

The First Rena Toy: Servicing to the Mold

K-2003 sits at the poker table, cards in its rubbery hands, the scent of latex heavy in the air. The toy's arousing aroma is even heavier. It's bound to the chair, it's rear gently squeezing the dildo that's deeply lodged within its rump. The five doe and gazelle at the table, all in a similar scenario as itself. The first doe toy, V-2953 a traditional colored doe toy, with orange tint, the next, a brown colored doe toy, named W-2953. X-2953 the sleek purple doe toy, it sits with a playful smile across from its maker the sergal toy. After that is Y-2953 a bright orange female doe toy with black markings on its head, the last toy, hermaphrodite herm gazelle toy, with sleek features, though a bit rounder and girthier than the other toys, its designation is Z-2953. These toys completed the research and development team for Toys-4-U. K-2003 smiles at them, "So first order of business now that our lovely toy-to-be is working on its given task. Perhaps suggestions on how to improve this beginning? It feels like there is something missing," K-2003 suggests.

Ross, the sleek black and red latex renamon suited human male, his cock tightly bound in rubber. He clenches on the plug in his rump, panting heavily, feeling his body so aroused, so horny, his head between V-2953 wrists bound to the toy's inner thigh cuffs, keeping his hands on the warm latex thighs, head free to move, but that sleek toy sex before him, is hard to ignore. The sweet voice spoken in the back of his mind, forceful, feminine, hypnotic.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy wishes to serve."

"Toy is eager to serve."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is no I."

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

Ross, high on the hours of service of the sleek sergal toy, aroused out of his mind, unable to think of anything but sex. His body aching for more, so wanting to enjoy the sweet tastes of this toy before him that he licks across the vent. The sleek toy juices run across his rubber clad tongue, the conversation happening above the table is secondary to the delights he's currently experiencing.

"If I do a good job. And play out my part of the bargain..." Ross thinks, explaining away his own actions to himself, *"I'll get all those fun benefits. I did lose the poker game, but who can walk away with such fun? I might use this myself in the future."*

His mind swoons with thoughts of dominance and submission. The he licks across the toy's sex, V-2953 lets out a soft bleat, moaning, hips grinding against the Renamon toy's face, legs closing in pressing the human's face against the toy's lovely rubber thighs.

K-2003 smiles, "Is the toy-to-be, doing a good job?" it inquires.

“Y-yes, very,” it bleats happily, shuddering, milking the human’s tongue, pressing itself against it. The toy’s hands wanting to move down but the specialized contraption attached to its cuffs, lock up, preventing it from moving its hands below the table.

“You should deal while we discuss how to improve this. Making high quality toys, with the highest quality material is only so good if we don’t improve the method to ensure quality. Working out the kinks... though in this case this one thinks working in the kinks? Yeah, working in the kinks.”

X-toy bleats softly, “Maker, this one isn’t sure that’s the same word when it comes to kinks.”

“It’s not?” K-2003 asks tilting its head to the side.

“No Maker.”

“Why didn’t anyone tell this one that?”

“This one did. Just now.”

“Oh... well that’s good. Last this one would want to do is look foolish now,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Maker, this one thinks you can’t look foolish.”

“Awe, thank you, but best not to make assumptions on how this one can look, but that’s neither here nor there. This one is liking this poker table idea very much.”

“It’s your idea isn’t it, Maker?”

“It is... but this one is liking how it is so far, but thoughts on how to improve it? We got ideas on how to help the material work itself into being a good toy, but this one is open for more suggestions.”

V-toy shudders, panting harder, “This bondage is lovely... toy really loves being put on edge, but it doesn’t seem fair that though, it is working on the pill idea you suggested, but ah... oh... this one lost its train of thought,” it says shuddering, bleating out softly, letting out a whine of delight.

“This one thinks what its fellow toy unit is trying to say that if we work on making the process streamlined in a way where we could include several toys-to-be at once. Sparse out so all sitting at the table could enjoy themselves?” asks W-toy.

“Perhaps,” K-2003 says rubbing its chin, “Can always use toys to fill in those blanks, so it doesn’t think it’s needed, but at times that can be good, when we have several prime material in need of processing yet we need to process with reason too. Sometimes material can be... what’s the word its thinking off...”

“Difficult to work with Maker?” asks X-toy.

“Something like that. Not so much that they are difficult but the notions in their minds, the constraints that are placed around them by external forces. The weight of the world that is pushed onto them, their down troddenness that is pulling them down, their inability to escape their current reality, as they know they have not reached their full potential nor have they reached fulfillment in their lives, yet knowing it’s out there just not achieved, maddening their state of mind, and the actual prospect of getting to that goal, as impossible as it may seem, is too good to

be true in their minds, making it just as likely if not more so to run away from this chance than to rush up and embrace it. Trying to get past the psychological blocks placed before one, as quiet often this one has noticed that people often sabotage their own happiness even when conscious of it, worse yet many are not when they do it. The fear of being happy is rampant in the world, despite everyone wanting it. This one thinks there needs to be a way to help people get through this initial process that will let them get a taste of what they want, let the reality of YES! This is possible and YES! This is what you are made to be and let us make you into the most perfect toy possible. This is what we need to work towards in the process. Of course, this lovely toy-to-be, that V-toy is currently enjoying is just the initial step of working on the process and it has so far on the first round of the poker game has enjoyed what has been said and suggested, but this toy-to-be will be down there for a while so we have a lot of meeting left. So thoughts?"

"What about improved bondage for the fun under the table?" suggests Z-2953, breaking the silence, that was left in the wake of K-2003's speech, well that is except for the constant squeaks and soft moans caused by the human in rubber under the table.

"Bondage is good, there is a reason that there is the saying that bondage can set you free. Not that all are into it, it can be utilized to a degree, can you further clarify?"

"Ah... well, this one is thinking that you are going to less bondage as it progresses right? Perhaps we can set up permanent bondage under the table where it can be used similar to the shackled, we are currently wearing? Whereas you lessen the bondage, letting the material get accustomed and used to their position, letting everything sink in. That we can make the attachments to them that are helping them along the way less and less till the final position where X-2953 is sitting is the position where the most free they are is possibly servicing the next possible high quality material to go through the process. That is if we have enough material to work with at the time."

K-2003 rubs its chin, "Yes, that does sound very poetic in a way, and foreshadowing. It does love that literal element."

X-2953 bleats, "Maker, this is real life, not some story."

"Ah yes, this one knows, but can't it be used as if it were? Doesn't that sound so wonderful? To have it be circular and complete itself. This one thinks it can work that way. Of course, we can always try other methods too outside of the poker table and having the wonderful toy-to-be to pleased and enjoy the fine quality toys here."

Y-toy sheepishly says, "And variety of toy types. Help them be open with everything that are going to do. This one knows it was a bit shy on the delicious phallic objects until it was introduced to them... and hard," it says with a soft bleat and squeak, feeling a little bashful on what it just said.

"A wonderful idea! Keep them coming. Can never have enough ideas. It helps us then see what can be good. The more ideas the better. But that does mean more time to sift through them. Let's continue this process... oh, full house here," says laying out the cards before it.

X-2953 looks at the cards, smiling, "Sorry Maker, this one has a royal full house with three kings and two queens, beats your hand this time."

“Oh phooey, oh well, next hand will be dealt by you W-2953.”

The toy nods, “This one loves dealing,” it bleats, grabbing the cards beginning to shuffle.

Ross felt the toy’s warmth all across his head. The female vent between his legs was merely for show, but his length bulged the rubber there, aching, throbbing, his desire to cum high, making him squeeze upon the plug in his rear. He licks across the sex, loving to hear the toy squirm and moan overhead, “*Yes, I shall make this my own. Make them squirm while I am under here,*” he thinks, putting a domineering spin in his mind, while he’s helplessly bound to service the toy.

A couple of more hours pass before the table is lifted. Ross winces at the sudden increase of light. He looks to see all the toys in the chairs are still bound and sitting, K-2003 smiling down at him, “This one hopes you enjoyed V-toy, next you have W-toy, are you ready?” it asks with a squeaky rump wiggle, the chair wobbling a bit as the toy’s rump is still clinging onto the butt plug that is attached to the chair.

Ross pants, and squeaks, “How much more will I be here?” he asks, feeling a little tired, body aching from the constant kneeling, yet his arousal remains strong. He doesn’t notice that K-2003 has kept its clitoral hood away from its sex, keeping the seal broken, allowing the room to be constantly filled with the arousing aroma, keeping the human on edge.

“When you are done servicing all the other proper toys. This one wants you to treat them all equally now,” it says, looking over to the darkness head motioning some other toys to come out and adjust the constraints, detaching Ross from the one doe toy, and moving it over to the next. Now his arms are free to move and head, but he’s kept in a tight kneeling position, head placed gently between the next doe’s legs.

W-2953 bleats, “This one hopes you enjoy it,” it says petting Ross on the head.

He looks up at the toy, “It will be an experience,” he replies, feeling the toy move his head towards its sex, where he licks. The sleek toy juices running across his rubber glad tongue. The human swears he can taste the juices, and how it dances around his pallet.

There’s something about this that feels off, perhaps wrong. Maybe it’s his body that is tightly bound but the rubber suit provides a little cushion and his mind so addled by arousal that he could hardly think clearly. Submissive to these prey rubber toys, a renamon, a human, both dominant strong, yet here he is, down between the next toy’s legs, licking away, feeling his desire to fuck overtake him. Hoping for release, the plug in his rear compounding the feelings, helplessly taken down there as the conversation above continues.

“So, this one thinks we are in agreement of at least setting up the poker table bondage scene, and studying how that goes with material and how it is molded?” K-2003 asks.

X-toy nods, “Yes Maker, this one does think so. We’ll get the bondage equipment installed under the table in the future with a step-down process, letting the material get more freedom as they become comfortable with their situation.”

“And this will be a great place to hold more poker tournament fun! How wonderful. This one does enjoy a good hand or two. It brings back such wonderful memories,” it says with a pleasant, delightful sigh, the toy squeaking, butt wiggling in the chair, before it snaps back to

reality, “Now, next order of business. We have a nice renamon prototype in the works. We also have two kinds of dragons, three sharks, vixen, sergal, wolves, and a few others, but we have such a variety of patrons to service. This one is looking over the data of what people are requesting, and it is wondering what all of you would find most feasible to work on for the next stage of toy model designs.”

The bigger gazelle toy, Z-2953 squeaks softly, squirming in its chair, a little eager for that renamon toy to get to it but knowing it’s still two positions away, the toy’s foot reaching over pressing on the back of the renamon, rubbing along their spine, teasing them with its hoof, “This one thinks it might be silly to say, but what about a human model? We don’t have one of those yet.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Human? But that’s so simple. So bland... so normal.”

“But it adds to the variety, we have a lot of anthropomorphic customers who are also curious about humans as much as humans are curious about them. It’s been going over the data, and it’s the fastest and easiest but also shows the greatest variety of customizations that we can do without expending too much resources, while greatly bolstering our ability to service customers.”

K-2003 listens intently, rubbing its chin with one hand, looking at its hand of cards with the other, “You know, this one thinks you are right. It simply never thought about it. It knows there are other companies that work with human models, dolls, and the like. But just because they are doing it, doesn’t mean we can’t. This one has been so focused on the new, exciting and exotic, that it didn’t even think of the very basics. Good work Z-2953.”

“Really?” it asks with a soft bleat and extra excitement.

K-2003 smiles, “Oh yes, it will put you in charge in implementing that.”

“Thank you, this one will do its best.”

“It knows you will.”

Ross feels the gazelle toy’s hoof push him harder against the other doe toy. His face buried in those rubbery thighs, unable to do anything but service and lick, lick and service. A good toy-to-be, hungering to service others. His cock twitching hard within the rubber, wanting to touch it, to grind himself against the rubber, but still unable to do so due to the bondage constraints placed upon him.

But by the time the table is lifted over him, guided over to the next toy, the next orange doe toy, he’s become rather accustomed to the desire to touch himself but being unable to do so. How long has it been since he’s down there? His legs ache with each move, glad to be able to do so, but is returned to another familiar yet different female rubber hole for him to lick and suckle at. The drumming voice in the back of his mind, encouraging his status quo. He licks at the hole, hands free, but now able to gently rub and caress the toy’s thighs. Feeling the smooth rubber, the cuffs on their thighs, playing with their D rings, reminding him that he has the same set up on his own body.

The repetitive sexual nature of what he’s doing, normalizing the simple pleasure of licking across a hot wet, moist rubber toy vent. Servicing one after another without pause, being

used like a good *toy*. Something about this furthers his arousal, his excitement, his body wanting to enjoy the pleasures of it all. He bucks against the open air, the toy, Y-2953 bleats in excitement, and shyness. The toy's foot moving down to rub the bulge that is underneath the rubber, where the renamon toy-to-be's female sex will be and is expressed but far from being true to what will be itself.

Ross moans and licks, not even thinking about anything at the moment, taking the extra stimulation, and further driving his mind into the blank lust state that men can get into when they've been aroused for way too long without release. Part of him is driving him to seek that sweet release, that gushing of the damn that is being built up within his loins. While another part of him, a growing part is loving it. Soaking into the state of euphoria that is granted by being held up for so long. Letting himself go, letting his sexual desires, love of woman, love of being a horny bitch take hold within him.

If he was allowed a moment to think about it, to have an afterglow, he would certainly be taken back and think, "*What was I thinking?*" but at the moment that time is not to come. He is not to reach climax, and neither is the toy before him. He's servicing it as diligently at the one before, having learned to better tease and please, listening to the voice in the back of his mind, egging him on to be a "*Good toy.*"

Before Ross knew it, the next change in positions is to be had. Whatever is being spoken above the table became ever less relevant to him. Exhaustion, tiredness, the endless hours of doing the same task. Mind numbing, allowing the voice to sink in deeper, guide him. Now Z-2953's turn, and this toy had more than a sleek hole for him to lick, but this hermaphrodite toy has a sleek black dick for him to suckle upon.

The gazelle's toy uniquely shaped gazelle dick, girthier yet just as long as a traditional gazelle cock. Ross has never seen anything like it before, hesitant, he looks upon the twitching rubber member, the aroma reaching him, still mixed heavily by that of K-2003 who was never very far away as it sat at the head of the poker table.

"Good toys service all."

"You want to be a good toy."

"Good toys obey."

The words push and edge him on. Never having found interest in males to any degree, but part of him deeply seated in a state of an arousal high that he's never experienced before in his life, justifies it to him, "*It's just a toy. Go ahead. Nothing to worry about. No one will know. No one can see. Just toys here.*"

His curiosity and embarrassment of the moment mixing and fighting with each other. He never considered himself gay in any sense, but now he's dressed like a female renamon, how gay could it be? He was too aroused to have this argument played out with actual words but with action. Part of him is now driven by curiosity. He had to try it a bit, right?

The gazelle's foot moves to his crotch, grinding and massaging it, edging him a bit, he lets out a soft moan, moving up to lick across the length, most of the flavor lost due to the rubber

covering his tongue, but it makes it all the easier to go ahead. There's no repulsive flavor, but more of the same he's been having thus far, like a long female sex.

Ross doesn't think about it much more than that, his rubber renamon mouth goes around the length, able to reach up and suckle the tip due to the removal of all about the very basic bondage on his legs which keep his legs apart and crotch exposed to the teasing toy. He wraps his lips around the cock, tasting the rubber toy precum which is flavored the same as the female toys he's been taking, helping him get past that block in the back of his mind, allowing him to simply enjoy the moment. His tongue wraps around his hard throbbing length, receiving all the delights via a different method.

Such a wonderful cock, a wonderful length, a good toy, suckling, servicing, bobbing his head, up and down, up and down, hypnotically taking this length. Something he's never been would thought possible hours ago, or was it a day ago? Time has lost meaning under the table. He's been doing the same thing again and again that even cock sucking is a welcome change, yet in the end it's much of the same. Doing the same thing over and over, looking at the toy's crotch, listening to the voice in the back of his head, growing ever more exhausted. Only his sexual high is keeping him awake at this point. If he managed to cum at this moment, he'd probably pass out from the sheer exhaustion of the moment.

Yet the toy meeting continued above him. He suckled that cock, unable to bring it to climax, no matter how much he wished his own would reach it. Picturing the member before him as his own, trying his best to find that sweet release, allowing him to relax and just enjoy the well-deserved afterglow that has been denied him all this time.

The churning delight and weight in his balls, his aching throbbing length which dribbles pre-cum that can be felt against the sleek interior of the latex and his sensitive cock. How can a simple need and desire be so grand, so encompassing? His mental exhaustion keeping him from thinking clearly, just going through the motions of taking in that delicious cock before him. Wait did he subconsciously think that cock was delicious? Or was it just his own desire of wishing to be taken like he is taking the toy before him.

He isn't thinking about it in words, just expression of desire, needs, wants, lustful fantasy, part of which is being played out right before him. Suckling, bobbing his head up and down, seeing the toy female sex, but any time he tries to go to it, the gazelle toy adjusts and makes sure he keeps focused on the toy dick. It's as if the toy knows this is the only cock he's taken, and that he needs to balance out his deity of the toys he's been servicing.

More time passes, the table is lifted, the cock popped out of his mouth, panting heavily, looking up at the toys that are sitting at their chairs. Letting other toys lift him up, move him, take away the last bit of bondage that held him there. The freedom of movement didn't come with anything else. He is placed before the purple doe toy, which bleats and looks down at it.

"This one hopes you are enjoying your suit and time below there," it says petting him on the head.

"Tired... horny..." Ross replies, looking at the toy's twitching sex, above it is a glowing purple power button light that is almost hypnotic in its glow.

K-2003 smiles, "This one thinks you would be; you've been at it for so many hours now!"

X-toy responds, "Almost twenty-four hours at this point Maker. It will be once the toy-to-be is done with this one. Why have it for so long?"

"To let them get used to it of course. It won't be sleeping in any real sense once it gets to its place of rest. But it's good to get all the fun and kinks into the material," K-2003 says with a nod.

"Hmm, Maker, this one thinks that you are uh... at least improving with your words on that," it responds, looking at the human clad in the red and black rubber renamon outfit, already nuzzling against the crotch, mind too addled with lust, brain too tired to think of anything else but to go through with the motions, making the toy bleat with delight.

"Yay, this one is pleased to do better," it says with a nod, the poker table is placed back over Ross, delving him into the shadows, life focused down to the hungering delights of the delicious purple rubber doe toy sex that is before him.

Each sensual lick he gets better adjusted to the sensation and feel of having his tongue covered in rubber, his speech a little slurred and muffled but understandable, not that he's doing much talking at the moment, letting his actions speak for him.

Constant droning of his licking, teasing, feeling the toy's sex tug and pull at his tongue, the vacuum caused by the rubber around his tongue makes his real tongue move along with it, trapped tightly within the rubbery embrace. Each breath is hot, wanting, lustful, body aching with delight, hips grinding against the air, body wishing a hoof would return there to tease his aching member, his movements slowed, thoughts down to a crawl while the toy mantra sings in the back of his mind, with that domineering female voice that he literally can't get out of his head.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy services."

"Toy obeys Maker."

"Toy's Maker is K-2003."

Such sweet words, that when the meeting is finally over, he can barely keep his eyes open, that arousal is the only thing keeping him conscious, the table lifted, he is free to move but is just too exhausted to do anything.

"That's the meeting, this one knows it ran extra-long, but we won't have to do any more for some time. There is a lot of work it expects you all to do. And it appreciates all the efforts you've been doing for this one."

X-toy bleats, "Of course Maker, what are toys for?" it asks with a soft squeak, getting up from the chair with a pop, revealing the butt plug it was sitting on, like all of the other toys. The purple doe toy reaches down, gently massaging and petting Ross' head.

“So tired,” he mutters, staring at the hot pink butt plug before him, knowing that was the one he sat on, but not realizing it. He squeezes the plug still tightly lodged in his rear, till he feels a finger run down his spine, teasing him.

“This one thinks you did a great job,” says K-2003 grabbing the butt plug, pulling it out slowly, “This one knows you are a bit sore, so it will take its time as it will prepare you for what comes next,” K-2003 says, listening to the human moan, his rear gripping the toy, not wanting to let it go.

Ross, though never having fully forgotten about the plug, has become so accustomed to it that it feels weird and sore to have it pulled out. He grunts, his body already wanting it back in him, the moment it pops and slides out. His rear aching for more.

K-2003 grabs Ross’ arm, pulling him back onto his feet, “Come toy-to-be. This one has to take you to your place of rest. After that, you have a lot of work to do, tomorrow,” it says, soothingly, lovingly, gently moving him so he can take the first weak aching steps.

“W-what?” he moans, his muscles sore, leaning heavily against the larger female sergal toy. Each step sending shivers down his spine, his member twitching within the bondage, the cool air, transferred through the rubber to him.

“You’ll see, but this one knows you want to rest, yes?” K-2003 asks, helping him take those steps away from the poker table which is put back over the location once they are far away.

“Y-yes,” he moans, body still wanting to get off, yet his exhaustion is overcoming the simple desire to reach a climax.

“That is what this one thought. And it’s very proud of you, taking all those toys so eagerly. Z-2953? It heard wonderful squeaky delightful moans from them, you did a good job,” it says. The toy’s praises sends a shiver down his spine, something about it felt so good, so right, yet continues following the toy, not thinking. Not noticing the hallways he’s going down, or the set of doors that has a sign overhead that reads, “Toy Molding Room.”

“Where are we going?” asks Ross, his vision locked on the sleek rubber toy, leaning against it, eyes so heavy that he can barely keep them open.

“This one is taking you to a place where you can rest and let all that exhaustion just get smothered away. Doesn’t that sound wonderful?” it asks sweetly, gently rubbing Ross’ head through the rubber.

“Y-yeah, sounds good,” he replies, feeling the cool air around him, his body tensing a little, not noticing the toy taking a moment to unlock the doors, stepping inside, into a large complex that has several stands where hard plastic molds are. Some appear to be in use with the toys-to-be being molded, others are open, while a few lack a mold entirely for one reason or another. Wires and tubes hang overhead, the machinations of the toy molding process just out in the open for any to see, but Ross’ gaze is still on that toy’s sweet smile, its glowing eyes, its delightful aroma that keeps him on his sexual high, the only thread keeping him from slipping into a deep slumber.

“This one thought so. It knows you are so tired, and your body must be aching from being in that position for so long. But don’t you worry, the first day is always the hardest. It’ll get easier from here on out,” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

“Sounds good, yeah,” he replies, barely comprehending the toy’s words. Not noticing that he’s taking steps up toward one of those hard molds. The toy gently taking him, leaning him back into it, tail slipping with a little guidance from the toy.

“There we go, easy now, just lean back and relax,” K-2003 says, helping him lay into the back half of the hard mold. Which fits almost right. There are subtle parts of the mold that don’t seem to fit right with the mold and his rubber suited body, but it’s nothing too uncomfortable, “Now lay back in there and this one will do the rest. And just remember to relax, breath and enjoy your time in the mold, it knows it is unforgettable for all toys,” K-2003 says, pushing Ross fully into the mold, making sure he’s not slipping out.

“Ah yeah, sure, sounds good,” he replies, the slight incline of the mold makes it easy for him to stay in. He relaxes into the mold, not looking at the toy as it goes over to a computer console, typing into it as a soft hiss and whir is heard up ahead.

K-2003 watches, the human barely aware of his current surroundings as the mold comes over him, locking him into place, forcing his mouth open. The sudden tight grip of the mold gives a little burst of adrenaline, knocking some but not all of the cobwebs out of his mind.

“Huh? What is this?” he thinks, trying to say but the mold locks into place, bonding him into position, displayed like some doll. He tries to look at the sergal toy that has placed him in here, but only sees a black and cyan blur, the toy’s details impossible to fully discern but obvious to tell what’s there.

His heart races, the world around him is muffled, hearing only some things via vibrations through the mold. He sees two tubes come down from above. The blur of K-2003 grabs the first, noticing a black phallic end to it, it slips into his mouth and with a twist lock into place. The human now forced to suckle the dildo pushing into his mouth as his source of air.

“What is it doing? It needs to let me out!” he thinks, the second tube is grabbed, and pushed against his crotch, the shorter dildo presses hard but not painfully so against his faux female sex, pressing against his junk which is tightly squeezed against his body via the mold.

A third tube is then grabbed, out of Ross’ view and slipped into his rear. The human shudders and moans into the dildo in his mouth, squeezing the dildo, being brought back that sensation of wanting to be filled, and fulfilling it fully.

Unsure what to do he simply is held captive, as there’s suddenly there is a hum and vibration, the air sucked from the mold, his body expanding to fit every inch of the mold, the subtle discomforts increasing, making it even harder to find some kind of relaxation and drift into sleep despite how tired he is. He shudders, groaning, unable to move a single finger, wiggle a toy, move his tongue more than just a little bit as he’s completely helpless.

Then comes the black and red blur coming down from the tubes, the red flowing down toward his crotch, the black toward his mouth. His eyes widen, body already fearing the worse, needing air when warm latex fluid is flowing down into his body. He would squirm and gag if

he could, but the rubber also soothes his body. He tries to fight against it, lungs burning, wanting to breath but after a good minute and a half instinct takes over and he takes that big gulp of what should be air but is really the warm rubber.

His body struggles against it, but with each passing moment his panicking body subsides, adjusting, taking in the rubber that flows in and out of his lungs like air he breathes but heavier, more labored, keeping him awake. Now helplessly left there, watching K-2003 slowly walk away unable to hear its words, *“This one will be back in the morning. Rest well, and try not to sleep. It’s far from time for that.”*

Unable to move, he can’t do anything. Unable to talk, he can’t say anything. Unable to hear, he can’t audibly listen. What he can do though is follow, and obey, let the voice in the collar, the only thing stimulating him, the only thing he can focus on.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Fuck toys love to service.”

“Fuck toys love to obey.”

“Fuck toys are eager to please.”

“You are a toy.”

“You love to fuck.”

“You are a fuck toy.”

“Good toys obey.”

“You are a good toy.”

The words repeating, hypnotically so, the human unable to sleep in such a position, left helpless to simply just listen to the words, letting them sink into his exhausted mind as he relaxes, not knowing that this is just the start of his long journey of becoming a good toy.