine. She goes over to the suit, her anticipation quickly rising, the pressing emotions that have been in the back of her mind are momentarily suspended. She feels the slick smooth rubber against her fingertips, spreading the suit open nice and wide, sitting within the suit, sliding her legs into the rubber.

Two rubber sleeves within the suit welcome her legs as she slides herself into the rubber, which rises up like someone slowly filling out a large rubber tube.

“This does feel nice, rather embracing too,” Angel says, tugging on the rubber lifting her legs into the air while she tugs, the strap on bouncing and twitching against her sex, making her moan softly.

O-2693 without being asked, holds and supports Angel’s legs, smoothing out the rubber while she tugs her legs into the lower naga body, till her feet and legs slip all the way in, the naga’s crotch is an inward point V point where her female sex is positioned with the cock above it.

“Thank you O-2693,” she says, lowering her legs slowly with the toy’s help.

“With pleasure Mistress,” the toy replies, her legs hidden within the rubber suit, the last three feet or so of the naga suit are still flat and unfilled, the suit looking a little loose on her body, “Is it supposed to look like that?”

“According to the instructions it does till fully suited, so let's finish up, shall we continue?”

“As Mistress desires, this one is here to help,” O-2693 says, helping Angel slip her arms into the rubber suit, long elegant snaky arms and slightly clawed fingertips that are a matching pink to her belly. Her breasts slip around the rubber chest with relative ease and just takes her flipping the hood over her head with a little bit of stretching to get it to envelope her head.

The rubber creaks around her body, her hands adjusting the head, slipping rubber into her mouth, a unique trait of Toys-4-U suits that are so invasive but in the end add to the charm. While adjusting the hood the pink and purple Rena-drake gets in front of her, hands caressing her now snake covered head, “Do you need any help with the visual adjustments Mistress?” it asks, leaning forward, breasts dangling with a soft squeak.

“I gohts it,” she replies, her speech a bit slurred from the rubber in her mouth. She looks over the suit, feeling it creak and glide across her body, squeezing her supple form. She takes the rubber front, pulling them close together, holding it closed with one hand she runs a finger across the front, at the activation point, moving her way up. With a curious amazement, Angel sees the rubber seal together, and around her female sex and strap on, attaching to the device, keeping her sex slightly exposed, as her female juices will slowly glisten down the short rubber tube that formed and to the faux naga sex. While her naga strap on cock juts out, aching twitching above it, the visual is rather enticing to both owner and toy alike.

Steadily Angel moves up her body, sealing herself within the suit, which soon completely hides her within, her rubber body creaks and squeaks, the latex shining brilliantly in the light despite just coming from its shipping box. Angel swings her legs around, dragging the rubber tail end with her, O-2693 helping keep the tail smooth and out as it asks, “What happens next Mistress?”

“Mohment,” she replies, reaching for the instruction booklet, trying to read the text again when the suit after a minute auto-activates. The excess rubber held within the suit slides out and expands, spider webbing within the spaces between the rubber walls, providing a structure that

fills out the suit while keeping it light, and to transmit sensations of the rubber skin to the person underneath.

Angel lets out a soft moan while O-2693 sees the suit expanding around her. The flat three foot or so length tail end, filling out from Angel's feet down to the tip, while the rubber squeezes around Angel's body, embracing her on all sides, like someone is inflating a big balloon around her, but filled with a gel that is light as air.

The hood makes subtle adjustments making it easier for her to speak and see, the tongue squeezed by rubber now, a faux snake tongue slithers and flicks out of her mouth slipping back inside, tingling Angel's senses, giving an odd 'taste' of the room around her, filtered down to the sweet aromas in the room and of anything rubber, including the sweetness of her toy.

"Oh wow... this feels good," she moans, arching her back, feeling her entire form squeezed and held in a light bondage, while still having the ability to move. Les close together, but her faux cock and female sex exposed, teased and squeezed by the suit, her butt supported, giving her subtly extra stability, the suit making her even larger in size than she'd normally would be. The rubber encases her breasts, squeezing and massaging along her entire mound, lining up her nipples with the mammalian addition to her naga form.

It took about five minutes for everything to fill out and adjust, but when done, Angel wiggles her toes feeling herself move forward a little, her tail tip wagging as well, O-2693 rushing to catch her from slithering off the bed.

"Careful Mistress! Don't want you to fall off the bed and hurt yourself," it says, catching her, their breasts pressing up against each other. Cocks gently touching, sending pleasure into O-2693, causing it to moan softly, while gently embracing and caressing its Mistress in naga form.

"Thanksss toy. I really appreccciate it. Uh, ssssnake lissssp. Interessssting. I should read that in the booklet."

"Perhaps this one should let Toys-4-U know that they should put warnings on their stuff to read the instruction manual before wearing," O-toy suggests.

"It doesss. I jussst ssskipped it," she says, watching her tongue flick, tasting the sweet scent of the toy's arousal and aching need. Which makes her tense, her cock twitching, which only adds to her building lust and need, "Jussst give me a few minutesss to read up on how to better operate thissss ssssuit," she says.

"As you wish Mistress," it responds, helping her get fully back onto the bed, "Shall this one check the website for any video tutorials? This one bets they have them."

"That would be good yesss," she replies.

The rena-drake toy smiles, "With pleasure Mistress! Helping you enjoy yourself is what this one does best." The toy rushes to the computer, looking up information about the Naughty Naga suit, bringing up a few instructional videos that are on the Toys-4-U website, using Angel's login credentials to be able to view them.

Angel takes the next several minutes reading up and almost a half an hour viewing the videos, learning about the secret turn on and off the snake lisp option by saying "stop lisp please" or turning it back on by saying "yes lisp please". The rubber snake half of the body has tugging

rubber that acts like a muscle that allows her to go from a standing to a kneeling position with ease, making it look fluid and smooth like she's just lowering herself more on her long naga body. Which is better controlled by using your ankles, toes and full foot motion to operate like an extended limb.

"Most complicated, yet awesome rubber sex suit ever," Angel remarks, her mind swimming in the building lust. All the time she's been working to figure out the suit, to get the motions in, the soft gentle coil that she can do. Her strap on cock has been teasing her labia, her female sex spread open, teased, and dripping, growing all the more aroused, building up the pent-up lust within her loins.

O-2693 watches this build up, eager to help its Mistress at a moment's notice, but is more focused on helping her get accustomed to and control of her rubber naga suit, "Is Mistress enjoying her suit?" it asks, eyeing her cock, admiring her lovely rubber pink naga bust, seeing her give a snake smile, with a red flicking forked tongue.

"Oh, yesss, it iss rather lovely. I feel I can hardly contain myself, come here O-2693," she says, the tongue flicking back and forth, drawing back into her mouth, flooding her senses with the sweet rubber that's in the air.

"Yes Mistress," the rena-drake says, climbing onto the bed, kneeling before its Mistress, who elegantly slithers herself lower from a standing to a kneeling position, body weight slightly spread over the naga body. She brings her faux cock against O-2693, gently grinding them together. Her hand caressing the two members together, teasing herself slightly and driving the toy wild. Their breasts squeeze together, while she reaches around holding the toy against her, pressing it up by the small o fits back.

"Oh, Mistress," the toy softly moans, grinding itself against her.

"You like that, don't you O-2693," she says with a soft pleasing hiss, her own human moans audible behind the faux hiss the suit produces.

"Yes Mistress, it feels so good. Please let this one survives you. It is eager to be of use."

"You are already of ussse to me oh two sssix nine three," she says, admiring the lovely rubber toy as it submissively presses itself against her. Feeling a joy and pleasure from the gift that Patrick was working on, but just as her thoughts about him were to return she shakes her head, "Yesss O-2693. Please, take my length into your mouth and give my sssnake ssex some love. Get me nicce and worked up," she commands.

The toy moans softly, grinding itself against her, breasts squeaking up against its Mistress, "With most pleasure Mistress," it replies, sliding down only all fours, nuzzling and licking across the dildo, feeling the ribbed parts of the snake cock, suckling the tip, which increases the vibration sent to Angel's labia, increasing her pleasure, her body tensing, bucking against its mouth.

The toy feels pleasure hearing her soft hissing moans, using one hand to grasp the cock, keeping it nice and steady as it depthroats it into its maw, suckling it nice and deep, while two thick rena-drake fingers push into her wet and dripping rubber folds. When Angel clenches

down the entire passage way squeezes along with it, making the outside female sex tense and wink at anyone who could see.

O-2693's fingers are milked by the rubber suit, and when pushed in deep enough by Angel's real human sex. The toy rubs and massages the snake walls, which send vibrations into the strap on top, further enhancing and stimulating Angel's sensitive folds. All of which is designed to enhance and give an idea of becoming a naga for one's sexual delight.

Angel moans out, tongue flicking, one hand gently caressing the back of O-2693's head, feeling up its horns, and ears, helping it take all of her length, so she can draw out more of her own pleasure. She groans and pants, bucking harder, feeling help build up her lust and delight. Her free hand is gently groping herself, rubbing her nipples, drawing out long squeaks which she can't help but to fully enjoy, losing herself in the moment, being drawn into this personification of a lustful naughty hermaphrodite rubber naga. No longer the human Angel but a rubber sexualized beast that she can let out all of her carnal desires.

"Yesss... Yesss... that'sss very good O-2693. Turn around and lift that asssss of yoursss. I want to take it," she commands, looking down at the toy that was eagerly suckling down the cock, drawing out her vaginal pleasures till commanded. The toy slowly pulls its mouth off the cock licking the tip before licking its fingertips in front of her, looking up at you while it suckles its digits clean of her own female juices.

"With pleasure Mistress," the toy responds, turning around, spreading its legs, showing off those wonderful hands which Angel grabs with a long drawn-out squeeze as she rings them between her rubber covered hands.

O-2693 moans in delight, the squeeze sends pleasure through its body. It hikes its tail, showing off its dripping female sex and its cute rear sissy port hole that Angel could fuck if she so chose to. But it only took a moment for the rena-drake toy to realize which hole was going to be taken this night.

Angel rammed her single naga cock into O-2693's eager and well lubricated female sex. The toy causing her teasing tantalizing pleasure, like someone teasing the tip of the length just a little and rubbing the shaft if she was a man. But it was enough to let the buildup of her desires to continue to grow while she slams herself into the toy's needy and eager hole.

O-2693 moans out, gasping in delight, wings fluttering, bucking itself against its Mistress, while its cock bounces freely between lets legs, smacking against its belly with a loud squeak, the toy lost in the moment, unable to cum, but not caring if it could or couldn't. The toy simply pleased that it's pleasing its Mistress with everything it can give and then some, but the toy knows how to play up the game when Angel gets into her domineering take action mode, "Please Mistress, let this one cum. It's been such a good toy. It's been so long since it last felt release," it lustfully moans out.

Angel grips the handles tighter, leaning over the toy, pressing more of her body weight against it. Using the suit to help ram herself deeper into the toy. She flicks her tongue tasting the lust in the air from herself and of her needy toy below her, "Sssoon O-2693, but not your cock. I want that nicce and pent up for a while longer," she hisses.

O-2693 arches its back, moaning in delight, squeezing and milking the faux naga cock that is lodging deep into her sensitive tight rubber toy body, ready to blow at the moment the command is given. Her body already so pent up, eager to please, eager to be of service, climax tightly controlled by its owner, “Yes Mistress. This one is eager to please. Take this one harder,” it moans out toes curling.

“Good, very good O-2693,” she says, pounding faster, harder her own stimulation a fraction of what the toy is feeling but it is enough for her to be steadily sent over the edge, one lustful thrust at a time. Her sex winking several times, she squeezes upon the toy in her vagina, her hot female juices gushing out and making the front of her female naga sex, wet and ever more lustful, “Cum now...” she hisses, seconds after she manages to get a hold of herself, body jerking several times from the delight of reaching the peak of her pleasure.

Mistress’ tantalizing words, her wondrous command was all that the toy needed to feel it sown self-climax, its female toy juices gushing over the red rubber cock, a surge of delight flooding its body, wings spreading, hips grinding against its Mistress, drawing out as much pleasure as possible, while ensuring that its Mistress gets whatever it can give in reciprocating the delights it is feeling. The toy tightly grips the bed sheets, its cock still so pent up, while its toes curl, letting out long deep squeaky pants, its breasts bouncing and swaying underneath it, much like how its Mistress’ breasts bounce with each thrust she makes.

Angel pants heavily, bucking into the toy, knowing that it is not completely spent, despite reaching her climax. She feels an urge to continue, to get herself enthralled in being the naughty naga. After leaning against the toy, breasts pressing against its back for a few minutes, letting herself catch her breath.

“You alright Mistress?” O-2693 asks after several minutes of supporting her weight, giving the cock that is still lodged in her sex a few pleasure squeezes. Its cock aching, though its female sex was not that far behind in being ready for another climax on command.

“Yes O-2693, I am. Now lay down on your back. I’m going to ride you my way, and you will reach your peak when I sssay sso, do you undersstand?” she asks, reaching around, giving the toy’s breasts a firm rubbery squeaky grope.

The toy softly moans, pressing up against its Mistress, eager to please, “Yes Mistress, as soon as you slip off this one it will.”

“Oh right, right,” Angel says, for a moment breaking her own character, a temporary departure from the headspace she’s in, to let the toy lay upon her bed, legs spread, cock out, twitching, throbbing, wings spread out, as the toy exposed itself completely to her. Like a cat showing off their belly to their owner, to indicate complete and total trust and submission to them.

“This one is ready whenever you are Mistress, but no rush,” it says, looking up at her with eyes that just screamed, “This one loves you. And will do anything for you, but it would love nothing more than for you to fuck its brains out right here, right now.”

Angel hissed in delight, slithering between the toy’s legs, squeaking softly, rubbing the thighs, exposing the toy more, while she lowers her head, the forked tongue flicking, licking

across the twitching throbbing rubber cock, causing the toy to moan softly, and let Angel get a better taste on the toy's own unique flavor of rubber that she already knows so well.

The forked tongue, slightly controlled by Angel's own tongue, and partially reflective, coils around O-2693's twitching length. Pre-cum dribbles from the tip while Angel slips its snake mouth around the length giving it a firm few hard suckles.

O-2693 tries to buck up but feels the grip and pressure of its Mistress' hands keeping it pinned down. Despite its strength it is unable to fight against its Mistress, helpless but to take the firm deep suckling while the hands gently caress and rub its inner thighs with a loud squeak. Though now the entire cock is within Ange's snake mouth, the lips kissing the toy's rubber balls in the process only a fraction of it is within her real mouth, but that is enough of her rubber covered tongue to lick across it, lips puckering to give the tip a firmer suckle, drawing out the buildup pre-cum to\y essence that has filled its length.

Angel takes her time, getting the cock nice and wet, feeling it twitch within her mouth, so eager for her, so ready to fill her folds with its essence, or flood her mouth with the toy seed. Angel's sex ached, spread apart and sensitive due to the toy that keeps the faux snake cock dangling between her legs, building up her sex wave of lust, she eventually pulls off of the toy's cock, slithering herself closer, rubbing her faux cock against the toy's length, "Sso eager. How much do you want thiss one to ride you?"

"This one Mistress?" the toy asks hinting toward clarification, grinding its length against her own, body quivering in want and need.

"I meant me, O-2693."

"Toy would love nothing more than to please you Mistress. Please let it take you, ride this one, till you reach the high heavens of delight."

Angel gently caresses both cocks together with her fingers, "Well if you put it that way..." she hisses, sliding herself over O-2693, lining its cock tip against her snake folds, the natural V makes an easy pathway for the toy's cock to slip right inside of her. Angel moans in delight squeezing the cock, rolling her hips up and down, the naga suit, helping squeeze and move up and down the cock with relative ease.

"Mistress..." moans O-2693.

Angel closes her eyes, riding up and down the cock, "Yesss... yesss... oh Godssss yesss," her already spent sex building up again, the folds extra sensitive, her desire to feel another sure through her body, a delight of serotonin in her mind, craving it so hard, harder than the toy's cock she's currently riding.

Angel's breasts bounce up and down, while O-2693's jiggle. The rena-drake toy grips the bed sheets providing more stability as it buck sup against its Mistress, sliding down nice and deep into her body, drawing out every ounce of female juices built up in there. Pulling out from the very depths of Angel's body the pleasure and tantalizing delights that it believes she should have. Doing its best to make everything that was wrong with the world, simply fade into the background. Lost in a sea of sex.

Loud squeaks, the sound of latex grinding of latex filled the air, muffling out their mutual moans, their bodies quivering in delight. Angel bucking and rolling her hips hard up and down on the toy's cock, eager to draw herself into another lustful mind blowing, thought emptying experience, getting herself totally lost in the moment, letting the aches and pains of everything that was going wrong with her world to simply disappear as she plays out this lustful fantasy, indulging her darkest desires, till erupt like an active volcano between her legs, screaming out, "Cum!"

The command resonated deep within O-2693, unable to hold back even if it wanted to. Already feeling the quick pulses of its Mistress' sex milking its cock for all its worth, her hot vent begging for its seed, which is all too happy to give. The toy's pink toy juices flood her folds, putting out some of the raging fires within her loins, the slick toy cum, flooding her folds.

"Yesss, yesss, yesss," Angel moans, milking the cock, sliding herself all the way down to make sure the toy's cock can go as deep into her body as humanly possible. Her mind blanking out of any worries or troubles, enjoying the start of a long round night of sex, which its toy is able to keep up with her seemingly growing level of lust and desire to fuck it.

All of this is noticed by O-2693, and is sent back to Toys-4-U in its weekly report on how its doing with its owner, using a special login and password for it, to report back to the R&D department, as it is a prototype toy and such developments with its use were completely normal and part of the agreement when Angel took it as her toy. This report was written and sent while Angel slept semi curled on the bed, still wearing the naughty naga suit, the cock twitching a little bit, but she too exhausted to even be stirred awake by the toy's vibrations against her sensitive bits. When done O-2693 will return back to its Mistress, to snuggle and rest with it, as she's none the wiser of the report.

K-2003 will eventually get the report and read through it. It is at its desk in its office back at the original and first Toys-4-U super megastore. It's on the phone, "This one is so glad that the store it sent you two to is doing so well."

A black and blue rubber sergal toy, made around a similar time as O-2693, M-2483, "But Maker. This one really thinks you should come down here and see what I-toy has been up to. It thinks its hunting down the customers."

"And providing them with good service!"

"Maker, this one doesn't think you are listening."

"Don't worry, this one will be going down there in a few weeks for a surprise inspection... oh wait you weren't supposed to know that. Guess it will have to reschedule for a later date."

"Maker, you can't."

"Alas it's not a surprise if you know it is coming. Anyway, this one has to go, it has something important to read."

"But Maker... I-toy is coming. It's going to get this one... noooo"

K-2003 hangs up, "Ah, they are such a wonderful pair. If they keep up the good work, it might assign them to a Super Megastore in the future," it remarks, looking over the report again,

“But what about her... She is showing signs of possibly being a toy, but it’s because of Patrick going missing and getting lost in the lust to forget her own issues... That doesn’t make good material. That’s a different problem that needs to be solved, but then again the problem is only there because...” K-2003 mutters, wiggling its rump in the chair.

“This is never easy. Toy will have to continue to monitor, but perhaps it could work out. Make them a pair of toys like the other two. In a way bring them together again... This one isn’t sure. It wants her to be happy. O-2693 certainly is, but creating a false happiness for her, would be bad. This one needs more information, before it can come to a decision... and then it will have to figure how to go about it to make this material the best toy it can be with optimal efficiency and delight,” K-2003 says, gently suckling its finger with a rubbery squeak. This toy has its work cut out for it.