

## Reversing the K

Toys-4-U is a growing company and as with any company that grows there are changes that happen, such as when it obtained its first super megastore, and then when it gained two more, with each megastore specializing in a type of sexuality for the local community. K-2003, the CEO and owner of the company, is a sleek female model sergal sex toy is coming to one of the stores for a special occasion and to further its understanding.

It wiggles its shiny black rubber butt in the chair, the dark interior of the limo is helped by the toy's own cyan illumination, on its eyes, and cuffs that all say in cursive lettering, "Fuck Toy." The toy checks over its matching belt, upper arm and thigh cuffs, each with the same lettering, "Looks good, looks good. This is going to be so exciting!" it states, looking out the window, watching the trees go by, the limo going slowly through the unpaved but spacious road, "Almost there," it mutters.

With a light bump the limo pulls into a large paved parking lot that's a third full even with how isolated the massive Toys-4-U megastore is. Surrounded by nature it's oddly welcoming given the nature of the business. They pull up to the front, the toy sees an anthropomorphic elephant security guard by the front door, keeping an eye on all who come and go. A few curious customers look at the strange arrival of a black limo.

The door opens, and the shiny toy steps out, its body glistens in the light, "Ah, good to visit another store, it's been a bit," it says with a nod. The toy looks at its chauffeur, a sleek black and white female latex naga toy, with matching cuffs on its wrists. The toy has a collar that has a tag that reads, "S-6733."

"Thank you for taking this one, the drive was pleasantly uneventful."

It bows in response, "Thank you Toy Mistress."

"This one will be here for a little over a week, you're free to wait and explore a bit, or check out the local community and get back to this one on what you find. It wants to verify some things."

"Yes, Toy Mistress."

"Thanks!" it says, heading to the front of the store, the automatic doors opening, the aroma of latex and leather along with cool air-conditioned air rushes across the toy's body as a few male shaped and sounding toys say.

"Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U Megastore! We specialize in male toys and pleasure. If you have any questions don't hesitate to talk to this one or any toy here. We are here to be of service, and while you're here, why don't you check out our cafe. Today is the grand opening," says a bright orange anthropomorphic fox toy, with lime green and black banded cuffs collar, with bold lime green lettering "fuck toy." It gets low and, on all fours, hiking its tail in a tease, with a silver triangle tag on it that says S-1606.

“What a lovely greeting,” K-2003 says with a rump wiggle, taking a moment to enjoy the sights and smells of the store. Latex, leather, are notable in the air, but there’s one new one that draws the toy’s attention to the right, that of coffee.

A sleek black bodied white bellied, and blue striped feline toy approaches with a smile, “Toy Mistress! It is so pleased you managed to make it, and just on time too,” says the toy, with matching black and blue cuffs and collar. The cuffs have the cursive lettering “Fuck toy” while its collar has a tri-force golden tag that has the designation K-2373.

Standing beside it is a black bodied, white bellied and red-haired feline toy with matching blindfold over its eyes, and similar cuffs set up as its fellow toy just black and red. It has a golden tag with the designation B-1374, “We are always pleased to have the company CEO here,” it says with a little bow.

“This one wasn’t expecting you and your fellow toy to greet it at the front of the store,” it says with a rump wiggle, “But it does appreciate it and that you could invite it to your cafe grand opening,” it says with an affirmative nod, “It’s gotten itself extra polished, and looking its best.”

K-2373 chuckles, the toy’s gaze averting from the sergal toy’s supple breasts, “Toy Mistress, this one couldn’t have had this cafe without your approval. It’s just as important for this one for you to be here and enjoy it and see how it works as any other toy here.”

“This is true, enough lollygagging let’s see this cafe of yours. Toy can smell, it’s already up and running, and from the sounds of it, you have a few costumes and toys over there,” it says looking over in the direction of the cafe, just being able to see it in the distance.

“It opened with the store, and it will be a good place to have some toys who have nothing currently active to do to relax and show off to the costumes in a more casual setting,” it explains, motioning it to follow.

The black rubber sergal toy rubs its chin, “Hmm, this one sees. It’s good to give that varied setting as many users are having their toys active during non-sexual play which is wonderful!” K-2003 states with a rump wiggle, “But, make sure the toys don’t spend a lot of time there, and not keeping the store tidy and working in tip top shape. A clean store is a welcoming store and we are very welcoming here at Toys-4-U, which means the store has to be very clean!”

The feline toy smirks, “This one understands toy Mistress, and if any toy does stay over there too long, it will have them work there to help make sure the cafe runs smoothly. We are here for our users,” it mews softly, walking to the far end of the store.

The cafe is built into a large alcove that is attached to the main store. Designed after a foreign cafe with open back white chairs at the lower stalls that run near the windows, giving a lovely view of the wilderness that surrounds the store, even if there’s a parking lot between the store and the nature that they see.

Taller chairs and tables sit in the center area of the cafe, where some customers are sitting enjoying their coffees and treats. There are two long countertops one is across from the opening, with glass sneeze shields that protect the area where the toy’s work and show various freshly cooked baked goods.

The other countertop is very similar except there are signs that hang overhead that say 'open' section, and from here the toy can see there's a lot more that shows a more open sexual experience when it comes to ordering their coffee and the toys that work there.

K-2003 turns to the K-2373, "This one sees you have the plain and spicy version of the cafe open in tandem."

The feline toy mews, "Of course Toy Mistress. Why wouldn't we? Also, to make it clear we have different tiles on the ground to separate what kind of experience you want. Black for a bit more fine, white to be more relaxed," it says, pointing to the floor.

"This one does remember the remodeling plans, and do you have signs to let customers know?"

B-toy points to the sign over head, "Yes, Toy Mistress."

K-2003 looks up, reading "Black is lewd. White is clean." It nods, "Good, good, and the back up sign for when customers don't read the first?"

It points to the signs over the counters that show which is lewd and which isn't, "There toy Mistress."

"Good, and the back-up, back-up sign for if a customer misses that?"

The red feline toy points to the sign behind the counters that says it, explains it, and is over the menu on the back wall, that's written on a chalkboard with colorful and artistically done with a rainbow flag drawn in the corners, "Unfortunately there isn't any more signs than that, except the toys in how they greet the customers."

"We gave it a good college try at that point. Hopefully you won't get too many issues with people not knowing."

K-2373 chuckles, "We've had two already today."

It gasps, "Well... this one blames the schools for not teaching enough reading skills."

The feline toy tilts its head, "This one thinks it's all the sexy toys distracting customers from reading, Toy Mistress."

"That too."

"Let this one show you how everything works and is handled."

"Of course, though before that, two questions."

"Yes?"

"First, is the second part of this little visit ready?" it asks with a sly grin, hiking its rump, giving it a little wiggle of excitement.

K-2373's smile softens slightly, "We're still working on all the details and preparations with that. This one and B-toy will be going to check on it personally after this inspection. While you wait A-3377 and R-3377 will give you a tour of the store, so you can make sure everything is in working order."

K-2003 grins, "Two toys to keep an eye on this one while it does its store inspection, hmm?"

"You are a lot of toy to handle, Toy Mistress."

"This one does try to very easy to handle."

It chuckles, "This one is sure you do, Toy Mistress. Now what is your second question... hey where are you going?" K-2373 inquires watching K-2003 head to a table where two customers are at.

"Not for you! This one never said it was!" K-2003 exclaims with a squeaky giggle.

With a raised finger the toy slowly lowers it, "Ahh..."

B-toy chuckles, "Toy Mistress does have a point there Toy Master."

"Yeah, yeah," he huffs, thinking, "*Let's just hope it's not too verbose with the customers.*"

A white skinned human-cat hybrid with dirty blond hair, green eyes and a simple T-shirt and tan cargo pants. Their feline ears on the top of their head reveals their hybrid nature, that and the green feline stripes on their face. He sips on his herbal tea, eyeing the approaching sergal toy while glancing over to his friend, a tanned feline with green stripes. His heterochromia eyes, one green the other blue, look back into his friends, his hand gently brushing away his shoulder length brown hair, giving that "*Is this about to happen?*" kind of look.

K-2003 reaches the end of the table, leaning forward with a loud squeak, arms to its side, squeezing its breasts, as it says, "Hello! This one is very sorry for bothering your wonderful break here, though it's noticed you bought some coffees and treats, and it is this one's curiosity just how would you rate your experience at Toys-4-U megastore first eatery within our fine establishment. So, if you have the time, want to, able to, and if it's rather permissible for you to do so, it would love if you could rate your experience here so that it could get a better initial impression as to how the toys here are running this establishment."

K-2373 thinks in the background, "*And there it goes... Maybe work to make it not so long winded...*"

The human and feline look back at each other, the human's cheeks turning a shade of red, while the feline's tail fluffs out slightly, ears folding back, the cat speaking first, "Ah... who are you? I didn't think this store had female models. Now, I've seen two."

"Two?" it inquires, tilting its head.

The human points toward the window.

The sergal toy follows, noting a latex pink, white and black anthropomorphic lupine toy, its blue eyes catching K-2003's cyan, before it looks away, going back to its cup of tea as it sits there by itself, "*Oh, this one will check that out later.*" The toy's attention returns to the two, "Oh, this one is sure neither that one or this one are from this store. This one is very sure this one isn't."

The feline nods, "Ah, and you are?"

"Oh, this one apologies, this one is K dash two zero, zero three. It is the owner of this here establishment, though its toy K-2373 is the manager, the one over there," it says, pointing to it, "Wave to the lovely customers K-2373!"

The feline toy smirks, waving, "Hello."

“And this one is here to get an idea of how well the store is being run initially and being some of its first customers, it wants to know your thoughts, opinions, concerns with what you’ve experienced thus far. Could you do that for this one?”

“Uh... I guess? What do you think Gale?” asks the feline.

The human who has been entranced by K-2003’s bouncing breasts, jumps himself, “Oh ah, ummm... yeah, sure, Sin Malassa and I could be of help,” he says, shifting in his seat, “*Damn I wasn’t expecting this today.*”

“Sin? Oh, what a lovely cute name,” K-2003 says, looking at the feline.

“I don’t get that very often... thanks.”

“Welcome!”

Looking off to the side, admiring the display, finding it rather curious and a little bit envious is a cute anthropomorphic grey furred snow leopard with two shades of purple spots. His blue eyes look over K-2003’s curves, admiring the hiked butt, “*This store keeps giving me such lovely surprises.*”

K-2003 sways its rump side to side, showing off its sleek and shiny form, “So, your experiences at this cafe? What do you think? Rate it out of a hundred, a hundred being the best.”

Sin remarks, “Why over a hundred?”

“Why not?”

“In that case I’d say seventy-nine out of a hundred?”

Gale comments, “I was thinking sixty-nine out of a hundred,” he blushes, looking down at his coffee.

Sin gives him a curious look, “Really?”

K-2003 pulls a notepad out of a small fanny pouch attached to its belt, writing down some notes, “Oh, really? How come?”

Sin’s ears rise, “You’re being rather detailed about this... our names are not going to be on it, is it?” he asks, shrinking a little, ears folding back.

Gale silently nods.

It shakes its head, “No, no. But the more information it gets as to why you derived your rrating; it can be better able to provide advice as to how to improve. And don’t worry, it knows this establishment is new and will have to work out the kinks.”

“Maybe working in kinks would be better?” asks Sin before he covers his mouth, ears folding back, tail fluffing, looking at Gale, who smirks at him.

“Oh? Please tell this one more,” K-2003 asks, leaning forward, moving in closer, “It will remind you that it has to keep to food and safety standards, but it will accept... oh a suggestion box!” it pulls back, giving the two a little breathing room, “K-2373 do you have a suggestion box for your cafe?”

A strong voiced toy speaks up, “Don’t ask Toy Master for such details. It has an entire store to worry about. Talk to this one if you have any questions about the cafe proper.” The toy standing behind the clean counter is a sleek grey femboy-ish rubber snow leopard toy with two toned grey body, with black band cuffs and red bands, with the lettering in bold text that reads,

“Fuck Toy” with a red metal tag on its collar that reads M-7373. It leans against the counter with a soft squeak, red almost pink eyes look at K-2003 while it keeps a smug grin, its black rubber hair a wild untamed organized mess.

K-2003 pivots on its foot, eyeing the toy, rushing over to the counter, “This one knows you! You were the one that was very adamant about the cafe being opened.”

M-toy’s eyes widen slightly, but it quickly keeps its composure, “Was that you? This one did not realize.”

“Really? This one is the only one of its kind. Required by law don’tcha know.”

“Did not do that... So, how care to give this one a little bit of a tour of the cafe that you’re manager-ering?”

The leopard toy tilts its head, “Right... this one will be glad to give the illustrious toy Mistress a little run down of the place, and later once other things are underway it can show you some other things,” it says with a playful wink.

“Oh, goodie! This one does hope so, but it does want to make sure you are following food and safety sanitary regulations?”

“Yup, the espresso machine is kept clean, the food is freshly baked. Toy’s wash their hands and disinfect between customers?”

“Yup.”

“Cold sandwiches are refrigerated?”

“Yup, currently freshly made and to order.”

“Hmm this one sees, are you able to make tea sandwiches?”

“You ask if this one can make tea sandwiches,” it chuckles, “Of course we can... it just need to uh... figure out what those are.”

“Have sourdough bread?”

“Yes.”

“Fresh cut salami, cheese and cucumbers?”

“Yup.”

“Then you can make them.”

“Did you want one?”

“No, this one isn’t hungry right now, it was just curious if you could make it.”

It just nods along, “This one sees...”

“Now, do you offer the edible kink play?”

“That would be at the lewd section, if you want to head over there, V-1371 will be able to provide you with some service, if you want to test it out.”

“This one shall. Best to thorough,” it remarks, heading over to the other counter, where an icy blue rubber dragon wolf hybrid toy leans against the counter with a cute smile, wings spread, showing off the darker blue interior, the toy’s light blue eyes has a red highlight underneath them, as pair of horns just from its head.

It watched the events unfold with interest, following the toy approach, “Hello there, K-2003. How may this one be of assistance?” it asks with a swaying tail, that shifts a small mouth

at the end hints to what more the toy can do, the air around it chills further than the rest of the air conditioned store.

“Are not going to tell this one?” K-2003 asks, tilting its head.

The cool themed toy is taken a little back, wings fluttering, blowing cool air across over to the sergal toy, “Tell you something? Uh...”

K-2003 leans in closer, breasts squeezed together with its arms, tail hiked, the toy’s clit hood sealed and hidden behind the countertop, “What side of the cafe is this one at?” it asks with a slowly rump sway, not minding there are a few customers giving a gander at the toy’s behind.

K-2373 yells, “Apologies for interrupting at whatever you’re doing Toy Mistress, but this one and B-toy are going to get things ready. When you are done checking here the other two toys it spoke of earlier will be ready to give you a tour.”

K-2003 looks over its shoulder at it, nodding, “Thank you. This one will make sure it does a thorough deep dive; it’ll be here for a while so it has time.”

“This one is sure you will,” it responds, heading off with B-toy, “*This is going to be so much fun...*”

The sergal toy turns its attention back to the toy in front of it, “Now, where were we...” it says, rubbing its chin with a loud squeak, “Oh!” its rump hikes, “This one remembers, how do you greet the customers?”

“Oh... oh! Apologies Toy Mistress. Welcome to Toys-4-U Megastore Cafe. This is the lewd counter where things can get an even more erotic experience when ordering and retrieving your coffee, tea or otherwise.”

“Good, good, clear and concise, perfect,” K-2003 says with a slow rump sway, its body squeaking against the counter, “Now what kind of services do you provide?”

“We provide all the services the other count does except we can do a little bit extra,” it explains with a playful wink.

“Wouldn’t that slow down the time it takes to get the food?”

“We have approximate minutes it takes for it to take your order to get completed with the compliments,” V-toy says, pointing to the menu.

“Ah, and to prevent a line build up?”

“There’ll be more toys working back here. Right now, we are running light to give the initial feel and improve our service, isn’t that right, M-7373?”

“That’s right. Give whatever K-2003 needs, don’t worry about charging it.”

“You can charge this one.”

“Charging the company CEO is like putting it on the company tab.”

“Nope, totally different,” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod, looking up at the menu, “It’ll have an iced coffee mocha latte with whipped cream and chocolate drizzle. The sign says that you’re specialty is chilled drinks, isn’t it?”

“This one has a rather chilled personality and body.”

K-2003 leans in closer, “This one has noticed,” it says, reaching over, gently running its claw along the toy’s belly, moving its way up nice and slow with a squeak, “Is touching the toy at work allowed?”

“At this counter yes,” it says with it getting slightly squirmy from its belly getting rubbed.

“Good, good,” K-2003 continues, reaching over to run its claws along the handles, giving them a nice grip, a firm squeeze and twist, “And you manage to make sure everything needs to be cleaned and disinfected between uses?” it asks, tilting its head.

Its blue cock twitches in the air, the knotted base growing thicker as it softly moans, “Y-yes, Toy Mistress. Between uses it is cleaned, to ensure no cross contamination. We have a special machine back here for that,” it says, its cheeks turning a bit purple.

“Oh, how wonderful, it will have to look at the machine later perhaps, but first,” it says, releasing the toy, “Its drink with a bit of tail to go... to start that is,” it playfully winks.

“Of course, Toy Mistress. Please go to the waiting spot, and press yourself up, there’s a cupboard there to slip your length... ah... well toy can work it over and suckle what you have.”

“This one will keep itself sealed but you can certainly suckle it, the best you can, it hopes you don’t mind the challenge,” it inquires with a playful wink, heading over to the spot it was told.

“Ah, this one can do its best Toy Mistress, though it's not sure why it can’t penetrate you. It has the ability, or it could suckle your clit hood?”

“This one has a very unique ability, and it likes to keep it reserved,” it says with another wink, pressing itself against the wall, while V-toy’s tail slips into the hole, adjusting the height till it matches the sergal toy’s crotch. The icy rounded tail tip with a hungry suck hole runs across K-2003’s sex, squeaking loudly as it rubs along. The toy’s legs closing in around V-toy’s tail, playfully grinding against it.

“This one understands Toy Mistress, it will do its very best to please,” it responds, the tail working away while the rest of it works to prepare the toy’s drink.

“A lovely, nice cool to the touch sensation you give. Though that might mute the warmth of some of the warm drinks you have to prepare?” it asks with a soft moan, grinding against the tail.

“This one works fast enough it won’t make a big difference Toy Mistress,” it says, finishing the desired drink, placing it on the delivery counter, “Here you go Toy Mistress.”

“Hmm, but if you go so fast how do you provide a bonus service to your customers?”

“It depends on what is wanted.”

“Which goes back to the wait line.”

“We’ll have more toys ready to join in as they get trained, Toy Mistress.”

“And do you offer yourself as part of the meals?”

“This one’s current flavor is a mint drizzle, which can be offered, Toy Mistress.”



K-2003 grabs its drink, tasting its drink, “This is nicely done, very good,” it says, tongue licking across the whipped cream along its chin, “Do you think this one can get a sample, straight from the source? Is that allowed?”

“It is Toy Mistress, it’s on the menu right there,” V-toy explains, pointing at it.

“Why by jolly, you are right. So, this one will try that, if it may.”

“Y-yes Toy, Mistress you may,” it responds with a purple cheeks, sliding back to the hole in the counter, tail adjusting the height so it may slip through, “This one is ready to be taste tested.”

“Wonderful!” K-2003 explains with a rump wiggle, taking another long sip of its coffee, kneeling down by the hole, seeing the icy blue knotted cock pushed through the hole. It checks to ensure there aren’t any customers waiting, in line, finding none it takes the toy’s cock and dips the member into its half-drunk coffee, bending the member down to dip it like a long john donut, “Now, now, let’s see how this tastes,” it says, putting the cup down off to the side. It grips the base of the cock, aiming it up towards its mouth, the toy’s tongue coiling around the length, feeling the cool minty taste of the toy’s rubber and the cooling temperature of it.

V-toy moans holding onto the side of its side of the counter, pressing itself against the hole, arching its back, toes curling as its length is expertly teased and licked by the Toy Mistress’ tongue. The dip of its member into the iced coffee doesn’t add much but the slow melting of the micro-ice ‘snow’ in the coffee tingles his length as its fully taken into K-2003’s mouth.

The black and cyan sergal toy suckles firmly, bobbing its head up and down on the length, its lips kissing the knot on the other side of the hole, the toy drawing out the dribbling pre-cum, enjoying the flavor the toy’s essence gives to it. Steadily it bobs its head faster along the length, pulling away for just a moment, blowing on the length, helping the toy’s saliva freeze on the member. It takes a big swig of its coffee, keeping much of it within its mouth as it drives back down onto the toy’s length, swishing and swirling the drink over the member.

V--1371 growls in pleasure, bucking against the hole, the knot stopping it from pushing out any further, as it feels the icy cold swirl of the beverage around its member, rarely someone forcing it to feel a colder sensation than it gives. It pants, wings fluttering as the pleasure builds within its loins, “Oh... Toy Mistress,” it states, not paying attention to the eyes on the pair.

The toy mixes the toy’s essence with its coffee, waiting for the perfect mixture before swallowing it all down, savoring the minty flavor, which steadily grows more powerful as its all that is left within the toy’s mouth. Its tongue slithers out, licking through the hole, lapping at the knot, teasing more of the toy’s aching pillar, ready to feel the toy’s minty juices flood its throat, *“Just a bit more, this one can feel just how close you are.”*

“Oh fuck... oh fuck...” V-toy moans, pressing its hips tightly against the hole, tail hiked, body on the verge of climax, knowing it's about to hit at any moment, and then with a deep slurp and deep throat of the toy’s length it hits it. Icy cool streams of blue minty spunk gushes into K-2003’s mouth, which it easily drinks it down. The toy letting out a little howl of delight, not minding all those that are watching it get pushed so wonderfully over the edge.

Slowly K-2003 suckles the member, bobbing its head up and down on the full length, draining it of all of its essence before slowly pulling away, the toy's forked tongue licks across the tip, kissing the member before releasing it. The toy takes what's left of V-toy's essence, swishing it within its mouth, savoring the flavor before swallowing. It grabs its coffee taking another swig as it stands up, "This one does say your flavor matches that on the menu," it says, grabbing the clipboard that it secretly re-attached to its belt and jots down a few notes, "Thank you for your assistance, this one appreciates it."

"With pleasure Toy Mistress," it says with a cordial bow.

"Now you have some customers ready," it says, motioning to Gale, who stands at the ordering counter, blushing, looking away.

"Right, right, this one is right on it!" it says, going over to the customer, taking their order while K-2003 finishes its coffee, putting the empty container into the nearby trash.

"Now, this one thinks it knows what to do next," it says with a rub of its chin, turning to look at the other female toy in the cafe when a black bodied, orange haired, and white bellied rubber red panda sex toy approaches. With orange and black rubber cuffs it has cursive lettering on it that reads "Fuck Toy. It has half of a golden friendship heart tag that reads A-3377.

"Toy Mistress, it is ready to give you a wonderful tour of our establishment while everything is getting ready, it apologies there is a delay in the plans, but everything is being taken into consideration and a lot of work is being put in to ensure appropriate security during your stay here."

Standing beside it is an anthropomorphic black bodied, white belly fox with orange highlights that matches its fellow toy. The toy's nipples are covered in black rubber hearts, and it has the other half of the heart shaped tag, that reads R-3377, "We will do our best to show you everything you want to see that our fine store has to offer, and answer any questions you may have, Toy Mistress," it says with a light hip sway, giving a playful coy smile.

K-2003 runs its claws along both of the toy's chests, the claws running across the nipples with a tender squeak, "This one loves that offer you are both giving it, but..." it says, the claws trailing down to run across the top of the soft lengths, making them twitch, "Part of this one's duty is to give some surprise to its visits so it has to give one certain surprise test to a certain toy here before we can begin the tour."

R-3377 moans softly, leaning against the sergal toy's touch, "Well, if you need any help, please say so, this one will be with A-toy to be ready to help you with anything you need," it says with a soft playful yip.

A-3377 leans in closer, running a hand along its partner's butt, as it gives a little bit of a smug grin, "We would be very pleased to be helpful in any surprise 'inspections' Toy Mistress."

"Wonderful!" K-2003 says with a rump wiggle, "But this particular one it will do itself," it explains, pulling away, slinking over to the female toy that has been eyeing it by the window, "Hello! This one wasn't expecting a female molded toy here," it says, leaning down, breasts squeezed together, butt pushed out, tail slightly hiked.

The fox toy squeaks in its seat looking up at K-2003 with a little bit of a blush, “H-hello, how can this one be of assistance, Toy Mistress?”

“This one is curious which store you are from; it can tell you aren’t from this one.”

“It’s from the female version of this store.”

“Oh, that one’s store, it sent someone over here?”

“Yes, Toy Mistress. To see how the cafe is. That Toy Mistress is very competitive with Toy Master of this store.”

“This one knows, so…” it says, running a claw under the toy’s chin, “Since one of that one’s toys are here, it thinks it will be fitting to see how well it’s doing in making their toys, come! To the toy testing room,” it says, grabbing A-4060 by the collar.

“Oh, Toy Mistress, all you had to do was ask,” it says with a playful wink, getting up, following it.

“This one did though,” it responds with a rump wiggle, tugging it along, passing by one red colored fox toy that is currently mopping the floor, making sure its squeaky clean. What makes it stand out from some other toys is its zippered gimp mouth which is currently closed and zipped up nice and tight. It sways its fluffy tail, stepping off to the side to avoid bumping into the toys as they walk past.

“Oh, you did, that’s right,” Giggles A-4060, as they pass a curious skull dog customer, that has a rather druid look to their soft brown fur, and lighter brown fur belly. Their green tail swishes with interest, their antlers stand out on their head. Their softly glowing green eyes watch them with amusement, before he returns to perusing what the store has to offer.

“Hopefully, they have a free room,” it says, guiding the toy to the very back of the store where the toy testing rooms are, a nice hallway with a sign over the entrance that tells the customers exactly what this area is used for.

“But aren’t you the Toy Mistress? Can’t you just get a room easily?” it asks with a head tilt.

“This one doesn’t want to abuse its power like that. It runs the company, but this isn’t its store, and it respects the rules like anyone else,” it says with an affirmative nod, checking down the hallway, stopping at the very last door on the left, “The basic bedroom is open. That will do just fine,” it says, slipping inside, pulling the wolf toy behind it.

“It’s not often this one is taken back here so easily and readily, it wasn’t expecting this, but it doesn’t mind at all,” it says with a playful growl, moaning softly when K-2003’s claws trace down its body, cupping the toy’s breast, giving it a playful squeeze.

“Good toy,” it says, its claw tips run across the nipples, on the bed, and it will give you a nice surprise inspection.”

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” it replies with a playful wink, slinking across the room, sitting on the bed, legs spread, showing off its wet female toy sex, the toy’s fingers gently run across the warm wet folds, “This one is always ready for a good time.”

K-2003 smiles, “Oh, it is sure you are. This one made your Maker, and it picks very good quality material for such a Toy Maker,” it says, reaching up to grab the toy’s breasts,

squeezing them as it moves in closer, pressing itself down against the other toy, its forked tongue slithers across the canine's lips, the toy's arousing mouth juices, increasing the sexual tension in the room.

"Hmm, yes Toy Mistress, it knows, and it is pleased to be of service," it playfully growls leaning up to kiss K-2003, enjoying more of the arousing juices, not seeing that K-2003 broke the seal on its sex, flooding the room with its equally arousing aroma, the toy's clit hood is quickly drenched in its female juices as it licks across the other female toy's folds, letting its even more arousing toy juices feed the fire in the canine's loins.

With a loud moan, it arches its back, pressing itself up against the sergal, the wolf toy growing ever eager to be taken by the larger female, "Toy Mistress..." it moans, gasping when the cyan clit hood sinks into its sex, the sergal toy's clitoral hood acting like a tongue as it licks and dives into her hot wet vent.

K-2003 wraps its arms around the canine, claws gently running along its back, breasts pressing its own bust on top of the toy, its kiss growing deeper, tilting its head, gently grinding its sex against the other, the clit hood teasing and toying the female toy as their body squeaks loudly, sliding across each other, more of the sergal toy juices dripping into the wolf's aching vent, each drop sends mini-explosions of arousal and hunger within it.

"Toy Mistress..." A-4060 moans deeply, grinding harder, squeezing and milking the clit hood, wanting to draw the licks deeper into its sensitive rubber folds, the bed creaking under their weight and the sergal toy's thrusts.

K-2003 nibbles and licks across the toy's neck, pulling the wolf toy's ear into its mouth, giving a slow tender suckle, "Yes Toy?" it asks in a sweet alluring tone.

"Take this one harder... it wants to feel you flood it, peg it," it moans.

K-2003 grinds licking the inside of the toy's ear, "It can arrange that, it'll just need a little help from you to draw out its cock. It is sure you can do that with your tongue and mouth, and then it will take that cute ass of yours and show you just how full it can make you."

Its eyes widen at the soft words whispered into its ear, arching its back, shuddering, ready to do what must be done, "This one didn't know you had a cock Toy Mistress."

"This one is just full of little extra surprises, now and again," it says with a wink, the toy flipping the toy around so that it's now sitting on the bed, legs spread, the toy's clit hood curling and beckoning the wolf closer to the source of its aching burning need.

"As you wish Toy Mistress," A-4060 says, falling to its knees, spreading the toy's slick black thighs, licking across the toy's vent, savoring its arousing juices, which only makes its essence ache with greater want and need.

The sergal's claws gently caress the back of the toy's head, the toy's thighs wrap around its head, "You can do it, this one knows you can, wrap your lips around it, tongue go deeper, and then up. It's hidden in the roof of its sex. Show how powerful and skillful your tongue is."

It can't respond with anything more past muffled moans, its tongue slipping deeper into cyan sex. Its mouth opens wide, wrapping it tightly around the hot rubber vent, the toy forming a tight hungry seal, around the sergal's vent. The tongue dives deeper into the rubber folds,

tasting the arousing fluids, the tight expert folds, milking the full length of the toy's tongue, pulling it in deeper.

"There you go, a bit higher up, run across its folds, snake your tongue around its hidden bit, pull and suckle it down. This one knows you'll love it, especially when it slips into you, and shows you what it can do with its length," it teases, gently rubbing the toy's ear, legs wrapping around the toy's head.

It's moments like these that A-4060 is pleased that it doesn't need to breathe, the tongue coiling up, pushing into the crevice within K-2003's sex, slowly pulling and slipping itself around the trapped sergal member, finding its girth. Inch by inch the canine tongue coils around, and snakes itself around the member, it's suckling growing stronger, yanking and pulling with all its might as the cock is pulled free.

The toy's cock pushes out of the sergal's folds, filling the canine toy's maw. The member is covered in the toy's hot female juices that arouse it all the more. Its folds burn hotter than a thousand suns, eyes glazed over with aching need. It takes a moment to suckle the cock, nose pressing against the clit hood that licks across the toy's nose.

K-2003 gently thrusts into the mouth, the cyan member hidden within those warm wet muzzle, "That's it toy. Though you don't get cock often, any good toy will know what to do when one is presented, don't you?" it murr, holding the canine's head nice and firm between its thick rubber thighs.

Without any issue it suckles and bobs its head up and down on the length, unable to move its head no more past than slight wiggles. Taking the time to suckle out pre-cum that flows out of its member, the arousing male juice is just as potent as the female variant that was slathered across the member and drips along the toy's chin.

The sergal looks down at it, watching its fellow toy enjoy itself, letting it be savored for a moment before it releases its legs around the wolf's head, "There we go, this one thinks it's nice and ready. How about you show this one your tight rear so it may 'peg' you as you so put it. This one is sure you'll love the feeling of it flooding your behind.

Slowly A-4060 pulls away from the cock, revealing it to the world. Its tongue licks along the underside while the sergal clit hood wraps around the base, providing a seal around its sex, hiding away its extra bit as the cock comes into full focus, "Yes Toy Mistress, this one will love to be taken by you," it responds, getting onto the bed, hiking its rump, legs spread with its tail held nice and high.

K-2003 gently runs its claws along the toy's sides, gently gripping its rump, spreading its cheek, "Thus far this one is not disappointed in the toy's work. And thus it is very pleased, it'll be sure to give it a positive glowing report in a week," it says, pressing its cock tip against the toy's pucker.

"A week?" it asks curiously, pressing back against the twitching pillar, gently gripping the tip.

“Don’t worry about it, this one has some special plans here after it checked out the cafe as it has a few things to learn while it is here,” it explains, thrusting into the toy, penetrating its tight rear.

The wolf moans loudly, arching its back, pushing back against K-2003’s thrust, matching it, loving how it is filled by the sergal’s cock, “Hmm, harder, faster, please!” it exclaims, milking the toy’s pillar, massaging that wonderful length as hot toy juices are leaked into its hold, making it slicker and easier to thrust into.

“This one will, and so very nice you asked it ever so nicely,” K-2003 responds, pressing its breasts against the toy’s back, one hand massages and tugs at the female toy’s breast, pulling at the nipples, while the other hand slips into its mouth, fingers pumping into its mouth, muffling the loud moans that escape its muzzle as it’s so fully taken and used.

The sergal licks across the toy’s ear, whispering, “That’s it toy. Accept this one, let its touch make you slip into the pleasurable abyss that you crave. Show this one how well-crafted your body is, how eager you are to express yourself as the toy you are. Give yourself into the pleasure and give it back a hundredfold. Be there for others, be the service they need and desire. Let the pent-up hunger they have been released, as you give it your all.”

A-4060’s eyes roll back into the back of its head, lost in the embrace and bliss of the moment the strength of the more dominant toy, overtaking its teasing and alluring personality, as it’s used like the object that it is. It suckles the fingers in its mouth, letting them dive in deep as its drool builds up, and dribbles over its chin. Its deep moans are blocked by those domineering digits as it feels the pulsating cock shoved over and over into its tight rear. The toy’s female sex dripping but its body aching for the rear penetration even more. Ready to blow and accept whatever essence the Toy Mistress can give it.

The sergal toy rolls its body against its fellow toy, squeaking loudly, holding it close, firm powerful thrusts expressing dominance over the toy before it. Testing its strength, virility, and how well it is made, and once it’s sure it has gotten a good enough of an idea it whispers into the toy’s ear, “You’ve done well toy. *Good toy,*” it says, and as if unlocking something within the wolf toy, it’s set over the edge.

A-4060’s howl is only made into a whimper by K-2003’s fingers as it feels the toy’s arousing essence flooding its rear, the several firm thrusts and its tight squeezing milking rear, taking in every bit of the toy’s male juices, a warmth filling it while its hot female juices are leaking out of its sex, having reached its own forced climax.

Slowly the toy pulls out of the wolf toy’s mouth, letting it get a few more eager suckles in before pulling out completely, “Good toy, very good toy. This one is pleased that you can climax so readily on command. Like any good toy should. Now, before this one heads back to the cafe to do a few more looks around, how about you clean this one up. It can’t be dripping around its fellow toy’s store. That would be rude.”

A-4060 pants but is still very able to continue. It shudders as K-2003 pulls out of its rear, its cheeks tightly clenched to not let a drop escape it, it looks down at the toy’s twitching wet

cyan cum covered cock, “With pleasure Toy Mistress,” it responds, licking its lips, getting to work.

K-2003 moans softly, gently petting the toy’s head, “Good toy, very good toy,” it encourages, giving the toy a few more drops of its essence, while it keeps its cock out. The two toys come out of the back rooms, heading back to the cafe with A-4060 in toe, its cock remaining out, swaying with each step.

A-3377 and R-3377 greet the sergal toy, the orange ‘red panda’ toy approaches, “You’re back! We are ready to give you a good show.”

R-337 smiles, noticing K-2003’s hard cock, reaching out to gently run its fingers across it, “This one thinks you are giving a rather nice show yourself Toy Mistress. Are you now ready to get the tour of the store?”

The sergal toy murmurs softly, wiggling its rump, gently grinding its cock against the hand, “This one thinks...” it says, looking around, “After one more coffee, it looks like you have another toy working on the cafe, and it wants to see how it operates,” it says, looking at the anthropomorphic feline fuck toy with white belly, but black rubber main body with dark blue stripes hair and eyes, with matching handles. The feline toy has a light blue feline length that twitches in the air as it moves, the cuffs are blue outline with black band with matching bold lettering of “Fuck Toy” on it, with a unique upside-down paw silver tag that has its designation, R-1355 on it.

A-3377 says, “That toy is our waiter toy. Providing extra at table service to our customers.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump, “Oh, how exciting! Time to find out what!” it exclaims sitting in the lewd section of the cafe, sitting at one of the highchairs with a small table, the toy leans forward, legs wrapped around the metal support, making its cock hidden from view except from certain angles. It looks at the feline toy, giving a playful wink, waving, “Hello!”

R-1355 couldn’t help but catch the attention grabbing sergal toy. It approaches with a teasing hip sway, its cock bouncing with each step, it has a waiter’s pad of paper and a pencil. It brings it up to its muzzle, hiding its face, “Oh my, Toy Mistress. This one thought you were already elsewhere in the store.”

“It was, it came back and could use a nice hot coffee, with a bit of chocolate and whipped cream, could you do that for this one?” it asks with a rump wiggle.

“Why, of course Toy Mistress, it can get you right up. Is there anything else this one can do for you?”

“Hmm, what else can you do?”

“This one provides a wide range of services, especially since you are on this side of the cafe,” it says with a teasing wink, “All you need to do is ask.”

“That is why this one is asking... but it supposes it could ask what you would recommend it could order with its current drink?”

“Well...” it says, the toy gently licking the back of its pen, suckling the tip, the blue tongue slithering around it, nursing it for a moment before it pops out of its mouth, “Toy would recommend...” it says, eyeing the toy, “A nice high-quality toy treat to go with your coffee.”

“A high-quality toy treat? This one does like high quality... and it does fit with our motto with our toys being high quality.”

M-7373 yells from behind the normal counter, “That phrasing was this one’s idea. It thinks you’ll enjoy it.”

With a gasp the sergal toy responds, “Two toys recommending the high-quality toy treat? Well then, it will just have to take it up on your word then that this is a high-quality treat. It’ll have that too.”

It jots it down, “Got it, this one will be right back with your coffee then it can provide the service you ordered, just give it a moment.”

“Perfect,” it says looking over to R-3377 and A-3377, “Come sit with this one, you don’t need to stand off to the side, waiting for it awkwardly, perhaps you can get something to drink and get this high-quality toy treat,” it says, waving them over.

R-3377 saunters over, taking a seat at the table next to it, “As much as this one loves that idea, it thinks it’s best to show you what you want before taking you into the back,” it explains, its finger gently making squeaky circles on the table.

A-3377 sits across from its fellow toy, leaving a space open in front of K-2003, “As enjoyable as that would be, it thinks it might take a bit too much time for all of us to have the high-quality toy treat at this moment.”

The sergal toy tilts its head to the right, “Oh? Why would you say that?”

With a chuckle it responds, “Did you ask what the high-quality toy treat is?”

“It can confidently say that it did not.”

It looks over to its paired fox toy, “Perhaps you’d like to give it a demonstration for Toy Mistress, so it’s not surprised when R-1355 gets back here.”

R-3377 leans in close, lifting its butt off its chair, “Well that does sound like a good idea,” it comments, slinking under the table, arching itself around the chair till it’s between its fellow toy’s legs, licking across the orange length, drawing it into its mouth, starting to suckle.

A-toy softly moans, bucking its hips against R-3377’s mouth, toes curling, “Do you understand now?” it asks, closing its eyes focusing on the pleasure its paired toy is giving it.

“Oh, but wouldn’t that mean the toy is getting the treat?” K-2003 asks with a head tilt.

“It’s a treat from a high-quality toy.”

“Ohhhh, this one understands now, that can work, but should be conveyed better, to ensure there was no confusion,” it says, gently rubbing its chin with a long squeak.

R-1355 approaches with the coffee, “What confusion?” it asks with a soft mew, placing the drink before the toy.

“That high quality toy treat meant a blow job for this one.”

“O-oh... this one didn’t explain it well, didn’t it? It apologies, did you not want it then?”



“No, continue, this one will just take note of it,” it says, grabbing its notepad jotting down some notes.

“Of course, Toy Mistress,” R-toy responds, the sleek feline toy getting underneath the table, pushing the chair back, giving it plenty of room to get a good look at that hidden cyan length before it. The aroma coming from it tickles the toy’s senses, increasing its arousal. It licks its lips, hands reaching down to fondle some balls but finds none, “Oh...”

K-2003 tilts its head as if looking down through the table, “What is it?”

“Toy was going to fondle you but doesn’t see anything down here to fondle.”

“This one doesn’t have a set, but do what you will,” it says, writing something down, looking over to A-toy, as it moans softly as its R-toy tenderly works its length, “How much time is going to be needed before everything is ready?”

It softly moans, toes curling, “Ah, it shouldn’t be that long, it thinks. We have some of our best toys working back there to get it all ready.”

“Hmm, perhaps this one should head over there after this then,” it says, sipping its coffee, “Drink is good,” it remarks, writing down some notes, the toy’s cock dribbling pre-cum that is dripped into R-1355’s mouth. The sergal toy’s pre-cum is just as arousing as its female lubricant that is tightly sealed by the clit hood.

The feline moans softly, bobbing its head, hands gently caressing and rubbing K-2003’s inner thighs, thumbs rubbing along, as its fingers glide and squeak across the toy’s body, reaching back to squeeze and fondle the toy’s butt.

K-2003 grinds against the toy’s face, wiggling its tush in the toy’s hands, taking a sip of its drink before soft moans, “Where shall this take place? In the molding room or down by the labs?”

“Molding room. Everything is set up there. Easier access and changing up of the molds as required from what it knows.”

“And security will be tight during the week? This one will be put in well... you know,” it says with a sly grin, its cock twitching within R-1355’s mouth, gushing more delicious pre-cum that the toy hungrily drinks down.

A-toy nods, “This one is in charge of security, it will make sure everything runs smoothly.”

“Wonderful,” it says with a soft moan bucking into the toy’s mouth, more toy juice gushing down its throat, feeding the hungry feline with its arousing juices which makes its body ache and want in need.

It purrs happily, vibrating the sergal length in its mouth, gasping and moaning, nostrils flaring as its muzzle kisses the toy’s crotch over and over again, feeling the length slide along the roof of its mouth and down its throat. The toy’s tongue coils around the twitching length, milking more of the delicious toy essence right from it. Its eyes closed, so it may focus fully on the task before it, fingers sliding and squeaking across the shiny black ass, wanting to give as much as it can to the sergal.

The feline toy's chin grows wet with the buildup of the toy's sexual delights, its cock twitching, wanting to dribble but its body is set to ache at best, and not drip a drop. Which is revealed to the toy above when R-1355 suddenly feels the sergal's foot rubbing along the length, the toes curling to squeeze the length, noticing not a drop is coming out.

K-2003 looks in the direction of the toy, through the table, "Oh, that is how you are keeping things clean."

M-toy approaches, "Which way are you referring? We toys stick to our food and safety standards," it states, leaning against the table, hiking its butt in the direction of some customers.

"Dry cocks. Can't have the lengths drip all over the place and make a mess when dealing with food."

"Ah yes, unless there's a mouth around their cock, nothing will be coming out. And when ordering a drizzle from a toy's length, then it also gets unlocked, but it is all related to a customer's wants and needs."

"How wonderful," K-2003 says, bucking its hips into R-toy's mouth, "This one is glad to hear all this is kept in check. The health inspector will make surprise visits and best to give a good impression and top ratting."

"It won't be easy but with this one here," it says, pointing to itself, "It is very much... *handled*," it gives a smug grin.

"This one is very sure it is," it says, finishing its coffee, slamming its crotch into R-toy's face, unleashing a load of hot and sticky toy cum, which it hungrily drinks and slurps down, despite how much more aroused it becomes, because of it.

"Ah, that was a very skillful use of the mouth, toy approves," it says looking at R-toy as it stiffens and shudders, the orange toy flooding its partner's mouth with its toy essence, "How about you, how was yours?"

"As always... perfect," it says, with a pleasant sigh, leaning back in the chair as A-3377 slinks up from underneath the table, licking its lips.

R-3377 comments, "This one heard that, thanks sexy," it says with a playful wink to A-toy.

R-1355 purrs, happily, bucking its hips against the sergal toy's foot while drinking down every last drop the dominant toy has to offer. It enjoys the warm afterglow of K-2003's climax, before slowly pulling back, licking the cock tip clean as it slips away, "This one hopes it meets the high-quality standards you expect to have here at Toys-4-U, Toy Mistress."

K-2003 checks to see if it can get any last drops of its drink, "This one believes so. Thank you for the *treat*, it appreciates it," it says with a playful wink, getting out of its chair.

"Thank you, Toy Mistress. Shall it take your empty beverage?"

"If you insist, this one doesn't mind," it says, leaning in giving it a smooch on the lips, "This one appreciates your hard work, thank you."

R-toy blushes, moaning softly, "Thank you, Toy Mistress. It's a pleasure to be of service."

“Good, it certainly hopes so,” it says, turning to A-3377 and R-3377, “Please, lead the way. It’ll love to see what’s being set up.”

“If that is what you want Toy Mistress, it won’t stop you,” chuckles A-3377 leading it and its partner toy out of the cafe, heading up this side of the store toward the door that leads to the backroom, but before they get there K-2003 catches at an end cap of one of the middle part of the aisle, a sleek anthropomorphic canine toy with a black main body, white belly, and green highlights. The toy is on a raised pedestal, putting its twitching cock at chest height of the average customer.

“Oh, what’s this!” K-2003 exclaims, getting closer to the toy, its green eyes looking at the sergal toy with hungry pleading eyes. Its arms tied behind its back in a leather arm binder, legs spread with leg straps that are keeping its legs tied to themselves, it sits on its feet, which has a nice thick dildo that is shoved deep into the toy’s rump.

A green ball gag is shoved into its mouth, which is slowly dripping with the toy’s translucent green mouth lubricant. It huffs looking at K-2003 as it gets closer, the toy’s cock twitching as at the base of the member is a vibrating ring that is buzzing away. The cock twitches, dribbling its green tinted pre-cum into a bowl that says “Good Boy” engraved into it. The toy has a silver lock tag that reads, “M-3924”

“That’s M-3924 and it's part of the BDMS display for the next week,” A-toy explains.

“Is it now? How wonderful, this one does switch around which toys are in bondage, though it tends to give the job to those that really want it,” it says, going to the toy, its claws gently caressing the length, “Are you wanting it?” it asks, leaning in close.

M-toy huffs, grunting and moaning into the ball gag, cock twitching, dribbling more pre-cum as its touched, nodding to the toy’s question.

“How wonderful,” it says looking down at a small sign that says, “Feel free to taste, and interact with the display.” K-2003 moves in closer, body squeaking loudly, “Well the sign says to interact with you. It would be a shame if this one didn’t before it heads off,” it says licking along the underside of the cock, tasting a soft clementine flavor the toy’s juices possess.

M-toy shudders, enjoying the tease, watching K-2003 take its length, feeling the flingers slide across the balls, fondling them before giving them a tender soft squeeze. Its body tenses against the bondage, unable to move more than an inch in any direction as it helplessly watches the sergal toy take its length into its mouth, bobbing its head. The warm hole, slurping up its essence, drinking it down with a strength that almost sends it over the edge.

The pressure builds quicker, faster, balls churning its seed, which is squeezed and sucked out of it, the building pressure growing within its loins about to hit the bursting point when... K-2003 pulls away giving a soft lick of the toy’s cock tip, and a soft ender suckling kiss, “Very viral and well trained. Showing just enough need and squirming to get a dominant customer excited to do more with it. The wanting need and beg in their eyes... wonderful. And it knows you are enjoying yourself, aren’t you toy?”

M-toy nods vigorously in response.

“This one thought so,” it says, gently rubbing the toy’s cock head, pulling away, returning to the other toys, “Alright, this one has seen enough for now. So, where were we?”

“Please follow us,” A-toy says, going to the door with the “Employees Only” sign overhead. There’s no window to see what’s on the other side. It types in the security code the door unlocking with a click, “After you Toy Mistress. It is sure you know the way.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump, “So interesting to be led this way, but yes it does, it makes these stores uniformed so it’s easy for any toy to know the way between the different stores,” it says, heading down, taking left where there’s another sign and a locked door that reads “Toy Molding Room.”

A-3377 gets ahead, “Let this one unlock the door.”

R-3377 playfully growls, running a hand along K-2003’s side, “This is going to be very exciting to see how this will work.”

“It will be an orgy of fun!” K-2003 says with a rump wiggle, “It’s a little exciting to see how this will all work out. It might open up some fun ideas and opportunities for certain toy making.”

“Of course, Toy Mistress, and we will make sure you remain safe secure, and have some fun with you as it progresses,” A-toy says with a playful wink, the doors unlocking with a click, pushing the twin doors open to reveal several toy molds, some half there, with nothing inside, others with a toys-to-be, being molded.

K-2373 rushes over, “Maker, this one wasn’t expecting you already,” it says with a mew.

“This one was getting curious about it, and what’s holding it up,” it says walking up the aisle taking note of a hot pink anthropomorphic raccoon toy. Its body pressed tightly against the mold, with its large, oversized paws, and obviously smoothed over crotch, “Looks like this one is nearly done.”

K-2373 mews softly, “Oh, S-2372 is nearly done. It shall be getting the final programming updates in a few days. It’s been a fun one to craft, another smooth crotch toy, like R-9375. And may it say...”

K-2003 nods, “Yes you may.”

K-2373 shoots its Maker a little look, “Anyway... that toy and R-9375 actually have been getting along really well. It thinks smooth crochet toys get along. It might use them in paired advertising as teasing null toys.”

K-2003 rubs its chin, arms covering its breasts, “Ah, this one sees. It shall be rather fun then. How is that maintenance toy?”

“It’s over there making sure your container is working perfectly,” it says motioning to far end of the room.

There is a sleek anthropomorphic black bodied, white belly, blue highlights rubber furred fennalope with cogs and gear symbols near its handles. The toy is fiddling with one of two large hard plastic molds, the one on the left on the approach is open while the right one is closed, between them is a large computer console and monitor that has bits of information moving

across the screen that a sleek black and hot pink horned incubus cat-dog hybrid toy. The toy's spade tail sways excitedly, as its engrossed in typing on the computer console.

The fennalope toy says, "How's that?" it asks, popping its head out from the mold, "It should be transferring correctly right now."

The toy types away, running some tests, "It does look like there are no packet lost. This one doesn't want any faults in how this will work, it has to please not one but two makers with this."

Another toy is a sleek male anthropomorphic feline toy with white body and green striped highlights. The toy's black rubber hair is a crazed sexy mess, its blue eyes catch K-2003 as it gives a playful mew, the toy's colorful peacock patterned tail swishes with delight, "L-0375. Speaking of the Makers..." it says with a playful mew, winking over at them.

"Not now yet K-0375, it is almost done," it says with a soft squeak, its world completely focused on the computer screen before it.

K-0375 blows hair from its blue eyes, the toy's tag is a four-leaf clover with its designation in it with cyan outlined cuffs with a black band, the toy saunters over to the Makers, the toy's high heeled shoes tap with each step, "Makers. It's very pleased to see you are both here. Though Maker," it says looking at K-2373, "You were already here," it says with a soft mew.

K-2373 walks over to the fellow toy, "It enjoys watching its toys work, and it didn't want to interrupt."

B-1374 smirks, "It also didn't want to interrupt its toys as they worked, seeing how close they were."

K-2003 wiggles its rump, looking over everything, "It looks like things are almost ready," it says, looking at the right mold, "Everything is done to its initial specifications?" it asks, looking at the hot pink toy that is still engrossed with its work.

L-0375 remarks, hands typing away, making some random adjustments, "Yes, yes. This one started the design itself, made sure there are plenty of differences that will help make it all work without causing any issues. It had to read so much legal jargon to ensure it fit everything. And with the system that's in place it will work out without breaking any rules," it says with such focus that one could mistake its response as disinterest but is more just how engrossed in its work.

"That's wonderful!" K-2003 says with an exclamation and butt wiggle, walking over to the mold that R-9375 is currently in, giving the last checks over everything.

L-toy jumps at the loud nose, turning to see the sergal toy, "Oh... oh! Sorry, this one did not realize you were here."

K-0375 remarks with a sly grin, "This one did tell you."

It huffs in response, "It was busy."

R-9375 says, "It all looks good here, ready to be used. This one hopes that Maker and Grand Maker are both pleased with its work."

K-2003 tilts its head, "Grand Maker?"

“You are Maker’s Maker, which makes you, Grand Maker.”

K-2003 giggles, “How cute, it doesn’t mind, as long as the same rules when calling one a Maker are still followed.”

“Of course, Grand Maker. It should be all good to go here.”

L-toy states, “Let it run the last few tests, to make sure it all works out, after that, the special collar should be worn to help with transmissions and programing,” it says, holding up a collar that looks similar to the one it’s wearing, “This will slide over your collar so it can filter everything.”

K-2003 grabs the collar, running its fingers along the inside, feeling the slick inside, “Hmm, it just puts it on?”

K-2373 runs its hand along the small of the sergal’s back, “Yes Maker, put that on like putting on a normal collar that you’ve done on many of your toys,” it says, its fingers running across its own collar, gently playing with its tag, “And then we can begin the fun.”

“This one understands. And a week will be enough time for this project?” it asks, wrapping the collar around its neck.

“Yes Maker, this one ran some simulations for this. And it will give you a nice new outlook on this one being type of toy. It’s pleased you are so open to give in deep with this.”

“This one is pleased to get an idea and expand itself. It’s already very experienced and understanding of female preference toys. They’ve always been extra popular, since many straight users love lesbian toys.”

K-2373 mews softly, leaning in close from behind, “May this one seal the collar, Maker?” it asks, the toy’s knotted cock gently hotdogs K-2003’s behind.

It smirks, “Why, this one wouldn’t deny its toy such a simple request,” it says, lowering itself, pressing itself against the twitching cock, “Reach it easily now?”

K-2373 mews, “That’s perfect,” it says, running its digit around the collar, the rubber sealing around K-2003’s, binding and merging with it, “Now it will press the base and it will connect with your collar as part of the preparation. You’ll eventually be given different programming, you are okay with that, right Maker?”

“We went over all of that, it should be fine as long as everything fits with what we discussed.”

“Completely, Maker.”

K-2003 takes a deep breath, closing its eyes, steeling itself, “Then it is ready.”

“Here we go,” it says, pressing the base of the collar.

A tingle runs down K-2003’s spine, the whispers within K-2003’s mind, the ones it always has, isn’t interrupted, and continues on normally, a relaxation and calm coming over it shortly thereafter.

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

*“Toy obeys.”*

*“Toy serves.”*

*“Good toys please everyone.”*

*“Good toys serve their users.”*

*“Good toys serve their owners.”*

*“Good toys serve their Maker.”*

*“You are a good toy.”*

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is no myself.”*

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

K-2373 checks over its Maker, “Everything alright?”

It takes a deep breath, standing tall once again, “It’s good. Now it’ll just slip into the mold, and we’ll begin?”

“Yes Maker. It’ll take eight hours for it to get it going, so day one will start tomorrow.”

K-2003 nods, “Anything else?”

“One more thing, before you get inside.”

“Oh?” it turns around to face its toy, “What is it?”

“It has to give you the balls, to help transmit all the sensation and delight of having a pair between your legs, Maker,” K-2373 says with a soft mew.

“That would help, yes, where are toy’s balls then?”

L-toy chuckles, “It has them right here,” it says, holding them up, a nice pair of rubber balls about the size of eggs, if not a bit bigger. The black rubber sack is connected with a cock ring, “Just slide them in, press n’ seal to seal the sex and it should be good.”

K-2373 says, “If this one may, Maker, it’ll love to give them to you.”

“It’ll only be fair, go ahead, give this one a lovely set of cojones.”

The feline chuckles, grabbing the balls, gently fondling them within its paw, “It appreciates it,” it says, the toy averting its gaze to avoid looking at its Maker’s breasts, focused on that twitching cyan length, “It hopes you have as much fun with this as it does.”

“It’ll be a very gay ol time!” it says with a rump wiggle, presenting its cock to it.

“Maker...” K-2373 says, running its fingertip across the cock, “It’s sure you will in all meanings of the word,” it remarks, sliding the balls down the toy’s length, sliding it all the way to the base, pressing the ring against the toy’s clitoral hood, pushing it behind the rubber. With a finger rub around the length the rubber binds and locks the clit hood behind, the ring tightening and merging into the toy’s female sex bit, sealing it up, the balls perfectly lined up, and gaining sensation between the toy’s legs. “These balls are designed to respond very positively to gay actions and touches. It hopes you don’t mind.”

“Why would it mind, it’s all part of it, isn’t it?” it says, gently petting K-2373’s head.

With a soft mew, it responds, “Maker... It needs to be the dominant one here. Let it be the one in charge.”

“Once this one goes inside the mold, it will,” it says with a wink, pulling away, looking over the hard plastic mold that is built into the wall.

K-2373 mews softly, “Maker, may it get your notes attached to your belt?” it asks, motioning to it.

K-2003 looks down at it, “Oh right, it almost forgot,” it says, handing its toy what it wrote, “That’s what this one got thus far, it’ll do more later,” it says, turning back to the mold, noting the various extra tubes, and wires connected to the front of the mold, “A lot is going into this one, isn’t it?” it asks, turning around, sliding its tail into the back. The contours of the mold, pressing against it, where it seems to just almost fit, giving hints to the slight adjustments it’s going to be getting.

R-9375 says while checking some things around the mold, “Well Grandmaker. There’s a lot that is going to be happening. It has to be the very best we can provide. And if this works out, we can bolster the types of fantasy plays we can do with customers and their toys.”

L-toy says, “Exactly! This one is ready, but Maker, it gives you the honors to start.”

K-2373 approaches the computer control console, looking over to its Maker on the left, “Ready Maker? Once this starts, it’ll be in charge, and you’ll be giving it control.”

“This one is ready to learn! It’s good to go!” it exclaims, wiggling in the back half of the mold, giving a thumbs up.

It snerks, “Always eager, it’ll use that the best it can. Knowing you’re willing is fun, but it’ll do everything it can to make you just as gay as this one.”

“It expects nothing less from you.”

“Thank you, Maker, it’s going to give it, it’s all and so will so many toys here. It’ll be sure to be a real eye opener for you.”

“It hopes so!” it says with a giggle squeak, relaxing in the back of the mold, its sharp sergal ears twitching, hearing the button pressing on the computer console, the hissing and humming of the mold’s front half coming down it with wires and tubes also connected to it, but the front of mouth of the mold and rear are exposed and open. The world around K-2003 becomes blurred and hidden away, putting the toy in a relaxed state. The toy’s breasts feel squeezed and pressed down, while other parts are pulled and tugged slightly.

A black, blue, and white blur approaches the mold as it reaches up as a long phallic length with a tube attached to it comes down into its hands. The tip of the cock is pushed into the mold, pushing into K-2003’s lips, twisting and locking into place as it now suckles on the thick cock in its mouth, watching the black rubber flow into it.

K-2003 thinks, “*Hmm, it's already learning so much from this,*” the toy relaxing into the mold further, watching the blur go down between its legs, guiding a hidden dildo with tube attached up into the sergal’s rear. It spreads the rubber hold, locking and twisting into position, pressing into a spot where a prostate is meant to be. It milks the cock with its cheeks, while the air gets sucked out of the mold, pressure builds around the toy’s balls, cock, harder on its chest as its body is made to fit the mold as best as it can, before the warm sensation of rubber flows into the toy’s rear and mouth, warming the toy internally in a relaxing calm.

K-2003 closes its eyes, focusing on the pleasure and delight, the complete and total bondage around its body as it can’t even wiggle, sinking down into the teasing abyss while the



toys outside boot up the machines, getting everything going and then... another tingle runs down K-2003's spine.

L-toy remarks, "Starting the filter and booting up your programing Maker," it says, while K-0375 runs its hands on the outside of the hard mold.

K-2373 mews, "Do it, and let it know if everything works, keep it updated. It will want to be there when we open it up and take note of the changes."

"Yes Maker," it says, with a fiendish grin.

For a moment K-2003 is left in total silence, the voice that whispers into its mind, that sweet domineering hypnotic voice it gives all its toys, even K-2373 is suddenly gone, replaced by K-2373 in the same soft, domineering, teasing hypnotic tone. It's a strange feeling that makes the toy feel like something is missing, a void that is now to be slowly filled by its toy.

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Toy serves."*

*"Toy obeys."*

*"Toy loves to fuck."*

*"Toy is a fuck toy."*

*"Toy is a cute boy fuck toy."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys exist to serve cock."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys love to serve cock."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys love to suck cock."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys love to drink cum."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys love to ride cock."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys love to be stretched."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys love to take cock."*

*"Cute boy fuck toys obey their Maker."*

*"This one's maker is K-2373."*

*"Fuck toys serve their owners."*

*"Fuck toys are always ready to fuck."*

*"Fuck toys don't cum unless commanded to."*

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

*"Fuck toys are always ready to cum. Ready to serve."*

*"Fuck toys are objects."*

*"Fuck toys are things."*

*"Fuck toys do not say I."*

*"Fuck toys do not say me."*

*"Fuck toys do not say myself."*

*"Fuck toys say, this one, it, itself, toy."*

*"Your designation is not K-2003."*

*"Your designation is X-2003."*

The dynamic collar starts to work, K-2003, drifts deeper into the darkness, eyes closed, simply sinking deeper... deeper, a shroud of pleasure, filling warmth overcomes it and like slipping into the stage before sleep, that sudden fall then stops, stirring back to consciousness. It happens once... twice... thrice. Time lost its meaning in these moments, the pressure around the molds felt tighter than before, the blurred around before it, suckling the dildos, squeezing the cock in its rump, the warmth of the latex rolling in and out of it, seeing flow of white rubber which it hungrily suckles down.

*"This will be a nice little vacation and fun play. It shall be interesting for this one to think of gay cocks all the time. Or is it all the time or just a normal feeling? Curious thoughts,"* K-2003 thinks, unable to do anything but suckle the cocks and hear the whispers in its mind.

*"Cocks are delicious."*

*"Toy's love cocks."*

*"Fuck toys love cocks."*

*"You are a fuck toy."*

*"Good fuck toys love cocks."*

*"Good fuck toys prefer cocks."*

*"Femboy toys love their cocks."*

*"You are a good femboy toy."*

*"You are a good gay femboy toy."*

*"You are not K-2003."*

*"You are K-2373's toy, X-2003."*

K-2003 mentally giggles, *"At least the designation will be different,"* it thinks, simmering in the bondage, the pressure building within its loins, the tightly hold cock that is pulled and tugged along with its sensitive balls, the toy's rear feeling better with each milking squeeze.

It's not sure just how much time passes, as it has no meaning with nothing changing. Simply the flow of rubber in and out of it, and then a black, white, and blue blur approaches it. The toy's cock gets a throbbing ache within the mold, balls feeling a little heavier, *"Oh, is this the excited sensation on top of what it normally would have?"* it wonders, watching K-2373 move over to its left side, to the computer console, typing away, as the flow of rubber slows and stops. A soft hiss fills its ears as air returns to the mold, the tight grip of the hard plastic ending.

K-2373 crotches before the mold, grabbing the rear pump, twisting and pulling it out. The sergal toy within twitching as it is left with a soft desire to be filled once again, by something long and hard... Then the feline undoes the front tube, pulling it out, the cool air rushing into the toy's lungs, filling it with a lustful desire.

"Morning K-2003," says K-2373 with a pleasant mew, the front of the mold pulling away from its body, tugging at the smooth rubber, which makes the sergal toy moan, its cock and balls teased as it tugs away.

"Morning! How can this one be of service today?" it asks with a rump wiggle, which helps pop parts of its body out of the mold.

K-2373 looks over the sergal toy, “Breasts take another molding to go away,” it says with a sigh, “But they are smaller,” it says.

K-2003 looks down at them, giving the barely A cup breasts a playful squeeze, feeling how light and odd it was to have such a smoothed over chest. The toy’s fingers play over its cyan nipples, as it looks over its black rubber body, “Everything else looks mostly the same though,” it says with a nod.

“And you responded to your old designation toy.”

“*Your designation is X-2003,*” the voice whispers into the back of its mind, the toy’s cock twitches.

“Oh, sorry, this one will do better. It can’t let anyone know about this, the wrong questions might be asked,” it says with an affirmative nod.

K-2373 leans forward and gently teases the toy’s length, “That is why you must only respond to X-2003.”

“Of course, this one shall.”

“And call it Maker, and Toy Master as per usual. This one wants to what you say it since it's in charge.”

K-2003 nods gently grinding against the toy’s hand, the sergal’s pillar twitches in delight at the sight of K-2373, the cute chest and twitching cock it has, “Of course. It will want to make sure it all done as perfectly as possible, Maker,” it says, getting the words out with a little bit of force.

The feline smiles, “This one knows it's hard to do, but it’ll be easier as it progresses, and the imprint takes hold. Trust this one and the learning experience.”

“Yes Maker, though it has a question.”

“Yes?” it asks with a soft mew, pulling at the toy’s length, helping it step out of the mold.

“This one knows you aren’t big on breasts and prefers not to see them.”

“That is correct, they disinterest this one a lot, and soon enough they’ll do nothing for you too.”

It nods, “Well why not get that down right away?”

“It’s better to do it in steps, so that is the base we’re starting with.”

“Hmm, this one thinks you could have gotten them right away, but this isn’t bad, a nice transition from one to the other is fine.”

“More reason to mold you and make you into a perfect femboy, right toy?”

“*You love being a femboy toy.*”

“*Being a femboy toy is great.*”

“*Femboy toys are gay.*”

“*You are a gay toy.*”

K-2003 wiggles its rump a little bit, “Quality takes time, so it’s not complaining, simply curious of Maker’s methods.”

“You’ll learn. This one has improved and done a lot since it was made, it’ll be sure you’ll be pleased with the end results, now come, it wants to put you to work at its store,” it says, tugging at K-2003’s length, leading it forward.

“It’s sure will be learning a lot, Maker,” it says with a gentle thrust into the toy’s hands, feeling its member respond extra positively, aching harder, balls churning with seed.

“Good femboy fuck toy,” it purrs.

K-2373’s words send shivers through K-2003’s spine, making it feel extra good. The toy looks back, seeing the two molds, the right pod empty, about to think on it when the tug on its length pulls its focus back to the feline toy.

“Before it brings you out to work at the cafe, it wants to test your oral skills on a toy-to-be,” it says, pulling K-2003 in front of a toy mold that has a chocolate brown rubber toy with a soft mint belly. B-1374 stands by the computer console, already in the process of ending the flow of the brown rubber that is flowing into the toy’s mouth and rear.

“This one will be pleased to taste and test the quality of a toy-to-be,” it says with an affirmative nod.

K-2373 mews, pulling K-2003 forward to just before the mold pedestal, it looks over to B-toy, the lovely blindfolded black and red toy, “How’s it coming along?”

“The multi-tailed fox is coming along nicely, we just managed to finish the third tail, and will work to get fourth and fifth by the time the initial molding process is done sometime next week, Maker,” B-1374 explains, the front of the mold pulling from the front of the toy-to-be. The soft brown toy with black and brown cuffs with minty colored lettering of “Fuck Toy” on the cuffs. The collar with a simple silver tag on it. The toy’s twitching throbbing rubber length aches in the air.

The toy-to-be, softly moans, “This one is ready to be of service,” he says, his green eyes looking over at the three toys standing before him, a little surprised by the number of toys greeting him.

K-2373 gently pats K-2003’s butt, “Go ahead, test how that one is progressing. It’s not one it’s directly working on, but since it’s made all the toy Maker’s here, its efforts should show up in its quality.”

The sergal toy presses its butt against K-2373’s paws, “With pleasure Maker,” it says, kneeling before the fox toy, the toy’s fingers running across the twitching length, moving in close to rub it against its muzzle, showing that it could easily take it all into its mouth when it’s ready. It teases the toy, letting the length run across the top of its head while it nuzzle licks the smooth rubber balls, “It has a nice minty taste, Maker.”

K-2373 looks at B-toy, “It’s meant to be that way?”

“It is.”

“Maker...” moans the toy-to-be, thrusting forward a bit, feeling the tug of his tails within the mold, holding him back from more than mere squirming... for now.

K-2003’s tongue slithers out, lapping between the two churning eggs, holding onto the toy-to-be’s legs, while it hikes its butt, showing off its twitching throbbing length that aches in

the cool air. The toy's balls churn away, feeding positive reinforcement as it licks and suckles the orbs before it, "Actually Maker it has a question."

"Yes talking, more sucking. You can ask it questions afterwards."

"Yes Maker," it replies, arching itself, its small breasts jutting forward while it pulls its head back to lick across the underside of the balls and sheath, steadily working along the entire length, the tongue snaking around the cock tip, tugging the length down into its hungry mouth.

The fox toy grunts and moans softly, his shifting body loosening him further from his mold, member twitching into the hungry sergal mouth, feeling the expert tongue slither down his length, tongue pulling the toy's mouth over the toy-to-be's length, steadily taking it all till it's completely engulfed by the toy's warm suckling mouth.

The fox closes his eyes, bucking into the toy's warm mouth, wanting to reach down and grab the toy's head, pummel that mouth, that lovely fuck hole that is taking him. He hasn't felt a climax in what felt like ages, but he knows he's not going to climax.

*"Good toys don't cum unless when told."*

*"Only good toys get to climax."*

*"You don't need to cum."*

*"Good toys listen and obey."*

The toy-to-be's body aches, he thrusts harder into the toy's mouth, focusing on the pleasure, feeling his balls churn, and grow heavier with each squeaky slurp, his body waking up to tackle the day like a shot of espresso coffee.

The sergal toy moans softly, taking the entire length into its mouth, its chin kissing the balls again and again as it takes the entire length. It looks up at the toy-to-be, noticing the pleasant smile painted on his face, its own cock twitches in delight, knowing it's doing a good job pleasing this male to-to-be. It lets the minty flavor of the toy-to-be's cock steadily flavor its saliva before swallowing it down with a hungry slurp, enjoying the pre-cum that dribbles down in the back of its throat.

*"Toy knows it can't cum, but it will slurp and suckle till it's told to stop,"* K-2003 thinks, bobbing its head, reaching up to gently grip and fondle the rubber balls, which squeak in its hands. The claws caressing the eggs within it, the heft of it within its palm, make its balls churn and tense up. It feels a slight pent-up sensation between its legs.

"That's it toy, service it. Enjoy its cock twitching within your mouth, the feel of it, the taste. Listening to the toy-to-be's moans, as you give it pleasure that only a male knows how to give another male. After all, who can please a male better than a toy with a dick?" K-2373 teases, admiring the twitching cock between its Maker's legs.

Without responding it K-2003 continues to bob its head, going faster, slurping harder, feeling every inch of the twitching member, going with each force and conviction, deep throating the cock as much as it can as its angular muzzle slips into the toy-to-be's sheath, that it's a miracle that he hasn't flooded the toy with his essence.

His body is completely loose from the mold, his toes curl, hands clenching into fists, the tails hitting the insides of the mold with a heavy thud, thud, thud. It can't help but close its eyes,

focusing on the moment, ready to blow, hoping he can with a simple command from his maker... yet it doesn't come. The only reprieve comes from K-2373.

"That's enough X-2003, time to work at the cafe before some other toys are ready for you."

K-2003 pulls away, giving the cock one last lick and kiss, before standing up, "Yes Maker!" it states with a rump wiggle and hike, feeling its cock bounce with its movements, "May toy ask the question now?"

K-2373 avoiding looking at the small breasts, gently rubs the toy's length, "Now you may."

"Is toy still very arousing in the way you know it asks, with a head tilt, the two walking away, leaving the panting squirming fox toy to B-1374, which is happy to receive him in his current state. The red, black and white feline toy, gently caresses the toy-to-be's cock.

"Someone got a good morning blow job," it says with a playful hidden blindfolded wink.

K-2373 purrs softly, guiding K-2003 back to the front of the store, "This one thought it would be good if all that would be carried over to the becoming model. But sense you have to be dribbling to let the aroma turn others on, you won't be dripping often unless needed."

K-2003 nods, "This one understands, just be careful, that aphrodisiac is illegal in a few countries."

"Is it in this one?"

"Nope."

"Then we're fine," it purrs, reaching the main store, which is an hour into it being open. Customers are busy shopping while the smell of the coffee hangs heavy in the air, fighting that delightful aroma of fresh leather and latex, "Once other preparations are set, we'll get you worked and prepared to act like a gay toy that you are, till then though, it wants you to have some fun learning and working on the lewd section of the cafe," it explains, guiding it back to the cafe, where the toys from yesterday are working along with a new demonic looking rubber toy.

A dark grey rubber skinned toy with black horns, and wild red hair and blood red stripes along its shoulders and legs. Its twin spade tails swish behind it as it looks at the customers with delight. It's hooved feet gently tap the ground, as its cuffs are purple outlined and gold, with solid purple letting that reads "Fuck Toy." Toy with several piercings on its nipples, sides, and one golden one on its lower lip, make it stand out. It gives a playful wink to Gale, the half feline-human customer from yesterday. The toy's collar has the designation A-5370 on it.

K-2003 wiggles its rump, "Oh you got more toys working back here today," it says, as K-2373 gently fondling the sergal toy's length.

"This one read your notes and made sure it had one more working in the lewd section, soon to be three, when you include yourself."

"Wouldn't it be four with R-1355 working the tables?" it asks, tilting its head.

The feline toy nods, "True, true," it says looking over at M-7373, "M-toy, make sure this one gets put to good work in the lewd section for at least an hour or two."

The leopard toy, after helping a customer at its counter, saunters over, "Of course, this one will put this toy's ass to work. No free meals here," it says, crossing its arms with a squeak.

"Yay, this one will be pleased to put its money maker to work," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Good to have an eager toy with a desire to be productive."

"Good toys are productive," it responds.

"Don't you worry Toy Master. This one will take good care of it," it says, leaning in close, gently running its hand over the toy's small breasts, giving them a little squeeze.

"Good, it'll send a toy over once everything is ready."

"Of course, Toy Master," says M-7373, reaching down to gently fondle the toy's length, guiding it over to the back of the lewd counter.

"It hopes you wash your hands before dealing with a customer after handling this one's bits."

M-7373 gives K-2003's butt a playful yet firm smack, "It knows toy. Only worry about it if you don't see it happen. Now work behind this counter help the customers in any way you can. And the other toys here will be your superior, do you understand?"

"Yes, this one does," it says looking at the demonic toy and V-toy from the other day. The wolf-dragon hybrid toy currently serving a customer, making a nice coffee, while its tail teasing pleases an orange furred incubus fox, which is dressed in latex leggings and shirt that don't cover anything of note. Even its chest clothing is a see through, and with his red horns jutting from his red matted hair, makes him stand out as he thrusts into V-toy's tail.

The demonic toy eyes and gives a teasing look at the fox, who looks back at it with its black base eyes with highly reflective almost glowing yellow pupil eyes, "Looking good there, enjoying that tail?"

The fox gives a playful yip, leaning against the counter, "I am having a good time so far," he says, eyeing K-2003, "Well look at that, something a bit tasty coming in. You get all the new fun toys back here."

M-toy looks at the customer, "We are always expanding those who are working at the cafe to meet demand, we are happy to be of service," it says, giving a little bow. It looks at the sergal toy, "Do as you're told, and you'll learn how we operate very intimately," it says with a teasing wink.

"This one understands," K-2003 says with an affirmative nod, its cock twitching as it sees all the appetizing males, its member twitches, taking its spot beside the demon toy, holding out a hand, "This one is X-2003, and it will be a pleasure to work with you, what's your designation?"

The demonic toy cocks its head to the side, "X-2003, that is a curious designation. Toy's is A-5370, and it is pleased to see just how good you are..." it chuckles, turning over, waiting for a customer to approach the counter, its spade tails wrapping around K-2003's cyan member, one coiling at the base, the other along the top, giving it a playful squeeze.

“It’s a special designation for this one as its rather unique,” it says with a soft moan, bucking into the tails as they squeeze, twist, turn, squeaking along the cock, milking it as the two parts meet in the middle and then pull away over and over again.

“Special? Unique? Hardly, you are a toy like the rest of us.”

“Of course, this one is,” it says with a rump wiggle.

The incubus fox remarks, “My, my, my. I don’t care what any of you really are, except so delightfully sex,” it says with a yip, grunting, his cock twitching as it unleashes a load into V-toy. The dragon-wolf toy’s tail suckling the delicious seed up, just as it places its drink on the counter for the fox, “Alright Oniria, here’s your devil’s hot coffee with a bit of extra ‘spice’ on top,” it says with a teasing wink.

Oniria grabs the coffee, taking a sip, “Hmm, delicious, but not as much as those two... I’ll be watching,” he says with a playful wink, taking a seat at a nearby tall chair, gingerly sipping his drink.

“This one hopes it can give a show,” K-2003 says with a rump sway, its cock twitching as it grinds against the tail, bits of cyan pre-cum leak out of its cum slit, the toy tenses and moans, feeling its balls grow heavier, “*Oh, that could make the other toy more aroused if it... oh it touched it,*” it thinks, watching the tail spread the toy juices along the shaft making it glisten.

The demonic toy feels a slight tingle in its tails, which only makes its ebony length grow harder, the golden studs standing out. Its long tongue slithers out of its mouth then back in, “Oh, toy, you have a bit of a bewitching ability, don’t you? It’s been a while since it felt this aroused when teasing a femboy toy like you,” it says, gently running its fingertip along the sergal’s cock tip. Its tails squeeze out more of the toy’s arousing essence, letting it bead on its fingertip before bringing it up to its lips to lick it off nice and slow, “Hmmm.”

K-2003 leans against the demon toy, running its claws along its chest, “This one has a lot of special abilities like that,” it says with a wink, grinding against the tails that continue to work over its twitching cyan length.

It chuckles, “Amusing, it doesn’t see femboys with some bite to them, it likes that,” it says leaning in close, the black length pressing up against K-2003’s, the toy’s tails loosening enough so they can wrap around both cocks, holding them together in a forced frotting.

It softly moans, bucking up against the cock, looking at them, grinding against the other, its member aching harder than it has before when it’s done this before. The weight of its balls weighs in the back of its mind, “This one has experience,” it says with a playful wink.

*“Toy is a good gay toy.”*

*“Toy loves cock.”*

A-toy growls, reaching down to rub both cock heads in the palm of its hand, “Well then, it would assume that you won’t mind if it really sees how good you...”

V-toy interrupts, “A-5370, it’s your turn with the customer.”

The demon toy tenses, squeezing both cocks tightly together with its tail, “Of course, this one is pleased to be of service,” it says, turning toward the counter, releasing its length from its teasing tails but not the sergal toy’s aching, twitching pillar. It walks to the customer, Gale, who



looks at the toys with a blush, while he looks at the teasing display of the toy behind the demon toy, as it leans forward towards him, with a teasing smirk, cock twitching and peeking over the counter, “How may this one be of service? A reminder this is the lewd side of the cafe, so things might get a little hot back here.”

Gale swallows a lump in his throat, adjusting his shorts, his feline ears twitching, “Y-yes, I can see that. I was hoping to have some tea?” he asks, brushing away some of his dirty-blond colored hair away from his green feline eyes.

“Tea? This one can do that. Would you like anything *special* with it? This one knows that our newest toy here, the one tagged to it, could provide an extra shot of something you could really use in this store.”

Gale looks at the sergal toy, eyeing that twitching length, “C-can I... watch?” he asks with a big blush.

“Of course, well toy? Are you going to deny the customer the joy of your wonderful cum juice?”

K-2003 moans softly, “This one can’t say no, but it will warn that it would be very arousing to have,” it says with a rump wiggle.

“Good...”

A-5370 runs a finger along the sergal’s chin, “You heard the customer, time to make him some tea, what kind?”

“Herbal please.”

“Perfect, It’ll help you make the tea and then it’ll get the shot. See how nice this one to help?” it asks, tails grinding K-2003’s length.

“Very wonderful indeed,” it responds with a rump wiggle, softly moaning as it watches the demon work getting the tea prepared, placing the cup on the counter, once its nearly complete, pulling it forward.

“And now for getting, the nice bit of juice like you ordered,” A-toy says, slinking behind K-2003, its cock pressing up under the hiked tail, pressing against the toy’s pucker, the tails around the sergal cock finally being released, as the demon toy’s hands takes care of that squeezing milking role, “Let it just get the pump working, one moment please,” it says, pressing in closer.

“This one won’t take long; it does apologize for the inconvenience. It’s this one’s first time,” it says, its body leaning against the demon toy’s cock, the sergal’s rump squeezing the cock tip, ready to accept it as its member twitches and dribbles a bit of pre-cum, “Did you wash your hands before pumping, toy?” it inquires.

“Did you keep your cock clean?” the demon toy asks.

“It hasn’t had a moment...”

“Hmm, moment,” it says, thrusting its hips against the sergal toy, slipping its cock into the sergal, making it moan as it spreads it. It grabs a cleaning wipe, rubbing and cleaning its hands, before running the cleaning cloth along the sergal toy’s cock, “There we go... better?”

K-2003 nods, squeezing and milking the length, “Much better,” it says, it says leaning against the demon, the toy’s cock aching harder, the pleasure of the member within its rear growing above what its used to, the member stiffening harder, “Hmm, yes... harder please, let this one give the customer a good sample.... They did pay for the big pump?”

“Let’s just say they are the lucky customer of the day.”

“Oh, how wonderful,” it says, panting, the toy’s cock twitching with each pump, the demon squeezing its length as it goes harder, faster, the bodies squeaking loudly, while customers watch the toys with hungry eyes. The sergal toy’s member twitches and leaks copious amounts of pre-cum, which is dripped into the drink with each pumping milking.

The demon groans and bites K-2003’s ear just as it climaxes, flooding the toy’s rear with sleek red seed. The toy’s ass expertly milks the demon’s pulsating pillar as it's being drained of all it has to give. The sergal toy closes its eyes, enjoying the moment, shuddering as the demon toy says, “Don’t let a drop out. It would mean a big clean up.”

K-2003 nods, with a pleasant sigh, “Understood,” it says looking to Gale, “This one hopes you like you drink,” it says, capping the tea, sliding it over to him.

Gale blushes, “I-I will,” he says with a blush, grabbing his drink, rushing to a lewd corner of the cafe, the first sip, bolstering his arousal as he squirms in his chair.

A-5370 slowly pulls out, rubbing its length along the toy’s butt, making sure it’s nice and clean, “Good toy.”

“Welcome!” K-2003 says with a rump wiggle, grinding against the length, making sure it's nice and clean.

V-toy growls playfully, “Let this one make sure you’re clean before the next customer,” it says, getting behind the sergal toy, grabbing its butt. The cool hands make the sergal shiver in delight as it then feels the light blue toy tongue run across its behind, licking up any dripping toy seed, “There we go.”

“Hmm, thank you, this one would hate not to be clean while it serves the customers,” it says, its attention brought to the next customer, “Hello, welcome to the lewd side of the cafe, where open sexual themes are available here. How may this one be of assistance?” it asks with a pleasant bow. The toy works the counter, switching with the other toys as it serves drinks, and teases of various sorts as they are ordered.

About two hours into the shift though a sleek short black and light blue fuck toy based on the Tiniking species. The toy’s large ears are folded back, as it walks with teasing exaggerated steps. Its thick tail has blue rubber tail fluff at the end, which matches the colors of its dazzling body pattern. It has matching blue outlined black banded cuffs that have cursive lettering that reads “Fuck Toy” on them. Its collar tag is half of a golden sprocket that has the designation D-5373 engraved onto it.

“Oh, K-2003! This one needs you,” it says, almost singing the words as it approaches the counter, “It could really pick your brain for a moment,” it says with a sly grin, tail hiked, but swaying side to side at the customers behind it.

K-2003 approaches with a bounce in its step, "This one is always willing to help, what can it do for you?" it asks, tilting its head to the side.

"Well, K-2373 is still busy with a few things, and it's so often engrossed in its many tasks running a store, that it could use a bit of your advice on some things."

It leans over the counter, hiking its own butt, arms pressing up against its chest, but the breasts are now too small to do anything that pushes them down, "This one understands how busy it can be, it's had to pull a lot of strings to get the time to come here itself."

"Exactly, which is why it needs you to look over some advertisements it's been working on for the company."

"Hmm, this one would have to look at them anyway, so it is sure it can help with that. It also recommends if you can to get any customers to come and watch, to get their opinion on it. We serve the customers after all."

"True, this one is sure it could find at least one customer right away to come to the viewing."

Oniria approaches, unable to stop himself from dropping into the conversation, "I would be pleased to join and watch."

D-toy looks over the fox incubus, "Ohh... this one thinks you'll be perfect in helping us out. And we'll compensate you for your time."

K-2003 wiggles its rump, "Perfect, and don't worry, this one will be sure that even if your thoughts are negative, it won't affect the reward for your time."

The fox gives a playful yip, "Well perhaps if you could..." it says leaning in whispering so quietly that K-2003 can barely catch anything but a few words here and there, such as bondage, gear, play.

With each word whispered into the toy's ear, its grin grows, ears rising up, "Ohh, yes, yes, this one can very much agree to it. It'll work well with other things it's planning, now if you both don't mind, follow this one toward the back, we'll be using a reserved toy testing room."

"Fine by me, how long are the adverts I have to sit through?"

"Not too long... toy is sure you'll hardly notice how long time will go by, before your reward," D-5373 says with a toying smile.

"Either way, this one will do its best, since it's here anyway," K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

"This one is counting on it," it says with a soft squeak, leading them both down the toy testing rooms, picking the second room on the right, "Here we are. Please take the front row, and relax, sit down, enjoy yourself, X-2003, please take the center chair in the middle, it would appreciate it."

K-2003 peeks inside, seeing a luxurious red cushioned chairs, designed to mimic one of those high class movie theaters. There are two rows with five chairs each, facing a movie theater screen that takes up the entire height and length of the side of the room, and a projector hangs overhead. Currently the project plays a bright pulsating light, "Oh, the remodel of this room got done. How has it been received by the customers?"

“Very well, but you don’t need to worry about that, X-2003, just sit down, relax and enjoy the advertising. And your name is?” D-toy asks, turning to the fox.

“Oniria,” he responds.

“Please take any seat you want. While the advertisements play, it will get the things you requested,” it says, gently rubbing its hands together with a squeak.

He grins, “Perfect,” he says, taking a seat behind K-2003, kicking his feet up, “Ready whenever you are,” he says, with a wink, his feet pressing in the back of K-2003’s head, “I hope you don’t mind... X-2003 was it?”

“It is, and it doesn’t mind,” the sergal replies, leaning back into the chair with a squeak, tail swishing within the tail compartment.

D-toy heads off to the side, “Perfect, it’ll start it, it’ll be right back,” it says, flicking the lights off, starting the advertisement screening.

The initial advertisement is simple enough, one for polish for toys and gear. It’s not so much ‘generic’ but not focused on specifically the gay locale of this store. Though the toys used in the advertisement are male molded toys, a few are feminine enough that with their poses it’s hard to tell. The advertising expresses the value, importance, and getting that perfect ‘shine’ in one’s toys and gear, when having those loving intimate moments.

The next commercial is a little bit raunchier in its design, clearly set up for the website, which can allow such graphic type of advertisements. This one is centered around dildos and plugs that the store sells. Talking about your partner’s pleasure, with soft whispers and teases. Things are hidden to make it hard to tell if every toy used in the advertisement is male, but with the placement of a few of the dildos, it makes it difficult to not guess it right, but that hint of doubt is there.

The toy’s length twitches a bit as it sits and watches, thinking over every scene, *“Presentation is nice. The tease is good. Letting it know where it’s set to be shown is also positive. This one can clearly be set for a larger audience, though the homosexual undertones are notable, but it will still bring in a large enough crowd,”* it thinks, putting more focus on what it is seeing than its body’s own reaction, the collar whispering.

*“Good fuck toys are gay.”*

*“You are a good fuck toy.”*

*“Fuck toys love cock.”*

It wiggles its rump in the chair, making a loud squeak, the incubus behind it says, “Shhh, I’m watching the show,” he says, the fox’s pink length is out and twitching, hands gently caressing his length, while he admires the adverts, while eyeing at the toy he’ll soon have his fun with.

“Sorry!”

“Shhh.”

K-2003 whispers, “Sorry.”

The advertisements steadily grow more sexual and raunchy, with more overt homosexual overtones and undertones. The sergal toy’s focus is completely on what it’s seeing, drawing it

into the visual medium work, and when the lights brighten, and there's a thud of black shiny leather pony gear beside it, D-toy is standing there, with a big grin.

"So, what did you think of them?"

"It didn't have its notepad to take all the notes, but some of them have a lot of promise, with a few being more for a broad audience while some are specifically for this store, but it is sure that K-2373 who also has to sign off on those advertisements will be pleased, but don't just take this one's word for it, ask Oniria what they thought," it says, looking behind it, seeing the incubus with his feet still kicked up, cock twitching, aching, and dribbling pre-cum, which he happily spreads over his length to make it nice and slick.

"I'd say it was rather exciting, and I approve of them, it's really put me in the right mood," he says with a playful yip, leaping to his feet, "Now for my payment..." he says, reaching to grab K-2003 by the hair, "I want to enjoy this toy. It's such a cute thing, that I can't help but take it, especially after that display at the cafe."

D-toy chuckles, "With pleasure and all the gear you requested is right here," it says, motioning to the pony boots, pony gloves and pony leather gear head harness with a large rainbow-colored feather floop on the top, "Will this suffice? They are all designed to fit this toy's unique features."

He eyes the items, hopping over the chair, running his hands over the pony boots, "Yes, this will work perfectly," he remarks, grabbing them, placing them before the sergal toy, "You won't have a problem will you, X-2003 wasn't it?"

The toy looks at the sleek pony boots, the heavy heels with metal horseshoes attached to the base, "This one has no problem, but D-5373?" it says looking over to the toy, which is standing off to the side.

The sudden mentioning of its name makes it jump just a little, but it quickly recovers, "Ah, yes?"

"It is great you want to reward customers so well, but if you want a larger test audience make sure how you can reward them in the future is feasible."

"Right, right, this one will keep it in mind."

The incubus fox eyes the sergal, crossing his arms, "You better not be trying to wiggle your way out of this."

K-2003 shakes its head, "This one would not do such a thing. It's simply trying to be helpful, so such a thing doesn't happen in the future. Promise what you can give, don't overdo it. It's easier to add than to take away," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Enough delays so I can *add* to that body of yours," he states, pulling open the thigh high pony boot, letting the long leather tongue hang out, "In, toy."

It wiggles its rump, hiking it, "With pleasure, this one aims to please," it says, slipping its foot into the first boot. The toy's foot squeaks loudly, sliding down the sides of the leather interior that is coated in a soft coating that helps its rubber slip right past with only a little friction. Its foot is squeezed, toes pushed closer together as it slips itself in. The boot's tight embrace holds and lifts the toy's foot up, the other boot put beside it.

“In,” he commands.

“Yes Sir, this one is pleased to do as it's told,” it says, sliding its other foot in, the toy gaining a few inches in height, while the weight of its form pushes its feet in all the way, the boot feels as if its contouring to the toy's foot while squeezing it into position. The weight of it felt as it shifts, the shaft of the shiny black boot with silver hooks, caresses around the toy's legs, the black rubber and black boots matching almost perfectly.

He looks up at it with his demonic eyes, that burning fire amber of lust and dominance, “Good, and now I don't want you to say another word. You are going to be *my* pony till I leave, and the only responses coming from you will be one stomp for use, and two for no, understand?”

K-2003 lifts one foot the leather tongue flopping before it, the boot's shaft giving way to the toy lifting its leg, the knee popping out from the shaft, the weight of the boot held up solely by how stuck the toy's foot is within the boot, allowing it to just manage to give one sold stomp.

“You saw through my trap, I wasn't expecting you to follow through before the boot was even on,” he says with a soft humph.

It responds with a teasing grin, but says nothing, keeping its arms to its side, simply watching.

“You're more experienced than you look,” says Oniria, remarks, sliding the boot's tongue into before grabbing the laces crisscrossing as he hooks them into the silver hooks, making them nice and right. Steadily he works his way up, locking the toy's foot and leg tightly in the boot. The process repeats itself again on the other foot, tightly gripping the toy's leg, the leather creaking, body squeaking as it shifts its weight slightly from one hoof to the other.

The fox traces his hands along the boots, reaching up to give the toy's butt a firm squeeze, using it to pull himself up, “Prepare to get your hands hoofed, my pony toy, and I don't want to hear a peep out of you.”

The leather creaks around the toy's leg, which squeaks loudly. It moves with an experienced balance raising the leg till the thigh is parallel to the ground, a perfect pony 'gait' the toy stomping the ground once, then holding out its hands.

The fox nods, grabbing the thick black leather pony boot with silver metal studs and horseshoe built into the base, “Good toy, perfect for what I want,” he says, tugging the first hoof around the toy's hand. The leather shaft of the glove goes all the way up to the toy's upper arm. Its hand pops into the hoof's cavity, and once the hand glove was locked into place. The toy's hands move around inside of the hoof, completely useless within the cavity.

K-2003 pushes its other hand into the second pony hoof, letting the fox lock it away, it is taking this moment to think, *“This one will think that once we solve the rubber control issue, we'll have hooves like this to fill out the hoof to give that full total bondage feel. It'll surely be a lovely feature on gear like this.”*

Once the second hoof is on, Oniria takes the time to take to lace the hooves, tugging on them, forcing the toy to bend its elbows back, till its arms make an L shape, the hooves held up against its body, “Perfect, but we aren't done yet my pony toy,” he says, checking the straps one last time before grabbing the pony head harness, designed for a sergal, “Are you ready?”

K-2003 gives another solid single stomp, with the full raised leg step.

“Good boy,” he says, reaching over to squeeze what’s left of the toy’s breasts, “You look like a femboy in transition, I love that. A little bit of a thing of mine, such in-between toys like you are such a delight,” he says with a chuckle, wrapping the harness around the toy’s head. A silver metal bit is forced into the toy’s mouth, making it suckle upon it, the toy’s tongue licking up and down across the cool metal, while the blinders are slipped into position, forcing the toy to focus forward, removing all other distractions.

The swept back rainbow colored feathered head crest hangs overhead, just out of the toy’s field of vision, but it knows it's there, making the toy’s cock twitch just a little. The toy’s attention is focused on the fox, who reaches down, gripping the throbbing cyan member, pulling the toy forward away from the chair, as it grabs a riding crop. It uses the leather crop against the toy’s chest, slowly moving up along the toy’s neck.

“What a beautiful gay toy you are. You’re just an eager toy, wanting to please, aren’t you?” he asks, running the crop along the toy’s lips, the boots giving the toy enough of a height advantage that the fox has to look up at it.

It raises its leg, giving out one solid stomp, the toy’s cock bounces from the force of the stomp, twitching, aching, feeling so very hard as it does so.

“That’s right,” he says, moving the crop quickly down to the toy’s cock tip, “You can see just how eager you are. Look at it, that aching, throbbing cock of yours,” he says, grabbing the toy’s head harness, pulling it down to make it look at its cyan pillar which is only a few inches away from the fox’s hard and throbbing pink flesh, “See how it twitches?” he asks.

The toy’s member twitches, a strain in just how hard it is is felt through the underside of the length, the fox’s cock growing closer to it, the toy remaining silent as it is helpless to do anything, and like any good toy, it doesn’t want to do anything to ruin the moment.

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

*“Toy serves.”*

*“Good toys are gay fuck toys.”*

*“You are a gay fuck toy.”*

“See how it twitches when it's near my pecker? Clearly that’s no straight cock, but a gay aching one. All you toys made here are so fucking gay, and its wonderful,” he says with a playful yip, gently smacking the cock with the riding crop, “And you like a good fuck toy that you are, is just eager to be of service to me, aren’t you X-2003?”

It stomps once without any hesitation. The toy’s cock twitches, dribbling a little bit of pre-cum, its arousal nice and high with its twitching member.

“Good toy,” he says, running the crop along the toy’s length, picking up some of the drops of pre-cum. He brings it to his lips, giving it a slow lick, enjoying the taste, “Such a delicious toy,” he says, his cock twitching harder.

*“Oh, the user is going to be very aroused now,”* it thinks, cock twitching in delight, filling the toy with warming thoughts.

*“Toy is a good gay toy.”*

*“Being a gay toy is the best.”*

*“You are a specialized gay toy.”*

*“You are X-2003 a gay femboy toy.”*

Oniria taps the crop back down on the toy’s cock, making the member bounce before he decides to bounce the tip of the crop against the toy’s balls, with light smacks that tease it, making it softly moan, “Such a good eager toy,” he says, moving the crop to his twitching member, you want this don’t you?”

It stomps in response.

With a smirk he continues, “You want to suck it, don’t you?”

It stomps.

“Bend down and have a taste then. Enjoy your sugar cock, like the good faggot of a toy that you are,” he states, presenting his twitching member before the toy, taking a few steps back, positioning himself perfectly for it.

The toy’s body squeaks, tail hanging out to counterbalance. It’s center of gravity shifts with the movement, that subtle fear that would take over a normal person, of being so helpless and unsure if one could even keep this form and if it fell over it will be all over, making them completely dependent on their handler, cementing that submissive position, is instead replaced by the toy’s experience and confidence that it can handle itself.

The toy spreads its legs, spacing them just enough to keep proper balance. Its head lowered down toward the member, which it starts by licking across the tip, tasting the salty flavor of his member. Its tongue coils around the length, helping keep the toy’s mouth on target as it wraps its lips around the cock, bobbing its head up and down, showing off its prowess and strength, that it can maneuver and slurp across the entire member.

The fox demon moans, using the riding crop to guide and push the toy’s head down onto his cock. Pre-cum oozes out of tip, feeding the toy a hint of what he has to offer. He groans, bucking his hips into the toy’s mouth, “Lick across the side toy,” he commands with a playful domineering yip.

It lets out a single stomp, lifting its head from the twitching slick member, tilting its head to the side, licking along the cock’s side and underside, nuzzling the member, which is all the toy can see. The heavy eggs that hang from the fox’s member are nuzzled and licked, the toy’s tongue pulling one into its mouth so it may firmly suckle one of them.

The feathered head crest of the pony head gear runs along the side of his twitching rocket, making him moan softly, *“Is the toy purposely doing that or is it just happenstance?”* he thinks, grunting in delight as his balls are taken care of, leaving the toy to tease his sensitive bits for a few good moments.

K-2003 grins, nuzzling the balls with its angular muzzle, rolling its head to the other side, letting the feathers run along the entire outline of the user’s cock, teasing it the entire way before it wraps its lips around the other ball giving it a slow tender suckle, letting the cool air slowly dry and tease the twitching member that hangs overhead, the top of the toy’s head, occasionally pushing up against the member as it lowers its mouth down to suckle tug the balls.



“F-fuck... okay give my cock another good suckle toy, but do *not* have me climax. I want to save that for another place,” he says, giving the toy’s back a playful whip smack.

It arches its back from the hit, giving a stomp in response, raising its head up, looking at the eager fox’s pleased muzzle, giving a playful little wink before it dives right into the member. The toy’s mouth takes the entire length, easily deepthroating the cock, as its lips wrap around the knot. It’s tongue runs along the underside of the shaft while it firmly suckles and takes the knot, the toy’s lips curling around it, forming a nice tight seal, suckling the entire length nice and firm, swishing the cock in its mouth, side to side, letting its cheeks bulge from one end to the other, letting the cock tips smack in the back of its throat.

“Ah...ahhh! That’s enough toy, enough!” Orinia commands, smacking the toy on the head a few times with the riding crop. It was never enough to harm but was certainly enough to get his point across.

It lets out a single stop, suckling the cock a moment longer before it pulls away, the lips popping off the knot, pulling away, slurping some of the excess but not all of its saliva away, leaving the cock glistening and coated in its translucent cyan lubricant. It gives a cute little smile, returning to its tall, proud pony play stance.

With a soft pant he brings the riding crop up to the toy’s small breasts, giving them a smack, “That was... adequate... yes,” he says, walking around the toy, giving the rump a firm smack with the riding crop.

The toy responds with a soft moan, hiking its tail, swaying its butt side to side, letting it bounce off the riding crop a few times, it’s sly grin hidden by its body.

“You think you’re so clever, don’t you?” he says, pressing his cock up against the toy’s butt, hot dogging it between the cheeks, letting the tip press against the underside of the tail.

It stomps twice in response.

“Oh... ohhh... you sneakyfuck toy. You think you are so clever that you can just use your stomping to explain yourself, hmm?”

It responds with a single stomp.

“How about you stomp your way out of this one then,” he says, slamming himself into the toy’s rear, the thick throbbing cock penetrating into the toy’s tight hole. The fox moans in delight, holding onto the crop in one hand, which he runs across the toy’s thigh, while using that and his other hand to grip the toy’s hips, so he can push in nice and deep, bouncing the knot off the toy’s hole.

“Take this!” he exclaims, holding the toy nice and firm, grunting in delight as his slick cock makes the toy’s rear shine. Its hold becoming nice and slick, making it easier for the member to slip in and out of it.

It lets out a soft moan, arching its back, squeezing the length. The toy’s cock twitching in the air, while its rear milks the throbbing length within it, showing it is no stranger to being taken anally. It bucks against the user, relaxing its rear when it is pushed in, squeezing as it pulls out, giving as much pleasure as it can give while its rear feels a little more pleasurable than it recalls it being in the past.

Pre-cum drips from toy and user alike, the pleasure building up within the sergal, but the demon-fox it grows faster, quicker, the pressure in his loins building, higher and higher as he leans in, pressing his chest against that smooth black rubber back. He holds the toy close, slamming himself hard against the toy just as he reaches his peak, the knot popping into the tight hole with a loud audible pop, that sends the two toys that have been secretly watching to tense their rears, and softly moan, but they remain quiet not wanting to ruin the moment.

“Take this treat,” Orinia grunts, his member spasming flooding the toy with his hot essence, “Like the good breedable fuck toy that you are. Taking in all the cock you can get. Isn’t that right?”

K-2003 squeezing and milking the cock, bouncing its rear on the knot, keeping it tightly lodged within it, it raises its foot up, making its thigh parallel to the ground, giving one solid stomp, the vibration of the hit is sent back into the fox. The toy’s member twitches and aches, feeling the throb within it.

He grunts, shuddering from the sly thing the toy did. He bucks his hips into the toy a few more times, before pulling out with a loud audible pop. He takes a moment to catch his breath, smacking the toy on the rear with the riding crop, “Clean me toy. I don’t want to leave here being messy... and don’t let a drop out of that sweet ass of yours.”

K-2003 clenches its rear, making sure it keeps the fox’s essence within it, it stomps once, before crouching, the leather boots creaking as it gets to the perfect kneeling height, servicing and licking the fox’s cock down, tasting bits of his essence on his length, mixed in with whatever was left of the toy’s mouth juices. It slurps and suckles what hidden bits of cum that was left in his shaft, drinking it down before licking the member clean, giving it one last playful nuzzle, while looking up at the fox, arms to its side, like a good pony sergal.

The fox relaxes, his member softening, slipping back into his sheath, “That was a good little fuck, and well worth it for those advertisements,” he says, patting the toy on the head with the riding crop, tossing it onto a nearby chair, “That will be good for me. But perhaps I’ll try this toy again later,” he says, looking over to see D-5373, with their twitching hard blue cock.

“Enjoyed that show?” he asks, also noticing the smooth crotch fennalope toy, R-9375.

“It was a pleasure to watch you work, and this one is pleased that you enjoyed yourself and your feedback is very appreciated and valued.”

“It’s no problem. With a reward like that, call me back anytime. Don’t listen to that fuck toy too much, you’ll get more repeat customers if others get to have a toy like that,” he says with a sly wink, exiting the room.

R-9375 blushes, looking at the kneeling sergal toy, “Perhaps this will be easier than what this one thought,” it says looking down at its blue tool belt, grinning to itself.

D-toy smirks, “Toy Mistress is an expert. It’s good at pleasing everyone,” it says, as they hear a loud stomp from across the room, they look to see K-2003 standing tall and proud again, biting on the bit, in its mouth, rubbing its small breasts with its hoofed hands, “Case in point.”

The fennalope toy nods, its big floof tail swishing with a squeak, “Got it. Could you be so kind and make sure the video for this part is all set up? And could you reduce the size just so

that with those blinders on that it can't see the entire image, but it will have to tilt its head to focus on mostly one or the other? Since those blinders are on, we might as well use them."

"That's a good idea, I'll make the adjustments, give me a few moments, while you get K... it means K-2003 ready for this level of training and conditioning into the perfect toy Maker wants."

"This one will make sure that Yak-2003 is nice and ready."

D-toy gives a curious look, ears twitching, "What?"

"What, what?"

"Did you say Yak-2003?"

"Yeah, what of it?"

"Why say it that way?"

"How else would you say Kay, backwards?"

"Kay backwards..." the toy's eyes go wide, feeling as if it got hit by a train of logic of where its fellow toy was coming from, "This one gets it now. Clever," it responds with a chuckle, heading over to the computer that controls the monitor while R-toy heads over to the sergal.

"This one does think how you said it is very amusing," the black and cyan sergal says with an affirmative nod.

R-toy blushes a bit, "T-thanks. Yak-2003, we'll be getting you set up for some gay conditioning and training. It'll put on the needed gear and then it'll have you sit in the center chair, do you understand?"

K-2003 does a single hard stomp, "Yes, this one does," it says with a rump wiggle.

"Tail up," it says, pulling out a nice hot pink remote control vibrating bug plug that was swelling the toy's pouch pocket till it was removed.

"With pleasure, and its rear is already lubricated so this should be easy!" it exclaims, spinning on the hoof foot with amazing balance and easy, tail rising, butt hiked from the fennalope.

The toy blushes, "This one can see that," it remarks, taking the plug, pressing it into the toy's rear, spreading the cheeks with a loud squeak. The soft moans escaping from the Toy Mistress, makes its own bulge tense and feel a soft ache, "*It's odd taking such a dominant role, but this is not a user, and it's helping its Maker,*" it thinks, twisting and turning the plug.

K-2003 tightly grips the plug, which makes R-9375 push harder on the plug-in order to get it in. Eventually the point of no return is hit and the plug easily slides the rest of the way in, locking the user's cum within its body. The toy's pucker tightly grips around it, the hot pink gem at the base is then turned, turning on the plug, but with the remote setting set to off, it doesn't do anything yet, "Shall this one sit in the chair now or do you want to get the next parts on?" K-2003 asks, looking over its shoulder at the smaller toy, swaying its rear at it.

R-toy blushes, taking a step back, "Y-you can sit in the chair Yak-2003," it says, its fingers digging into another pouch, grabbing a hot pink vibrator cock ring.

“As you wish!” it responds, walking over to the chair with full gait, it turns around, sitting down in the chair with a loud squeak and relative ease, despite having its hands still locked up in pony boots.

“You’re really good at that, aren’t you?” it asks, approaching it, grabbing the toy’s twitching aching length, the toy’s pre-cum getting onto its hands, which allows its arousing juices to slowly infect the toy, making its smooth crotch feel stiffer and more sensitive to the cool air.

“This one has had a lot of practice and it has quality control tested a lot of products,” it says with an affirmative nod, watching the toy slip the ring down to the base, the vibrator large enough that it rests at the base of its shaft and presses down into its black rubber balls.

“Oh...” it says with a blush, walking over to the center of the screen, sitting down so it’s right underneath it, “This one is ready, you can hit it D-5373!”

“Got it!” D-toy responds, flicking the machine on, the lights dim, as a naked female user is on the screen. The picture is just big enough with how it has the blinders set up that it can barely not get the entire thing within them.

“Before you should be a female image, correct?” R-toy asks.

K-2003 stomps, “It is.”

It sighs, “No need to sigh, Yak-2003, simple nods, head shakes or verbal responses will do.”

“Alright,” it says, with a rump wiggle, making the chair squeak loudly.

“How do you feel about the image?”

“It’s a user to please, what of it?”

“Any interests with her?”

“Just the usual.”

“Well Yak-2003, you are to be made to be a pure gay toy, to understand what it’s like for our Maker, so that is not the correct answer. And it will help build the correct answer and responses as we go along.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Oh?”

D-5 walks into view, running its hands across the toy’s body, “We’ll be giving you pleasure when you focus on the right images, get better toys with pleasure. We’re going to help smooth out any incorrect interests you may have, as a gay femboy toy that you are meant to be,” it explains, looking over back at R-toy for confirmation, “Right?”

“Right,” R-toy, says the screen shifting to that of a male customer model, naked, but in a cute pose with a twitching throbbing cock on screen. It’s at that moment it pulls out a small dial, which it turns, turning on the vibrator around the toy’s cock and within its rump, giving it a twitch of delightful pleasure.

D-toy says as it holds the cock, licking across the underside, “When you look at male images, you’ll get rewarded, while the female images you’ll get nothing,” it explains, taking a moment to suckle the tip of the cyan member, tasting the toy’s sweet flavor, and feeding on the arousing pre-cum that makes its cock stiffen further.

“Do you understand the rules now, Yak-2003?”

K-2003 leans in the back of the chair, the hooped hands resting in the arm rests, the toy's legs spread to give the toy before it, easier access to its twitching member, while it gently grinds against the toy in its rear, looking at the screen, “This one understands completely. It shall do its best.”

“We'll see about that, it may not be as easy as you think it is, being the toy that you are, and wanting to please all customers... you have a little built in unbias that we need to work on if you are to truly fit in here and understand what it's like to be toys like us,” it says, with a soft squeak, its big tail half curled around it, the dial ready, the black rubber skin polished to a mirror-like shine, giving the toy a way to know what's on the screen as the image changes.

D-5373 stops its teasing, sitting there, cupping the toy's balls, ready to see what it does next, being as still as it can, giving a teasing smile.

Before the sergal toy is a simple side by side image, one of a voluptuous vixen, the other of a similar looking but obviously femboy male fox, both aroused and in a teasing pose that mimic each other. The blinders make it so that when it has the entire fox in view there is still a bit of the female image there.

R-toy and D-toy watch the sergal's head movements, the direction of its eyes, turning the dial higher when its head shifts toward the fox, and with quick movements whenever the toy's gaze shifts over to the female, to remove the pleasure.

D-5373 listens to the sound of the vibrations, feels it in his hands, the toy gently cooling its hands to make its grip around the balls colder when the sergal's eyes shift over toward the female, its eyes trying to get a better look from curiosity.

The toy tenses, relaxes, cock twitching as it feels the reduction of pleasure from the simple gander at the lewd female display, the subtle shift of its head to see more, the eyes moving to look at even a hand or a leg, reduces the teasing, “Ohh, you're both very subtle with this,” K-2003 responds.

“Of course, toy,” says D-toy, its hands warming up, while giving a gentle squeeze across the toy's balls, when the attention is forced back onto only the male.

“Hmm,” it remarks, squeezing the plug, feeling the tingle of pleasure through its body, rewarding it with the appropriate attention its giving, “Though it must say,” it says, the toy looking down at the toys the vibrations growing stronger, though dipping whenever the toy's attention moves over to the female it can see in its upper peripherals, “If you are trying to punish this one for looking at males, why give toy such a pleasing sensation?” it asks with a head tilt.

D-5373 looks up, raising an eyebrow, “What? This one made its hand very cold, that would be very uncomfortable to a user.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump, pressing down on the toy, as it squeezes it, “This one is not a normal user, it's a toy. It'll find that to be very delightful. You'd be better reducing sensation and leaving that sense of nothingness, leaving it aching, body wanting to be teased and played with, encouraging it to be a good toy to fit the mold to get the results you are looking for.”

It smirks “Gotcha, this one will keep that in mind,” it teases, gently squeezing the toy’s balls, fondling them, pulling at them, letting its digits dance around the orbs while K-2003 looks down at it, slowing the pleasure down when it looks back up at the screen seeing both images.

The sergal toy softly moans, turning its focus over to the feminine male fox, then the images change, and switch up the toy now looking at an image of a female raptor, while the other has a feminine male raptor. The amount of teasing the toy gets suddenly drops from both toys. Leaving the toy’s member aching, twitching, begging for more. It turns its head toward the male image, the vibrations in its rear, cock, and the soft lick it receives across its cock head from the toy between its legs, makes it shiver, the cool air blowing across its wet cock head, making it tingle in delight, “Ah, that is much better. Keep up the good work.”

D-5373 gently pumps the toy’s cock, shuddering as its own length twitches and aches, growing harder with each passing moment, “This one appreciates the compliment toy,” it says, suckling the cock head.

R-9375 wiggles in its spot, enjoying the view, its smooth crotch bulge twitches and aches, but the toy completely ignores it, like it’s been trained to do, adjusting the vibration with a hair trigger precision, the cyan glow of the toy’s eyes, helping it know exactly how much focus that’s given on the screen overhead.

K-2003 relaxes in its chair, head and eyes turning to focus on the next set of images, which alternate sides sometimes while remaining the same in the others as more female and male images are shown before it. Over the next hour or so, the images are shown before it, the toy’s cock twitching in delight when it looks at the male, pleasure and desire being reduced when it comes across the female images, each equally provocative as the other in the grouping.

The fennalope toy takes this moment to say, “You got the basics down, how about we make it a little more difficult toy. We’ll be adding more images, and you’ll need to spend a minute on each male image, while doing your best to avoid any females,” it explains with a chuckle.

K-2003 nods keeping its eyes glued to the screen, its cyan cock twitching, balls churning feeling so very heavy, it’s a lingering ache, want and need that presses in the back of the toy’s mind, the ginger hand touch by the toy between its legs feeling so wonderful while the vibration against its prostate makes it clench all the harder, “This one is ready.”

“Oh, to note if you fail a lot, we might have to null-ify your crotch, just as a warning,” it says with a playful tease.

“Understood,” it says, the images changing, now there’s four on the screen in boxes, the first set has three female images, each in very teasing poses, while the only male has them in a less provocative and more of a light tease, showing a little bit of skin. The toy’s eyes cross over the female images, which draw its attention slightly, slowing its reaction and its reward. Though once it locks onto the male, it focuses on it, the member aching harder, shaft squeezed and rubbed by the expert fingers.

“Look at how good we can please males, we have the equipment we know how to use it best,” says D-toy with a playful lick from the base of the cock where the vibration ring is going

strong all the way to the tip giving it a soft eager suckle. The toy expertly ignores its own twitching, dribbling pre-cum cock as it follows through with its job.

R-toy takes this moment to tease, “Oh, you were a little slow there toy, were you distracted by those females? That’s not your job here. You’re at K-2373’s megastore. The exclusive homosexual toy store for Toys-4-U. You are molded to be an expert gay toy, come on you can do it.”

K-2003 responds, “This one is working on it, it's doing its best.”

*“Toy needs to be a good toy.”*

*“Toy wants to be a good toy.”*

*“Toy has to be a good toy.”*

*“Good toys are gay.”*

*“You are a good gay fuck toy.”*

K-2003 squeezes its rump around the plug, the images changing, once again the females are in more sexual display while the male is a bit more covered up, the toy. It rushes to stare at the male, checking out their masculine form, the pleasure returning to it.

“Good toy,” says D-toy with a playful ball squeeze.

It moans softly, grinding against the plug, eyes locked on the image, as it takes the minute to focus, then the images change again, this time two males and two females, one male in a more sexual teasing attire, while the other is in a simple business suit. It takes a moment to focus on the one male, and then the other, crossing over to take glimpses at the females, where its pleasure is reduced quickly, dramatically for even a half a second look, the punishment for looking is now a slow buildup of pleasure over the course of the minute to recover.

R-toy watches with delight, “Keep it up toy. You’re doing not bad. You can improve.”

“This one is trying,” it says, giving its effort the images shifting again, as the process continues for a few hours, the images constantly mixed up, with on some occasion a normally dressed female, while the male images had a larger spectrum of showing off their sexuality and form.

“We’re going to knock it up a notch. Pay close attention, it may not to be so easy anymore,” it says, feeling a twitch of delight within its bulge, knowing it's doing its Maker’s work as the former Toy Mistress is put through its conditioning.

“Got it,” K-2003 says with a soft moan, the number of images on the screen doubles, bringing it up to eight.

“A minute per male image, avoid looking at any female image for even a second, keep your focus toy.”

“And remember, we’ll be watching so you can’t cheat,” D-toy says, with a playful ball squeeze, gently kneading them before releasing suddenly.

The images before K-2003 change, only three are male. The toy scrambles to look at them. They are a spectrum of butch and feminine males. There’s also a few ‘gotcha’ females that are slightly blurring the line that its punished when it looks at them. Pushing and correcting the toy’s habits to read the fine lines between the toys.

The training continues for several more hours as the images steadily grow more complex and difficult. Now there are images with both males and females in some, and it must put its focus on the male in the image to regain the pleasure it is receiving.

Suddenly though there's a set of images, and as it goes through each male, the pleasure suddenly drops off after it gets to the last one for a minute, "Toy... it forgot to mention. If you don't go to the next image and get them all we can't continue," R-9375 explains with a soft squeak, thoroughly enjoying itself as being a useful toy for its Maker.

"But this one isn't seeing it."

"It's there, you just have to look to find it."

D-toy remarks, "You can do it, it believes in you, find the hidden guy in there amongst those women."

"Okay," it says with a nod, scanning over the images, feeling the total void of pleasure that has been constantly teasing it up to this point, and eventually it runs into one image, of a very feminine looking fox. Their pose and dress looks very female, the line between them blurred, as there's no indication to show their gender, with their back turned to hide any possible breasts, tail lowered to cover any visual of their hips and bits, but as it focuses on it, the pleasure starts to build back up, the toy groaning in delight as it achieves its goal.

D-toy teases the toy's member, "There you go. It knew you could do it," it says, giving the member a slow tender suckle.

It groans in response, squeezing the toy within its rear, relaxing as the fret of not finding the male to stare at fades away, the teasing pleasure resuming, keeping the toy hyper aroused and aching. The training continues for several more hours, adding another layer of images, doubling them once again, with the same trap images with a couple of very tomboy females, as trap images to keep the toy honest in viewing only males.

R-toy and D-toy keep track at how quickly the sergal toy works and completes the task, noting it's slowly improving times, and after a good two hours of consistent results, the toy's eyes quickly able to dart from one male image to stare at to the next with practically little accidental downtime except with the switching of images, and the one toy was looking at just so happened switched to be a male.

Suddenly then images all turn to males, the toy going through them all without issue, skipping over the one hidden female in the display with ease and then with the follow up image there's a display of all females with a hidden male that it finds with relative quickness.

The two training toys take note of the toy's time, advancing the training to the next stage as all the images turn to females.

K-2003 twitches, the pleasure removed from its body, it squeezes the plug, eyes looking over all the ladies growing more eager to find a male within them.

D-toy teases, "Come on you can find the males. What's taking you so long?"

R-9375 encourage teases, "You can do it. It's not that hard. There's a couple of males for you to see."



With those words K-2003 gets an idea, it looks down at the toys before it, seeing them, the toy suckling its bit, smirking as the pleasure suddenly returns to it. D-toy suckles the toy's length, looking up into its eyes.

"Told you, you could do it," R-toy says, turning up the vibrations, "Perhaps a few more hours and we can call it a day," it says, with a smirk, the training continuing.

K-2003 is constantly assaulted by the images, becoming better and better trained, hearing the whispers in the back of its mind, the reward and pleasure being given to it as it continues, the screen eventually turning black the lights flickering on, the images lingering in the toy's head, the vibrations ending, leaving the toy a bit wanting.

"With that, its job here is done," says R-toy, getting up, stretching, walking over to the two toys.

D-toy interjects, "Before you go to take all those fun toys out of it. It wants to have a bit of fun with them and X-2003 before Maker arrives."

R-9375 offers the toy the vibration controls, "Here you go. This one will expect to have them all back when you're done, nice and cleaned."

D-5373 takes it, "This one will be sure to do so," it says, looking to K-2003, as it runs its fingers across the toy's small breasted chest, "It hopes you don't mind either, do you?"

The sergal toy wiggles its rump, clenching the toy within it, cock twitching as it looks over the two sexy male toys, "None at all. This one is here to learn and do its very best," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Good toy," it says leaning in, giving the toy a slow and passionate kiss, the other toy leaning into it, tongues twirling around, though the metal bit gets a bit in the way. Slowly it breaks away from the kiss, "Surprised you can talk so well with that in."

"This one has had practice," it responds with a grin.

R-toy waves, "Have fun you two," it says with a soft squeak, bouncing off.

"We will!" D-toy exclaims, waving, turning back to the sergal once the other toy is gone, "Won't we?" it asks with a sly grin.

"This one certainly hopes so!" it says with another rump wiggle.

"First let's get that head harness off of you, this one doesn't want it to get in the way."

"Shall this one get up?" it asks, tilting its head.

"No, no, stay there, sit in the chair, let this one do all the work," it teases, reaching around, unlatching the head harness, placing it off to the side.

"As you wish," it responds, licking its mouth, stretching its jaw a little bit, looking down at its hoofed hands, wiggling its fingers within the empty space held within.

"You've done such a good job toy, that it has to reward you," D-5373 says, walking around the chairs, to get behind K-2003, gently rubbing its fingers across the toy's body, "You must be so stressed being trapped in that pony gear like that for so long," it says, the toy licking across the toy's ear, gently nibbling them, before blowing cool air into it to make it twitch.

It shudders in response, "Toy is able to handle such long periods of confinement," it says with a squeaky wiggle.

“This one is sure of that,” it says, leaning down, licking across the toy’s black rubber skin, its hands squeaking loudly as it kneads across the toy’s form, “But it bets it feels good to get a nice massage, to help with that rubber aches you feel.”

The sergal toy looks up at it, murring softly, its member twitching, cock aching, enjoying the view of the femboy toy teasing it, “Well it does feel nice, it will give you that,” it says, leaning against the touch.

D-toy nuzzles across the sergal, going over to lick across the other shoulder and arm, going all the way up to the pony boot on the toy’s hand and arm, “It’ll make sure you feel really nice X-2003,” it says, turning the vibrators back on, setting it at a medium setting.

It moans, arching its back, rump pressing down onto the chair so it can grind tat plug, “Hmm, that is nice,” it says, cock twitching, the translucent cyan pre-cum beading on the cock tip.

“Such an eager and good toy you are. An eager good *gay* fuck toy,” it says, nibbling across the toy’s neck, and along its jaw line, climbing onto the chair from behind, its cock pressing against the back of the toy’s head as it’s own head is pulled away hanging over it, “Aren’t you?”

It wiggles its rump, pressing its head back against the cock, its member twitching, aching in delightful need, “It’s meant to be, yes,” it says with a grin.

“And you are, a *good gay* toy,” he says, reaching down, gripping the toy’s thighs, squeezing the black leather boot that creaks under its grip, the toy’s cock trailing along the back of the sergal’s head, soon hanging over it, the member right in the toy’s field of view. It squeezes its rump to make the cock jump, “You want this don’t you?”

*“Toy is a good gay toy.”*

*“Good toys want cock.”*

*“Gay toys want cock.”*

*“You want cock.”*

K-2003 eyes the member, its own pillar twitching at the sight, “Of course, this one does. It’s here to be of service,” it says, moving its head up to give the black rubber orbs a soft and long tender lick, its prehensile tongue coiling around them, giving them a gentle tug.

It groans, squeezing the toy’s legs as it grinds its crotch against the toy’s face, “Hmm, such a good toy,” it says, pressing down, spreading the toy’s legs further, moving its head down to that well lubricated and suckled cock, “It may have had a good taste of you already, but it’s different when you’re also giving and receiving,” it says, wrapping its tongue along the toy’s cock tip, drawing it into its mouth.

With a soft moan it responds, “Sharing is caring,” its tongue snaking around the base of the knotted blue cock, sliding down across the length, squeezing out the built-up toy pre-cum within the length, letting it dribbling down onto the toy’s chest, before it manages to draw it into its mouth for a firm long loving suckle.

With a muffled moan it thrusts its hips into the toy's hungry mouth, diving its head down onto the toy's twitching pillar. The sleek cocks slip in and out of the toys' mouths. The two moaning loudly, squeaking as they grind themselves against the other.

K-2003 brings up its pony booted hands, using them to the best of its ability to grip the toy's hips, the rubber squeaking loudly as the dribble of toy juices flow into either toy's mouth. The vibration from the sergal's cock, sent into the other toy's throat while its rear tightly squeezes the plug that adds to its pleasure.

It holds itself back, not climaxing as the pressure builds up, higher and higher, its balls churning away, feeling heavy and wanting in delightful need, a new sensation that the toy has yet to experience, but knows all too well from others. It deep throats the toy's cock, its lips kissing the knot at the base while it bucks against the toy over it.

D-toy continues to suck the pillar with a hunger and drive, deep throating the toy's cock, going all the way to the base, taking the vibrating cock ring between its lips, its tongue slithering out to reach for the top of the toy's balls, pressing the vibrator down into them the best it can.

The toy's hips smack up into the other toy's mouth on top of it. The sergal toy eager to please and use, the aching desire building up within it as it holds the toy nice and close. It closes its eyes, the images of the cute femboys and handsome males flowing over its vision, fading in and out of view as its cock twitches in the warm welcoming D-toy's mouth.

The Tiniking toy slurps heavily, deep throating the cock, lips kissing the balls and base of the cock, again and again, slurping the member, squeezing the thighs thumbs, rubbing along the inner thighs, squeaking loudly as it bucks its hips against the sergal toy's face. It pulls its head up with a loud pop, "You better cum when it does toy, suck its gay cock and cum," it states, wrapping its lips back around the cyan length, taking it nice and deep, its balls churning, ready to flood the toy's mouth.

K-2003 suckles the cock even harder, the tongue wrapping around it, squealing and milking with its slurps, thrusting up against the toy's face, ready to blow its load into it, the moment she tastes the toy's cream flooding into its mouth. A pleasing delightful moment, that is enhanced when D-toy suddenly knocks up the vibrators to max, which makes the toy's cock twitch hard, almost sending it over the edge in the process.

D-toy grins, noticing how close it got to pushing it over the edge, pulling its hand away from the control on the arm rest. It enjoys the pleasant edge the sergal toy is on. It draws out the moment, enjoying the level of control it has over the toy, wanting to make it last as long as possible, leaving it to squirm in limbo, till it can't hold itself back anymore. It unleashes a stream of hot toy juices flooding K-2003's mouth with its essence.

It drinks and slurps down the cum with wanting delight, bobbing its head on the length, being sent over the edge the moment the hot steamy toy essence floods in the back of its throat. The toy's juices unleashed, flooding up into its fellow toy, letting it drink down that arousing juices that make the member stiffen within its own maw, increasing its own pleasure, loving the feel of an aroused cock within its mouth.

*"Toy is a good gay toy."*

*"Toy loves cock."*

*"Toy is X-2003."*

*"X-2003 is a gay toy made by K-2373."*

The collar sends pleasure tingles through its spine. Soft squeaks continue to fill the room as they nurse each other's cocks, enjoying the moment with one another before D-toy takes command and lifts off of it.

"There we go, a nice, delightful meal," it says bucking its hips a few times more into K-2003's mouth, making sure it drinks down every drop of its essence, "We'll be sure to do this again sometime," it says with a playful wink, pulling off of it.

K-2003 licks the member as it leaves its lips, "This one is pleased you enjoy yourself so much," it says with a playful wink in return.

He spins around, hanging over the toy, pressing his spent cock against K-2003's, "And it enjoyed you, X-2003," it says grinding itself against the lean, moving down to lick its drippings off the toy's breast, "Have to make sure you're nice and clean for Maker."

K-2373 mews, approaching, "It appreciates you are keeping its toy nice and clean for its use," it says, the toy's member bouncing, the knot nice and thick.

K-2003 looks over at its toy, its cock twitching, pleased to see it, "M-Maker..."

*"Toy's maker is K-2373."*

*"X-2003's Maker is K-2373."*

*"You are X-2003."*

"Good X-2003, this one is pleased you are accepting your position. How has its training gone so far?"

"Didn't R-9375 tell you Maker?"

"It did, but wanted your opinion on it," it says, approaching, running its fingers across the toy's chest.

It shudders, responding, "Well Maker. This toy is coming along nicely."

"It's trying," K-2003 responds with a rump wiggle.

"Good, good. Take the toy's out and return them to R-9375. Leave the rest of the gear on, it has some more personal training to do before it takes you back to your mold," it says looking at the sergal.

"Yes Maker," says D-toy, K-2003 already standing up, showing off its plugged butt with its raised tail.

"This one is ready."

"Good toy," says K-2373, gently rubbing the toy's muzzle, looking up at the toy, avoiding its breasts, "This one thinks you'll enjoy what we have in mind for you."

"Yes Maker, it will do its best with a rump wiggle.

"Don't wiggle when this one is removing the plug," says D-toy, already having pulled off the turned off vibrating cock ring, and now attempting to grab the hot pink gem butt plug base.

"Oh, sorry!" it says, holding still, "That better?"

D-toy slaps the toy's butt, making it hike it slightly with a soft moan, which is music to the toy's ears, "Much better," it says, grabbing the toy, slowly pulling it out, stretching the toy's hole, as it's nice and slick with the previous use of its rear.

K-2003 moans, arching its back, relaxing its rear to make it easier for the toy to reach that point of no return, when it then easily slips out, leaving the toy to keep its rear clenched as it is still processing the previous use. Its member twitches in the cool air, aching, wanting, the toy's eyes locked on the feline, "This one is ready maker."

"Not yet, but you will be," it says, reaching down, caressing the toy's length, pulling it forward, "This feels familiar, doesn't it toy?" it asks with a smirk.

"Yes Maker, it does," it says, walking forward.

D-5373 rushes over to them, "Maker before you go, it was wondering if it could do something extra while X-2003 is in the molding pod."

"Something extra?" it asks with a soft mew.

"To help make it even more gay and let it all sink in, Maker."

"Hmm, we'll talk about it later, for now you have some toys to clean and return."

"Yes, Maker, this one understands," looking at the toys in its hands, watching the two other toys exit the room, "This will hopefully be fun."

K-2373 and K-2003 walk down the hallway, further down the toy testing rooms to the very last door on the left, "In here toy, and nice bit of gear, it looks good on you."

"Thank you, Maker," it says, eyeing K-2373, enjoying the smooth sleek form, the supple feminine ample toy rump, its member still aching nice and hard, feeling good about the view.

K-2373 reaches over, caressing the cock, "Good toy. You're taking your training well, and it appreciates the efforts you are going through to better understand this one and your fellow toys," it says, unlocking the door, stepping inside to a large room with a canopy bed to the right with black rubber sheets, and blue feline pillows that match K-2373's colors. On the left is an office room that is currently closed, and straight ahead is a rather large kitchen for its uses. Sitting on the bed, ready to be of use is B-1374, the blind folded feline toy.

"Welcome back," B-toy says, sitting up, its red member twitching in delight, drawing K-2003's attention to it, to which its body responds warmly to the view.

"X-2003, we're going to help work in some things to help you become the gay toy it knows you really can and ought to be," says K-2373, moving the toy over to the bed, sitting on the edge, making the helpless toy look ahead, "See that mirror there?" it asks as B-toy walks over to it, becoming a little bit of a Vanna White as it displays the mirror, moving it closer.

"This one does, what of it?" it asks, the toy seeing its heavy pony gear set up, but more importantly it sees its throbbing twitching length, the nice set of balls underneath and its relatively small breasts. It's looks at it, feeling a strange mix of delight due to the male bits, with a slight withdrawal from the clearly female parts.

The feline toy gets behind it, "It wants you to really focus and want to be a good gay toy for this one. Not just go along with it, but desire it, want it, to make it a goal of what you are

toy,” it says, reaching around squeezing the toy’s small breasts, pushing them down flat, “You want to please this one don’t you?”

It moans pressing back against K-2373, feeling the squashing of its small breasts, “Yes it does, this one wants to learn and understand. Toy is an open toy and wants to do its very best, not cutting any corners.”

K-2373 releases the toy’s chest, the breasts popping back up, “You’ll do anything to try to please this one, won’t you? You made it all this way, putting in all this effort.”

K-2003 looks up at it, “Of course, why wouldn’t it?” it asks, tilting its head.

“Keep looking at the mirror toy.”

“Oh, sorry,” it says looking back at itself, seeing the sleek black and red feline toy standing beside it with its twitching hard cock.

“Better. See these toy?” it asks, reaching back around squeezing the small breasts, trying to smooth them out, “Look how they stand out, and don’t fit you. Don’t fit us here. They’re such a hassle aren’t they?”

The toy’s body squeaks as the breasts are squeezed down, looking at itself in the mirror, its member twitching at the toy’s words, “Well, toy always had them before.”

“And they were a hassle then, weren’t they? You always had to hide them from this one? Wasn’t that just a bother?” it asks, letting go of the breasts, letting them pop back out, “Wouldn’t it be better if you didn’t have to deal with them? If all you had was a smooth, sexy chest like B-1374?” it asks, motioning to the toy, which poses leaning against the mirror, rump hiked.

“Toy likes to do its best for its toys, and takes all toys into consideration,” it says with a nod, eyeing the sleek and sexy feline toy, its gaze returning to itself, giving that mixed pleasure and lack thereof feeling, while getting a twitch of extra delight when it sees K-2373 in the mirror behind it, pressing its smooth chest against its back.

“You want to please your toys, don’t you toy?”

“This one does, yes.”

“You want to please this one most of all, don’t you toy? Your Maker?”

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

*“Toy obeys its Maker.”*

*“Toy wants to please its Maker.”*

*“Toy is a gay toy.”*

*“Gay toys please their Maker.”*

*“Toy’s Maker is K-2373.”*

It wiggles a bit, cock twitching, leaning against the feline, “Yes, this one supposes it wants to please all the toys, including you, Maker.”

“Think on it toy, wouldn’t it be so much better than to not have breasts? You can still please all the toys just the same, not have to worry about this one seeing them, and be even sexier than before, what’s not to love?”

“Ah...” the toy looks at the mirror, then down at its small breasts, feeling odd about them, the toy’s words echoing in its mind, “It would be sexier...” it says, its cock twitching.

“Why even need or have breasts? Why should you care for the toy? You are a gay toy, aren't you? You won't have to deal with icky silly old breasts. Better yet, you don't want to, do you toy?”

“It doesn't?” it asks with a head tilt, its cock twitching at those words, feeling itself grow more aroused.

“Yes toy. You don't need to care for breasts to be a gay toy. It helps you keep you focused, conditioned, *specialized*, like the *good gay* toy that you are, isn't that right?”

“A focused toy is a good toy,” it says, watching as K-2373 squeezes its breasts down again, “You don't want this one to put in all the extra effort to keep these down, and worry about them, do you toy?” it asks, leaning in close, grinding its cock against the base of the toy's tail, while licking across its ear.

It shudders, “N-no Maker. This one doesn't.”

“You don't want to waste your energy on breasts either. They mean nothing to you.”

“Yes, Maker, this one should put its focus where it matters.”

“Say it toy, let this one hear you understand what breasts are to you.”

“This one doesn't want to care for breasts.”

K-2373 grins, grinding its cock against the small of the toy's back, “And about yours?”

It reaches up to touch its breasts with its hoofed hands, pushing them down, looking down at it then up at the mirror, “It would be better if this one didn't have them. If toy had a smooth chest. That way Maker wouldn't have to worry about seeing them. And it would look better anyway. Why would it need breasts when its a gay toy?” it says, its cock aching, throbbing, B-toy coming over, blocking the mirror from view, grinding its red member against the toy's cyan pillar.

K-2373 mews happily, “Good toy, and it has something for you to help you not have to look at your breasts till they are fully molded away from you,” it says, giving a playful grind against the toy's back, leaving a streak of pre-cum.

“Oh, Maker?” it asks tilting its head, watching it reach across the bed with a loud squeak, hiking its butt to tease the sergal toy, while grabbing something hidden from underneath the pillows, a sleek clear attire with hot pink band across the top, and two rings at the base, “What's that?”

“A special Griss suit that will smooth those pesky breasts away, and give you a shiny smooth chest, while keeping your crotch and rear clear for the fun we're going to be having. Though it wasn't expecting you to be all geared up, but that shouldn't be that much of a problem for you, should it toy?”

K-2003 wiggles its rump, grinding a bit against its fellow toy's red twitching cock, “Not at all, this one will love to be of aid and smooth it's breasts down so you can have fun with it, without worry,” it says with an affirmative nod.

It reaches over, gently petting the toy's head, “Good toy. This will be a simple slip up from your feet, and pulled up nice and tight, and we'll be good to go, with a bit help with the press n seal technology for that tail of yours.”

“Love that technology so much, makes things so much easier,” K-2003 says, as the suit is handed over to B-1374.

“It does, and your cooperation is appreciated X-2003.”

“It does what it can.”

B-1374 mews, opening the suit, crouching down to slip the hooved feet through the hot pink holes, “And we’ll do everything we can to make you hunger and want to be the gayest toy in the store, and that will be difficult as you’ll be competing with Maker,” it says with a sly smirk.

“And this one is very gay,” it says with a chuckle, smacking the toy on the butt right as the suit is making its way up around the toy’s body.

K-2003 moans, wiggling its rear, “This one understands, it’ll do its best,” it says with an affirmative nod, the front of the suit, wraps around the toy’s chest, the hot pink rubber band squeezes the chest down, the sleek see through suit, presses up against its body, making it shine even brighter, while squishing the breasts down to nothing. The pressure of the band felt in the toy’s chest, while it looks down to ‘admire’ the smoothness that’s now there, the rubber sealing along its back, making it tingle as its sealed within the tight suit.

“How does that feel?” K-2373 asks with a playful mew, reaching around to run its hands over the smoothed over toy chest.

“Tight in the chest but overall looks and feels great Maker,” it says wiggling up against it.

“Good, good,” it says, nuzzling the toy.

B-1374 moves in, grabbing the toy’s length and its own, gently grinding them together, “It’s good to be gay. It’s a fun, loving, delightful experience, isn’t it?” it says, looking at K-2373, the two leaning in close to give each other a slow tender kiss.

K-2003 watches them passionately enjoying each other, its cock twitching hard at the sight, feeling the warmth of the two toys up against its body, the kiss slowly breaking, a trail of saliva left between their lips.

K-2373 responds, “It is, and it's wonderful. And we’re going to show you X-2003 that you are meant to be this way. Your material is wanting to be a lovely gay toy like us. This is the way you were meant to be molded as.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “It is?”

The blue feline toy pulls the toy further up onto the bed, straddling on one of toy’s legs, while B-1374 does the other, “Of course, do you think any other toy would go through such lengths just to see what its like to be a gay toy?”

K-2003 thinks for a moment, wrapping its arms around the two toys, barely able to do more than rub its hooves across the toy’s backs, “It's not normally needed, but this one has an entire company to run, and so it must investigate other experiences, and points of view.”

“Is it?” it asks with a soft mew, moving in close with its fellow toy, the blue and red cocks grinding up against the cyan twitching, throbbing pillar, “Why did you not try the lesbian store for the same thing?”



B-1374 mews softly, tracing its fingers across the three cocks, helping them rub up against each other, “Yeah, you came here first, feels like you just wanted to go this way, toy.”

It feels a bit taken back, the toys moving in closer to it, pressing their warm rubber bodies against its helpless form, its cock twitching, “Ahh... well, this one is trying to learn more on this as it had trouble when making K-2373.”

“You aren’t the Maker here,” mews K-2373, “And admit it. You wanted this toy. You want to become X-2003, and experience this. To sink in and show what kind of toy you truly are. If you were really curious with such a focus, you could have done other things, and just left it up to us. Trusting your fellow toys, but no... you wanted to *join* us. That means your material must be hungering for *cock*, desiring to be *gay*.”

K-2003’s member twitches, pre-cum dribbles from the tip, the arousing toy juices reaching the other two toys making their cocks twitch harder, “This one is thorough in what it's doing.”

“X-2003...” K-2373 says with a soft mew, leaning in close, kissing it on the cheek, “Relax. You are here to let yourself become the gay toy you secretly want to be. It knows you aren’t resisting, just see how eager your cock is, and how much you’ve been admiring us,” it says nuzzle licking the toy’s face.

B-1374 leans in close kissing the toy’s other cheek, “It can feel it. How much you want it. Such an eager toy you are. Embrace it. Accept the desire to become a gay toy. Let the confidence flow into you that when we’re done with you toy that you’ll only want males for the rest of your existence,” it says, kissing along the side of the toy’s muzzle, moving in a mirror fashion with K-2373, till they both kiss the tip of K-2003’s muzzle and each other.

It moans softly, closing its eyes, feeling the pleasure of the toy’s twitching aching cocks between its legs, grinding, squeaking against them, leaning into the kisses when they reach the tip of its muzzle. The images it saw in the theater were still fading in and out of its mind, making its body grow more aroused.

K-2373 whispers, “This feels good, doesn’t it toy?”

It moans softly, “Hmm, yes it does. Really good and nice,” it says, the words making its cock twitch, balls churning faster, feeling heavier, its body rewarding it for the acceptance.

“You’re going to be a really good gay toy, aren’t you?”

“Hmm, yes this one will be Maker. It’ll be a good gay toy,” it says, shivering, bucking up against the cocks as they grinded harder between them.

*“Toy is a good gay toy.”*

*“Toy is only a gay toy.”*

*“Toy only serves males.”*

*“Toy has no interest in females.”*

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

The collar whispers in its mind, leaning against its fellow toys as they buck and grind against one another, “Feel how good this feels toy. How wonderful it is to have a cock of another toy that knows exactly how to work your recruitment. Complete mastery over the sexual

organ. Total knowledge of how to use the tool, and to give pleasure to it and you back to them. It's perfect to be a gay toy. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"Hmm, it does feel good Maker."

"*Good toy*," the blue feline toy says with emphasis, rubbing its pre-cum across the cock tips, "We are good toys, aren't we?"

"Hmm, yes, this one thinks so, Maker," it says, nuzzling against the two toys as they kiss and hold themselves close to it, the frothing growing stronger.

B-1374 mews, "A good gay toy for Maker. Tell us what a good gay toy you want to be. What you are striving for. Accept it as your desire toy. This one can see it even with a blindfold on that you want to be a perfectly gay toy for Maker. You want to please it don't you?"

It moans arching its back, thrusting up against the toy's but it's helpless to do much against the two sitting on its legs. The toy's balls rub against the base of its member, as it continues to twitch and ache hard, rewarding the homosexual action, telling it just how wonderful it feel, "Yes, this one does want to please its Maker."

"Please this one by letting yourself go. You're to be a good specialized toy, loving to please the males. You want it as much as you want to please this one, right toy?" it asks with a soft mew, using one hand to help grind the cocks together, while the other rubs the toys back, giving it another passionate kiss.

It moans in response, member twitching, "Hmm, yes, toy will want to work hard to please you Maker. To let itself become the gay toy that it wants to be," it says, shuddering the toy's member spurting a little bit of pre-cum, which is then rubbed over the slick shiny cocks.

It mews, looking down, "Look at that? Your cock twitched and ached with delight. It shows just how much of a *gay* toy you are. Isn't that right, X-2003?"

It bucks against the toys, shuddering, "Yes... it does Maker," it says leaning against the toys, the grinding growing faster, harder, the members squeak loudly as they slide across one another.

"That's it toy, accept it," says B-1374 leaning in kiss to gently nibble the toy's jawline, "You're so eager to just give in. It's not been that long and look how eager and gay you are. And we aren't even done, and you love that idea. To know you are going to be molded into a perfect gay toy."

K-2373 mews, "Right toy?"

It moans, balls feeling heavy, feeling itself ready to burst, "Yes, it does. It'll be a good gay toy."

K-2373 mews, "Come on, admit it. You *are* a good gay toy. You just have to learn how to fully be one. Remove any of those old straight and lesbian toy habits, leaving the perfected gay toy you are meant to be."

The toy clenches its fingers into fists within the hoofed hands, "Yes Maker. It is a good gay toy."

"Say it again."

“It is a good gay toy.”

“And you want to be what again?”

“The best gay toy it can be for you Maker.”

It mews nuzzling and kissing the toy, “Good toy.”

“Very good toy,” B-1374 chimes in.

It sinks into the bliss of the moment, the loving touch of its fellow toys, tail swishing eagerly behind it making the bed squeak loudly.

“The passionate loving gay delights you’ll experience. Being a pleasant femboy that it knows you’ve always wanted to be... now toy, close your eyes...” K-2373 whispers.

“Yes Maker,” it says, shutting them, the visuals from before even now are still there.

“Picture it. That gay femboy toy you’ll be... that smooth chest.”

“Hmmm,” it says with a moan, the visual being crafted with each word spoken by K-2373.

“That short hot pink hair.”

“Hmmm.”

“That white, silver body, with hot pink highlights, and that eager hot pink cock, twitching, ready to be used while your balls churn away?” it says leaning in closer to the toy’s ear, “Can you see it?”

“Hmm, yes Maker it can.”

“Good toy, now cum to the thought. Cum to the ideal perfect gay toy, you want to be.”

It shudders, its cock shooting out its cyan colored seed, covering the toys in its hot sticky toy essence, the sight of which sends K-2373 over the edge, quickly followed by B-1374. The toy’s colored cums covering them, getting their bodies soaked in the toy essence.

“Good toy,” it says, pulling back, the toy’s hand dripping with its essence and of the other toy. It slowly licks its paw clean looking over X-2003, and B-1374 that slinks off the bed, standing beside its Maker, their cocks touching with a little kiss.

“Thank you, Maker,” it says, opening its eyes, seeing the delightful view before it, its cock twitching, while noticing its body is covered in toy seed, much like the other toy’s before it.

“Now, do your best to clean yourself before you clean us,” commands K-2373, as it then turns to passionately kiss B-1374, giving its toy some of the seed it licked up, grabbing the toy’s hand, licking the seed right off of it.

“Yes Maker, it’ll do its best,” it says, bending with ease, licking its cyan cock of the toy juices that are mixing around. It’s member twitches eagerly within its maw, the toy going completely hands free, as it slurps and licks its length clean, the cyan forked tongue snacking across its crotch and balls, cleaning them, with slow tender licks, as it keeps an eye on the prize its fellow toys before it.

“That’s enough with yourself you may clean us now toy,” K-2373 says, pressing itself close against its fellow toy so their cocks rub up against the other.

“Do a good job, it’s for Maker,” B-1373 teases.

“It always does,” it says, grabbing both cocks with its hoofed hands, doing what it can to keep them still and together, though its attempts cause them to rub up against one another more, but within short order it manages to take both cocks into its maw, tasting a hint of its own essence on each member.

“Good gay toy. You cummed to your own ideal image of yourself, let that sink in as you work,” K-2373 teases.

The toy continues to suckle away, its cock twitching hard between its legs, and with loud squeaks it slowly cleans off the toy’s members, taking in both cocks and the blue feline’s knot with expert ease, deep throating the twitching rubber pillars. The hidden treats within each shaft is sucked away before the toy moves to lap at the toy’s rubber balls, cleaning them of whatever toy juices is left on them.

It licks away, working the toy’s inner thighs and crotches, its tongue expertly snaking away along the sleek black, red, and white thigh of B-1373 and black, white, blue of K-2373. The rubber shines brightly as its tongue polishes everything, leaving the toy’s crotches and bellies clean.

“Alright toy, this one thinks you’ve done enough to get out of the pony gear,” says K-2373, “B-toy, may you do the honors of freeing this one toy so it can be more able to provide us a service?”

B-toy smirks, “With pleasure Maker,” working to get the toy dehoofed, opening it for more teases, and fun between the toys, only a few hours later after much sex and passionate gay talk, is it freed from its griss suit, and taken back toward the molding pods.

K-2003 looks down at its small supple breasts, “It feels weird to see them again.”

K-2373 mews, “It knows, but don’t worry. After this next molding you won’t have to worry about them ever again,” it teases.

The feline’s words make its cock jump in eagerness. It looks to the molding pods, approaching the one on the right, slipping into the back of it as the feline toy gets everything set up.

“Tomorrow is going to be fun toy.”

“Every day has been fun so far, Maker,” it says with a rump wiggle.

It smirks, “Next set is showing you how to be a perfectly submissive gay toy, really hammering it in, and getting your colors started to be shifted over,” it says, the front of the mold coming down onto it, preventing it from responding.

The mold feels almost perfect for it, but there’s a clear heavy pressure on its chest. The toy feels good knowing it’s the process will remove those pesky breasts. The mold locks around it, the tube with the dildo attached comes down before it. The black, white and blue blur of K-2373 moves in, locking the plug in its rear, which makes it moan, before doing the same with its mouth, sliding the thick dildo right into the toy’s hungry mouth.

Air is then sucked out of it, leaving the toy deafened and unable to do anything, the hot pink rubber flowing into the toy’s mouth as it feels the same type of rubber rushing into its rear,

making it feel warm and good inside. Its cock twitches as it remains nice and still, letting the voice of its Maker speak into the back of its mind.

*“Toy is to be a good gay toy.”*

*“Toy loves cock.”*

*“Gay toys are the best toys.”*

*“You want to be the best gay toy.”*

*“You are not K-2003, but X-2003, a good gay toy for Maker.”*

*“X-2003 Maker is K-2373.”*

The toy watches the blur of its maker slowly move away out of view, leaving it to relax within the mold. Its mind swimming with lust, desire, and those images it saw, making its arousal grow. Slowly though the toy relaxes further, time starts to lose meaning as it fades in and out of paying attention to the world around it...

Suddenly a black, white and blue blur comes into view, *“Is it time to serve Maker already?”* it thinks, part of it feeling that it's too soon, and as the blur moves about getting close to the mold, it becomes obvious its of a different toy. Undeterred, the toy continues to relax, starting to shift back in and out of that super relaxed aroused state, not minding the blur that spends a fair amount of time around it before it leaves. Steadily the toy sinks back, fading. Its attention felt like it's being drawn inward when the world goes black, and when it comes to its standing on a stage, with countless eyes upon it, the crowd of males, femboys and Toys-4-U megastore toys from K-2373's store are all there watching it, *“How did this one get here?”*

*“This one will tell you,”* says D-5373 as it saunters onto stage, the toy's hips swaying, *“This is a bit of training for you while you're in your mold. To give you proper gay toy mannerisms, and some rather, sassy moves.”*

*“Is that a good idea? With everything already going on?”* it asks, tilting its head.

*“It'll be totally fine; it's worked it out with Maker and R-9375. Now... are you ready?”*

K-2003 looks over at the crowd, then turning back to the toy, smirking, *“Of course this one is,”* it responds, its cock twitching in delight.

*“Wonderful... First, before we really get into it, slow some of your movements, become a bit more... sensual.”*

*“Slow its movements?”* it asks tilting its head, approaching the toy.

*“Well, look at what you do? The way you move, at times you move slow, sensual, with a rump sway, such as when you walk, but there are others that could use improvements to entice, using your assets,”* it says, walking around K-2003, giving its rump a smack, stepping over the toy's tail with long teasing motions, popping up on the other side of it.

The sergal toy wiggles its rump, hikes it, *“This one never thinks about its motions. It does what it does as it is what it is. But this one is here to learn more,”* it says, whipping its head around.

*“That's the spirit, and that there, how you moved your rump, is a key part of it. The way you talk, could use some adjustments. Now this one knows you are currently getting your void*

molded this very molding session, but the way you use it. Now... that will be different than what you've been doing."

K-2003 grins, turning to toy, the two of equal height, their cock tips gently touching the other, "This one is here to learn and take what it learns to heart. It is a good toy," it says, its hands sliding along the toy's hips.

"Good. We'll do one thing at a time, some of your movements are a little too quickly and sudden. Such as your rump wiggle. Sometimes it's nice, it gets a few things jumping..." it grins, "But when you move, it should be slower, more sensual, like this," it grabs the toy's hips, moving them slowly side to side, "You must move those assets that gay users want nice and slow. Like a pendulum, side, to side, slow, steady beats." The toy guides K-2003's hips into the sway, "Do you see what this one means?"

The sergal toy moves with the touch, following along nearly perfectly, while its hands move along with the fellow toy's own hip sways, "This one believes it's getting it. So instead of a rump wiggle, a slower sway is in order."

"Yes, yes, exactly. It's like a slow tease, a gentle stroke of eye candy, sensually massaging their mind with your movements. A teasing..." it removes one hand from the toy's hips, reaching for its cock. Where its hand was, there is now a white rubber handprint that slowly spreads from the point of contact, "Stroke," it says, running its digits along the twitching, throbbing length, the cyan 'melting' away to a hot pink at each point of contact.

It moans gently grinding against the fellow cock, hand, the toy's movements staying slow, steady, rhythmic beat, "This one knows how to do this, yes. It's very well trained in such arts of teasing, and it appreciates you helping toy modify its movements to better suit what it'll be needed for."

D-5373, reaches up and holds the toy's shoulders, more points of contact to show the shifting in color, "You're getting it toy," it says, moving in a mirror fashion with the toy, guiding the movements as they move around the stage in a slow dance, "With gays, there's a different focus and interest, that mimics what a straight male enjoys, yet doesn't. It'll be sure you'll get the nuances in time as you focus on just the sexy guys here at the store," it says with a playful wink.

With each step they move their movements grow, yet they remain close, their cocks gently grind against one another. K-2003's is now completely hot pink, the balls white rubber orbs, as the color shifts from cyan to hot pink, black to white spreads across the toy's body, "Of course, this is why it's here. It wants to lean into this and learn," it murmurs softly.

"Good toy, now remember to keep slow, steady teasing movements with all that you do, convert what you had to what will work best here at this store, and not generally," it says.

It responds with a nod, "Toy gets it."

"Good, and for the voice, speak softer, teasingly. Though your voice is becoming male, work to have it sound feminine, submissive."

K-2003 tilts its head, "But it's a switch as it serves all ends."

It chuckles, “You will, but wouldn’t be such a lovely power dynamic that the soft submissive sounding toy taking a bigger male, riding their dick, or slipping into them as you make them moan as softly as you speak?” it asks, grinding harder, more of the black and cyan fading.

It moans softly in turn, its voice shifting, the toy working on it, becoming more softly spoken, a gentle tease, where it speaks loud enough to be heard and understood, but without any masculine conviction, “Ahh, yes, this one understands, it’s rather delightful to think about it,” it says, cock twitching, grinding harder against its fellow toy.

It smirks, moving the toy, starting to dance around it, placing its leg between its own as music plays in the background, building up a tempo that as it guides and moves the toy into an erotic salsa dance, “Yes, toy. You are getting it. Grow hard at the thought, the actions. All the eyes upon us as we move, dance, sway, grind against one another.”

The toy’s colors fully shifted now, it moves with the music, swaying the hips, spinning with its dance partner, cocks bouncing, grinding, pressing each other’s bodies against the other as they move, having all eyes upon it, the enticing idea of its transition complete, lingering in the back of its mind, feeling so good, “Yes, this one gets it.”

“Good, good. Move with this one. Guide it as it guides you. Let the music take you as you keep fluid motions, that will drive the men wild,” it says, sliding the toy through its legs, spinning it around, then stopping it suddenly, tail bounces, the sergal’s aching twitching hot pink pillar grinding up against its leg as it moves in close, dipping the toy down.

“Hmm, yes, toy understands, it gets it,” it bucks gently against its fellow toy, grinding its length against the leg, moving with a slow sensual movement, one arm slowly flung out as its dipped then pulled back, only to return the favor, taking a slightly ‘dominant’ role which, its fellow toy was happy to feed into, as it added to the homoerotic salsa dance.

The music playing grows louder, the hidden hypnotic beat within it, helping both of them get lost in the moment, the music, the fun of all those eyes upon them real or not, neither cared as they enjoyed the dance. Words no longer needed to be spoken as they went off raw emotion and lust. Reading their partner, getting to understand each as it helped improve K-2003’s ability to sexually read its fellow gay toy, a lesson that can be taken to others in the not-so-distant future.

Exaggerated hip swaying, the two walking in step, away from each other then back, knowing what the other will do just as the other will do it. Their timing becomes perfected as they move. D-5373 impressed with how fast the sergal toy is picking up everything, perhaps it’s a bit with how well its a teacher. The hypnotic music, or the fact that it is working with the most experienced toy in all of Toys-4-U, or simply a combination of it all. It didn’t matter at this moment. The eyes were upon them, they are here to provide a show, spinning, twirling, sliding, squeaking, going fast, yet not jerky. Sensual teasing moments, a hypnotic dance to all those who would lay eyes upon them. Their gaze fueling the fire between them.

Faster they move. Faster they dance. Faster they are drawn into one another. Squeak, slide, spin. Twirl. The beat is going strong. Their moment lasts an eternity. Yet also just an instant. Showing off their asses. Their dicks. Their sensual bodies. Every part of them is used.

This erotic dance is pumping with energy. Excitement. Pent up sexual arousal. The desire to fuck one another strong. Any who'd watch swore they were doing an extended sexual display. Fucking at a distance. Close up. Pounding each other for a moment or two. Then pulling away. Hard to tell what the dance is. And what is sex. If there was any difference at all. Or if it was simply just how well they moved with one another.

The music rising, building. The pressure in their loins growing, yet they cared not for their release. They are toys. The pleasure is from service. And the service they are providing. Drawn into their dance. Showing off their well sculpted work of their Maker. Nothing mattered right now but each other and the audience. Keeping together they moved. Choreographed movements that would make one think this is months, if not years of training. The raw power and emotion moving with the music.

Then it hits the climax, the end, the final spin, the stretch of their limber rubber bodies. Ending in a pose that just screams that was fucking great, now fuck us! The crowd in the darkness going wild, cheering admiration. Was it real? Was it all in the toy's minds? It didn't matter.

D-5373 grins, "That was wonderful, we should do this again."

K-2003 smirks, "Agreed."

The vision ends, the sergal toy is jaunted back to the molding pod. Its form squeezed and molded into position, the warm flow of rubber down its throat, up its rear, the steady nothingness all around it except its collar whispering into its mind.

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Good toys are gay."*

*"You are a good gay toy."*

*"You are a good gay fuck toy."*

*"Good gay fuck toys service males."*

*"You love males."*

*"You love cock."*

*"You are a good gay femboy fuck toy."*

*"Your Maker is K-2373."*

Once more time has no meaning, the toy's cock would twitch if it could move within the mold, but it certainly was a constant pull and throb around its sensitive length. The tease of the dildos within its body, and around its length, constantly fed the thought of cocks within its mind.

*"Toy loves cocks."*

*"Toy has no interest in females."*

*"You are a good gay femboy fuck toy."*

The mantras never ending, constantly feeding into the back of the toy's mind, feeling like a wonderful bliss and delight. Nothing changing for the toy that is via any of its senses. That's until it sees the black, blue and white blur before it. Its body grows excited, eager.

*"This one hopes its Maker this time."*



The flow of rubber then stops, the churning of warm fading away, as it knows that it is really its Maker. The toy's body grows eager, squeezing and slurping the dildos within it, air rushing back into the mold, relaxing its form before the dildos are twisted out and away, the last drips of hot pink rubber roll across its cyan tongue.

The front of the mold pulls away once everything is removed, tugging on the toy's smooth chested body, caressing and peeling off the cock and balls making it shudder, "Ohhh," it says with a soft feminine 'male' voice, exactly like what it had in that dance.

K-2373 stands there with a smirk, "Morning toy, how are you feeling?" it asks, running its hand across the toy's chest.

K-2003 shudders, pressing up against the Maker's hand, "Lovely Maker. It sounds better, feels better and..." it looks down at its smooth breastless chest, the black rubber and cyan looking a little faded, like they were at the very start of a color shift, "Looks better... almost perfect, it would say," swaying its rump within the back of the mold slowly, pulling itself out.

The feline toy mews, "You are looking better, and as you convert over to this one's good gay toy, you'll get the colors to match." The toy's fingers gently caress the sergal's length, teasing and caressing it, reaching down to play with the black rubber orbs, "You feel great, that's for sure, and it's such an improvement on the you, you want to be, isn't it toy?"

It moans softly, grinding against its Maker's hand, spreading its legs to give better access, "It is Maker, and its working toward being the best gay toy it can be," it says, its hand gently pointing to itself in a sultry teasing pose, "What's going to happen today?" it asks with restrained excitement.

K-2373's fingers gently walk across K-2003's cock from cock head down to the base, "This one has a lot of plans for you over the next two days, and by the end of it, you're going to be nearly perfect with only a few more smoothing over of any heterosexuality, so you can be a complete gay toy for this one," it says, leaning in closer, giving the toy a soft tender rubber kiss.

A shiver runs down the toy's spine, it leans into the kiss, its tongue slithering out, into the feline's maw, the two tongues intertwining, but quickly is put into its place by the Maker's forceful actions.

The cat toy's knotted length rises quickly, twitching, aching, rubbing against the sergal toy's length, once it establishes itself over it, it breaks the kiss at its pace, "Eager toy, but for the next two days, you don't get to dom. You'll be a hundred percent submissive so that you can get the best understanding of the position. Domination comes later, do you understand?" it asks, rubbing its fingertip along the two cock tips as they kiss.

It softly moans, gently grinding against the cock, its member aching so hard, feeling so good, balls churning with its essence, its pre-cum increasing its Maker's arousal, "Crystal clear Maker," it says.

With a teasing feline grin, it pulls K-2003, "That's a good toy. You're coming along nicely, and it appreciates your gusto. That is what this one has always admired about you, and now it gets to mold some little perfections into you," it softly mews, pulling the toy forward, out

of the mold via its twitching length, “Doesn’t it feel good to let someone else take charge for a bit toy?”

K-2003 slides out of the mold, gently grinding itself against the feline’s touch, “It is nice, and lovely to see how you do your process Maker. Though it is different seeing this one is a toy but...”

K-2373 moves in closer, hands sliding along the toy’s hips, cock’s grinding, its hands gently squeezing the sergal’s butt, “But, you are getting the idea of what it is like to be as gay as this one. How wonderful it feels. How good it is. How you are *molded* for it,” it mews, their smooth chests rubbing against one another with a long drawn-out squeak, pressing their crotches so close together, sandwiching their lengths that their balls touch, “*Forget* about the before. Don’t think about it. You know you want to. Just relax and focus on what you are *now*.”

With a soft moan it grinds back, sensually moving its hips against its Maker, the toy nodding, “Yes Maker, this one will focus on the here and now. And move forward from that,” it says with a soft and tender kiss.

It leans into the kiss, tongues playing for a moment before it breaks it, pulling away, guiding the sergal toy forward, “This one will have ideas for you later, but first we need to warm you up, and it knows just the toy to get you prepared for what is to come, and there will be a lot coming your way toy.”

With a slow rump sway side to side, it leans forward a little, “This one is sure of that Maker, lead the way, this one is eager to get started,” it says with an eager cock twitch, leaning into the feline toy’s touch, following the toy out of the molding rooms, onto the store front, which is just about to open, toward the back toy testing rooms.

“Where’s your fellow toy, it almost always sees you with?” K-2003 asks with a head tilt.

“B-toy has a few things to work on for this one for later,” it explains, moving down the toy testing room hallway, one of the doors is open, two toys inside are busily cleaning and prepping the room for use, double checking that everything is ready for the day.

“This one understands, Maker,” it says, reaching the very end of the hallway.

Sliding its hand down through a secret compartment, K-2373 opens up a keypad that then allows the secret elevator doors to be revealed as they open up, “You know, this one thought it was silly to have such a secret agent feel for a secret elevator, but it has grown on this one.”

With a toothy grin it responds, “It is nice, isn’t it?”

“Quiet,” it says with a mew, stepping into the elevator, pulling its toy along with it, heading down to the fourth floor where the labs are. Their sleek rubber toys are milling about at computer consoles, and larger rubber vats, with some of the material. The demonic black and pink toy is there, peering into some rubber. The feline toy with the high heels and its partner toy are typing away at a computer console, and many others, all busy doing their duties but they all take a moment to stop and say.

“Morning Maker!”

K-2373 mews, “Morning cuties. Is K-1653 ready for our arrival?”

K-0375 answers, “It is Maker. That one is down the hall, first door on the right. It is very eager to show your toy in molding what it has to offer, and to provide a second opinion on the toys it has recently tested.”

“That is what this one likes to hear, come toy,” it commands, tugging K-2003 along to their current final destination. Inside a simple room is a X rack bondage table with red velvet cushioning with leather straps hanging over it. All along the walls organized by size, species, and features are hundreds of dildos and strap ons, up along the shelves in a colorful purposeful rainbow display.

Standing beside the rack is a sleek black rubber, purple highlight umbrion fuck toy, with matching cuffs and collar as all the other toys, and cursive fuck toy lettering. The toy’s soft blue eyes look at the approaching toes, growing eager as its null crotch shows off just how ‘pent up’ it could be. Its sideways moon crescent tag jingles with each movement. “Oh... you are here already. This one just got everything ready.”

K-2373 pulls K-2003 forward, pulling it up to the rack, “This one leaves it to you, and you know where to take it once you’re done with this one, correct?” it asks, reaching out to gently rub and fondle the smooth crotch.

K-1653 smiles, swaying its hips with a soft squeak, moaning softly as it grinds against the feline’s hand, “Yes. This one does.”

It mews, “Good, good luck toys, it puts its trust in both of you to do what is right,” K-2373 says, leaving the two.

“This one will Maker!” K-2003 exclaims, about to rump, wiggle but it manages to stop itself, instead slowly swaying its hips in a like fashion, “Where would you like this one?” it asks, turning to its fellow toy.

“On the rack, this one will set you up and we can get started. It only has two and a half hours with you,” it says softly, helping the toy onto the rack.

“Best get our butts moving then,” it says, sliding onto the rack, watching the toy lock its limbs into place, exposing its rear, more so once the leather straps hanging overhead are used to hold the toy’s tail into place.

“Your butt will be... uh working very hard very soon. It has to prepare you for the next toy you’ll be working with,” it says with a hidden smile, reaching for an average sized feline length with barbs designed to massage the prostate, and a nice tube of high grade Toys-4-Ultra Glide Lubricant.

“This one is ready to work its money Maker hard,” it says, shaking its head and rump in unison.

“It’s sure to do that,” it says softly, pouring copious amounts of cool lubricant onto its fingers, and onto the toy’s exposed hole. The cool sensation makes the sergal toy shiver and moan, “Always good to prepare.”

“But this one is self-lubricating.”

“Can’t hurt to have more and be in the habit of proper sex toy care,” it musses, slipping two fingers into the toy’s rear with a slick squeak, lumping the lubricant into it, “How does that feel?”

While milking the fellow toy’s fingers, it moans softly, wiggling in its bondage, wanting to work against the slender sleek fingers pushing into it, its member twitching as it hangs through an opening designed to let it just sit there in the cool air, helpless and needy.

The umbreon toy takes any excess lubricant left on its hands, and rubs it along the dildo, “This one finds this very stimulating in certain ways, let it know what you think. It would say how but it doesn’t want to alter your perception of it,” it says, slipping the feline dildo into the toy’s rear, which takes it with ease. The heavily lubricated toy oozes out excess as the sergal’s butt happily milks it.

Its bondage jingles as it squeezes the toy, feeling it push within its rear, teasing its sensitive rubber innards, running across the toy’s prostate, the sexual rear hot button of its body, and each rub across it makes its member jump for joy. Cyan pre-cum glistens the sergal’s length, slowly filling the room with that arousing aroma that feeds in the moment.

“If it’s alright with you, tell this one how this feels,” it says enjoying how the toy squirms with each thrust, pulling the dildo till just the tip is within the toy before sliding it back in.

Its moaning softens as it responds, “It’s a good beginner’s fit. Spreading its rear a bit but not too much to shock a beginner or even a virgin, curious user. Its barbs are better than they look, massaging its prostate adding for a more surprising yet delightful experience.”

It tilts its head, ear twitching, feeling a bit surprised at the shift in the toy’s reactions as it responds while being used, “T-that is what this one thought... good to know. How about we go something a bit bigger. Defined, a canine.”

“A classic,” K-2003 responds, moaning as the toy is pulled out. It watches the umbreon place the used toy into a special spot to be cleaned for later, then grabbing a purple canine toy, “Excellent choice.”

It feels an ache within its aroused smooth crotch, blushing a shade of purple, “You act like its a fine wine.”

“Both are enjoyed and deserve to be sampled, no?” it asks, tilting its head.

It giggles, “Touché,” it responds, slipping the new dildo up into the toy’s rear, spreading it wider, angling the tip so it runs across the toy’s prostate, “Good thing about working on males, and being one, you know the best spots to give pleasure to those like you.”

“R-right,” it moans, squeezing the toy, feeling that wonderful knot bounce off its rear, always tempting to spread it wider, to just ‘pop’ right into it. And with each bounce its pushed in harder, spreading it wider, and eventually it does pop into it with an audible squeaking pop and squelch. The toy’s cock twitching, aching, begging to be pleased but loving the thrumming pleasure in its rear as it’s used.

Once the toy gave its opinion, which K-1653 jotted down in a nearby waterproof notepad. Over the next several hours the toy’s got bigger, more exotic, one tested after another, till the umbreon toy grabs a big red and black equine cock, with a pair of balls at the base, and thick

heavy straps to have one wear, “You’re doing a good job toy, but it has to prepare you for the next toy, and their big, so this one has to go big too,” it says with a blushing grin, working to wrap the straps around its legs and body, the cock being comically big for the toy of its size, but it moves and wields it like a pro.

“Ohh, this one is ready,” it says, wiggling its butt, its faded black rubber rear is shiny from the heavy amounts of lubricant used to keep its well-used hole nice and slick, but despite how many toys have used its rear, it looks as tight as ever.

“It has a feeling you would be,” it responds, taking the last of the lubricant, pouring it all over the dildo, drenching it with the slick clear fluid, slathering the flat head with whatever that is left before pressing it against the toy’s tight pucker.

It grinds back, pressing itself against the toy, a puddle of the toy’s own essence marks where it has been dripping on the floor. It’s mind swimming with Maker’s words and its own hungry delightful arousal.

“Without further ado,” it says, it slams the equine dildo into the sergal toy’s rear, which stretches and squeaks loudly as its open wide by the massive dildo’s girth. Both toys moan in delight, the umbreon getting a taste of dominance, while K-2003 simply enjoys the pleasure of being taken by its hungry rear.

The sergal toy’s cock jumps in delight, dripping more copious amounts of its lustful essence onto the floor, adding to the ever-growing pool below it, making the room filled with more arousing aroma that feeds back into the lustful pounding that it’s now receiving. It squeezes and milks the length, feeling how each thrust moves its rubber innards, crushing its prostate to add to higher levels of pleasure, as its body is designed to take all sizes, showing off just how well it can stretch.

Neither toy reaches any kind of climax, but both are very satisfied by their use. The umbreon toy takes a moment to clean up the mess, though not before giving K-2003’s cock a cleaning suckles and a few laps of the fluids that it left behind. It cleans its fellow toy, “Best not to bring you to A-1377 all messy. That one likes to keep the warehouse very clean and well organized.”

“It would hope so, it prevents workplace accidents,” it says with an affirmative nod, the two toys heading out of the laboratory and onto the store floor, which is busy with customers shopping and perusing the aisles. Its destination though is facing toward the store’s front, on the right, the warehouse. They head back there like any other toy, entering the password to get in, where a half a dozen toys are busily working, ensuring everything is in order, organized. Carts are rolled out for bigger items that are needed to replace things.

Standing in this organized chaos is a tall feminine equine toy, with black body, white belly, and red stripes. Its hair starts black, and fades to red, is main too, with red cuffs with a black band that has red matching lettering in bold print “Fuck Toy”. Its golden tag, a pair of aviator wings, reads “A-1377.” The toy’s green eyes catch the two entering, its red cock twitching, knowing what is to come.

“Is this the illustrious X-2003 that Maker has been working on? It’s so busy back here that it rarely gets time to go out onto the store as much as it wants to. So nice of Maker to ensure that it gets some time, ensuring it knows its place within Maker’s store,” it says with a playful grin, the toy’s hands when it bunches them into fists, look like pony hooves, creating the illusion of just how bound up this toy is.

The umbreon smiles, “Y-yes. It was fun testing them, and it prepared it for you. Now it must go return to its work,” it says, hiking its tail, squeezing its pucker, knowing what fun it’s about to go have.

“Enjoy your work, K-1653, this one knows it will with this one,” it says, stepping up, its hooves clip, clipping on the floor.

“Have fun,” the umbreon toy says, heading off.

“Bye, it was fun working with you,” K-2003 says, clenching its pucker, hiking its tail.

“Likewise,” it says with a bashful smirk, exiting.

The sergal toy turns to the horse, “This one is ready to be of use and to get used however you see fit.”

“First... this one is going to give you a tour of our warehouse. A lot has been changed and moved around at this store compared to Grand-Maker’s store. Different shelving locations, a larger section of dildos, and certain gears. Any toy worth its latex, should know where the products are, in order to best serve the customers.”

“This one couldn’t agree more,” it responds with a slow teasing rump sway, following the equine toy through the stockroom, “This one is always pleased to...” it says trailing off, “Right, this one is not supposed to think on that.”

“Think on what? You should be focusing on what this one has to show you,” A-1377 says, guiding the toy up and down the aisles, “Focus is important, and it wants you to focus. Without a good processing of new inventory, the rest of the store won’t function.”

“Is this also where the food products come in for the cafe?”

It smiles, “Excellent question. There’s a service door on the other side of the store where food products are. They are kept separated from the non-edible lewd products.”

“What about the edible lewd products?”

“We get them. Now, follow this one to this area here. This is our small service elevator, where we move up our excess toy inventory.”

“Oh, this one knows that, takes up about a third of the second floor of the store.”

“Is that so?”

“Yup!”

“Hmm, how about this one tests you then on your knowledge of where’s what back here, and the procedures if you are so well-versed in it.”

“This one is up to the challenge,” it responds. It’s a hard twitching cock hanging out in front of it.

The equine toy eyes it, smiling, noticing the sergal toy's eyes looking over its body, focused on its own form, "Aptly put," it remarks, giving a series of questions, each of which the femboy sergal toy quickly answers and more importantly, quickly.

A-toy's eyes light up, "You do know a lot of what is going on back here, but there are a few procedures that seem to be different from what you know, and so it will update you on those before it puts you to work. We'll be getting a shipment later today and it knows exactly how to put you to good work. Maker has told me much about its plans for you."

"It's good to keep open lines of communication so everyone can be on the same page, and things can work smoothly," it says, with a slow rump sway, hiking it slightly. The toy's eyes constantly admire all the cute male toys as they work.

A-1377 lets out a single stomp, "Yes, it could not agree more. It likes to ensure things move smoothly here like a cock through a well lubricated hole. And so, this one is going to get you all pony geared up, and after a quick stress test to see how you move, you'll be helping stock the store shelves by pulling out the cart for other toys. That way you'll get to show yourself off and get an intimate idea of the layout of the store, while watching how we go about unloading trucks here at this particular store."

K-2003's cock jumps at the thought of being put into gear, "That does sound wonderful. It will not brag but inform this one knows its way around pony gear, but it does hope to meet up to your standards. Being a pony toy, you are sure to be the expert on the appropriate attire and use."

With a soft nicker, it guides the toy to the pony gear section, moving through, finding the sergal species pony gear, "It wouldn't say you are too wrong, but just because this one is an equine toy, doesn't mean its an expert on pony gear."

"Wouldn't you be?"

"The boots don't do much for this one," it says with a playful wink.

With a soft blush that is hidden under the faded black latex it says, "Ohh, yeah, this one can see why."

"But it does love it all, as much as it loves to see this place work for its Maker," it says with a soft neigh, grabbing the same pair of pony boots that K-2003 wore the other day, but something else. A large body harness, designed to wrap and tighten around its form, go between its legs, and around its tail, with tons of soft cushion fur lining, belt buckles and straps to tighten everything to perfection, a metal ring to wrap around the base of the toy's cock, past its balls, but one more tantalizing teasing bit of gear. A medium sized equine dildo that is attached to a stretchable silver ring. What makes this extra tantalizing is the dildo is hollowed out and designed to stretch to allow others to have access to the wearer while they are constantly stuffed.

K-2003's cock twitches at the gear, "Oh, that is a popular model. Did you know over thirty-three percent of owners of full set pony gear also have that as a backup set?"

"Toy hears its sixty-eight point nine of users near us that do."

"Awe so close."

"What is?" it asks, flicking its long rubber haired tail.

“You know, people would love it if the statistic was sixty-nine.”

“Can’t help it, it is what it is,” it replies, placing the boots before it, “Feet in.”

“This one always found that saying to be off... oh well,” it responds, slipping its feet into the thigh high boots. The leather shaft grips around the toy’s legs, its feet popping into place after a long drawn-out squeak. One foot then the other, height returning to its form as A-toy takes the time to wrap the laces around the silver hooks, making sure the very long tongue is lined up, and the tight embrace of the boot’s shaft is around the toy’s legs.

With each tug and pull, K-2003’s cock twitches. It admires the equine toy working it into its gear, the body harness being the next thing to go onto it. The weighty gear is felt across its form as the metal straps and rings jingle. The toy’s length is slid through past the cool metal, balls pushed in one then the other, like preparing to wear a chastity ring, which makes it remark, “Are you going to use the chastity attachment to it? Or the equine dildo cover?”

It shakes its head, “It doesn’t feel like that is needed. You’re not going full pony, just halfway there,” it says, with a playful wink, giving the toy’s cock a gentle rub, enjoying the soft moans that escape its lips, “That’s a good toy, you’re presenting yourself so well.”

“This one does try its best,” it remarks, feeling the tightening straps around its body. The line of leather down its spine, along the base of the tail, where a few circular straps attached to it are then tightened. One is at the base of the tail, where the dildo attachment resides, another at the mid-section and last at the base right before the tail fluff.

“You’re keeping great poise while this is put on,” it remarks, grabbing the equine dildo, starting to push it into the toy’s well used, but still tight and lubricated pucker.

“This one has tried much of its gear before its used. Something it learned long ago. Having a haaaaohhhhhh that feels good,” it moans, its rear spread again, the dildo is pushed in nice and deep. The rear spread open, crushed only a little by the toy’s tight grip, the expandable rubber ring soon pressing up against the toy’s rear. A strap at the base of the ring, moves across the toy’s snatch and attaches to the ring that is around the toy’s cock and balls, making a complete and total fit.

“Guess this one doesn’t have to say how does that feel then,” it knickers, checking all the straps, making sure they are nice and tight, form fitting to the toy’s body.

“You know what you are doing, this one can attest to that.”

“It certainly hopes so. It wouldn’t be it, otherwise,” it says, grabbing the pony hand hooves, slipping the toy’s arms into it. The hands pop into the open cavity, the straps tightened, forcing it into L shape the toy’s arm, one then the other, then attaching the arm hooves to the body harness for a little extra layer of bondage.

“You’re doing wonderfully, this one can’t wait to get to work,” it says, swaying its rump, tail hiking a little, which causes the toy within its rear to move a little.

“It has something extra ready for you for this next part,” it says, grabbing a box that was set off to the side, with the writing, “Don’t touch.”

K-2003 gasps, “But that box says don’t touch!” it says with a soft exclamation.

It knickers, “This one wrote it there so it wouldn’t get moved,” it explains.



“Ohh, at least you know it was touched then,” it says with an affirmative nod.

Continuing to knicker, it opens the box, pulling out a pony head gear, without a bit, but with translucent pink visor that fits snugly over the toy’s eyes, “Here we go,” it says, locking the pony head harness into place.

“What’s this?” it asks with a head tilt, the rainbow-colored feather plum swaying over its head. The sensation of being in a familiar attire as before, makes the toy squeeze the dildo in its rump, occasionally the images of those cute males it was staring at during that time bubble up into its mind, flashing into its thoughts before fading just as quickly away, making its cock jump in delight.

“This will help you keep on track on a few levels. First it will guide you to where our items are in store. It’s activated by this one’s or Maker’s voice. It’ll also give you some positive feedback based on your performance, and keep your mind on course throughout your workday. You’ll see in a bit.”

“Of course, this one didn’t mean to rush,” it says, adjusting its position within the gear, giving the pony a little space as it gives one last check over its gear, “Is everything in place?”

“Looks good here. We’ll get you tested on how well you move, but it thinks you’ll pass with flying rainbow colors.”

“Thank you,” it says, following the equine toy out of the stockroom with clip clop steps. The leather creaking against its squeaky latex, with each full gait step the toy makes.

A-1377 states in a loud commanding voice, “This one will be right back, it wants the stockroom ready for the delivery!” The toys back there acknowledge the statement and they are off, guiding the trussed up K-2003 toward the bondage aisles, where there’s a toy on a treadmill at an end cap.

Bound to it, unable to walk off of it if it could, is a sleek black and red rubber fox toy, with wild hair that is matted down by the head harness. It’s tied up in full pony play bondage gear with glistening heavy pony boots that can be heard with each step. Its arms are tied to its side like K-2003’s, with blinders and posture color to keep it in focus.

A-toy places K-2003 by the back, “Wait here, while this one gets J-1375 off that. They might enjoy the break... maybe not,” it knickers, slowing the treadmill to a stop, unhooking the gear, guiding it back down, “Stay there till needed.”

The heavily pony geared toy with its rubbery red and black tail lets out a single stomp.

“Good toy,” A-toy remarks, grabbing K-2003, pulling it up the back steps onto the treadmill, hooking up the bondage straps to it, locking it firmly in place before starting up the treadmill, going slow at first, but steadily speeding up.

The sergal toy walks with full gait, thigh parallel to the ground with each step, its tail swaying for counterbalance, and keeping poise. With each speeding step it does the motions faster, and faster. Walking the line, looking straight ahead.

A-toy commands, “Visor on, no destination.”

The pink tinted world that K-2003 sees suddenly has a quick flashing word here and there in the corner of its vision, that syncs up with the voice spoken in the back of its mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Good toys get rewarded.”

“Good toys get fucked.”

“You want to get fucked.”

“Good toys get fucked with cock.”

“Work hard to get rewarded.”

“Obey to get rewarded.”

“Love cock.”

“Good toy.”

The words, lingering in its vision and mind, don't hinder its ability to walk.

The equine toy takes the time to watch how the sergal moves, admiring its perfectly done gait and ability to keep balance, while everything is going on. It keeps it at a high setting for a moment, then slowly works it back down, letting it move on the treadmill for a good hour before slowing it to a stop, “Well done toys, both of you,” it says, going back up, unhooking K-2003, only to have the wolf pony toy switch places with it, so it can resume its pony play display.

“Come, the truck should have arrived already, and we have work to do,” it says, guiding it back to the stockroom.

“Of course, this one is ready to please,” it says with an affirmative stomp. The words flashing over its visor.

“Good toy.”

“Obey.”

“Get rewarded.”

“You want to get fucked.”

“Good toys get rewarded by a hard fucking.”

“It will be rewarded for obedience.”

It hums to itself, enjoying its work, rump squeezing the toy within its rear, following A-1377 into the back where the organized chaos is under way. Rollers ring out as boxes and totes run down them. The toys are all doing their part like a well-oiled machine, squeaking, moving, everyone knowing what to do.

The equine toy smirks, “Good to see everyone is working well,” it remarks, moving K-2003 over to a large cart full of items already ready to be taken to the store floor. It takes a moment to look over the items, making sure they all fit together, “Ah, rubber latex suits. A new shipment has arrived, and ones we've been out of stock for over a week. This one knows a few customers will be happy to know we have them.”

“They could always order custom fits.”

“Yes, but some want to try out a less perfect fit to see if it's for them.”

K-2003 nods, “This is very true.”

“Now, you're going to help take these items out to the suiting aisle,” it says, taking a moment to grab some straps to hook the toy up to the cart like it's a pony cart to be pulled about.

The visor suddenly has a highlighted light, which draws the toy's attention to it and as it's turned the light moves, and it quickly becomes clear that it's indicating where the toy is to go, and with it feels a low vibration coming from its rear, "Ohh..."

"That sounds like it's working. It's all been designed to work together, part of even with your collar, this one is sure you don't mind, do you toy?" it asks, double checking the gear, making sure its in place.

It stomps twice, shaking its head, "No, this one doesn't."

With knicker it says, "Giddy up toy. You should know where to go," it says, opening the door for it.

"This one aims to please," it responds, feeling the bondage grow taut, its steps slow at first, but steadily building momentum as it tugs the latex suits onto the store floor. With each step towards its destination the vibration in its rear grows stronger. Its cock jumps in delight, walking the full gait towards its destination.

There they find an anthropomorphic purple and midnight blue, with a pink trim martin toy, which is a ferret weasel hybrid. It's cuffs are purple and midnight blue with pink fuck toy lettering. It has a nice set of pink handles on its shoulders and hips. The toy's feminine frame is alluring and draws K-2003's attention to it, the vibrating ring now audible to those close by.

The toy with the designation S-1883 gives a cordial bow. Its black eyes with sky blue glowing pupils admire the two toys that approach, "How may this one be of service?" it asks, noticing the cart being pulled by its fellow toy, "Oh, shipment is here then."

"It is. It's here to help stock and get this cart cleared up for more," says A-1377.

"It appreciates the help," it remarks, the two toys getting to work.

K-2003 stands there, getting constantly teased in its rear, feeling the soft vibrations, toying with its behind, its rump squeezing it, but it remains still, composed, calm. The toy's experience shows through as the other two work diligently not wasting any time getting the new items up, and ready to be sold. Other customers pass and enjoy the view, some taking a few pictures, and yet it remains in its position, waiting patiently for it to be used again.

"Good toy."

"Obey."

"Service."

"Get rewarded."

"Rewarded toys get fucked."

"Getting fucked is a reward."

"Good toys want to be rewarded."

"Good toys love dick."

"You are a good toy."

Once everything is unloaded from the cart, A-toy says, "Back to the stockroom," and in that moment the vibrations within K-2003's rear drop down to the very minimal, and its with each step back to whence it came, resuming the rewarding tease that is only visible on the toy's

twitching, throbbing length, and the steadily growing audible buzz that a few passerbyers catch and take a double take.

The truck is still rushing down boxes of items, and the empty cart is a much-appreciated reprieve from the stocking boxes. A-toy hitches to a different cart, this one even more stacked than the last, “Let’s see, which one does this go too... ah, BDSM gear, you know where that is, don’t you toy?”

The visor lights up, and the vibration resets, “Yes it does,” it states with a solid firm stomp. Off they go again, back onto the store floor, with a bit more difficulty due to the wait of the boxes, but the toy’s strength kicks in, easily overcoming any obstacle. They head to the far end of the store, the bondage and pet play aisles are massive with all sorts of gear being examined, looked at, models and toys presenting for the customer.

One toy though is eager to see them bring in their things to put away. A sleek anthropomorphic deer toy. Their white belly is well polished with light purple back, and stripes along their thighs. Their tail has a soft baby blue splash of color that has a white star in it. It clip clops on its hooves, its soft light blue eyes admire the toy’s approach, enjoying that the sergal toy is certainly admiring it in kind. Its collar, a unique blue on one side, purple on the other, has a moon and star tag that reads H-1139, “Oh, is the gear here?” it asks with a soft effeminate bleat, its tail wiggling, it tilts its head to the side showing off its effeminate nubs of its ‘former’ antlers.

“Yup, a lot of gear came in, good thing we had this toy here to help this one pull it along,” A-1377 explains with a sly smirk.

The toy smiles in kind, “Oh, you know that isn’t needed, but very nice gear it has, almost jealous... almost,” it responds with a playful wink, getting to work unboxing and putting the gear up where they belong. Both toys work with such expertise, it was like they were made to put these items away. Occasionally a customer will come and ask some questions and H-toy is more than happy to stop what it's doing and provide a service to the wayward and curious customers.

The process of being teased and vibrated while pulling the carts from one destination to the next, keeping K-2003 on a sexual teasing high, working hard toward that ever-elusive reward, continues through the hours. Occasionally there’s an image that flashes when the word ‘reward’ pops up, and it’s always of a gay submissive lewd position of two males, one taking the other, with focus on the male being taken. It’s cock twitches with each joyful flash.

The doldrum constant work helps it focus on the tasks, and it teases with equal delight and eagerness, knowing deep down that it's completing its tasks, working towards that sweet reward that leaves the toy with that lingering growing desire. Occasionally the flash shows A-1377, letting it know just exactly who is going to give it its reward at the end of the day.

And it takes till the store is near closing for all the stocking from the truck to be completed. K-2003 stands in an idle position, swaying its rump slow and steady, cock aching, dribbling a little bit of its arousing pre-cum as its unhitched from the last cart.

A-1377 neighs, “That was a big truck and a lot of work, but we got it all done. Great work everyone!” it compliments, a few toys that are working a night shift to keep the stockroom organized, and cleaned are slipping in to their duties, as even as the store closes there’s work to

be done, toys constantly shifting from work, to pleasure, to charging, “Now that this one is done with its duties...” it says, the toy’s demeanor shifting, the red flaccid equine cock, quickly hardening before the toy.

K-2003’s eyes are drawn to the length, its own feeling strained, and delighted at the sight, it lets out a stomp of eagerness, “This one hopes it has done well. But only you would know since you stayed with this the entire time,” it says, clenching the toy in its rear, which is still vibrating vigorously, the last command given to the visor was to be in the stockroom.

“You’ve done wonderfully. It was told you were an experienced toy, and to see you at work was just a joy that is brought to this one. But now that work is done, we can play,” it says, gently running a hoofed finger across the toy’s twitching length, “You’ve earned it toy. For being such a good toy, you should get the reward you so desperately want.”

“Good service is a reward in of itself, but this one will be pleased to provide you with some extra enjoyment,” it says with a slow rump sway, and a playful wink.

“Now toy, this one knows you want more than that, but your pose and control over yourself, it’s just perfect. It can appreciate good work, and now,” it says, gently caressing the toy’s cock, sliding its hand down the length, down to the toy’s aching full orbs, “It will enjoy you.”

“It appreciates the use,” it responds, grinding against the toy’s touch, that arousing pre-cum getting on the other toy’s hand, seeping into its rubber, bolstering the equine toy’s sex drive.

A-toy runs its hands along the sides of the sleek rubber sergal toy, tugging on the body harness, making the toy’s member grump as its cock heads playfully ‘kiss’ one another, “Good toy, you want your reward, aching for it.”

“Good toys love their rewards.”

“You want to get fucked.”

“Ache to get fucked.”

An image of the toy before it, pounding another toy, though it's hard to tell what kind of toy it's taking, forcing the sergal toy to fill in the blank with itself. Its rear squeezing the dildo in its rear.

“Toy loves to be taken by cock.”

“Good toys are taken by cock.”

“You love cock.”

“You are X-2003.”

It takes slow deep breaths, looking at the words in the view screen. It hikes its tail as A-toy walks around it, “There is no rules against toys fucking in the stockroom, but it’s so busy back here usually that it’s not the time nor the place for it, but...” it says, reaching around, pressing the tip of its length against the toy’s forced open hole. Its hands caressing the toy’s bondage gear, one hand near its chest the other near its belly, “If we clean up after ourselves, there won’t be a problem if we do it right here, right now.”

It lets out a soft girly moan, pressing its rear against the twitching cock behind it, “This one doesn’t see why. Any room has to be cleaned anyway. It doesn’t matter too much where

you want to take this one and reward it,” it says, pressing its back up against the smooth strong equine. The touch makes it tingle in delight, cock ache harder, member twitching.

“Good toy. Now beg for this one to take you. Tell it how much you want it to have you. Just this once, don’t hold back.”

The toy’s member twitches at the thought, images flash past its eyes, the words repeating, “Good toys want cock. Good toys want cock. You are a good toy.” It couldn’t help itself but repeat the words before it.

“Please, take this one. It wants cock,” it moans, “It wants to be taken. It has been a good toy. It wants to be rewarded for its good work. Good toys get rewarded. Good toys get cock. Show this one is a good toy by giving it cock,” it says, rump clenching on the equine toy’s cock tip, pulling it into its body but just the tip.

A-1377 thrusts into the toy, grunting, the member spreading around the ring, which expands to fit its girth. Slowly it sinks into the toy’s hungry wanting rear, spreading the dildo within it, further pleasuring it with an impossibly tight teasing fit. With each new thrust it is driven in deeper, pre-cum helping lubricate the hole, “That’s its toy. You got it. You are a *good* toy, and good toys get fucked.”

It arches its back, “Yes. Good toys get fucked. Good toys get fucked. This one is a good toy,” it moans, milking the cock as it moves in deeper. Shuddering when the equine toy reaches down to grasp its twitching faded cyan length, “This one is pleased to be a good toy for you.”

It neighs, thrusting in again, balls smacking the toy’s butt, “It appreciates such a good toy as yourself. It wanted to take you over and over for being such a good toy. But we had work to do. A job to be done. But now that’s over. It can now reward you like you deserve,” it says, slowly pulling out.

K-2003 pulls against it, squeezing the length, enjoying every inch of it as it runs across its prostate and so much more. Its entire rear is a burning heat of sensitive rubber that wants to be teased and played with. The warmth building within it, the pressure, a gorgeous feeling of unbridled lust and sexual pleasure. It keeps focus, calm, even with each moan, and hungering sexual delight, it provides its service to the larger toy. It gives back as much as it’s taken with each squeaky thrust, moan, and gasp.

A-toy runs its head against the side of K-2003’s head, avoiding the tickling feather head crest. Its thrusts are growing stronger, firmer, showing off the prowess of this study, that is more than just a show pony, but a real workhorse.

The sergal toy’s cock bounces and shifts with each thrust, the vibration from its toy in its rear, adding to each other’s delight. Every tight squeeze doubles, if not triples the pleasure the other is feeling. They could make this fast, and quick, but after such a long burn working with each other, why rush it? They’ve waited this long; they can now enjoy the bond and delight of a good hard fuck.

The other toys work around them, admiring the display, while keeping to their tasks, knowing that would displease A-1377 and perhaps break the wonderful display they are being treated to. They continue to work so they may continue to play.

They moan, K-2003 lifting one foot up in hungering pleasure delight, its hands clenching in its hoof, the gear straining against its body. It stomps down as it thrusts back hard against the equine toy. The two work in tandem to push each other to their limits. The visor still feeds words, desires, lusts, commands into the sergal toy, one that even A-toy can see, which drives it even more wild.

The stallion knows what to do, speeding up the rhythm like it did with the treadmill. Harder, quick, stronger. The squeaks became constant. Faster. Thrusting deeper. Cocks bouncing, balls smacking. A-toy's grip around K-2003's cock grows stronger. Stroking. Guiding. Pleasure rising. The tidal wave of pleasure held back by a cracking dam. All it needed was a feather's touch more. The straw to break the camel's back. Yet neither wanted to be the one that sends them over the edge. They just continue to pile up the pleasure, the heat of the moment. Adding more to something that each addition should have sent them off already.

Constantly they draw each other deeper. The experienced toy, and the powerful stud. Two powerful toys in their own right, working harder. They lose each other at the moment. Holding close, almost bound together in this moment. Then, something happens.

A feline's voice, domineering, strong, yet so feminine in its own right, the voice of the Maker, K-2373, who has been standing in the doorway of the stockroom for an untold amount of time says the word. The one word that is the gentle breeze to cause the tornado. The push that makes their walls crumble. The signal that expresses just how much control their Maker has over them. Just how much K-2003 is letting K-2373 take command over it.

"Cum toys."

A loud neigh.

A loud feminine moan.

Gushing red latex seed deep into the toy's rear, spreading the dildo wider, like a condom filling up the toy with the sergal, making it feel more filled by an even larger length, while its cyan translucent seed gushes out, aimed over one spot on the floor, avoiding the pony gear. A-toy making sure that what has to be cleaned is as minimal as possible.

The burst of pleasure through K-2003 is wonderful, flashing the words, "Good gay toy." and images of gay sex in this moment, reinforcing the delight and pleasure of the moment. It's rear milks the equine toy of all its worth.

K-2373 watches them enjoy their moment in their afterglow, giving them a couple of good moments of several delightful thrusts from A-toy into the sergal's rear, which moans out in eagerness. They pant heavily, despite not really needing to, their design giving the feel of complete and utter sexual satisfaction.

"You're wonderful," A-1377 whispers into the toy's ears, that twitch.

"You're great too," K-2003 responds, squeezing the toy's length, clenching down when it was time to get that one final pull out, showing just how powerful its rear is that it can fight against the dildos desire to remain empty and close off the end, so not a drop of seed is split onto the floor. To help it leans forward, letting itself fall over and clip clop onto the ground like a true

pony, chest hanging a mere inch off the ground and the seed it spilt. Some of which it manages to lick up, making a few other toy's take notice.

K-2373 mews, "Now, you are just showing off."

"This one likes to do a good job, and to keep the stockroom clean," it says with a playful wink and a slow rump wiggle.

A-1377 shudders, stroking its length, noticing that not even a drop comes from its length, and that its member is nearly devoid of any of its spunk, "Now, that is a tight squeaky clean squeeze," it neighs, "That's one experienced ass you have there, X-2003," it says, giving the butt a playful smack and squeeze.

"Thank you," it moans, slowly swaying its hips, "It aims to please."

"You've done well, now, let it get you out of that gear, don't want to get a bunch of seed on it, after it tried to make sure that didn't happen."

"Oh... sorry!" it exclaims, ears folding back, looking up at it.

It knickers, "Totally fine," it says, taking the moment to carefully undo the body harness first, pulling the dildo out of the toy, which in the end overflows now that the pressure that kept the toy expanded within its body is released, "Dang nabbit," it neighs.

K-2373 chuckles and mews, "Fear not, this one knows X-2003 will be more than happy to clean up the mess before it takes it to its next area back over to the cafe."

"The cafe?" K-2003 asks, tilting its head.

"Closing night duties. It wants you to be there for that."

"Yes Maker, this one will have to get very cleaned up before heading over there."

"It knows you will be, A-1377 will see to it, won't you?" it asks, looking at the equine toy.

"With pleasure Maker," it says with a hoof stomp, working to get the toy out of all the gear, freeing it from its confines, before taking the time to clean up everything, washing the floor, absorbing all the toy seed that dripped onto the floor, ensuring the floor wasn't slippery so no toy would slip, followed by a good scrubbing and cleaning of K-2003's body, leaving it shiny and squeaky clean once more.

"How's this Maker?" A-toy asks, as K-2373 who simply monitored the happenings, joined by B-toy as they discuss various ideas going through their minds, but knowing there is still much to do before this day is done.

"Perfect. It appreciates the work you've done, and how well you keep this stockroom working. The store couldn't be as wonderful as it is, without your contributions."

A-toy blushes, letting out a bashful hoof stomp, "Awe, Maker, thank you, so much for your kind words."

"They are well deserved. Come X-2003, you are far from done."

"Yes Maker," K-2003 responds with a slow rump sway, hiking its tail a little, walking over to the feline toy.



“The store just closed no more than ten minutes ago, so you won’t have missed much of the closing duties,” K-2373 explains.

“Yes Maker, it understands. It’ll do its best and learn how it’s done. Keeping safety food and allergy regulations is very important.”

“Good toy, this one knew you’d understand. And it is loving how you are looking and sounding, keep up the good work.”

“Awe, Maker, thank you for the kind words,” it says, with a sense of blush within its cheeks, heading across the store to the cafe, where toys are busily mopping and cleaning the floor, chairs, and disinfecting things.

There, V-1371 lets out a soft murr, seeing its Maker and fellow toy approach, “Hello, this one hopes everything is going well?”

“Everything is functioning fine. This one wants you to show this toy how to close up shop, so when it is back here helping the cafe, it knows what to do.”

V-toy stiffens up, cock twitching, “With pleasure Maker! It aims to fulfill its duties.”

“It knows you will, but where is M-7373?” it asks with a soft mew, looking around.

“That one is busy checking inventory and stock in the back once it’s done checking out the draws, counting the money.”

“Good, to always keep a good record of it Maker,” says K-2003.

“Of course. Let this one know that it’s free to do what it needs with this toy once they’re able to.”

V-toy nods, “Yes Maker, it will let it know,” it responds, taking K-2003 by the hand, “Come toy, this one has a lot to show you.”

“With pleasure,” K-2003 says, turning back to its Maker, “Thank you for your hard work, it is really learning a lot.”

“We aren’t done yet, tomorrow will be mind blowing fun for you toy,” it says with a playful wink, heading off with B-toy, “We’ll be back once it’s time for you to get your molding.”

“Alright, Maker,” it says, slowly turning around, swaying its hips as it turns to face, V-toy, “It’s ready.”

“Good, good,” it says, the toy’s tail running across the sergal’s twitching length, the cool temperature teasing it, but for the time, they go over everything. Cleaning procedures, disinfecting. Checking the expiration on the food items, checking the amount of stock left from its ‘daily bakes’ so that a more balanced and correct total of what is needed on a day-by-day basis can be established. Can you do that as this one checks something in the back right quick?”

“Of course, this one can!” says K-2003 with a teasing rump sway, “It won’t take it long.”

“Perfect, this one will be right back,” says V-1371, heading off when the sleek black and blue feline toy R-1355 stalks over to the sergal toy, its eyes glowing, cock twitching.

The sergal toy holds out a little clipboard, marking down the current stock of food, “Hmm, seems bear claws are very popular...” it remarks.

“They are, this one served many of those, and long johns to the customers,” R-toy purrs, moving up behind the toy, running a hand along its back, “It hopes you don’t mind if it double checks your numbers,” it purrs, its blue length gently pressing against the toy’s back door.

K-2003 shudders, gently milking the cock tip, “Oh... this one would not mind help crunching numbers, though it will have to warn that since we are near the food products, we should be careful with contamination,” it says with a soft moan, feeling the toy pushing in deeper.

“This one knows, it’s very good at getting close and keeping it clean,” it purrs, giving a playful thrust up into the toy, sliding the door closed to the food so the sergal’s twitching length runs up against the glass door with a long squeak, “You are a very tight toy,” it grunts, hands caressing the toy’s belly, “It always wondered what you’d feel like.

With a soft murr it milks the feline’s pillar, the soft feline spines are ribbed for everyone’s pleasure, enjoying the warmth and pleasure of it gently grinding against its prostate, its cock pressed up against the glass that would be a devilish tease to anyone... such as A-toy, which silently cleans the tables and enjoys the show from its position.

The other two toys don’t mind, as it’s taken faster, harder, a nice quick romp into it as the sergal moans, “We should be counting...” it says, toes curling as the feline’s dick pushes in nice and deep.

R-toy grins, “Sure, we can count,” it mews, “One, two...three... four,” it says, counting each thrust into the toy’s tight rear, “How many fucks will it take to get to the center of this sergal toy’s climax?” it chuckles.

“As many as it requires,” it says with a moan, pre-cum smearing across the glass, “But it shouldn’t make a mess with itself... but if you want to with it...” K-2003 replies, grinding itself against the toy, milking its length, drawing it in deeper into its body, listening to the toy count.

“Sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight,” the pounding getting faster, quicker, not wanting to take too long knowing the other toys could catch wind of their little romp. Knowing they should be getting to work instead of mating, a little thrill rushing through them, “Two hundred and twenty-three...” the toy counts out, when it finally hits the wall, unleashing its load, “Two hundred, ninety-six!” it exclaims, filling the toy with its warm essence.

The sergal’s cock twitches, pleasure building up within it, brought to the bring, but it merely edges as it grinds itself against the glass, trying not to go too hard to damage anything, taking in all the wonderful toy essence into it, enjoying the feel, “You mean two hundred, ninety-six, not sex,” it says with a giggle.

“It knows what it said,” R-toy replies, licking the toy’s ear, purring softly, “And the numbers for the pastries are...” The toy gives the numbers of items that were sold.

“H-how did you count them?” It asks, tilting its head, feeling the toy slowly pull out of it, the toy’s rear tightly clenching.

“As it said... it was counting the whole time,” it gives a playful wink, helping clean the pre-cum smudge on the glass.

“Oh...” it blushes a bit.

“Thanks for the quickie,” it says, smooching the toy’s cheek.

“Welcome,” it purrs, double checking the fellow toy’s work as V-toy returns a few moments later.

“Alright, everything is ready, are you good here?”

“Yup, this one is.”

“Alright, then from here we go into the kitchen which is hidden away in a back room, and they go over what needs to be cleaned, although all of it is already cleaned and disinfected for the day, as no baking occurs the last few hours the store is open.

“Now, you do have air vents for good circulation and to give the freshly baked goods smell around the bakery, yes?”

V-toy takes a moment to think about that, “Ah... this one thinks so, yes?”

“Good, good, it thinks it had that, but was just... hmm never mind, it's focusing on the now and not the before,” it says with a nod.

“Good toy, focus on your duties... but it will say all that really needs to be done is done by now, that we can do.”

“It is?” it asks, hiking its butt, looking over its shoulder at it.

V-toy moans softly, admiring that ass, its cock twitching in need, “Y-yes. So, till M-toy is ready to see you, it thinks we have some time to just enjoy each other.”

“Enjoy each other? Where?”

“Here.”

“Here where the food stuffs are?”

“If we remain close and don’t make a mess,” it says with a tease, reaching up, pulling K-2003 close against it, letting the toy feel its chilled body, “Nothing too explicit, perhaps a nice snuggle, and hug,” it says, running its hands across the toy’s chest, “It’s good to embrace each other at times. To relax and enjoy each other’s touch,” it says, licking across the toy’s ear.

It moans softly, pressing up against it, its length twitching, “But what about its length? It doesn’t want to make a mess and drip all over here, and it knows it's been very... active as of late,” it cautions.

“Relax, this one has an idea to keep the place clean,” it says, its tail whips around, latching onto the sergal toy’s cock tip. It gingerly suckles the length, pulling it all the way in, “There we go, no more dripping problem,” it says with a grin, pulling the sergal toy down into its lap, as they sit on the food, feeling the cool tiles against their bodies, which only grow colder by V-toy’s presence.

“O-oh, this one can see that now,” it grins, feeling the toy’s cock grind up against it, “Do you want this one to plug you up too?”

“Perhaps... just to be safe,” it says, adjusting, slipping itself into the toy’s rear, slowly sliding in, filling the sergal with the cool teasing sensation of its length. It grins watching its fellow toy moan in delight, embracing it in one hug, when its wings pull around to double it.

“Very good idea,” K-2003 moans, milking the length a bit, enjoying the feel of something back within its rear, its twitching member tenderly suckled as it leans up against the toy, “This is nice... but the toy is worried about any food safety hazards.”

“We are away from the food, relax toy. Enjoy its touch, its embrace, the time we spend together,” it replies, nuzzling and kissing the toy’s cheek, “Now isn’t this nice?”

It presses its rear against its fellow toy, milking the member, “Oh, it is lovely, it has concerns, but it is here to learn, so it will trust you,” it says pressing itself nice and tight against the draco-wolf toy. Soft moans escape them, as they simply enjoy the moment, the feel of each other’s smooth rubber forms. The sensual teasing and latex, as they return the favor, given to the other through tender milking and squeezing.

V-toy’s wings, running around the toy, holding it like a blanket, while the toy’s hands caress its nipples, massage the chest and add hold them very close together while the sergal toy, gently caresses its muzzle in kind, leaning in to give soft tender kisses, “Hmm, this is wonderful.”

“Yes, it is indeed wonderful. It gives me good reason to enjoy punishing both of you,” M-7373 says, standing in the door frame, the leopard toy looks over the display, its cock twitching and throbbing in delight.

“M-7373!” exclaims V-toy, moaning as K-2003 squeezes its length, “This one was just taking some time to wait for you. It was told that when you are free that this toy here is open to however you need it.”

It smirks, “It knows that already. It was wondering where X-2003 went off to, and here it finds you two together in the kitchen, having sensual teasing cuddle-sex.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “We weren’t having any cuddle sex, just cuddles. And it did inquire about the food but was told it would be fine if we did it on this spot.”

M-toy tilts its head, walking up closer with a sensual hip sway with each step, “You were now, were you?”

“Yup.”

“Hmm,” it says with a grin, looking over at V-toy, “How very interesting. This one might have to do something about that and its training then...”

V-toy slowly pulls its tail off from K-2003’s length, “This one was being really careful.”

“Oh, it is sure, but it's best to follow the rules and to be careful,” he states, standing over the towers, “Stand,” it commands.

The two toys doing so, V-toy pulling out of K-2003 in the process, wings folding back, “It didn’t mean to cause any harm.”

“This one is sure.”

K-2003 steps up, “it apologies, it should have been more forceful and careful, but its been told to remain submissive today, so it has not been forceful.”

“This one knows, which is why it will be on V-toy more than you, but you don’t get off on this either.”

“It wouldn’t want to,” it responds with a nod, its ears folded back.

“Glad to hear you’re taking responsibility. V-1371, give this entire kitchen a deep clean.”

“A deep clean? But that’s a once-a-month job and we’ve been only open for less than a week.”

“You heard it. You sullied; you clean.”

“As you wish,” it says, with a bow.

K-2003 speaks up, “Shall this one help?”

“No, it has other ideas for you,” it states, grabbing the toy’s length, pulling it along, out of the room.

“As you wish, good luck V-1371, sorry about this!”

V-toy waves, “It’s fine, this is on this one,” it replies, watching the two leave, thinking, “*This was your idea... sneaky M-7373.*”

M-7373 gently runs its hands along the toy’s butt, “You have a well molded butt, how very delightful,” it says with a playful growl, moving in close to gently bite K-2003’s ear, while still guiding it into the small ‘office’ in the directional ‘back’ of the cafe, where it did all the cashier work and place to keep track of inventory logs and part of the ‘business’ side of the actual cafe.

“It is really sorry it caused an issue,” it says with a soft moan, hearing its ear squeak like a cat chewing on a chew toy.

M-toy nibbles on the ear a moment longer, “You’ll make up for it, don’t you worry, and if you do a good job, all will be forgiven. And Maker won’t have to know you made a simple mistake.”

K-2003 moans, a cold shiver running down its spine, cock twitching, “It will do good. This one is a good toy and would not want to let Maker down in anyway.”

The leopard toy gently runs its hands along the smooth supple rump, gently caressing the small of the toy’s back, “It knows you will. It has confidence in your skill. It has heard much about how well you’ve been performing thus far. It wouldn’t be so crude to let a little mistake ruin it all, but it’s not going to make you compensate this one for the extra work it has to do,” it says with a coy smile.

The sergal toy leans back against the touch, hiking its tail slowly, like a cat who was just pet at the base of its tail, “This one will do everything it can for you, M-7373.”

“Please, call this one Master for the moment. It thinks it deserves that title. After all, it runs the cafe and you are one of its cafe toy associates, working underneath it, wouldn’t you say?”

It lets out a soft moan, cock twitching, “Yes Master, this one understands,” it says, a tingle of delight shooting through it.

“That felt good, didn’t it?”

“Yes Master, it did,” it responds, the same sensation coming over it.

“That’s a good toy. But before it has you *kneel* before it. You must earn that privilege, understand?”

It shudders, nodding, "Of course, Master. This one will do everything it can for you."

"That's a good toy," it says, running a finger across the toy's chin, "Organize the papers in this room, then it'll want you to clean the floors, the desks, make sure the keyboard is clean, use the can of air in the connecting utility closet. Were you able to catch all of that X-2003?" it asks, crossing its arms over its chest, resting its head in the palm of one of its hands.

It nods, giving a cordial bow, "With pleasure Master. The utility closet was the other door in this hallway, wasn't it?"

"Yup, that's the one."

"Okay, but first it will organize the papers that's here so all the spaces will be clean for when it... uh cleans," it says with a bashful squeak, swaying its hips side to side.

M-toy chuckles, "Good, very good," it says, the toy watching it like a hawk, or more aptly, a feline stalking its prey. It admires the smooth movements, the twitching length that is just barely stopping itself from dripping. The little bit of beading pre-cum on the tip is a delightful tease especially when the light just catches it.

The feline grows hungrier, the sergal toy's arousing aroma from its pre-cum filling the small office space, bolstering its arousal, but yet it keeps its composure, sticking to the plan that it has in mind, motivated but its own domineering, controlling desires. Qualities that help make it the perfect toy to run the cafe, to ensure as a manager it knows what to do. It recalls what it took to get it, and the forcefulness it had, now it gets to have that forcefulness with the very toy before it. Its length twitches in anticipation, ready to take it, but not yet, not till it's ready and K-2003 has *earned* its right to please it, not before.

"You're good at doing what you're told," M-toy remarks, watching the toy's cute rump sway.

It nods, "Of course, this one was told to. Today is a submissive day, so its focusing on that."

"Yes, but this one needs more than that."

"More?" it asks, tilting its head.

"It's no fun if you just give in, do what this one says, and earn a good fucking from this one."

"Oh?" it asks with a slight grin, "Are you giving this one permission to be a bit more... confrontational?"

It quirks an eyebrow, "Confrontational? Why say that compared to let's say... nervous or pretending to be inexperienced, or unwilling to do as you're told?"

The toy stops what it's doing, sauntering back over to the feline toy, its hand gently running down its chest, "Though this one is not thinking about other things except this store... did you really think it would not do a bit of research on the top toys here? To know what Maker has been up to? This one is a very good toy and knows these things," it says with a playful wink, its finger gently running across its fellow toy's nipples.

It huffs, "Have you? Well," it says rolling its eyes a bit looking over the room, "It would be best if it didn't mess with Maker's plans, perhaps once you're meant to be more dominant, it

can see how well you hold up,” he says with a cocky smirk, “Then it will show you who is top cat around here.”

“Toy already knows who that is,” it remarks, pulling away, its fingers gently tracing down the belly, giving the red feline cock tip a gently quick touch.

“And who is that?”

“Maker of course,” it responds, swaying its hips, turning back, “And you’re right, best not to mess with Maker’s plans, we’ll have to put a pin on that cap... not sure why you’d want to pin a cap, but you know what this one means.”

M-7373 huffs, approaching the sergal toy, hands running along the toy’s angular muzzle, “Yes, we shall, and it appreciates your quick willingness to... switch it up as needed, knowing you can just entice it more,” it purrs, its cock twitching.

“Well, this one does aim to please,” it says, running its hands across itself, fingers gently touching its twitching member, while it eyes the lovely form of the femboy leopard before it, “Please, let it finish its task, and you can decide if it has earned its fun or not,” it responds with a teasing wink.

With exaggerated hand gestures it replies, “Please go right ahead. Show this one what you can do, and then it will decide if it will forget that little transgression of yours... for now. Get to work.”

“With pleasure Master,” it says, turning around, hiking its butt, showing off its balls when it closes its thighs, while doing the last of its duties, hearing the soft purr from its current Master, knowing its doing a wonderful job teasing it as well as completing the task. The thought of which makes its member jump for joy.

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

*“Good toys tease.”*

*“Good toys love males.”*

*“You are a good toy.”*

*“You are X-2003.”*

A loud echoing slap echoes within the office, the hard hit on the sergal toy’s rubber ass makes it moan, arching its back, tail lifting up, “Oh, Master... did it do something wrong?”

With a tight butt squeeze, fingers kneading it like any respectable cat would do when it kneads anything, “No, nothing yet at least,” it purrs, spreading the toy’s butt cheeks, showing off its cute cyan pucker. The feline’s red length presses up against the hole, spurting a little bit of pre-cum onto it before it grinds and hotdogs it.

K-2003’s member twitches, jumping for joy when it feels that warm member against its rear, its body wanting to feel that hard cock sink right into it, filling its mind with ever increasing lewd thoughts. It looks over its shoulder at it, “However this one can do to please you Master.”

The feline toy leans in closer, pressing its chest against the toy’s back, grinding harder, “Toy, it knows you will do everything in your power to please it, but there are times when it, decides how the pleasure shall be done,” it purrs, biting the toy’s neck right above the collar just as it pulls back and slams itself into the toy.

It moans softly, squeezing the length as it's taken, its member twitching, and dribbling, increasing the arousing aroma in the room, fueling the fires that feed them both. M-toy pounding away in the toy's tight squeaky wear, making the sergal jerk forward against the countertop.

The sergal holds itself against it, milking the Master's length, feeling the playful bite, which is followed by soft sensual licks, its ears twitching when the feline speaks.

"Good toy, just like that. Show it what you have," it states, its thrusting growing stronger, faster, and moans deeper.

"Yes master, this one will," it gasps, cock bouncing, hips bucking up against the other toy. Its balls are churning away, already feeling heavy despite how short it's been since it last climaxed.

"Good toy," it states, pounding faster, balls slapping against the sergal's butt as hard as it did. Its hands caressing the sergal's sides, holding it and feeling it up, causing loud squeaks, enjoying the feel and contour of every inch of the toy's body as it hammers itself deeper into it.

It expertly milks the raging boner within its rear, the toy takes in the delicious cock as it hits its internal hot button over and over again, yet its focus is giving back as much if not more what it gives. Its soft moans a delightful tease, adding to the atmosphere as it works to push the feline over the edge.

The pressure builds up within M-7373's loins. It desires to take this toy harder, faster, to put it in its place, fuck it after everything that has happened. It imagines all the work it had to go through, that meeting, and its outburst to establish itself before it. Now it's fucking it so very hard now. The high on the thought of its dominance over it sends it over the edge, and with a loud mowl, it bites hard onto the sergal toy's ear, chewing on it as it unleashes a hot flood of toy seed.

The bite sends a shock of pleasure and delight through it, followed by the sensation of the warm essence flowing into it, the toy milking the red length bucking against it, matching the leopard's motions, letting it control the pace of the moment, only working to enhance whatever it decides.

When the climactic high subsides M-toy slowly pulls out, moaning at the tight milking grip of the sergal toy before it. Its member slipping out with nary drop left within its length, "Oh, now isn't that something," it muses, smacking the toy's ass.

It responds with a soft moan, hiking the rump higher, tail raising, "What is Master?" it asks, tilting its head.

"That is one expert ass you have there. Like it was made for taking cock."

"Well..." it slowly sways it side to side, letting M-toy's cock run against its cheeks, "Maker helps with that with its molding, so it can't be all it."

"Guess, that means your ass was made for taking dick," he smirks, "Such a slut."

"That would be an apt description yes," it says, gently grinding back, "What would you like it to do now? Has it met your requirements?"



“Hmm, well...” it says, running its hands along the toy’s spine, “What do you think? Do you think you’ve been a good enough toy to wrap your lips around my cock? Have you done the work, to deserve sucking down this one’s cum, and letting this one flood down your throat?”

It softly moans, leaning back against the toy, “Ohh, what a sneaky thing to say. Making this one play with its own desires and guessing yours. If it's too confident and saying yes, leaning on its own selfish desires, then it would not be a good toy, serving you to the best of its own ability, Master.”

It crosses its arms, resting its chin on the palm of its hand, “Is that so? Are you saying you have a desire to suck this one off that is all your own?”

It smirks, “A good toy is wanting to be of service to others, including its fellow toys, like you being of service to take and top this one’s ass,” it responds with a slow and gentle grind of its rear against the feline’s length.

“You could say that, but this one has a fond enjoyment in being the top. In charge, its why Maker was gracious enough to put this one in charge of the cafe, so it has a place to focus its top energies.”

“While serving customers and users,” it playfully winks.

“Are you trying to rile this one up a bit, toy? Or are you trying to deflect its earlier questions?”

The sergal toy has a big toothy grin. “Well Master, that would be for you to decide, wouldn’t it?”

“Now it knows you are trying to pull a fast one on it,” it states, smacking the toy’s ass nice and hard, “Kneel toy.”

It moans, hiking its ass, “As you wish Master,” it slowly lowers itself, grinding its rear against its fellow toy, body letting out a long drawn-out squeak, resting its head along the twitching cock, looking up to see just a bit of it in its field of view, “Like this Master?”

It purrs, “Turn around,” it commands, doing a spin around hand motion.

It tilts its head, keeping that sly grin, “With pleasure Master,” it says, turning around, grinding its head along the cock the entire time, letting out a soft nuzzle before licking along the balls, lapping at them, pulling each one into its maw to softly suckle.

“You sneaky little cheese wedge,” it says, reaching down, creasing the toy’s ears, “You may take this one’s entire length, as it's going to take that smug grin of yours and pump it full of its seed.”

It lets out a soft murr, the balls slipping out of its mouth with an audible pop, “Of course, Master, whatever you say.” It’s cyan tongue licks across the underside of the toy’s length, coiling around the tip, drawing the member into its mouth where it firmly suckled, bobbing its head on it, only taking the first inch or two at best.

It softly moans, hands caressing the toy’s head, feeling up its smooth rubber, “You smug toy,” it remarks, gripping the toy’s head, nice and tightly, fingers running through its hair, a long the back of its head, thumbs slipping into its ears, giving a sensual massage, holding the toy’s head tight so it can no longer control the pace of its sucking, giving that power over to the

leopard toy, which quickly slams itself into the toy's muzzle, balls smacking into the sergal's chin.

"There we go. A nice tight hungry mouth for me to use," it remarks, pumping in and out of the toy's hungry muzzle, feeling the tongue that coils around its length, adding that little bit of milking, but it continues to go faster, harder, so much so that it becomes difficult for K-2003 to keep up, its tongue slipping out of its mouth as the feline pulls back, before pushing itself back in.

The delightful taste of its fellow toy's cock, keeps its own member twitching and aching in delight. It looks up with hungry, wanting eyes, working the toy over, knowing that even though it recently unleashed its load into it, it could easily work up another, and another, and another if it really wanted to. It doesn't remain idle though as it loses control of its head.

The sergal toy's hands reach up to rub and massage the feline's thighs, letting out long creaking squeaks, its claw tips running along the back of the toy's thighs, adding that little hint of extra delight while it lets its face get pounded without a care or worry of just how hard its taken, simply enjoying the moment.

M-7373 arches it back, tail whipping around with lustful delight, its cock dribbling precum, balls churning to make a nice load for the good toy before it, "*It will be interesting to see you dominate... at least try, but that is for another day. You have to become a good hungry gay toy before that,*" it thinks, working the toy faster, making the sergal focus on pleasing it with all its might, while it goes full blow on the toy's face, and in short order it rewards the slutty sergal toy with its essence, flooding it with another hefty load of its toy essence.

"Hmm, that's it. Suck it up. All of it. Don't let one drop escape," it purrs.

K-2003 pleasantly bobs its head, enjoying the warm tangy tasty flow of the toy's seed flooding its mouth. Each slurp washes the toy with another tantalizing view in its new life that its growing to accept with each passing moment. Nothing but dicks before it, to serve and enjoy, its body craving it all the more, and its growing hunger for it is something of curious focus as it comes to understand itself as it changes under the sheer weight of everything being done to it.

As the last bit of M-7373's spunk is swallowed by the K-2003, there's a knock on the door. M-toy looks over toward the knock with annoyance, "Who is it? This better not be you V-toy, it is a bit busy at the moment."

The door opens revealing K-2373, "Nope, not that one. It's this one," it says with a sly smirk.

"Oh, Maker," it says, pulling out of the toy's mouth, enjoying the last licks across its length as it turns toward its fellow feline toy, "It was just finishing up its fun with that one."

"And how was it?"

"Rather pleasant," it says with a sly smirk.

"Good to hear, but tomorrow is going to be an even bigger day. It will make sure you fully accept, embrace and most importantly, embrace the gay fuck toy that ought to have been," it says with a playful mew, "Come toy, it needs to take you back to your molding pod."

“Yes Maker,” K-2003 responds, licking its lips, standing up, gently running its length against M-7373’s side, “It had a wonderful time, we should do it again, sometime soon,” it says, giving the feline a playful bite on its ear.

It stiffens, pulling away, looking at it with flustered annoyance, “Perhaps,” it purrs, crossing its arms.

K-2373 chuckles, “Come, X-2003, you aren’t at that stage of your training, yet.”

K-2003 nods, stepping forward, giving a cordial bow to it, hiking its rump slowly to tease M-7373, “This one understands Maker, please, take this one back to its molding pod.”

“Good toy,” it mews, guiding K-2003 out of the room, the sergal toy giving one last playful wink to M-toy as they leave.

M-7373 huffs, “Not so tough,” it mutters.

“This one heard that,” K-2003 exclaims, making the toy jump.

K-2373 chuckles, “Don’t overdo that X-2003.”

“Apologies Maker, it’ll be more careful on it,” it says, heading back to the molding pods. There the sergal toy enters the far right pod of the two, leaning in back, the mold which feels like a perfect glove fit. The hard plastic cover pulls over it, the sergal’s cock and balls caressed by it.

*“This always does feel nice and relaxing,”* it thinks, groaning in delight as the dildo is slipped back into its rear, by its Maker, which is nothing more than a black, white and blue blur before it. Then the dildo slips into its maw, both of which are locked into place, the white latex flowing into the toy’s mouth while the hot pink rubber flows into its rear, the air sucked out of the mold, the minor adjustments to the toy’s body taking place under the pressure. K-2003 is once again left to relax, listen to its Maker’s voice in its mind, and ponder the feelings of being such a gay toy, and having the nagging feeling that there will be so much more to learn tomorrow...

Slurping, milking, squeezing, the flow of hot rubber, each passing moment the rubber moves within the toy’s body it feels warmer, tingling in delight. It’s cock aching so hard, unable to even twitch within the hard plastic mold. Its mind left to wander in the hypnotic collar that is whispering in the back of its mind, that of its new Maker, K-2373.

*“Toy is a good toy.”*

*“Good toy’s love cock.”*

*“You want cock.”*

*“You are lustful for cock.”*

*“You are a gay toy.”*

*“You are X-2003.”*

*“Toy is specialized for males.”*

*“Toy prefers to only service males.”*

*“Toy respects all, serves all, but loves males.”*

Its body aches and burns with need, that has only been growing with each molding, each fucking, each service that it does. The training that it’s been through thus far sinking into its

mind, having it focus more on males, cocks, balls, being with other men, growing more aroused by just how sexy and cute they are...

The black, white, and blue blur returns. K-2003 clenches on the dildo within its rear, body aching harder, balls feeling heavy, spread, teased. Its entire form raced with a delight that makes it only think of what fun it's going to have next. What more training it has to do to be a fully good gay toy.

The warmth from the rubber flowing into it, slows and stops. One then the other the dildos are twisted and unlocked from the hard plastic mold once the air was left in. The cool air makes it shudder in delight, loosening it from the hard mold. It gasps, feeling the cool air flood its lungs, the hard mold pulling back, tugging at its form, which feels better than before.

"Morning X-2003, how are you feeling today?"

"Wonderful Maker, it's eager to tackle the day," it says, looking at its Maker as the feline toy reaches out and touches its sensitive length.

"Good, and you'll be needing that, it's going to put you through plenty before we finish off your specialized gay conditioning, doesn't that sound wonderful? You'll come to fully understand just how deeply ingrained being a gay toy is."

It softly murr, grinding its length against the toy's hand, "It thinks it has a good idea of it so far Maker," it says, looking down at its cock, noticing that the blue has faded away and is now a light purple and that its black rubber main body is now a silver, "And it looks like its getting closer to looking like one too."

K-2373 gently caresses the length, tugging at it to pull its toy out of the mold, "You are getting there. Your next molding will get your colors straight."

"Straight? But toy won't be that at all."

It mews with a soft chuckle, "You know what this one means toy."

"It knows," it responds with a playful grin.

"This one has a lot of toys lined up that are really eager to help you be the gayest toy you can be."

"Awe, Maker, thank you, that is so nice of you to go through the trouble with this one."

"Of course, what good respecting Maker, wouldn't do that for its toy?" it says, leaning in giving its cheek a little smooch, "Come toy, you have a long day ahead of you."

"Yes Maker," it responds, cock twitching, feeling a warmth in its cheeks from the kiss, staying close to the feline toy, as it leads to the toy testing backrooms. The store has only been open for an hour and it's already busy with eager patrons of all sorts, "This one is amazed how many people come to the store when it serves only one kind of wonderful clientele."

"The fact we do is a draw to a lot of people from out of the area, and helps bolster the local business, everyone wins," K-2373 explains, guiding the toy down to the very last door on the right, "You'll be in here till it gets you. You'll be servicing any toy that comes through these doors to the best of your ability. Each session will lead into the next, so don't worry how the last toy left you, it'll all work out in the end."

“This one thinks this end is going to get a hefty workout Maker,” it says with a teasing rump sway, lifting its tail.

K-2373 mews, “This is very true,” it says with a teasing grin. The room is a simple bedroom with all sorts of dildos, toys, and BDSM equipment lining the walls, and on the dressers. The center of the room is a large canopy bed with white and hot pink bed sheets, “Sit on the bed, and the first toy we’ll be here shortly.”

“Yes Maker,” K-2003 responds, slinking its way over, admiring the look of the room, its cock twitching in anticipation, knowing what fun is to be had, and the building delight that it will be pleasing its Maker, helping it reach new heights in service and understanding.

“Good toy. See you soon,” it mews, giving it a playful wink, blowing a kiss goodbye as it closes the door behind it.

K-2003 takes the time to lay across the bed, making a triangle with its arm to hold up its head, cock out, twitching, a perfect little tease for the first toy to come and help it reach its new level of understanding. The curiosity and lust of the moment makes it grow all the more eager. Its ears twitch, hearing the toy approaching, the door opens revealing the deer toy from yesterday. It smiles, “Hello there, this one is pleased to see you again.”

The toy bleats, wiggling its cute tail that has a fade from blue to purple. Its shapely legs squeak with each step, “After it saw you all dressed up in the gear? How could this one not get a chance to provide some extra service and fun. Helping you come to terms with what a gay toy you are and just how wonderful and *better* it can be.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Better? Toy couldn’t say that.”

“Better for you. And better for the customers if you are, sweet toy,” it says, closing the door, walking over to the side of the room, going straight for a white and pink latex body harness.

K-2003 sits up, its member twitching, eyes glued to the toy before it, it’s wonderful feminine curves, perfect for a male toy that blurs the lines to tease those nearby, in a way that feels familiar to how it is, the thought of which makes its member ache harder, “Oh?” it asks, tilting its head.

“But of course toy. Isn’t that why we’re specialized in being gay toys? To best serve the gay customers? We work hard to provide them the pleasure, delights, and relaxation from the world they live in. It is our purpose to be there for them, when no one else would be,” it says, running its fingers across the latex body harness, grabbing a matching hard rubber chastity cage, “It’s going to have fun showing you that, though it knows its one of many that will be seeing you today, K-2003,” it says, thinking, “*It’s such a cute toy. And the pill Maker gave this one, should help that one’s suggestively grow.*”

It slowly sways its rump, “This one understands. Its purpose is to understand, grow and develop into a perfect gay toy after all,” it says, smiling.

“There’s so much related to being gay, it’s more than just liking cock, but that is certainly part of it,” it bleats, laying the body harness on the bed, “Back to this one toy, it wants to get you all set up.”

“Whatever you say,” it says, turning around, hiking its silver rump, its purple length twitching in delight.

H-1139 enjoys the toy’s cute butt, for a moment, its pink fading into blue equine length is not nearly as impressive as A-toy that took the sergal the previous day, sporting only six inches of length, but it knew how to use it, and what is more, it loved how it fitted it perfectly, “Good toy,” it bleats, taking the body harness, wrapping around the toy, locking and press sealing the rubber around the toy’s body. The smooth latex rubbing across its chest, a ring around the toy’s crotch helps show off its bits, while keeping its rear nice and exposed.

The deer’s cock gently grinds against the toy’s ass, its hoofed fingers, run across the toy’s chest, pulling it close, it nuzzles and kisses the toy’s cheek, “It’s about love, passion, the joy and pleasure that two males can bring to each other that is lost on others,” he explains.

“Lost?” it asks, tilting its head, moaning softly, enjoying the soft teasing grind on its rear.

“Of course, not knowing one’s own body, the same way. It’s always foreign, alien. You want to please a male better than anyone else? Don’t send a woman, they only get to spend a little time with their delightful forms. Send a guy. He’ll know exactly how to tease, please, and bring out delightful moments that couldn’t be felt otherwise.”

“Hmmm,” the toy responds, thinking on the words, enjoying the twitching length against it, the warm sweet kisses against its skin.

H-toy climbs onto the bed, which creaks under its weight, slowly sliding around the toy, kneeling before it, their cocks gently touching, their cock heads soon kissing each other, “It’s self-evident toy. How could it not be true?”

“This one does think you have a point, it says, grabbing its fellow toy’s hips, gently caressing its hips, “It hopes you don’t mind. It doesn’t want to be completely passive, even if it’s submissive.”

“It wouldn’t have it any other way,” it replies, reaching down, grabbing both of their cocks, gently grinding them together as it pulls itself closer, “Submission is letting the other take some control, not all of it.”

“This one knows, but it senses you aren’t normally a topper, and wanted to give you a little bit more confidence in what you were doing,” it says with a playful wink with its purple glowing eyes.

The toy bleats, blushing a little, grinding a little harder against it, “It heard you knew what you were doing, but a delight to see it in person,” it says, pulling the sergal closer with the hand that is still holding the chastity device. Their smooth rubber chests pressing up against one another as they dive into a deep loving kiss. They softly moan, tongues wrestling with one another, while their cocks continue to grind harder.

Each twitch, each drop of pre-cum that runs down their lengths is soon felt by the other. They squeak softly, playing with one another, and after a little bit of time of simply enjoying one another’s touch, the deer toy pulls away, “It knows you aren’t in need of climaxes, like any good toy, but it loves the idea of slipping this onto you,” it says, holding up the chastity device.

The toy's member twitches, "Of course, it's not about the climax restriction by the show of control. Its member will shrink down as you split it on, don't worry about that," it says, with a pleasant smile.

"Good toy," it states, pulling itself away from the sergal toy, unlocking the chastity device, placing the pieces around the toy's silver rubber balls, connecting it part of the body harness, while the sergal toy's twitching member relaxes, allowing the hot pink rubber device to slip around the toy's length, "There we go, soon to be nice and snug."

K-2003 remains still, "It is pleased to be of service, and hopes you enjoy what it can do for you."

"It does, and part of it is because you are such a good gay toy, X-2003. Being so well versed in what this one and customers like? How could it not be the best thing?" it bleats, slipping the white lock around the top of the cage, with a click, "And so you know, the keys are on the dresser over there," it says head motioning to it.

"Got it, and this one understands the point you are making," it replies, watching the deer toy lick across the chastity device opening, teasing only a tip of the toy's tightly contained member, making it moan.

"It's glad you are coming to an understanding," it bleats, grabbing the toy by the collar, pulling it over itself, "There we go toy," it says, gently running its hands along the sergal's sides. The deer toy's hard twitching length, sliding down the toy's body, soon pressing up against its eager pucker, "It wants you to look at it as it takes you."

With a gentle grind, K-2003 keeps letting H-toy keep the pace, leaning into the touch as its rear is spread by the flat equine cock head, "It is pleased to do so," it says, the toy's hips grabbed by the deer, pulling it down onto the length.

Both toys softly moan, "Yes, that's it, feel how wonderful it is to be taken, and how much more fun can be had than otherwise possible?" it bleats, thrusting up into the toy, "Hmm, you feel so tight... wonderful, such a pretty toy," it says, moaning, arching its back, thrusting deeper into it.

It softly moans, leaning into the toy's thrusts, sliding down the throbbing length, its member straining against the chastity device, the tip of its member peeking out of the cum slit, the expression of its delight to be seen by all who'd be willing to lick. Slowly it drips its arousing pre-cum juices onto the toy below, making its lust burn hotter.

"Good toy, such a lovely, pretty sexy toy," it says, hands caressing the sergal's side, thrusting harder, faster. It's pre-cum leaking into the toy, steadily upping its suggestively, knowing that such effects will last all day.

"Hmm, thank you," it says leaning down kissing its fellow toy.

H-toy leans into the kiss, hands caressing the sergal's arms, reaching down to grab its hands, fingers clasping together, pulling the toy's hands over their heads, so their kiss can become even more passionate. The toy's thrusts stronger, faster, bucking into it, ready to flood it with its essence, knowing it will be one of many that it will give it, before its time is up, helping open the toy for the next delightful sets of toys.

Slowly they break the kiss, H-toy bleats, “That’s a good toy. So wonderful and delightful. Squeezing this one’s length. So perfect, cute, pretty. It will love to see your final colors when they come through,” it says with a soft moan, bucking up into the toy, “Such a good femboy toy, perfect to serve the customers.”

It moans, milking the length, taking more of the toy essence into it, “Thank you, this one tries its best, and loves to be of service.”

“A pretty boy toy like you should be of service to all the males,” it bleats, slamming hard into the toy’s rear, flooding it with its pink and blue spunk, “You take this one’s cock so very well.”

It moans, its cock twitching within its chastity, the lock unable to jingle against the rubber, but the chastity cage twitches with each flood of toy juice shoved into it, “This one appreciates the compliment.”

“Toy says what is true,” it says, kissing the toy repeatedly, starting the warm loving session between the two, leaving the sergal toy stuffed with several loads, orally and anally, the toy remaining in its cute body harness gear and chastity, when the deer toy gives one last final party kissing, sometime later, “What a wonderful cute femboy toy you are.”

“Thank you, it tries its best,” it says, leaning on the bed, leaning into the kiss till it was broken, “I’ll be happy to see you again, when it can.”

“Count on it,” it says, departing, leaving the toy to simmer in its corruptive toy cum, eager to see the next set of toys to see it, which was soon revealed by the sound of a pair of squeaking bleating toys.

K-2003 tilts its head, “This one wonders who that could be,” it remarks, the door opening to reveal a pair of ‘goat monster’ toys. They came in holding hands, the sleek rubber goat toys with their large horns, despite the name though, these toys aren’t ‘monstrous’ in looks at all. The sergal toy’s eyes looked over them.

“This is going to be so much fun, this one’s toy,” bleats a sleek black rubber goat toy with a white upside-down heart on its chest, and diamonds marking its hips, shoulders and back. It’s eyes glow blue, as its cuffs are black band, with a silvery lining with bold lettering that reads “Fuck Toy” It’s tag an upside down green heart reads K-8371. Its hair is yellow and done into one long ponytail that goes two thirds down its back.

“T-This one agrees with its paired toy,” it says with a soft bleat, fingers clasped around its fellow toy, its body similar in shape, but with a greenish grey main body and a matching off-white upside-down heart and striped triangles on its thighs. Its short purple hair is a controlled mess, but the pair of square spectacles on its face adds to the cute look it portrays. Its cuffs are a purple band with a green outline, with the same matching lettering as its fellow toy. Its collar tag is an upside-down red heart that reads K-8372.

The sergal toy’s cock twitches seeing them enter, K-8371 closes the door behind them with its foot as they kiss, their cocks twitching and giving a teasing southern ‘kiss’ with one another, softly squeaking, which the toy can’t help but to enjoy the moment, “Paired toys with this one? Awe, how sweet and wonderful,” it murmurs, slowly swaying its rump.



This kiss breaks after a sweet moment, one arm wrapped around the other, hands gently caressing each other's back as they walk over to the K-2003. The black goat toy speaks up, "Maker was so kind to make us together, forever bound to each other, in service with the customers and the store. Passion, love, two rubber soulmate toys together. It wants you to experience it, to grasp the emotional connection of being a wonderful and cute gay toy."

K-8372 bleats, "Baaaaa, such lovely words, couldn't have said it better itself." it says, leaning against its fellow toy, nuzzling and kissing its cheek, tail wagging, giving the sergal toy a view of its intricate symbolized back.

"That is wonderful, toy knows paired toys aren't common due to the requirements for it to even happen. That's so special and sweet, and very hot sellers, this one thinks," it states with a playful wink.

"We wouldn't have it any other way," the black goat toy says, gently running its hands along its paired toy's rump, pushing it forward toward the bed, "It's going to show you the love and passion between two gay toys. Let it sink in. Have you crave companionship. There's more to being gay than wanting to have naughty, cute, gay sex, but to have it with one you cherish and love."

K-2003's cock twitches at the words, a tingle of pleasure running through it, making it grow excited, a little wanting of it, "This one couldn't be that to either of you, you have your paired," it says with a soft squeak, sitting up, plopping its butt down on its feet.

K-8371's eyes shift, glowing red as it smirks, "But you can. You'll be making passionate love to its lovely toy, and it will be here to help, tease, and add in as a threesome. After All, who is to say that there can't be three?" it bleats.

K-8372 bleats softly, climbing onto the bed, its cock twitching hard, rainbow colored pre-cum dribbles from the tip, "L-love. Y-your such a tease when you get going."

"It also loves seeing you happy, and enjoying yourself," it says nuzzling and kissing it, helping its fellow toy onto the bed so it will face off with the sergal, "This is a new toy, that has yet to know how it feels to be in love with another toy. Show it the passion, the delight, the pleasure of being with another. Sharing a moment."

"Baaaaa..." K-8372 responds, pressing itself up against the sergal, its cock grinds against the chastity caged cock, hands caressing each other's sides, "It will do its best, and it will love to share these moments with you... both of you," it bleats its green softly glowing eyes lock with K-2003.

Its member twitches, aching to be free to rub along those lengths, softly moaning, "It'll be pleased to share the experience. It feels it won't be different from other kinds, but it won't make any assumptions, as it doesn't want to do that thing when you assume."

K-8371 gets to the edge of the bed, gently rubbing both toy's backs, its twitching pillar, dribbling a bit of green pre-cum, that has a light mint allure to it, "And what's that?"

"You make an ass out of you and this one."

The black goat toy smirks, "It has heard that saying before, but a little different."

“Well, toy wouldn’t say the word me when referring to itself,” it says with a giggle, nuzzling and kissing the goat toy before it, gently caressing itself, pulling it into a tighter loving embrace.

“This is true,” it says with a nod, caressing both toys, “Enjoy how it feels. Being such a pair of cute gay toys. Enjoying each other’s touch. Wanting nothing more than to be with each other. To hold each other, embrace one another. Can you feel it?” it asks.

“This one can because it’s with you,” bleats K-8372, its cock twitching at the words, when it speaks, when it thinks of its paired toy, the warmth and feeling of the moment shared with the sergal toy before it. The goat toy gently nuzzles and kisses the sergal, “You’re so cute and loving. It knows you would be a perfect partner for any guy.”

K-2003 gently grinds against the purple rubber pillar, the rainbow pre-cum running across its chastity device, making it twitch and tingle, body aching more for the touch of another male that is budding up in its mind, “You think so? Toy would try its best to be a good toy for anyone,” it murmurs, grinding itself against the other cock, arousal at a constant high, balls churning, the desire to be taken by or to take someone floating in the back of its mind, but yet its focus is on the embrace, the touch, the gently holding of one toy to another, the meaning of the valuable thing spent with one another that could never be refunded, exchanged or taken away... time.

The black goat toy enjoys the view, their delights growing, their embrace tighter. It climbs onto the bed, moving in to rub its length along the two of them, the green minty fresh pre-cum running across, mixing with all three, the sergal toy helpless, straining and enjoying it all as the goat toy says, “Do you understand this now K-2003? Being a gay toy is more than just the attraction to another male. More than wanting to fuck another male. Though those are both quite lovely, wouldn’t you say?” it asks with a teasing grin.

The words sink into its mind, nodding along, “Of course, this one understands that. Toys-4-U toys are all about companionship. It understands this,” it says, pressing itself up against the other toys, wrapping one arm around the black goat toy while its partner toy does the same. Its hand clasps with the grey goat toy’s hand, locking K-8371 into this threesome hug.

“Baaaa-euatiful,” K-8372 says with a bright smile, grinding against the toy’s pillar, holding each of them close to itself, “It’s the want and desire to share one’s life with another special person. Their soulmate. And that search is difficult, more so for gays, the pool of who they want to be with is so much smaller, a terrible struggle.”

K-2003 nods, nuzzling up and kissing K-8371, giving it a neutral kiss, being neither dominant nor submissive and then repeats it with K-8372, “And we are here not to replace that search, but to make the burden of it easier. A little bit of love, passion, delight that they are longing for during their long search through life. Our purpose is to make others' lives a little bit easier to get through the day.”

Both toys bleat, nuzzling and kissing the toy, without needing to confirm vocally that the toy is right, and is now showing the love and embrace that can be conveyed through action alone.

Pressing close to one another, providing the warmth of the other to each other's burning lust and desire that is fueled by simply being near the one they care about, they want to be with.

Though K-2003 is not the paired toy, it cares about its fellow toys passionately and it can feel that they do care about one another other greatly, and that sense of feeling, love, and desire is imparted on the toy, a genuine example of what it is like to be a gay toy and to be with the one that they want to be with forever. It softly murmurs, squeaking, "It understands completely."

"Such a good cute gay toy you are X-2003," says K-8371, its hand gently caressing the small of the toy's back, "Some of our gay customers want to know that we have no other interests than them. We could provide service to any customer, it's what we are."

K-2003 leans up and kisses it again, "Of course, but showing a passion, drive, and eagerness to be with a gay customer. They feel that sense of delight when they are near. Energy, love, hunger. They can sense it, and it adds to the moment, making a more fulfilling experience. Which is why this store exists and why it's so popular in the community."

The black goat toy nods, feeling the moment growing, building, grinding against the other, holding tightly, the pent-up sexual lust is there, ready to be unleashed on one another, but its not the sole motivator and drive. Even a moment like this, to be with one another without the need to fuck is just as wonderful as the climactic moment when one toy stuffs another with their throbbing pillar, unleashing their sign of love right into them, which only brings them closer together, knowing that their pleasures are intertwined with one another and that their bodies are closer together, one body, one mind, one soul, a pair of good rubber toys, and this expression will be brought forth to K-2003 in the coming couple of hours, where they will take and flood the toy with their delightful juices.

Their pre-cum designed for this day to help draw out all gay sexual urges. A spin on Toys-4-U's pre-cum when making a new toy to open one up sexually to all genders, this particular one is to encourage and help lay in the groundwork to really want to focus on one, even if its very clearly able and willing when commanded to serve anyone that is need of its services.

K-2003's member strains hard against the rubber device, the locked sensation adds to the moment, not taking away that it can't rub its length against the two stunning toys as they have their moments, love making, being taken by them in sweet ways, subbing with K-8372 while K-8371 takes delight with its deeply glowing red eyes in topping these two toys in a loving passionate way, flooding them both with its essence, and even helping its partner, slip into the sergal toy with its own length, double teaming K-2003 with their love.

K-2003 finishes the moment, suckling down both toy's cocks at once, as they stand close to each other, moaning, bleating, panting, letting out a delighted, "Baaaaaa" as they climax into the toy's hungry mouth.

The mixture of rainbow flavored cum and mint, complement each other in a strange way, like the tastes were made for one another. It hungrily slurps it all down, closing its eyes, wanting nothing more than to enjoy this moment with these two special toys, making sure not one drop is lost when they pull out. It gives both cocks a little lick and kiss as they pull away, "This one

appreciates the time it has spent with the two of you,” it says with a rump sway, and soft cute murr.

The black goat toy bleats, “It has loved the time it has spent with you and its paired toy. It’s been wonderful, we should set up a date again in the future.”

“I-It likes that idea,” bleats K-8372, the greenish-grey goat toy leans against K-8371, nuzzling its paired toy, “But our time is up, isn’t it?”

With a longing sadder sigh it says, “Alas it is, but next time hopefully, we’ll have more time,” it says, kissing its paired toy one last time, “Be seeing you X-2003. Enjoy the next pair. They are a spicy couple.”

“Are you calling us bland?” K-8372 bleats.

“Hardly, just a different flavor,” it says with a playful wink.

“Have fun you two, it was a pleasure to spend all the time it has with the two of you.”

“Thanks,” they say, leaving the toy back in the room alone. It takes the time to clean up the room, remove any of the left-over toy cum from earlier sessions, and just as it finishes up with its quick ten or so minute clean up, the door opens revealing a pair of toys that it has met before.

R-3377, the sleek black bodied, white bellied, orange cocked and handled fox toy. Its red eyes, admiring the view before it, “Oh my, what a delightful surprise,” it says, fingers trailing along the orange-colored anthropomorphic red panda toy, A-3377, “Wouldn’t you say? It’s cleaning up the place just for us.”

A-3377 moans, grinding itself along its paired toy’s hand, its orange handles and cock match that of its fellow toy, “It’s good to have such a pro-active toy. It would expect nothing less out of X-2003.”

The sergal toy slowly sways its rump, lifting its tail in their direction, “A clean place to play is a happy place to play.”

R-toy smirks, pulling A-toy along, the door closing behind them, “Of course, we’ll be making it extra naughty,” it says, with its free hand it smacks the sergal toy’s butt.

It moans arching its back, spreading its legs.

“You have some nice gear on you and... oh, what is this?” it inquires, the fox toy, reaching down fondling the sergal’s balls, while its other hand gently caresses and massages its paired toy, making it jerk and moan into its hand, “You’re all locked up, how delightful, but you should show this one, how do you properly greet a fellow toy?”

It gently grinds back against it, “That depends on the toy, sir,” it replies, turning to face the toys.

R-3377 runs its fingers across the toy’s smooth chest, “Then show this one how you properly greet this one?” it murr, its orange cock twitching in excitement.

It looks over the toy, smirking, “This one can think how to greet a toy like yourself sir,” it says, reaching down, gently caressing its cock, “It’s a pleasure to meet you both,” it greetings, reaching over to gently caress and massage A-3377’s length, while not getting in the way of R-toy’s touch, running along the underside A-toy’s orange length.

The red panda toy softly moans, grinding against the two caressing hands, “Oh fuck... what a delight, but this one knows sweetie that that toy is to be submissive today, and we are going to have fun with it, aren't we?”

R-toy grins, “Oh we will, and you are going to be a great help,” it says, gently caressing the toy's length, its free hand fondling K-2003's rubber balls, running its thumb over the chastity device, “You'll show it what a good sub can be, through example and competition.”

A-toy's ear twitches, “Competition? What competition?”

“It supposes you were a little too distracted as it guided you across the store like Maker would.”

“Ah... well it did feel really nice,” it says with a little blush.

“A competition? That sounds like fun. Sex games are a delight, as it can spice up any pair of matings no matter the gender or species,” it says with an affirmative nod.

A-3377 leans in close, “Tell this one, what will the game be? And the reward? It's fun to know what you get if we win. Especially since it's a competition.”

It pulls its hands away from both of the toy's bits, taking a step back, spinning, letting its rubber tail run across their crotches, “Oh, it's rather simple love. The veteran toy of K-2003 vs. the intimate knowledge of A-3377 in a submissive competition that will be a pleasure to see who will win, and as a reward? What better submissive slutty toy reward could there be than getting the delight of sucking this one off so it may flood your mouth with its delicious cream?”

A-toy huffs, “This one has a clear advantage, it knows all your hot buttons.”

K-2003 smirks, “This one could imagine a few.”

“Two rules for this competition as you all work to make me climax.”

“Yes?” they both ask in unison.

“No touching this one's dick, balls are okay though. And you're not allowed to use yours. Seeing that K-2003 is already locked up, it wouldn't be fair, would it A-3377?”

It crosses its arms in response, “Of course, this one wouldn't think of cheating. That would be unbecoming of one of Maker's toys, and its position in security.”

K-2003 responds, “Ah, but knowing how to cheat and stopping those who would, is an important part of the job process of making everything safe and secure.”

It huffs, “Alright, you're going down.”

“On its knees to suck off R-3377 as the winning toy,” it says with a playful wink, its cock twitching within its tight cage.

R-toy's tail flicks in excitement, taking a step back to give the toys some room to maneuver around it, arms out, legs spread, “Oh this is going to be good, it wonders what you two will do... this is going to be exciting,” it looks over the two toys, that eye each other, then back at it, “Ready?”

A-toy responds, “This one was molded ready.”

“It always is, sir.”

“Set... go!” exclaims R-3377, the two toys rush over to it, without scrambling over the other, no pushing or shoving, but they quickly take positions. A-toy runs its hands along its

paired toy's orange handles, gently caressing them, sending tender delights of pleasure through the fox toy.

"First it needs to get you riled up, on edge, if it's going to make you climax without touching," A-toy says, caressing the handles, squeezing them, twisting with a loud squeak, putting its weight on them, lifting its butt, pulling its cock away from its fellow toy, leaving it to twitch and throb in the cool air as it leans forward to kiss its paired toy on the lips.

R-toy moans softly, leaning into the kiss, tongue slipping into its fellow toy's mouth, pleased to feel A-toy returning their favor, forming a deep and passionate squeaky French kiss. Their tongues wrap around each other, coiling, embracing one another like its handles are embraced by its lover toy.

K-2003 kneels underneath the toy's legs, looking up, monitoring what A-toy is doing, examining the fox's toy cock as it stiffens more, *"Interesting. Clearly it will have this advantage in knowing its hot buttons, but it will think of something, one thing at a time,"* it thinks, rubbing along the toy's inner thighs, arching its back, forked purple tongue slithering out to lick across the toy's white rubbery orbs. One lick, two... three. Each slithering link is monitored for R-toy's reaction, sensing if the balls shift, pull up, churning more seed.

The sergal toy puts its specialization focus to this particular test, drawing the orbs into its mouth, giving one a slow and tender suckle, and then the other, watching the twitching cock, listening for the other toy's movements, words, gestures, gauging what it does and its competing toy in order to get a positive reaction, *"No need to rush. The buildup will be delicious, and the reward wonderful."*

R-3377 leans into the kiss, the tongues twirling in their embrace, shivering in delight, rump tensing, enjoying the tongue and licks across its sensitive balls, the aching pillar growing all the more pent up. Steadily it breaks the kiss, licking across R-toy's lips, "A very good start, but it knows that you can do better, that there is more fun you can have with this one. Come on, press its buttons like you know you can."

A-toy chuckles, "Is encouraging this one against the rules?"

It smirks, "This one said what the two rules were, it said nothing about giving encouragement," it responds with a playful wink.

"How sneaky love," it replies, leaning in kissing along its fellow toy's chest, gently licking across R-3377's nipples, "But you don't need to encourage this one, it knows just how to get you going. We're molded for each other," it says, licking across the toy's chest, using R-toy's handles to support itself.

K-2003 monitors, watches, its member twitching within the cage, noticing every twitch of the fox toy's member, *"The power of being so close with one another. Drawing from their time and experience to please each other in ways that would take any toy time to learn. But this one isn't out of tricks yet,"* it thinks, releasing R-toy's balls from its maw, licking behind them, nuzzling the snatch as it tenderly licks. It's hands move up to caress and massage the fox's rubber ass.

It softly moans, arching its back, tail hiking, the fox toy growing all the more eager as it feels pre-cum beading on its cock tip, “Hmm, now that is something new,” it remarks, reaching out to pet A-3377’s head, “Don’t worry love, this one thinks you still have a clear advantage over the delightful toy underneath us.”

The red panda toy smirks, nibbles and kisses along the toy’s chest, continuing to caress the handles, expressing its love and affection for its fellow toy, eyes locked on its partner, not wanting to look away as they keep their attention on one another.

The sergal toy’s purple tongue slithers across the snatch, its angular muzzle, easily spreading the toy’s butt cheeks, the forked tongue running across the outline of the tight rubber pucker that is just begging to be pleased. It takes this moment to knead its fellow toy’s rubber butt cheeks, fingers dancing and squeezing across the rear, causing loud sensual squeaks.

Pleasure continues to build, a steadily stream pooling within R-toy’s loins, but it remains calm, composed, softly moaning to each touch, tail brushing against the back of the sergal toy, holding it close to it as the sergal toy focuses on its tender rear, “Hmm, now this one was expecting that, but what are you going to do, it wonders.”

A-toy pulls back from the kissing, “What is it?” it asks, traveling up the toy’s body, nibbling along its partner’s neck, licking and nuzzling under the chin.

“Nothing to worry abaaaaoooooot,” it moans, the sergal’s tongue snaking its way into its rear.

The sergal tongue slithers its way in, moving around, sliding across the toy’s prostate, its muzzle tip, a perfect design to slip in and opening its rear just a little bit, allowing for an even deeper harder spread as it rims it, “*That’s it. Let this one feel you, understand you. Enjoy you in every way it can,*” it thinks, the sergal toy laser focused on its task, arousal burning, growing eager to win this little bet.

It teases and pulls at the fox’s rubber insides, that are designed to be teased and pleased with every touch. K-2003’s intimate knowledge on toys, and how they generally function being put to good use as it slips in a bit deeper, spreading the hole, knowing it will add to the toy’s pleasure, teasing and suckling at the rubber inside, smashing that prostate, one of the toy’s hottest buttons that it can physically give without touching the prime source of its physical pleasure.

R-3377 moans, panting, cock twitching, more pre-cum dripping down its length, glistening its orange length. It holds its paired toy close, enjoying the loving embrace it gives in return, pushing it closer to that lovely edge. The desire to be affectionate and to hold its paired toy growing with each wet slurp. Despite its growing lusts, and the bet, the image of what it could really use as it’s being pushed so close, that wanting sexual desire, and connection with its paired toy bubbling up.

A-3377 works over its paired toy, moving to its side, pressing itself up close, letting its paired toy know just how *needy* and *lustful* it is at this very moment, and more importantly that all of its focus is on it. The driving attention, the servicing, wanting to show how much it cared about its pleasure, all adding to the moment to the more dominant fox toy.

“Hmm, fuck yes, you are doing great,” R-toy murr, tail flicking about, its cock twitching, aching, a hand caressing the red panda toy’s chin, “Keep it up, and it knows you can do more, so much more to help it,” it says with a soft shudder.

It smirks, nuzzling into the hand, kissing it, before drawing in one of the fingers to gently suckle, letting its fellow toy take the pace of the digits slipping in and out of its mouth like the tongue currently in R-toy’s rear, till finally they slip out on both ends with a wet slurpy squeak, “Farther back, it thinks it needs to feel your hands through its rubber fur.”

A-toy smirks, leaning up to kiss R-toy on the cheek, “With pleasure love.”

K-2003 meanwhile pulls out, feeling confident it has further set up more pins for it to knock down a bit later. It peers over, seeing the pair of twitching orange cocks overhead, a bit of pre-cum from R-toy falls right down onto its nose, which it happily licks up, “Delicious,” it remarks, slipping out from underneath the toy, standing before R-toy just as A-toy slinks behind to run its fingers through the thick rubbery fox tail, caressing and petting the tail like a person getting a sensual scalp massage.

R-toy shudders in delight, “Hmm, yes, that’s it. Keep up the good work toy,” it states, looking over to K-2003 that is standing before it, legs spread, arms behind its back. It looks at it curiously, “And what are you going to do? It thinks you are going to lose this competition at this rate,” it chuckles, “Or did you give up?”

K-2003 shakes its head, swaying its hips, making its cock bounce, “No, this one hasn’t given up, but this one knows how much you like to take charge. It knows you’ve been eyeing the chastity it’s been in since the start and it has been thinking of what will really push your buttons to get you closer to the edge.”

It smirks, “Have you now? And what could that be?”

“Well...” it says, looking around, “If you give this one a moment it can go grab it, with your permission of course, sir.”

With a hand wave gesture it responds, “Go right ahead, it will only put you further behind the race for success.”

“It’s lovely you want your paired toy to win, even if it’s clearly going to lose,” it says with a sly grin, scampering off to the side, grabbing the key to its chastity, while grabbing a new smaller tighter silver metal device, “Here we go. Since this one knows how much you like them, how about you put this one in a tighter one, so it has even less... wiggle room?” it asks with a sly smirk.

“You sneaky little bastard,” it responds with a soft moan, brushing its tail up against its partner, its cock twitching, unsure if it’s from its paired toy or how much of a tease K-2003 is, “Well then X-2003, it can’t refuse such an enticing offer.”

“This one’s keys and gear are in your hands now,” it says, handing over the key and items, the toy spreading its legs, holding its hands back, exposing itself completely before the domineering fox.



“Giving yourself so completely to this one, how wonderful,” it muses, its member aching harder. It takes only a moment to unlock the toy, freeing it from its hard hot pink rubber chastity cage. Toy’s purple member slips free, showing itself off in all its aroused glowing.

“It’s what a good toy would do Sir,” it responds.

It eyes the toy, looking down at the twitching sergal length, “Quite so,” it muses, grabbing the new metal ring, sliding it down the toy’s cock like a ring toss game, slipping one then the other ball through, “It’s going to be terrible to push down this lovely cock,” it says, gently caressing the length, fondling with the balls, leaning forward to gently blow cool air across the member, while A-toy teasing plays with its tail, adding to the delightful moment, “You’re doing great love, keep it up,” it says shuddering in delight, “Ohh that feels so good,” it moans, taking the front of the rounded chastity device, a small hole to just let the tip of the toy’s member peek through, “And it hopes you are ready for it to push you down to size.”

“Yes Sir, this one is,” K-2003 responds, its member twitching against R-toy’s hand.

“Good toy, such a lovely gay toy you are,” it muses, pushing down the toy’s member, forcing it to shrink down, and be squeezed and compressed down to a chastity device half the size of the previous, the bits locking into place, all held in place by the lock which clatters and links against the toy as it moves, “Much better,” it muses.

K-2003 moans softly the entire time, gently bucking against the device as it was slipped on, showing struggle and squirming as it did its ‘best’ to remain still so that the device can be locked in place, leaving its member aching against the device, wanting to be free, while loving the containment of its lust so you can further focus on the task at hand.

“How does that feel toy? To be so tightly locked away,” R-toy muses, running its fingers across the cage, playing with the lock so it jingles against the metal chastity device.

“Wonderful and so very tight sir,” it moans, pressing itself against the fox toy, letting its balls to be teased and played with as they press up against the device.

“Hmm, this one can see and feel that, good, very good,” it says, its member twitching, aching, tail swishing behind it, loving the tender feel of A-toy running its fingers through its fur, making it shudder in delight, “Hmm, yes that feels so good love... that it just wants to... yes, yes, it knows what it wants,” it states, pulling away from both toys just enough to make A-toy move and stand beside K-2003.

“What is it, love?” A-toy inquires, shuddering when its member is grabbed and caressed by R-3377.

“Come to the bed, it wants to return the favor for a moment. Come down a little bit from this high... it doesn’t want to end the competition so soon, at this rate you’ll be sure to win,” it says with a playful wink, tugging both toys by their junk over to the bed.

A-toy softly moans, grinding itself against its lover’s wonderful hand, “That sounds wonderful.”

K-2003 moans softly, its device jingling, “Does this mean it can’t continue to please you as you sit on the bed?”

It shakes its head, “No, by all means, continue. This one will get plenty of delight with this, that if you can do something? Do it,” it says, the bed creaking under its weight, pulling A-toy close to it, laying it across the bed, laying its head in its lap.

K-2003 grins, “With pleasure,” it murmurs, sliding onto the bed in kind, slinking over behind it.

A-toy wiggles, its tail sliding across the bed with a squeak, “It’s supposed to be teasing and pleasing you, to get you off,” it says, laying its head across the lap, eyeing the cock that hangs just over it, “It can’t do much more... what if K-2003 wins.”

“Please, it can handle whatever it has in store for this one,” it states, running its fingers through A-toy’s rubber hair, claw tips gently massaging and scratching the toy’s rubbery scalp, making it moan in delight, its orange member twitching in kind with its paired toy.

K-2003 smirks, getting on the side where A-toy is laying, pressing itself up against R-toy, a hand gently caressing the toy’s back, a foot stretching out to gently tease and play with A-toy’s length. It licks across R-toy’s ear, “You are a lovely domineering toy.”

R-3377 shudders, looking over at the teasing sergal toy, “Why are you teasing this one’s paired toy?”

“It’s not against the rules is it? Nothing to be said about not touching A-toys cock, only yours.”

“But you are using it.”

“No, you said we couldn’t use our cocks on you to get you to climax. A-toy isn’t do that, this one is,” it says with a grin.

It smirks, “You sneaky toy, it’ll allow it,” it responds, continuing to pet A-toy, watching it buck and moan into the sergal toy’s foot, the orange length sliding between the toes, running along the soul of the foot.

A-toy’s tail swishes excitedly, “This one would say its cheating but if you said it’s okay,” it says, bucking into the toy’s foot a little harder, leaving a smear of its pre-cum along the foot, allowing it to grind harder, squeak louder.

R-3377 caresses its toy’s head, running its fingers in, giving a sensual scalp massage as its member twitches overhead, dribbling bits of pre-cum onto it, which it happily licks up.

The sergal toy grins, “Such a good, passionate, loving toy. Aren’t you?”

It softly moans, “Hmm, yes this one is.”

“You two are perfect for each other. Made for one another. Molded to be together.”

“Hmm, yes, yes we are.”

“Lovely, cute gay toys. So gorgeous, sexy, cute and you are so domineering in using all of it to take us.”

“Yes, this one is,” it says, its cock twitching.

“That’s right. A lovely, delicious toy. Eager to take others, to show them a good time, to really show your prowess and love that you can provide, and to have it bar-none to all except maybe Maker.”

“Even Maker has a hard time keeping up with this one, as wonderful as Maker is.”

“Yes, that’s right, such a well-crafted pair of toys you both are,” it says, squeezing and teasing A-toy’s length, continuing to make it moan, and squirm while it licks across the fox’s ear, “Look how eager you both are. Wanting for one another. The sensual touch and caress you give each other. Think about how good it feels, and the bond you share.”

It moans, “It knows, it's wonderful,” it says, its member twitching, throbbing, aching, body on the brink.

“You love to show your dominance with your lover. How beautiful you both are and imagine how delicious it would be for you to be able to punish it more.”

“Hmm...” it says, its cock twitching, eyes closing, thinking of the thoughts swimming in its mind.

“R-3377?” A-toy inquires, moaning softly as the sergal toy’s foot provides a little distraction at this pivotal moment.

“If A-toy failed, and this one won. You could have all sorts of fun holding it over it. All you need to do to make this wonderful dream come true...”

“Yes?” it moans arching its back, the sergal toy’s claws rubbing through the fox’s hair, massaging its scalp.

K-2003 draws out the moment, licking across the toy’s ear, then softly whispering “Is to *cum*.”

“A-ahhh” R-3377 felt the blocks that keep it from climaxing just kicked up from right underneath it, painting its lovely paired toy with its translucent orange seed, “Ffffuck,” she groans, arching its back, toes curling, tail swishing wildly.

K-2003 grins, reaching around gently rubbing R-toy’s chest, “That’s a good toy, now you can have a lot of fun with it in the future,” it says with a playful wink.

A-toy pants, sitting up once the climax from its partner subsides, gently licking up its essence from it, “This one knew giving you a moment to do your thing was a bad idea.”

R-toy pants, coming up from its sexual high, already feeling a building lust and desire to fuck the sergal’s cute muzzle, “You sneaky little thing.”

It chuckles, “Told you this one was going to win,” it says with a playful grin.

With a soft chuckle, R-toy grabs the sergal’s head, “Well you did, and now you get to have your reward, though you’ll be sucking it off for a while given that it just blew its load,” it yips, placing the toy’s head right over its still hard orange cock, dipping with some left over seed.

K-2003 sways its rump, hiking it as it grabs the toy’s hip handles, “With pleasure sir,” its tongue coils around the length, drawing the member into its mouth, sucking what of the toy’s seed remained within the length, giving it a little sneak peak of what is going to be getting.

A-toy huffs, “This one doesn’t blame you, R-3377. It should have been more decisive on getting you to release before we had the relaxing aftermath.”

“Not a problem, we’ll have our fun later. For now, fuck that toy hard in the ass. Show it that as much as we love its antics, that we are a pair and we do things together,” it says with a playful wink.

A-toy chuckles, “With pleasure,” it says, gripping the sergal toy’s hips, caressing its side, “Shame no handles,” it remarks.

K-2003 responds with a playful hip sway, hiking its tail showing off its purple pucker.

“Maybe we’ll suggest it to Maker,” R-toy muses, thrusting into the toy’s mouth, holding its head, fingers running through its purple rubber hair, “What a lovely mouth you have.”

K-2003’s chin bounces off the toy’s balls, sensually slurping and suckling the cock as it clenches, feeling A-toy’s member pressing right against its rear, ready to accept it.

The red panda toy, rubs more of its paired toy’s seed from its head, licking some of it up, while, using the rest to reach down to lubricate the sergal toy’s fuck hole, “Hmm, at least it’s going to good use,” it says, slipping into the sergal with a hard firm thrust, balls smacking against the toy.

It moans in response, clenching down on the cock in its rear, the fierceness of the thrust makes the chastity device jingle. It’s length dripping slow purple translucent seed onto the bed sheets below. All the toys’ bodies squeak loudly, members throbbing, balls smacking into one another.

A-toy hilding so deep and hard its balls smack against K-2003’s own sack with every hilt, adding to the pleasure of the moment. The red panda eager to give some back to the sergal with all it can.

R-toy moans in delight, pounding into that experienced muzzle, secretly pleased to experience it for itself, while not letting on just how much it is enjoying it. It grunts and moans, loving its hip handles to be gripped like they are. The sergal toy moving with its own desires and movements to allow for an even harder, deeper thrust that could have otherwise been possible.

When the unleash of toy essence finally does happen, the hot streams of toy cum flooding the sergal’s mouth and rear, the warmth and love of the paired toy embrace, it knows that it is just the beginning of its fun with the two. The game? A simple warm up for what it has in store, and they have much in store as it has a few hours with them. Competing and submitting to both toys, slurping and drinking their seed, being double pegged by them whenever they felt it necessary, all the while kept so incredibly tightly locked up that its only focus is on the toys before it and nothing else.

A perfectly crafted toy that knows exactly what to do, how to do it, and how to be as selfless as any toy should be in service to those that are before it. It’s experience going in its favor as it’s taken again and again, always eager, always ready to do more, and it’s not until K-2373 arrives does their fun end sometime later.

The feline toy mews, “Oh my, you three have been having fun in here,” it says, eyeing all the tools of the trade that have been used, “Did you three enjoy yourselves?”

A-3377 responds, “Very much, even if R-3377 is going to punish this one later for losing the introduction game.”

“You lost all three games,” R-toy huffs, giving its paired toy’s rump a playful smack, “No matter, just means we’ll have to do more together to beat it next time,” it says with a wink.

K-2003 sways its rump, "It'll be happy to keep you both improving," it says, looking to its Maker, "How can this one be of service Maker?"

"Come toy, the next step in your conditioning is in a different room. It's sure A-3377 and R-3377 can clean up the mess, knowing just how important this next step can be in perfecting you into its lovely completely gay toy."

K-2003 nods, "Yes Maker, it'll do as you say, though it does wish it could help them," it says, looking at them, while it goes over to K-2373.

A-toy smiles, "It's fine, we knew we'd be doing this, after all we got the most time with you toy."

R-toy states, "First part of your punishment you're doing the cleanup."

K-2373 chuckle mews, "You're both cleaning, you can punish it with a job it is giving to the two of you."

R-toy crosses its arms, "Fine, as you wish Maker."

"Good toy."

The fox toy's length jumps.

K-2003 stands beside its Maker, "Please, lead the way Maker."

K-2373 reaches down, gently caressing the sergal toy's length, "It's not a far walk, just across the hallway, but first, we'll need to get you freed up," it mews, grabbing the key, unlocking the cage, letting the sergal toy's purple length to slide free. The sergal softly moans as the K-2373 works to get the ring off, "Hope you don't mind toy."

"Not at all Maker. It's not a bad little jaunt," K-2003 says, leaving the paired toy, entering the other room with its own canopy bed, black rubber bed sheets and blue feline face pillows. The kitchen across the way is clean, and ready to be used, but what catches the sergal toy's attention is a large sex bondage device sitting on the bed, with B-toy standing beside it and another toy it has not seen yet.

A sleek feminine purple anthropomorphic cat toy, with black belly and matching hips handles. The toy's magenta colored cuffs have a soft glow, with pink cursive lettering that reads "Fuck Toy". The toy's golden eyes looks at the two approaching toys, its pink cock twitches in delight, its golden tag on its collar reads I-8376.

B-toy smirks, the red blindfolded feline toy says, "We are ready to get them both hooked up and prepared to be wonderful gay toys," it says, gently running its hand along the back of I-toy.

The feline toy mews, leaning against the touch, "This one is ready, Maker."

K-2373 guides K-2003 forward, playing with its length, "What a handsome toy you are, so eager, but it must ask I-8376, as this is your choice. You want to do it? This one does specialize in such toys and wouldn't want to take away your other interests as little utilized as they are."

I-toy softly mews, "This one wants to be of service as eagerly as all the other toys. It'll be able to serve any customers that come our way. That's not an issue. It simply wants to be as specialized and eager as any of the other toys here, Maker."

K-2373 gently caresses the other feline's member, "Good toy. Both of you get into the device and we'll get this started with your conditioning and programming."

K-2003 tilts its head, "Programming with this?" it inquires, climbing onto the bed, looking over the hefty silver metal device with black seats. It has places to slip in one's hands and feet into inflatable round cushions. The seats themselves have a thick dildo ready to pump in and out of its rear, the thought of which makes its cock jump in excitement. Last but not least between the two chairs that will make the toy's face each other is a cock sleeve for both to slip their members into and at this close distance will be rubbing against the other.

"Come on, X-2003, you know why."

"Ahh..." it says, gently rubbing its chin, sliding its feet into the soft rubber cushions, pressing its pucker against the cock.

The feline toy smiles, "Oh, has it already started to make the transition?"

"Transition?" it asks, tilting its head.

"Into completely becoming this one's good gay toy of course."

"Oh, it hopes so Maker," it says with a grin, its member twitching, sliding its arms into the back slots, which makes it thrust its cock forward.

The black, white and blue feline toy guides the member into the squeezing cock sleeve, the bondage device, inflating the feet and hand grips, locking the toy in place, giving it only some forward thrusting motions, the dildo in its rear slowly pressing up and into it, spreading it's pucker as it slips in.

"Oh, that feels nice," it murrms milking the toy as it pushes in.

I-toy meanwhile gasps, tugging at the rubber inflatable constraints, feeling just how tight and embracing they are as the dildo slips into its rear, "Ohh, that does feel nice," it mews, B-toy helping its length slip into the cock sleeve, which soon touches and grinds against its fellow toy.

The feline toys test the constraints, K-2373 remarking, "It should, we're giving pleasure and delight to encourage you both into the most perfect gay toys you can be. But there's more to add, for now relax, and enjoy it before the real fun begins," it grins, grabbing from off to the side two black rubber dildo mouth gags with long leather straps, "B-1374, would you be so kind to get I-8376 set up."

"With pleasure Maker," it mews, grabbing the toy, climbing onto the bed, running it across the toy's lips, "Open wide."

"Ahhh," is all it can say before the toy is popped into its mouth, sliding down into the back of its throat. If it wasn't for it being a toy and not needing to breathe it would be in trouble as it hungrily slurps and suckles the massive length, the red and black toy wrapping the bondage straps around its head, locking it into place.

K-2003 slurps and suckles the dildo, bobbing its head with a lustful moan as it's pushed down into its mouth. The drive and hunger of its movements arousing K-2373 further while the sergal toy's arousing pre-cum dribbles onto I-toy's twitching pillar, making it all the worse for the bound feline toy, bubbling up its arousal.

“Almost done, just one more part to add,” K-2373 says, going over, grabbing a pair of heavy visor headsets that are vaguely shaped toward each species that is going to be wearing them, one feline the other sergal, “These will sync with the collar, while providing visual and audio conditioning and virtual reality training. Just use your hands and feet within your bondage to move your virtual selves around when that time comes. And good luck, may you both come out as perfect as it knows you can be.” It hands over the feline hood over to B-toy, each feline toy getting behind their respective toys.

K-2003’s cock twitches, “Oh, you are using a lot of technology to get this to work,” it mumbles while suckling onto the dick.

The feline toy takes a moment to process what’s being said, “Do you have any idea what X-2003 said?” it asks with a soft curious mew.

B-toy takes a moment to think, “Not sure, perhaps something about the technology being used for this? We haven’t spoken to K-2003 about it.”

“Ah right, so this one wants to try some new things to provide new services to our customers. But it has to test it out, and what better way to do tests than this... of course, you’re going through far more extreme conditioning and play than any customer would,” it says.

K-2003 nods, the helmet sliding over it, ears popping into the cavity, deafening it slightly as its all locked into place, while I-toy undergoes the same treatment, their vision blocked off, so they’re only seeing the blackness void around them. Their members grind against the other, as the dildos in their rears remain relaxed yet firmly lodged into them. Then there’s a hum, soft white noises further blocking out any other noise except the vibration of their rubber bodies grinding against the bondage and each other.

A speck of light appears in their visors, drawing their gaze straight to it. Text appears right over the light, reading, “Follow the light.”

“Follow the light,” whispers a voice within the hypnotic haze.

“*Follow the light,*” the hypnotic mantra collar says in an equally soft tone underneath the constant basic toy mantra.

“*Toy is a good toy.*”

“*Toy obeys.*”

“*Toy serves.*”

“*There is no I.*”

“*There is no me.*”

“*There is no myself.*”

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

The light moves from one side to the other, then up followed by down, stopping right back in the center, the dildos thrusting into the toys, the words reading, “Good toy. Obey.”

“Good toy. Obey.”

“*Good toy. Obey.*”

The light pulsates now, colors shifting from white, to purple, blue, steadily across the entire light spectrum, fading to black for just a fraction of a second before moving back to white.

It moves from left to right, right to left. Steady, rhythmic. The light trails a small trail that fades almost as fast as it appears, but steadily it grows longer.

“Good toy. Follow the light. Do not think. Obey.”

“Good toy. Follow the light. Do not think. Obey.”

*“Good toy. Follow the light. Do not think. Obey.”*

The dildos push into each toy, their moans muffled by the dildos they are steadily suckling, the cock sleeve they are stuck in begins to vibrate, teasing their members, making their arousals grow.

They follow the glow, follow the light, back and forth. Back and forth. On the outside their heads are shifting along with the light, but their eyes do all the real moving. Deeper they are drawn into a programmable trance.

“Good toys are eager to become gay.”

“Good toys are gay. You want to be gay.”

*“Good toys are gay. You want to be gay.”*

The straight line of light shifts bobbing up and down like the arching swing of a pendulum. Up and down, back and forth, the words becoming less clear, shifting into the background, still legible but not the main focus, “Serving males are the best.”

“Males are so sexy.”

*“Males are so sexy.”*

“Relax and obey. No need to think of anything else but these words.”

“Words guide you.”

*“Words guide you.”*

Their cocks twitch, grind, thrust against one another, bodies burning with lustful pleasure and delight. Suckling the heavy dildos which leak the same juices that increase suggestibility, that build in the desire for male eroticism.

“Cock is delicious.”

“Gay toys get the best cock.”

*“Gay toys get the best cock.”*

Further down they sink, bodies relaxing, minds focusing. Following the words, taking the moment to simply drift in the sea of sexual delights and pleasure. No struggle, no worries, no concerns. Focus on the light that rises higher and higher with each pendulum swing till it makes a complete and full circle. Slow at first, but steadily faster. The trail of light is growing longer. Till it completes the colorful rainbow circle.

K-2373 and B-1374 monitor the toys, doing what they need as they take notes and do a bit of work themselves, their cocks hard, twitching, eager, knowing that when they come out... well too soon to tell they have plenty of time in there.

The circle the two bound toys are following slowly shrinks, that flow of light not ever stopping as one circle forms another and another, smaller and smaller, drawing the toys into the very center of the darkness, that is a full spiral of colors, drawing their attention.

“You are to be a perfectly gay toy.”

“Gay toys are wonderful and sexy.”

*“Gay toys are wonderful and sexy.”*



Their cocks twitch, bodies ache in lustful delight, naturally squeezing on the dildos that pound their rears, hitting their prostate glands, burning the pleasure of anal sex deeper into their minds.

“Toys serve others. You serve gay customers.”

“A toy’s purpose is to serve others.”

*“A toy’s purpose is to serve others.”*

Neither toy disagrees with the logic. They are toys, they serve, they obey, and do what they can to bring pleasure to others. It sinks into their minds as their arousals grow, bodies reinforcing the words and thoughts whispers growing louder, sinking in deeper, as deep as they are in their delightful sexually aroused and infused trance.

“You are X-2003, a gay toy, made to serve males.”

“Molded and crafted to be a gay toy.”

*“Molded and crafted to be a gay toy.”*

“I-8376 is a perfectly crafted gay toy.”

“Your material is gay, toy is gay.”

*“Your material is gay, toy is gay.”*

The wonderful spirals draw them in, the words in the center, flashing, shifting no longer phrases but one, two, or maybe three words, while the collar and the whispers into their ears, speak together in unison their own phrases with equal delight.

“Gay.”

“Love dick.”

“Love men.”

“X-2003 has always been a gay toy.”

“I-8376 loves gay sex.”

“Love penis.”

“Desire cock.”

“Crave penis.”

“X-2003 is a teasing gay slut.”

“I-8376 is a lovely gay bottom.”

“Good gay toys.”

“Serve males.”

“Serve gays.”

“X-2003 loves to take it in the ass as much as it loves to give it.”

“I-8376 loves nothing more than to make males cum from its service.”

“Gay is great.”

“Gay is good.”

“Toy is gay.”

“X-2003 loves to tease and be a trap.”

“I-8376 is a lovely trap, showing males how pleasing it can be.”

“Gay fuck toy.”

“Desire gay sex.”

“Desire males.”

“Suck dick.”

“X-2003 is a perfect gay femboy toy.”

“I-8376 is a perfect gay femboy toy.”

“Fuck males.”

“Males fuck toy.”

“Toy fucks males.”

“X-2003 is ready to make its fellow toy as perfectly gay as it.”

“I-8376 is ready to make its fellow toy as perfectly gay as it.”

With those last phrases, both toys rushed up, the helmet shifting while keeping the hypnotic spiral faded in the background. They blink, move, shift, cocks twitching. They look at each other, the mirror world they find themselves in, the ‘unbound’ toy they see before the other. I-toy mews sees the sergal toy before it, a meter over its head, that simply reads, “Eighty-five percent gay.” The feline toy mews, approaching it, “So close, yet not there yet.”

K-2003 is similar, arousal burning desires growing, it looks at its fellow toy, noticing the meter over its head, fifty-percent gay, “Oh, this one has a lot of work to do on you,” it murr, it speaking into the dildo, suckling it hard in reality, knowing it is, but its words, feelings, thoughts are expressed into the virtual reality world and whispered into I-toy’s ears, which it clearly hears but whispering underneath there’s more.

“Toy needs to be gayer.”

“Love to be gay.”

“Embrace being gay.”

I-toy moans softly, rubbing its length against the sergal toy, “Yes, you need to be gayer. It’s wonderful to be gay. It’s the best sensation,” it says, pressing itself a little harder, leaning in to kiss it.

It murr in response, hands gently caressing down the feminine toy’s sides, grinding its length against it, “It is,” it responds, embracing the kiss, holding and touching the other, hands caress their butts, fingering one another, moving with the dildos that are pounding into their true rears.

*“Gay toys embrace one another.”*

*“You are gay toys.”*

*“Good gay toys.”*

The percentages shift, eighty-five point five percent on K-2003 while I-toy shifts to fifty-one. Their grinding and squeaking grows louder, the sergal toy grips its fellow toy’s handles, gently massaging and rubbing them, building up its pleasure. In reality there’s a little visual screen that K-2373 and B-1374 are watching and as they see something ‘extra’ they rush in to grab the toy’s body, mimicking the pleasure, adding another layer of realism to their conditioning.

A flash appears before the toy's vision, "Both toys will remain here till both are perfectly, hundred percent gay."

*"Become gay."*

*"Embrace your true nature."*

*"Good gay toys."*

*"Help your fellow toy unit embrace its gay self."*

The mission set in their minds, their cocks grinding against one another virtually and physically, more of K-2003's arousing juices dripping into the cock sleeve, lubricating it with its aphrodisiac pre-cum.

Their passionate kiss grows deep, K-2003 teasing and grinding itself against its fellow toy, pulling up the passion to the love making, the toy's bodies squeaking loudly in reality and crafted within their virtual reality hoods, but then they break from the embrace by K-2003 when it pushes the toy forward.

A recliner chair appears in the virtual world, driven by the toys' mutual desires, wants, needs, and auto generated program that makes things work for the moment. The feline toy moans softly, the recliner having a built-in plug in its rear that pops into place, leaving it feeling a bit full and 'stuck' there, "Ohhh, this feels so lovely, toy."

The sergal climbs over it, "It does. It's wonderful, isn't it? Taking fellow gay toys? Loving how they feel, focused on their molded pleasure with a body that just knows what they want in such a way that it can't be denied," it murmurs, pressing its purple pucker over the toy's tip. The toy's knees pressing down on the handles, adding to the forceful topping nature, while its hands gently run across the feline's chest.

"Ahhh... yes... oh this one feels it... sees it," it purrs, the sergal toy sitting down on its length, as it can barely hump into the toy's tight hole thanks to its pinned down handles. The percentages of its gay loving nature ticking up higher, faster, while the sergal toy is not immune to the same influences.

*"Good gay toys."*

*"Serve and please each other."*

*"Embrace the love and lust."*

K-2003 slides down the twitching length, milking it with the same expert precision that it always does, it arches its back, moaning, "Hmm, so very lovely, so delightful, and so big. You're perfect for this."

I-toy gasps, squirming as it's taken, toes curling, tail swishing excitedly as its member is milked and squeezed by the toy's butt, "Oh... oh... yes, it feels so good. It's so wonderful," it moans, blushing, feeling better with each passing thrust down onto it. The purple cock bouncing before it, adding to the hypnotic trance, the whispers into its mind.

*"Gay toy hungry for cock."*

*"Gay toy wanting cock."*

*"Gay toy wants to take cock."*

*"Gay toy wants to take that cock."*

Harder K-2003 rides its fellow toy, the feline following the member like it was a red laser pointer dot, “It must taste you,” it moans, grabbing the sergal toy’s hips, kneading the rubber, making a loud squeak as it uses its toy and feline flexibility to wrap its mouth around the purple length, tasting the sweet rubbery juices, bobbing its head, moving with the thrusts.

The sergal moans, grabbing the toy’s head, helping it, guiding it onto its cock as it thrusts into that sweet hungry mouth and slamming itself against its twitching aching cock, moving harder, faster, building up the first of several climaxes that they both know deep down will happen.

*“Gay toys cum during gay sex.”*

*“Cum to confirm you are gay toys.”*

*“Cum during gay sex.”*

*“Get off on gay sex.”*

*“Receive your reward and pleasure from gay sex.”*

A tingle of pleasure runs through the toy’s spines, unable to help themselves they unload their sweet toy juices into each other in virtual reality. The thick dildos in their real mouths unleash some of their ‘toy juice’ load, while also pulsating to give the sense that there is far more flooding into their mouth than actually was. The toys being driven into their rears flood a bit more, while their combined toy juices simply makes the cock sleeve nice and slick to easier grind against one another, the ends of the tube, tightly sealed against their lengths to keep only but a few drops from escaping as they continue their virtual and real fun.

Their percentages tick over a bit higher, K-2003 milking the length, while I-toy suckles the other dry. The feline toy pops its mouth from the purple length, its rough feline tongue licking the toy’s tip, “This one’s turn,” it says, grabbing K-2003’s hips, using its strength to spin the toy around, popping it into the recliner chair, locking in the virtual world its own juices into the sergal toy, via the plug, “This one can’t let you top, you’re not all the way there yet,” it says eyeing the meter.

The sergal toy squeezes the plug, eyeing its fellow toy’s meter, thinking, *“Getting there but not complete yet.”* It lets out a soft moan, arching its back, gently rubbing the toy’s thighs as it feels its cock moved and placed to press up against the cat’s pucker, “It understands. This one knows it has to be shown its place. It’s supposed to be submissive today, but when it has to make a sexy handsome toy like yourself as gay as this one, it needs to take a little charge,” it says with a playful wink.

“This one will show you what a real femboy toy can do,” it says, leaning down, grinding its rear down on the toy’s cock, letting it sink into it, “And as a toy, it knows cocks, and yours is a delight to take within it,” it remarks, running a hand across the toy’s chest, while its other caresses its own length.

It smirks, “Not letting this one take that delicious cock of yours into its mouth?” it asks tilting its head, moaning softly as it bucks up into it.

“Why be dull and do the same thing, when there’s so much, we can do together,” it mews, rubbing its length, spreading the sergal toy’s lingering saliva and its own previous release over its length, making it as slick as it can as it starts to pump itself.

“Perhaps this one should help you a little bit. We gay toys know how to get the most out of our equipment,” it says, massaging the toy’s balls, moving up and down with each thrust.

“Ohh, fffuck yes, we do, don’t we?” it moans, the percentage of its conversion growing ever more complete. I-toy’s thoughts on gay sex growing fiercer, cocks, males, being a sexy feminine toy, being all the ‘girl’ one could ever need as it rides the sergal.

With heavy pants and deep moans, it responds, “Yes we do. It’s wonderful to be so specialized? To provide the best possible kind of service to our customers.”

*“Gay toys want to please your gay customers.”*

*“Gay toys get gay customers.”*

*“Gay toys are the best at serving gay customers.”*

*“Gay toys are the best.”*

*“You are a gay toy.”*

I-8376 clenches onto the toy’s length, its hot button hit time and time again with each thrust, reminding it of just how good anal feels, and just how wonderful it is to have a ‘real’ dick within it. It looks down at the femboy sergal toy, watching to play with its balls while the free hand runs across its chest, teasing and playing coyly with it.

K-2003 playfully winks, “You know you want this one. You want to be with it. Fuck it. Suck it. Enjoy it with every bit of your latex form. You are made for toys like this one. Customers like this one. Lovely gay toys,” it muses.

The cat arches its back, pumping itself harder, squeezing the sergal toy’s length, trying to top, while the sergal ‘helps’ but thrusting up into it. Who is taking who is blurred, as the words are whispered into their mind.

*“Cum to your fellow gay toy.”*

*“Gay toys cum in and on fellow gay toys.”*

*“Good gay toys cum.”*

*“You are a good gay toy.”*

*“Cum.”*

Another wave of pleasure and delight, pushing both toys deeper into fully embracing themselves as to what they are made to be. Thoughts on females, and interest in them if there were any still left to be had were fading further away into the background, put into the closet only to be retrieved if it was ever happened to be needed, until then it would start to collect dust. A surge of toy seed floods I-toy’s rump as it unleashes its firehose of pleasure all over K-2003.

The sergal toy moans, feeling the warm spray of toy essence over itself, its member twitching hard, balls churning as it floods the fellow toy’s rump, while growing excited at such the lewd gay sexual display that it is in.

When the high from the climax eventually fades, I-toy pulls slowly off the sergal's still hard twitching length, the feline toy finding itself just as aroused and needy as before, if not more so, "This one has never been so aroused," it mews, "That it can recall."

The sergal softly moans, "It's lovely isn't it?"

It smirks, "Yes."

"Why don't you clean up the mess you made?" it asks, running a hand across its chest, drawing some of I-toy's essence onto its fingers before suckling them clean.

"Fuck that is hot," it mews, leaning in without hesitation to lap up its purple essence, loving its own taste while K-2003 pets its head.

"It is lovely, isn't it?"

With a soft purr it responds, lapping across the sergal toy's nipple, "Yes, it is."

*"Good gay toys."*

*"Eager gay toys."*

*"Completely gay toys."*

After some time of caressing, holding and cleaning one another a message appears before their eyes, "Competition initiated. Which toy can suck a hundred cocks to climax first wins. Game will end when both toys have completed the competition."

The recliner they were in fades away, both toys find themselves kneeling, arms behind their back, bound and held mimicking their reality, as a virtual cock appears before them, materializing, "Get ready... set... go!"

Without questioning or thinking both toys get to work, slurping and suckling the first cock between them. They see the other hungrily working on the dick, their own members twitching and aching in delight.

*"It feels good to suck dick."*

*"It tastes good to suck dick."*

*"Sucking dick is relaxing."*

*"Sucking dick is a great gay toy activity."*

*"Focus on sucking dick."*

They slurp, suckle, tongues working to hit the pleasure spots. Their throats taking the members deep, chins hitting the balls that hang underneath. Almost at the same time the dicks unleash their load of hot sticky delicious seed, and just as they milk the member out of every last drop, needing to fully drain the shaft, the next cock appears, a different species, a different size, different points of pleasure. They get right at it, hungrily taking them down, one cock down, ninety-nine to go.

Slowly, steadily, K-2003 pulls ahead, the years of experience, skills and knowledge that seem to permeate through every bit of its rubbery being giving it a clear advantage, but only so much as every toy is well trained and molded with K-2373's specialty and help.

The percentages continue to creep forward, their constant focus on dick and pleasuring it feeding into their lustful and pleasant gay thoughts, making it all the more natural to think this

way, to be this way, to be made this way. Nothing wrong with it, it's great in fact. What could be better?

Ninety nine... the climax washes in, K-2003 suckles and drinks down the juices of a uniquely shaped insectoid length, then presented with a massive equine dildo with a cum slit so big its tongue could easily slip itself inside and that is what it does. The toy's mouth stretches around the member, passing by the sensitive medial ring with ease, the throat bulging as it takes the member all the way down its throat. The heavy balls hitting its chin with a force that almost pushes its head back. It's aching, straining, hungry for pleasure, but its skill and focus is far above any distracting the toy's body could give, but it does tell it. That it is such a very good gay toy.

It clearly wins the competition, sucking down the last rush of seed, and no matter how many cocks it took it wasn't full, nor unwilling to take another, in fact the toy licks its lips, smiling ready to accept the next cock and only when it doesn't appear does it realize that above it in virtual lettering that it has won the competition.

The toy is free from its bondage, allowing it to get up and look over at I-8376, seeing that it's only nine cocks behind it. It slinks over to it, seeing how much gayer its fellow toy has become, "*Getting close,*" it thinks, gently rubbing the feline's back, whispering, "You can do it. Yes, just like that, now slurp, suckle, drink, use your tongue's texture to your advantage. Give them something that dick is wanting that it didn't know it could have."

I-toy shudders, hearing its fellow toy tease and encourage it. It's focus growing, taking its new teacher to heart or one might say to dick as it slurps and drinks down the members, with the occasional flash of some other desires, eagerness, growing want to have that sergal's dick back in its mouth, to share and have moments with it, driving it deeper into its homo-erotic programming with gayful pleasure.

Ninety-nine... the next cock, the big fat equine member which gives the cat toy a pause for only a moment before it takes it down with glee. Like a cat on catnip, it feels like its in a state of nirvana, pure wondrous pleasure as it slurps down the member, giving it a little bit of a tongue tease around the tip of the length.

"One doesn't need to take the entire cock to give it climactic pleasure but it sure does help, and we toys are good at dick sucking," K-2003 teases.

The feline purrs, using its purring to vibrate the cock in a way that it knows the sergal toy could never be able to. Help using its own unique features to give it new ways to provide its service, eventually hitting the moment, the last cock erupting into the toy's mouth, unleashing its delightful load. The cat toy's body feels wonderful to have completed the task, soon followed by the drop that there were no other cocks to suck... except one...

*"Good gay toys."*

*"Accept yourselves."*

*"Be happy, be gay."*

*"Delightfully delicious gay toys."*

*"So handsome and sexy."*

The hypnosis never ended, even when they were sucking down dicks, they at times bobbed their heads to the subtle hypnotic rhythmic pattern that was constantly beating into their minds, pushing their programming deeper into where it is meant to be, where they both deeply wanted it to be.

After some time both toys are on the brink of fully shifting over, leaving nothing left but the pleasure of being completely gay toys. K-2003 rests its length against I-8376's face, its balls resting on its eyes, while the length runs along the top of its muzzle, "This one can sense you are close, so very close, just a bit more and you'll be done."

I-toy moans, tongue slipping out to lick at the tip of the sergal's length, its member twitching, pointing right up into the hungry toy's mouth, the soft forked tongue licks across its cock tip teasing it, "Ready when you are."

"Hmm, just another moment, it loves the weight of these on it. It could sense how much they want to flood its mouth with your delicious essence."

"They are churning to flood you again sweetie," it murmurs, grinding itself gently against the toy's face.

"Just one more moment."

*"Take the cock."*

*"Accept being gay."*

*"Nothing but gay."*

*"Blissful, delightful, gay old time, fully gay toys."*

I-toy groans, "Fuck... alright it wants it now!"

K-2003 murmurs, "As does this one," it takes the cock into its mouth, hands rubbing toy's inner thighs, while it raises itself up, sliding its length into the open and hungry feline toy maw.

They moan in delight, tenderly sucking the other, using the moment more than just to get the other off, but to return the pleasure each could give to one another. They know how each toy works, how their members react to certain stimuli, drawing out the moment, while loving and embracing the other. Soon K-2003's fingers lip into the feline toy's rear, the other hand caressing the balls as its long serpentine tongue holds the member into place so it can continuously service it.

Steadily they work together, pleasing, pleasuring, pushing each other deeper into the ecstasy of the moment, ninety-nine point nine... both so close to the edge, the point of no return, where their primary and only interest unless commanded by a user will be to males and males alone and then... as they can't hold each other back, the whispers growing.

*"Good gay toys cum."*

*"Be a good gay toy."*

*"Cum.... cum...CUM!"*

They unleash their loads into one another hitting a perfect sense of nirvana, X-2003 becoming complete in the basics of what it is. A good gay toy. It hungrily takes in its fellow toy essence, milking the member clean, grinding itself against the hungry mouth, wanting nothing more than to ensure its partner toy for the evening is as pleased as it is with its performance.



I-8376 embraces its new nirvana and interests with open arms, the desire for anything but males now seemingly like a distant memory. It would question itself why it even had such an interest when there are such cute and lovely males to serve all the time, that is if it even thinks of it at all as it gayfully takes down the cock in its mouth.

As they milk and suckle each other dry, enjoying the lovely afterglow while still being as aroused as ever, a good toy is always eager to please the next customer, but also able to give the love and passion a user would require after a hot and sweaty sexual session.

“Both toys read at 100% gay male preference. Shutting down training.”

As they embrace each other the drift and hypnotic poise is slowly pulled back. Each toy shifting further away from the virtual and towards reality. Their bodies reminded of just how bound and held up they are. Their cocks pleasantly grind against one another, sliding back and forth in the delicious cock sleeve.

K-2373 and B-1374 wait as they are pulled out of their hypnotic state, the spiral fading further and further away till it was nothing, the visors shutting down, and once the green light is given the two feline toys work to remove the helmets from each toy, unhooking the straps that kept the dildos deeply lodged down their throats, steadily pulling them out as the steady pump of the machines in their rears comes to an end.

The black, white and blue feline toy mews, gently caressing X-2003’s head, “How do you feel, X-2003?” it asks, gently running its fingers through the toy’s purple hair.

“This one feels great, Maker. Never better in fact. It’s pleased to have tried this out. It is sure it will be a fun hit with many hypnotic enthusiasts. Though it is sure more will need to be done before its ready for customer use.”

“Give it a few years, but it will be,” it mews.

X-2003 nods, “Yes Maker,” it says, tugging against its constraints, its cock twitching in delight, looking at I-toy as the bondage is removed from it, “And how do you feel?” it asks the toy feeling a gentle pat on the head.

“That’s this one’s line toy.”

Its ears drop, “Sorry Maker.”

“It’s fine,” it chuckles, looking at the feline toy, “Feeling better?”

I-toy mews, nodding, “Yes Maker. It feels it can really focus itself and give its all to a degree that it didn’t think possible before.”

“That’s just delightful, and since you’ve been such a good toy, its thinking that before it shoves you back into your molding, X-2003, that we all give you some actual playful fun together. After all... good toys do deserve to get rewarded with cock.”

X-2003 licks its lips, “That sounds lick... like a wonderful idea Maker,” it murr, wiggling as the bondage device releases its limbs, letting it slip out of it, the toy’s hips sway gently side to side, “Shall it put this off to the side?” it asks, tilting its head, giving a cute little pose before the other toys.

I-toy just gets out of its side, member twitching, the cock sleeve oozing with the constant climaxes it shared with its fellow toy, not saying anything but admiring the cute pose.

“That would be a great toy, place it off to the side, and we’ll get it cleaned up later.”

“Yes Maker,” it says, easily lifting the device, despite its heft and size, moving it off to the far corner of the room out of the way, leaving the bed clear for what comes next.

“You’ve both been through a lot, and this one thinks the best way to end this day for the two of you is to give you a little something you’re craving, a little cock sucking competition,” it says with a playful wink, “A real one.”

I-toy mews, “Oh? A hundred dicks?” it asks, its member jumping in excitement.

It shakes its head, “No, no. Something a bit simpler than that, we get in a circle and start working each other, as you climax you leave the circle, and the last toy to hold off on climaxing, will win. Oh, and no using phrases or words to get a release out of your partner, and all are open to climax naturally, and aren’t restricted during this, otherwise we’d be here forever.”

X-2003 saunters back over to the bed, rump hiked, cock twitching, “This will be such a delightful bit of fun.”

It runs a hand under its toy’s chin, “It will be, you will get its length, it will get B-1374’s, which I-8376 will get theirs, and that one will get your length to finish the circle.”

“This one will do its best to win.”

I-toy mews, “More like we’ll do our best not to lose, but it will be so much fun to do something with Maker.”

The red, white and black feline toy purrs, “You’re giving yourself the advantage Maker, getting this one’s length.”

It leans in close to its paired toy, running its fingers across the length, “This one just wanted a fun excuse to take you properly,” it winks, “For all the teasing you gave this one while we waited.”

B-toy says nothing sliding onto the bed, in a sleek teasing pose, showing off its twitching red cock, “Come and get it then Maker.”

“With pleasure,” it purrs sliding onto the bed with a loud squeak, rump hiked, showing off its throbbing knotted dick in the air, its lips wrap around the member, tongue rubbing along the underside, suckling the head, hands caressing the balls as it holds the dick nice and firm, bobbing its head, adjusting the rest of its body to give access to its aching pleasure rod.

X-2003 runs its hand along I-toy’s back, “Go ahead, this one is good at getting itself into these situations. It feels rather natural and fun,” it says, massaging and patting the toy’s rump, pushing it into the fray.

“Oh no, you’re more experienced, you should have your length suckled longer than everyone else.”

“It’s giving Maker the edge here, by going in last, now get going,” it says with a gentle push.

“Alright,” it mews, slipping onto the bed, its pink member slipping into B-toy’s expert mouth, making it shudder and moan. The blindfolded toy sees the length with ease, bobbing and

holding the toy by handles, caressing the bars as it suckles down the length with wet hungry slurps.

“Ohhh...” I-toy moans, arching its back, X-2003 slipping in, sliding its twitching purple into the feline’s maw, letting its arousing pre-cum drip into its mouth, sending tingles of burning delight through its form.

The sergal smirks, “There we go, now for this one to be so lucky to get Maker’s cock,” it murmurs, grabbing the feline’s hips, gently caressing that smooth black and blue rubber. It licks across the cock tip, flicking it back and forth, savoring the pre-cum that has already formed on the tip, before coiling its tongue along the cock head. The tongue squeezes and plays with the member before pulling it into its mouth, giving a nice form suckle. Its hands are constantly moving, rubbing the toy’s thighs, and butt, constantly teasing and pleasing the length as it drives itself down, slurping the length.

Moaning, squeaking, rhythmic thrusting and suckling, the four toys work to drive the delicious pillar before them to reach their volcanic eruption, to set off their partner toy, to give them the best blow job they can give.

Perhaps surprising, perhaps not the first to break is B-1374 itself. The red pillar gushes out its hot delicious seed, flooding K-2373’s mouth. The delicious toy spunk hungrily slurped down, as an afterglow of delight overcomes the blindfolded toy. Once its afterglow is complete, it pulls out of the circle, “Sorry Maker, you know this one too well to last long.”

K-2373 mews a saddened yet understanding look painted on its face, “It would have liked to enjoy you longer.”

“Next time,” it says with a teasing smirk.

I-toy shifts, its cock cooling in the air, which arouses it further. The excitement that Maker is about to give it a blow job sends shivers down its spine, “*This is going to happen. It held off long enough for it to happen!*” it thinks, the toy, working hard to return its focus to its task.

K-2373 grabs the purple feline’s butt, taking that twitching member into its mouth. It’s rough feline tongue teasing the cock head, the toy’s high arousal already making it difficult to hold back the torrent that is churning within it, the pressure building up quicker, faster.

“*Fuck, this feels so good, its not so how much longer it can hold off... It must make X-2003 climax. It needs to beat it,*” it thinks, licking across the sergal toy’s cock, giving hard form suckles to draw more pressure towards the member, increasing its size and sensitivity at the same time.

With hard thrusts it takes the entire toy’s length into its maw, down its throat, swallowing to let its throat walls tease and pleasure the length, drinking down more of that arousing toy juice that it produces, compounding the situation, driving it deeper into sexual mantras and whispers that never do stop even when a toy is complete.

“*Toy is a good toy.*”

“*Toy serves customers.*”

“*Good toys are fuck toys.*”

*“You are a fuck toy.”*

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no it.”*

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

It focuses hard on the aching length before it, trying to use everything it has learned within the virtual reality to try to give it some kind of edge. The words of wisdom X-2003 gave it, still fresh in its mind, but K-2373 is just too good for it and it soon moans, deep throating X-2003 as it unleashes its toy juice into the other feline’s maw.

K-2373 smirks, cleaning the toy’s length, sucking it dry, giving bits of extra pleasure as I-toy gets to enjoy its afterglow, before that feline toy must pull out, “You did well. Be a delightful toy and get to cleaning the machine while we finish this competition.”

I-toy slides off the bed, its member relaxing for the first time in what felt like ages, its body knowing it's not going to be needed for service just yet, “With pleasure Maker.”

“B-toy please help it out too.”

The blindfolded toy that was watching from the side of the bed mews, “As you wish Maker.”

Listens and waits till the orders are given and its Maker is ready to receive it once more, the sergal adjusting and pulling its fellow toy close, slipping its purple length into the hungry feline maw, which makes it twitch in delight, “*Time to knock it up a notch,*” it thinks, adjusting its grip, one hand running across the feline toy’s blue pucker, teasing it while its other hand caresses the toy’s balls.

K-2373 mews, moaning with the delicious cock in its mouth, tasting the arousing pre-cum flowing into it, “*Why did this one think this was a good idea. To keep consistency? Now it has to deal with it... of course it’s not that bad,*” it thinks, slurping down the arousing pre-cum, drinking it down with a gusto, taking after its fellow toy, adjusting its grip, using some of the excess toy salvia from that has built up on the bed to slip two fingers into the sergal’s rear, while firmly massaging its balls.

“*Maker, trying to copy this one? Or did it get that idea from you first?*” X-2003 wonders, massaging the white orbs before it with loud drawn-out squeaks, its fingers slipping in, pressing against the hidden hot button within every male toy. That sensitive prostate, which it rubs and massages while slipping more fingers into its partner.

The two toys competing who will make who reach the finish line first. Their moans and squeaks echoing through the room. The other toys watch as they clean up the mess that was made on the machine.

B-toy smirks, “This one bets Maker will win.”

I-toy shakes its head, “No, X-2003 will surely win.”

“Why do you say that?”

“That mouth? That control? Maker is wonderful, and top of the line toy made by K-2003, but X-2003? Has something else.”

“Perhaps. Want a bet a blow job on it?”

“Two,” I-toy says with a teasing smirk.

“You’re on.”

X-2003’s ears twitch, monitoring the conversation, it thrusts harder into its Maker’s maw. Each toy using their tongues to trace along the length, to provide extra pleasure in and out of the mouth, cock heads licked, squeezed, suckled. Balls smacking both toy’s chin as they literally go balls deep on each other. Their pleasure builds up higher... higher. The climb up the mountain of ecstasy is soon reaching its peak. X-2003 taking that knot over and over again, with loud pops that makes the other two toys moan in fond memories.

Then it hits the gushing of seed. The quivering of cocks, balls churning as the essence is flooded into the other toy’s mouth. The ability to withstand the prowess of the other toy given the circumstances is remarkable in its own right at this point, but every toy has a tipping point, no matter how good they are. And K... 2373 hits theirs. Unleashing its hot feline blue jizz into X-2003’s mouth, who hungrily suckles it down, fingers massaging the toy’s prostate, caressing the balls to edge out every extra drop and pleasure it can from its Maker in gratitude for all that it has done for it.

K-2373 enjoys the moment of its afterglow, pulling away, “You won X-2003, and that means you are the one that doesn’t get to climax today,” it says with a playful wink.

It chuckles, “What a teasing trick Maker. Leaving it all pent up like this when it goes into the molding pod.”

“Not that you mind, do you toy?” it purrs, gently rubbing the sergal’s length.

“Not at all,” it says with a soft moan, grinding against the toy’s touch.

I-toy grins, looking at B-toy who gives a quick little pout, but the look quickly fades as it had first arrived.

“Let’s get you back in the mold. Tomorrow your colors should come in and you’ll be ready to show the toys here what kind of gay toy you are,” K-2373 says with a playful wink.

X-2003’s member jumps in excitement, “With pleasure Maker,” it murrms, sliding off the bed.

“I’ll be back, it just has to put this one away,” K-2373 calls out as they leave, guiding X-2003 through the now closed store, back to the molding pods where its guided back into place to the open waiting plastic mold on the right. The hard plastic slips over itself, the dildos are shoved into its mouth, locked into place, letting the air to be sucked out, allowing X-2003 to express its perfect fit within. The warm flood of hot pink rubber into its maw, and white rubber into its rear, flooding it with more warming pleasure.

As the black, white, and blue blur walks away it listens to the delightful voice of its Maker in the back of its mind, “*Toy is a good toy. Toy is a gay femboy fuck toy. Toy is X-2003.*”

*X-2003's maker is K-2373. X-2003 loves dick.*” It sinks deeper into the moment, enjoying itself, eager for the next day. The warmth that washes over it as its colors shift and change, feeling all the more delight. Tomorrow is going to be a fun day, for tomorrow is when X-2003 really gets to play.

The following day the black, blue, and white blur of X-2003's maker returns. Its body twitches in excitement... it would at least if it wasn't completely stuck to the insides of the mold. Its mind swirling with lustful desires, and eagerness to express itself as the toy it's molded to be. Knowing its colors will be complete, it's like a toy ready to be opened for Christmas.

The flow of rubber stops, the woosh of air into the mold, the slow tug and pull from the hard plastic insides, the front peeled off of it, making it gasp and moan, cock twitching. Its eyes locked on its Maker, admiring its smooth feminine cat toy form, “Morning Maker, how are you feeling today?” it asks, almost singing the words.

“X-2003, you are eager today,” it says, reaching out gently caressing the toy's hot pink cock, “And you are looking as good as it hopped you would,” it mews, pulling at the length, urging the toy to step out, “Are you ready for your next two open days, where you get to take charge and show what a delightfully teasing toy you can be?”

It responds with a big toothy grin, leaning close against its Maker, its fingers walking across the blue twitching length. The toy's hot pink claw tips accent its white rubber body, “This one is going to have so much fun today, it has a lot planned for those that have been looking to enjoy it,” it says with a wink, its hot pink eyes softly glowing. The toy's hair, and tail fluff are just as bright and pink, along with the arm cuffs side bands, the only thing not white nor hot pink is the band on the cuffs which is a solid black, but the elegant cursive lettering on it reads, “Fuck Toy” is in a delightful glowing hot pink.

“It'll have a few toys lined up for you, as we test your skills and prowess, not that you need testing... but it thinks now that you are completed, you can show some of our toys here you do it, so they can grow in experience.”

“This one is honored you put so much trust into this one, it won't let you down,” it says, leaning in close, giving its Maker a smooch on the cheek then whispering into its ear, “Tell it where it needs to go hon, and it will go there to show the first toy a wonderfully delightful time.”

“Second to last room on the right. The first toy is there, and really want to get a little tied up, if you know what it means.”

“Crystal clear Maker,” it murr, slinking off the pedestal, looking back at its Maker and the two molding pods, before continuing, looking around the place to keep itself up to date, stopping just before it leaves the room, “Were two toys finished while it was in the molding pods?”

“One was, the other has another day, why do you ask?”

“It remembers walking past them all the time, so it was curious.”

“Fret not, you'll be seeing that toy with another soon enough later today.”

“Oh? Please Maker, don't spoil too many surprises.”

“It’s sure you won’t mind a little hint here or there.”

“True,” it says with a rump sway, grabbing the door handle, hiking its butt, “Till later Maker,” it says with a playful wink, hiding its muzzle with its chin, slinking away.

K-2373 mews softly remarking, “This one is still not sure how good of an idea it is, but it trusts you, Maker.”

X-2003 steps onto the store floor customers and toys are moving about, shopping, helping, servicing, or being on display. Its hips sway in a sensual teasing fashion, cock out, hard, bouncing. Its bright hot pink colors glow, its body seems to have been recently polished. It pleasantly greets out to those that walk past it, “Hello!”

One customer a cat eared human with a white furred, black striped tail is talking to H-1139 in the bondage gear section, “So, I do like to do various kinds of experiments, and having a kind of toy assistant that could help with that would be wonderful.”

“We do many kinds of experimentation,” it bleats.

“Well, its more like...”

“Hello H-1139, so pleased to see you, perhaps later this one can return the favor from yesterday,” X-2003 says with a playful wink, moving up and giving the toy a deep and passionate kiss, “It knows you’d like that,” it continues once it breaks it.

The half human-cat hybrid stares in surprise, “Ahhh...”

X-2003 gasps, “Oh, sorry, this one interrupted, it apologies. And it should have been offered to you.”

“Ah well...”

“That’s not a no,” it says with a tease, running its hand across his chest, leaning in to give him a slow, deep passionate kiss. The customer’s eyes close, a soft moan escaping his lips, his pants growing tight and then the kiss ends, “There we go, sorry again, anyway it's off!” it says, with a rump sway, prancing away.

The human blinks, “Ah... can I have that one?”

H-toy responds, “It's not sure if that one is for sale.”

X-2003 slinks into the back of the store, toward its informed destination, passing a pleased customer and a toy who just managed to have a good time, “Excuse this one,” it says, slipping past, entering the room, which is set up as a heavy BDSM bondage dungeon with all the fixings.

Leaning against a bondage rack, letting out a little yip in surprise is a sleek black bodied, white belly, green highlighted fox toy. Its long green hair goes halfway down its back, green bordered black strapped bondage cuffs on its wrists, upper thighs and ankles. Its collar has a big heart tag that reads in green lettering T-4213. The toy’s matching green length, twitches and throbs with a nice hefty knot at the base, “O-oh! This one wasn’t expecting you to be here already,” it says with a little playful yip, its cock twitches as it eyes the sergal toy.

It tilts its head, sauntering over to it, it’s cock bouncing in a slow steady hypnotic tease, “Not expecting this one yet? Why is that?” it murr, reaching over gently touching the fox toy’s

cock tip, fingers trailing along the length, its member kisses the underside of the length, letting it twitch and throb against the toy's member, "Were you trying to plan something for it?"

T-toy moans, grinding against the toy's touch, cock dribbling translucent green pre-cum, "T-toy was getting a new toy to come with. It wanted them to enjoy you with it," it says, grinding against the toy.

"Oh really? Another is going to join us? Do you know which toy?" it inquires, moving in closer, lengths pressing up against one another, "Best to be prepared for what is going to happen... after all, this one has free reign to show you all what this one can do, as Maker's newest toy," it says with a playful wink, leaning in to passionately kiss the toy on the lips right before it could respond, slipping its tongue into its fellow toy's mouth, wrapping around it, and forcefully drawing it back into its mouth to suckle ending with a tender gentle bit on the lip which it slowly pulls away.

"Ohh fuck," the fox responds with a moan, hips bucking against it, "T-this one wasn't expecting that."

It smirks, "It's fun to give the unexpected."

"And it's not sure if you met the new toy, their designation is S-2372 and they are a pink very big pawed femboy cat-raccoon hybrid toy."

"Ohh, this one has seen it in the molding pods. It knows R-9375 was very excited to have them be finished, being another null toy, which are so cute and fun to play with."

"This one agrees, which is why it offered both to join, but R-toy won't be able to make it till this one's time is up."

"Huh, how unfortunate, but this one thinks it can work with what it is given. Let's get you set up while the other one is on its way," it says, pulling the toy by the cock toward the center of the room where a dozen bondage hangers and pulley system hangs overhead. X-2003 looks up at them, rubbing its chin, tail brushing against the fox's member, "Yes, this should work for what it has in mind for a little while at least."

With a soft yip the fox looks up at the bondage gear designed to hoist and hold toys up while providing mobility across the room, "Ohh... this one thinks it knows what you are going to do."

"Do you?" it asks, tilting its head.

"Put this one up into bondage, leave it hanging."

X-2003 smirks, walking around the toy, its hands gently caressing around its form, "That's just the start. If this one just did that it would be boring, wouldn't it? It has so much more in store than that, and it will get a good idea on this bondage system that it can perform a few tricks while it's at it."

"Tricks?" it asks, with a tail swish, following the sergal toy, whipping its head around as it can only strain its neck so far.

"You'll see and so will the next pair," it says with a playful wink, going over to the ropes attached to the pulley system, lowering the silky red bondage ropes down, "Lovely counter balancing system to create the zero-gravity sensation, oh this will be perfect," it mutters, swaying



its hips side to side in a slow teasing fashion, butt hiked to show off its white rubber balls and a hint of its twitching pink member.

“What are you planning?” the toy inquires, its cock aching harder, thoughts of what could be happening mulling through its mind, each scenario worse than the last, arousing it further.

“Tsch, you think this one is going to just *tell* you what it’s going to do? Where’s the fun in that? The mystery up until the reveal is just as delicious as what is going to happen, and trust this one, it will be absolutely fabulous. If you weren’t a gay toy, you’d be surely one after this one is done with you,” it chuckles, sauntering back over to the fox, guiding the ropes through the toy’s bondage cuffs, running them through the D rings, taking a good few minutes to get it all prepared.

“F-fair,” T-4213 mutters, panting with eagerness, enjoying the soft run of the rope against its rubber skin, the tug of each bit as its arms and legs are spread, body pulled back almost to the point of taking it off the ground but just not quite, but the pull of the ropes gives it a sense that it could fall over and it’ll be safe.

X-2003 walks back in front of the toy after checking all the constraints, the fox’s toys arms are ready to be folded against its body with a simple pull of a rope, “Do you…” it says, its fingers running along the fox’s green cock tip, and slowly walking it down to the knot, “Trust this one?”

It shudders, moaning, “Yes, completely, X-2003.”

“Good, if there is an issue, let it know but you’re a toy you can handle whatever it has to offer,” it says, body trembling in anticipation.

“That’s good to hear, trust is important, even when toys play,” it says leaning in, giving the toy a slow and passionate kiss and in this moment, it uses its foot to pull the legs right from underneath the toy.

The fox toy feet are lifted up, the ropes auto clenching onto the rope, so that every inch the pulleys take back, it won’t give, rising the toy’s body till its parallel to the ground, arms pulled back, elbows up in the air, legs spread, the toy hanging above the ground at chest height, the kiss… still not broken, till the sergal pulls away. The sergal toy uses its hands to caress and guide the toy up into position, gently kneading its butt at the end.

“There we go, nice and level… though it really should be sure. There’s a leveling tool here, isn’t there?”

The fox tilts its head, “What? A leveling tool?” it asks, squirming in the bondage, cock twitching as it hangs, “Not sure what you mean or need for it.”

“Hmm, it’ll check later, it’s sure R-toy will have one on hand when it comes here,” it says, sliding underneath the toy, popping back up between its legs, “For now, let’s get you all worked up and ready till our guest arrives, how does that sound?” it asks, hands gently caressing and playing with the toy’s throbbing green length. Its hot pink tongue licking across the underside.

It gasps, arching its back, “That sounds good,” it moans, member dribbling pre-cum as the sergal slowly and tenderly licks its member, steadily licking down its length, across the knot

before the tongue coils around the balls, pulling it into the sergal's mouth for a squeaky suckle, leaving it gasping and moaning, "Ohh, yes... yes... keep doing that, that feels wonderful."

X-2003's ears twitch, hearing someone approach the door, which slowly creaks open. The toy's vision is blocked by T-toy's legs, unable to see the pink toy in question as it enters the room.

"H-hello?" it mews, the long butt length haired toy with its soft white belly, and blue eyes stares at the scene before it. It adjusts its round glasses with its oversized paws, the toy with black hip handles, and similar matching-colored cuffs and collar as X-2003 but with bold fuck toy lettering. On its collar is a black and pink paw print tag that has its designation S-2372. "Oh my..." it blushes, covering its mouth with its oversized, mostly useless paws. The toy has a white belly and crotch, the latter is a twitching bulge with a nice hot pink lock symbol over it.

X-2003 lifts its head, giving a slow lick across the green cock, tongue half coiling around the member, the toy's angular muzzle running across the length while its hands gently hold and caress it, pressing it up against its muzzle tip. With a playful grin it says, "Welcome, this one is pleased you could make it, it was just warming this one up for your arrival. If you'd be so kind as to stand on the other end of the toy, so it could get you all geared up, and raised to the correct height.

S-toy nods, "S-sure," it says, walking over to the other side of T-toy, its long flowing pink hair bouncing with each step, its thick fluffy tail is massive in comparison to most other toys, "Like this?"

X-2003 slips underneath T-toy, running its claws along its spine as it does so, enjoying the soft moans that escape from the toy's mouth, popping up between them, "That will work perfectly, stand there and it will get you all geared up," it responds, repeating the process as the ropes are slipped down, three in total this time, the first rope slips between S-toy's wrist cuffs, binding them together, pulling them over the toy's head, followed by two separate other bondage ropes that slip through the outside thigh D-ring on the toy's ankles, "These will help spread your legs, exposing your crotch more, making you just know how vulnerable you are," it says with a giggle.

"Why are you telling mew this," it asks, with a soft moan, watching as the sergal toy gets behind it, its big bushy tail wraps around the toy, shivering when it feels its twitching length press up against its rump.

It grins, the toy reaching down to grip the black handles, gently grinding them within its hands with a loud squeak, its feet getting between the toy's legs, forcing them to be spread as the pulleys take the extra slack, "One simple reason toy... so you'll think about it, making it all the better," it murmurs, lifting the toy up in one quick motion so its crotch is head height with the fox, who is now faced with the locked symbol bulge.

"How's that height T-toy?" K-2003 inquires.

With a soft moan, seeing the bulge only a short way away from it, it responds, "Perfect."

“Wonderful,” it says with a rump sway, leaning against the S-toy’s handles, letting it know it's not able to come down from the ropes without help from someone else. X-2003 then pushes S-toy closer till its crotch is pressing up against the foxes green hearted nose, “You better get to licking and teasing this one or it won’t be giving you back in kind.”

“Y-yes sir!” T-toy responds, its long green fox tongue licks across the bulge, pushing down on it, with only the racoon-cat toy’s body weight pressing up against it.

“Ohh nya...” the pink and white toy shudders, its sensitive bulge twitching against the hungry mouth of the fox toy, which tries its best to keep it against itself. The toy’s toes curl in delight as it squirms within its held-up position.

X-2003 squeezes the null bulge toy’s butt, pressing it against the fox toy’s muzzle, “That’s it, enjoy each other, please each other. All held up with nothing to do but service one another in any way you can,” it giggles, letting go of the toy’s butt after it gets a few good squeak moans from both toys.

“Such a good set of toys, loving your position, aren’t you?” it asks, its claws dancing across T-toy’s belly, while S-toy has a bird’s eye view of the field, hanging helplessly, knowing everything the sergal is going to do to its current playmate.

S-2372 says, “Yes Sir, we are,” it moans.

T-4213 on the other hand says nothing as it opens its mouth wider, trying to pull more of the bulge into its mouth. It squeaks loudly like a dog trying to chew on a chew toy, but rather than biting down, it's simply wanting to draw it into its rubbery maw and give a nice firm tender suckle, pulling and tugging at the sensitive null bulge and with each passing moment, the fox toy is brought closer toward its goal in doing so.

“Come on, you can do it, this one knows you can,” X-2003 encourages, moving back between the toy’s legs, nuzzling the fox’s balls, “Suck them hard like this,” it says, pulling the balls into its mouth, with deep sensual suckles, while slipping a few fingers into its rear, hitting the hot button, gently massaging them, while pushing the fox forward to put extra pressure onto the S-toy’s twitching aching bulge.

T-toy moans, widening its mouth, trying its best to lick across the bulge to make it slick so it can form a better suction cup seal around it, and then once it does, sucks nice and deep, slurping the bulge as it's pulled deeper into its mouth. Its toes curl as it can’t do anything but be suckled and to suck the null bulge, ass clenching the sergal toy’s fingers, tail flinging about wildly in ecstasy.

“Nya... don’t stop, don’t stop,” S-toy moans, pressing its hips against the mouth, unable to buck, not wanting to break the hard fought seal that was formed around its sensitive mound. It closes its eyes, focusing on the pleasure building within it, helpless to do anything but to take it, letting the delights wash over it again and again.

X-2003 continues to pump T-4213’s rear, the fingers delicately massaging the prostate, while it wetly slurps and suckles its bulges. Its muzzle pressing against the base of the knot, feeling each twitch and pulsate of the aching member, feeling some of the pre-cum dribble that

has run down its length and land on its nose, *“This is going to be a wonderful climax,”* it thinks, feeling each squeeze and milking of its fingers, the toy trying to push them in deeper, and it's all too happy to do so by slipping in another finger to spread the toy nice and wide and then its eyes go wide, *“Wait! This one knows what you need!”* it exclaims, scampering off to the other side of the room.

T-toy doesn't stop its slurping and suckling but it tries in vain to see what the sergal is up to, wondering, *“Was it doing a good job? It thought it was... it felt so close.”*

S-toy on the other hand, brought out of its crotch sucking nirvana, watches X-2003 grab a large oversized dildo, the sergal taking the time to lick and lubricate the Thor sized fox dick with an even larger knot. Its eyes go wide, *“Oh this one...”*

*“Now, this will get you going,”* it chuckles, taking the cock tip, pressing it against the toy's pucker, *“It hopes you are ready, it already licked across it to get it nice and lubricated for you,”* it chuckles.

T-toy's eyes go wide, feeling the girth of the toy already at just the tip, the rest of 'start' of the dildo rubbing along his butt cheeks, further giving him the indication of what is about to happen and then it's shoved into it, the toy's tight rubber butt spread wide by the oversized dick being pushed into it. With firm hard thrusts, the toy's prostate is crushed again and again, while forcing it to even more tightly press up against the nudge that it has been dutifully servicing.

Both toys moan in delight, being pushed deeper into lustful embraces of each other's teasing, while X-2003 happily and gleefully pounds the fox's ass with the toy, letting the knot bounce off the toy's butt cheeks again and again, harder and harder, the knot spreading the toy a little wider each time that would have given any organic customer a moment of pause, but here it's simply building up to the height of the moment till... POP.

Like popping a balloon, a gush of fox toy juices is sprayed all over itself, the translucent green toy cum spraying so hard that a little bit of it manages to hit S-toy's belly, the suckling seal breaking in that moment as the toy simply can't keep up the focus and attention as it cums hard, *“Fuck, fuck, fuck!”* it exclaims.

X-2003 leaves the dildo nice and lodged into the toy's behind gently massaging and pressing it a little harder into the toy's rear, simply watching the toy's reaction, *“Ahh, perfect,”* it says, just as there's a knock on the door, *“Come on in, there's always room for more,”* it says licking across the underside of the recently spent cock, *“Hmm, delicious.”*

The door opens to a black, white and blue fennalope toy, with ratchet symbols on its hips, the other null toy, R-9375 enters the room, *“Hello this one was just... oh this one...”*

*“Just the toy this one was looking for, do you happen to have a level?”*

*“A level? On this one?”*

*“Yes, in one of those pouches, when you do repair work, you have to make things are straight and level... well level at least,”* it says with a playful giggle.

*“It has a little one yes, why?”*

*“Place it on that one's chest, it wants to see if it got it level.”*

“Ah, sure,” it says, blushing as it approaches the two bound toys, looking over at X-2003 with curiosity, pulling open a pouch, placing a small portable level on the chest.

The sergal toy slinks over to it, grabbing R-toys handles, gently swaying its hips, “Is it?” It moans, enjoying the grip on its sensitive handles, “It looks like its level.”

“Wonderful.”

“Why does that matter?”

“It was simply curious that’s why,” it says with a smile, gently licking across the toy’s ear, whispering, “And don’t worry, you’ll be next with your other toy.”

R-toy shivers, gasping when its dark blue handles are suddenly gripped hard by the sergal toy, making its back grow stiff. X-2003 gently bites its ear, making it moan deeply, “Ohhh...”

The other two toys squirm and squeak, unable to do anything as it moved over to between T-toy’s legs. The sneaky sergal licks across the ear, whispering, “Stay here, it will get you all set up for this bit of fun, it promises,” parting with a little kiss on the cheek.

“O-okay,” it says with a twitching null bulge throb. It looks over the twitching green cock, licking its lips at the site, then noticing the still thick dildo lodged within the toy’s butt, making it blush, but not as hard as when the red silky ropes come down from above, three in total, exactly like S-2372, the realization of what is about to happen to hit, really sinking in, “This one just checked out those bondage pulleys, they work really well, don’t they?”

X-2003 saunters back over, “They work wonderfully, though it will need a partner eventually, but that’s for later,” it remarks.

“Partner?” all three toys inquire in unison.

“One thing at a time,” it says, running its hands across R-toy’s back, pulling its arms together, locking them together via the wrist cuffs, getting it pulled nice and tight overhead while the other ropes are weaved through the ankle D-rings. It remains behind the maintenance toy, hands caressing its head, fingers playing with the ears, thumbs coiling around the base of its antlers, while it’s twitching member hot dogs the toy’s butt, “Are you ready for some fun?”

R-9375 shivers, tail running across the sergal’s body with a loud squeak, panting in delight, its glasses remaining on its nose, “So very ready.”

“How wonderful,” it says, gripping the handles, giving a nice tight squeeze, lifting the toy up till its null bulge is the perfect height of T-toy’s rump, “You know, this one always likes to try the impossible, and something that has never, ever, in a billion years has been tried,” it remarks, giving R-toy’s butt a playful little squeeze, before scampering off to another part of the room.

R-toy comments, “That seems very confident of you to say that it’s never been done, how could you be so sure?”

S-2372 shivers, squirming in its spot, null bulge gently resting against T-toy’s muzzle, “This one is curious too, as to what you mean.”

The helped up fox toy between the toy, tightly grips the dildo within it, the length felt throughout its form, the knot keeping it nice and locked, which is constantly pressing down on its prostate, while its member pulsates with a never ending eagerness, “This is so fucking hot and

arousing,” it says looking up at the two bound toys between it, none of the toy’s aware that X-2003’s pre-cum’s aroma has filled the room with the arousing scent that bolsters all of their sexual highs.

The white and hot pink sergal toy grabs a blue silky rope from the wall, “Has anyone ever thought of spit roasting a toy with two null bulge toys? Better yet while all three are in bondage? This one thinks not,” it says, with a teasing rump sway, sauntering back over, slipping the rope through R-toy’s handle bars and pulling it through S-toy’s going back and forth enough for a tight sliding grip on their handles, while making a knot system that can pull and tug both toys together with a single pull, a process that takes several teasing minutes, and running the ropes down through the toy’s ankle cuffs for extra pulling leverage.

All the while R-toy looks at its fellow null toy, their crotches grinding against the equally bound and helpless toy between them, its null bulge, pressing against the base of the dildo lodged within the toy below. With each clench that toy gives, the base of the toy presses up against its own bulge, providing a double pleasure and shifting movements.

S-toy remarks, “How did you learn to tie knots like this?”

X-2003 stops and thinks... “Ah... not sure, just knows how to,” it says, finishing the rope work, giving the rope a good tug, which pulls both toys together, their null bulges pressing up on either side of the bound fox toy, which groans and moans feeling its dildo shifting within it. Then it relaxes the tug, and the ropes slightly loosen, “That should work.”

T-toy squirms and grinds, wanting to close its legs around the toy, but finds it impossible as its left helplessly swinging. It looks over to the sly sergal toy as it approaches, “Be a good toy and give another good suckle on that bulge. You almost got it to climax. See if you can pull it off this time. If not... no biggie, it’ll have a job for you afterwards.”

“Job? This one has things it should be do--” Its words are cut off by a slow, long deep passionate kiss.

Once its broken, X-2003 says, “You’ll be doing what this one has asked you. Anything else is not your concern till it’s done with you, understand?” it asks in a sweet yet domineering tone of voice, the toy’s free hand gently runs across the toy’s chest.

“Y-yes, Sir,” it responds.

X-2003 grins, “Fabulous,” it says, grabbing the rope, giving it a nice hard stress test pull, pulling the null bulge toys closer together, squashing those sensitive white rubber null bulges with a loud squeak, the two helpless toys pant and moan as they are pulled, which is only made worse for S-toy when the green and black fox toy once again wraps its mouth around the wet null bulge, quickly having learned from its mistakes, suckling the tender crotch.

“Good, good, this one is so pleased you are getting along so well, enjoying history being made?” it asks, pulling on the rope hard once again, making the toys ‘thrust’ into the toy between them.

T-toy arches its back, toes curling that knot lodged within it crushes its prostate, grinding against it with each forced thrust made by the null toy’s crotch. Every shifting of the massive

girthy dildo within it, makes it clench harder, driving its pleasure higher, its member trembling in anticipation and ecstasy as the pre-cum once again begins to dribble down its side.

X-2003's ears twitch, relaxing the ropes, "What was that? This one didn't hear an answer. Tell this one if you are enjoying yourselves," it says, pulling the ropes taught.

S-2372 mews out, "Yes, this one is Sir," it says with a heavy pant, toes curling, hands helplessly rubbing against each other, the collar's tag jingling at the force and speed of its thrusts, the loud wet squeaks of the fox's mouth around its locked bulge making it quiver.

R-9375 squeaks in delight, tail flicking about, helplessly unable to do anything except tug and pull on the bondage ropes, wanting to know just how deeply locked up it is, and when it finds its struggle is utterly pointless its pleasure rises, rump clenching, imagining that thick massive toy that its pushing into the fox with its null bulge is within it, "Goodness, this one is having a wonderful time," it replies.

The hot pink sergal cock twitches, dribbling pre-cum from the tip as the sergal pulls on the rope again and again and again, making hard thrusts between the toy lost in the null bulge spit roast underneath. It keeps the rhythm going, harder, faster, tighter, ideas mulling in the back of its mind of what to do next, wanting to express some creativity when the fox toy between them could no longer contain itself, unleashing another load onto itself.

"Oh, it seems someone managed to cum before it could make either null toy release," it musses, relaxing the ropes, giving the toys a moment to 'relax'.

T-toy remarks, "How could you tell if they climaxed? They are null toys."

"There are clues, and it thinks they need a bit more before they can find the nirvana of release. The difficulty of getting a null bulge toy to cum is part of the fun, and seeing you failed to do so this way, it thinks it needs a more of a hands-on approach," it says, going over to the system that slackens the bondage ropes, it picks the set that gently lowers T-4213 to the ground.

"What is it that you want it do?" it asks, looking up at the two hanging null bulge toys that swing back and forth, stopped from swinging too far away from each other due to the bondage ropes between them.

"Operate the rope system so when it needs them lowered, turned to their side, it makes the move and you do it, so we can have a smooth bondage rope hanging experience," it explains, working to remove the ropes from the fox toy.

The null bulge toys tense and moan, looking into each other's eyes, their bulges twitching and aching, making them squirm in delight and unbridled anticipation.

"Sure, sir, it can do that."

"Oh, and one more thing," X-2003 says with a teasing grin, running its fingers across the toy's chest, gathering up some of the seed on its fingers, holding it out for the fox toy to suck clean.

"W-what is it?" it inquires taking the gesture, drinking down its own juices with a slow and tender suckle.

"Keep that toy in you till we're done, as recompense for failing to make the null toys from climaxing."

It clenches on the toy in its rear, nodding and moaning.

“Good toy,” it says petting it, getting up, looking at the other two held up toys, “We’ll need to make a few changes,” it says, taking the blue bondage rope and unweaving it from the toys while the fox toy goes over to the rope bondage system.

R-toy squeaks, tail swishing, “What are you going to do?”

X-2003 reaches up and fondles both toy’s null bulges, the fingers dancing along the underside, the thumb pressing on the lock symbol, “Now, now. You know you shouldn’t ask your dom that. Where’s the fun if you just know every detail of what is going to happen?”

T-4213 yells, “It did that to this one too, so don’t worry, it treats us all equally.”

X-2003 grins, “This one wouldn’t say that, it treats each toy as it needs to be treated,” it says with a playful wink, pulling the toys closer together, then with a tug on their handles and help with T-toy, it lowers them till they both hang just above the ground, “Now to get you both prepped for some fun,” it musses, taking shorter ropes, tying the toy’s hands together, forcing them closer. The pull and tug of the inward pulled handle feels like a constant teasing stroke of a hard cock, but never enough to cause a climax. The pleasure of the pull goes deep into their thighs like a cock slipping into their rears, without hitting the prostate.

R-toy and S-toy stare at each other, two null toys with glasses, chests, pressing up against one another. They lean in and gently kiss each other with nothing better else to do, yet they both can’t help but keep an eye on the sergal toy that is proceeding to lock their ankle cuffs together, then sauntering over to grab a red double sided double knotted dildo, “Ah, perfect.”

The null bulge toys whip their heads in sergal’s direction, “Oh this one,” mews S-toy.

“Oh gosh,” squeaks R-toy, grinding against one another in growing anticipation.

X-2003 , places the dildo against their muzzles, showing the length is long enough to push past both of their heads. It then pulls the toys’ heads back, placing the tip of each dildo into the other toy’s mouth, “Now you two can kiss,” it says, gently rubbing the back of both toy’s head, holding firm S-toy’s while it grabs R-toy’s antlers, using them as a handle to push the toy’s heads back together, sliding in each devilish inch, flooding their mouths, the dildos sinking down into their throats. Most of their vision is soon taken up by either the dildo’s knot or each other, lips kissing the base of the girthy point of no return.

“Since this one is a kind dom, loving that honey touch, fast or slow with the knot?” it asks.

Both toys mutter and mumble their answers, which is nearly impossible for anyone to hear just exactly what they could want.

“Oh? Really? Is that so?” X-2003 asks with a playful rump sway, running its fingers through the toys’ hair, “Well if that is how you want it, who is this one to say no,” it replies, applying pressure to the toys once again. Their mouths pushed open nice and slow, stretching their jaws around the girthy knots that will lock them closer together. Bit by bit they slide across it, mouths becoming more filled, tongues helplessly squirming underneath the pressure of the knot that then... pops into place once they hit the point of no return. Their lips now kissing each



other in a tight cheek filled knotted embrace, “Awe, how cute and lovely,” it says with a rump sway. It takes this time to lock their collars to one another, making it all the more impossible to pull away.

“How does that feel?”

The toys with a puffy cheek groan and moan, grinding against one another, their null bulges tightly pressing up against each other and then when X-2003 gives both toy’s a good rump squeeze their moans grow even louder, “Oh, that’s wonderful to hear... now,” it says, gripping the toys’ combined handles, spinning them so that R-toy is facing up and S-toy is facing down, legs spread, helpless to do anything as the sergal runs its length along them.

“It hopes you’re both ready for this. Making a fuck hole out of your null bulges sounds like a fun idea, doesn’t it?” it says, grinding its cock tip against the combined compressed bulges, “How does that sound? This one’s length pressing between you two, pounding you harder and harder till... well you know,” it chuckles running its length against the outline of the pressing bulges.

The bound toys helplessly moan into the thick dildo in their mouths, grinding, pressing, squeaking against the other, their glasses able to remain on despite what is happening. Their hot breaths blow across each other, unable to look down, away from each other, blinded to the world except to each other. Unsure when the first thrust is going to hit, pressing down their sensitive null bulges and then... it hits.

X-2003’s translucent hot pink pre-cum makes the toys’ bodies tingle, ache, arousals growing, and the pleasure building when that hard throbbing length slips in between, making loud heavy squeaks. Their moans vibrate the toy in each other’s mouths, making it all the worse that S-toy is pleasantly purring, fully expressing the feline part of its hybrid nature.

With soft tender moans, X-2003 thrusts into the sweet fuck hole it made between the cute toys, “We should make this a fun feature for customers to enjoy. What to do with two bound up null toys. Would this count as frothing if your bits are just bulges? Philosophy questions of the age. Or would this be considered even gay? Huh... curious,” it remarks, slamming its balls against R-toy bulge, the twitching sergal length oozing out more arousing toy juice, making the area slicker for even harder thrusts.

Helplessly the toys moan, and wiggle, just grinding against one another, each pulling their bondage tight, with nothing left to show for it. Their only point of ‘movement’ if you can even call it that is their arms, the sergal toy having forgotten to lock them together, giving a little bit of independent movement, but as minor as it was, it was a tantalizing evil reminder of just how bound they are, taking whatever the sergal toy has to throw at them.

This one won’t be holding itself back, it hopes you both don’t either. This one would love to see you both climax naturally from being over stimulated,” it says with a teasing grin, massaging the handles, pounding harder, using the toy’s rubber to bounce off their combined crotches to rub and slip itself in between those aching, throbbing null bugles with ever increasing delight.

Moans lost to the dildo shoved into their maws, they squirm, squeak, wiggle and slide against one another, each bit of movement is so small and minor that it is just a constant reinforcement that they can't do anything but take it. To let their pleasure, build higher and higher. To let that sergal cock slip between them, squish and grind against their mounds as they provide a far more pleasurable hole for X-2003 to fuck with. Good toys provide their service and that the service of the other is greater than themselves, a thought that multiplies their delight.

X-2003 shudders, its hot toy juices gushing between the toys. Wave after wave of hot pink translucent toy cum with equally potent aphrodisiac effects that make the bound toys' current situation pleasantly worse. With a soft pant the sergal milks itself clean between the toys, grinding its cock against their rumps, making sure every drop is left between them, "Hmm, yes, it is more difficult, and which means you both have the null bulge advantage."

T-toy calls up, "See, they are difficult."

X-2003 nods, "Yup, and this one will make them crack, you keep doing what you are doing, this one will be right back," it says, scampering out of the room, looking down the toy testing hallway where it sees the feline human from before, looking a bit exhausted, and a luscious smooth black and red colored fox toy, with cuffs only on its ankles and wrist. The red eyed toy with a silver tag that reads S-0370 wolf toy says to the feline, "It is sorry that our famous BDSM room is a bit tied down today, but its glad you enjoyed yourself in the other room we had free."

"You!" exclaims X-2003, rushing over to it.

Both turn to it, "Who, this one?"

"Who me?" replies the human hybrid.

"Sorry, the toy, it needs you," it says, grabbing the toy by the hand, pulling it toward the room.

"Oh... okay," it says with a soft squeak, looking to the confused human hybrid, "Sorry, we toys can be busy," it says with a squeak, slipping into the BDSM room, the door closing behind it, leaving the customer looking dumfounded.

S-0370 remarks, "This one was told that a white and hot pink toy is to get priority today for anything it needs, but what could you need this one for?" it asks, flicking its tail.

"This one needs another toy to help it push these null toys over the edge," it says, showing off the two sandwiched toys, "Do you think you can help this one?"

S-0370 eyes R-toy, smirking, its cock going from flacid to rock hard in under a second, "Why yes, this one thinks it could be of much aid, helping make those null bulges quiver in delight."

R-toy eyes go wide, "*Oh deer,*" it thinks, grinding harder against S-2372, which squirms helplessly in its own bondage.

X-2003 gives the new toy a soft tender kiss, "Thanks, this one appreciates the help," it says, hands running down the toy's back, giving the butt a playful squeeze.

S-0370 playfully growls, “This one was going to come here next anyway with another, but it can get started while the other toy is not ready yet,” it chuckles, walking over to the other toys, running its fingers along R-toy’s back, “It knows just how to make things work on it,” it says, reaching for the tool belt, pulling out a sleek blue blindfold and taking the knotted blue dildo out of its holster, “First if you don’t mind, X-2003 that it adds a bit to this set up.”

X-2003 walks along the other side of the toys, its claws running along R-toy’s back, while its tail brushes and teases S-2372’s backside, “Go right ahead. This one can’t say no to help when it asked for it.”

With a playful grin it responds, “Perfect.” it slinks over to R-toy, taking off its classes, placing them into the holster where the blindfold was, “You won’t be needing that toy,” it says, wrapping it around the toy’s eyes, which makes the fennalope moan in delight, enjoying itself being delved into further darkness and sensory deprivation.

“Good toy, enjoy the darkness, so you may simply focus on what is important, what we, especially this one is going to do to your cute rubber ass,” it growls playfully, rubbing the dildo against the toy’s mouth, only now discovering that the toy’s mouth is already full to the brim, “That’s already been done? Damn,” it huffs.

X-2003 tilts its head, looking over the blindfolded toy, “What has?”

“Dildo in mouth.”

“Hmm, you know if you shove the toy between their null bulges it will squeeze it more as we stuff them. It’s going to turn them sidewise in a moment, once they are all prepped up,” it says, going off to grab a blindfold, removing S-2372’s glasses, blinding it as well, “Always good to be fair to the toys when they are equally held up.”

The racoon-cat hybrid toy moans and squirms, grinding harder as it pants in delight.

“Good point,” S-0370 remarks, slinking down, running the dildo along R-toy’s back, sliding it across its butt, before pushing and twisting it into place till its fully lodged between the two twitching bulges.

“Thanks. When playing with two submissives, it’s best to not show favoritism, unless they both like it, and want the competition as to who is the best bottom.”

The wolf toy’s ear twitches, “Do you mean bottom?”

“Isn’t that what it just said.”

“No, you said bottom, not bottom.”

“Same difference in this case as their butts are going to be well used in a moment,” it says, grabbing the handle, turning the toys to the side so either toy has easy access to their tight clenching rears, “Wouldn’t you say?”

With a playful growl, one hand runs across R-toy’s back side, giving the ass a nice tight squeeze, while the other runs across the toys’ still bound up handle, “It would say so.”

“It thought so,” it says, grasping the handle with S-0370, letting the null toys know what is to come is going to be soon.

X-2003 and S-0370's cock tips press against their respective toy's holes, which clench down, ready to accept their twitching pillars of delight into them, "You know something?" the sergal toy suddenly remarks, leaning forward pressing the very tip of the cock a little harder into S-2372's hole.

"No, this one hasn't talked to you before, what is it?" it asks, tilting its head, pressing a bit harder into R-toy's blue pucker, ready to slide in and remind the fennalope toy just what a lovely time it could give.

"It's really felt like it's been doing almost nothing but sex, not that it's a bad thing at all, but to go from one to the next, to the next? If it wasn't showing these toys a good time and it was a customer? It would really need to get cleaned up."

"Lucky for you, this one was just cleaned after using its last customer, so no cross contamination here," it says with a big, pleasant smile.

"That's great to hear. How about on the count of three."

"Sounds good to this one."

"Okay... one... two..." their cocks pressing harder into the toys, "Wait, wait..."

With a soft woof it remarks, "What is it?" it asks, tilting its head curiously.

"Is it three then go, or on three we go?"

"This one thinks on three we go, will work the best."

"On three we go, got it," it says, with an affirmative nod, but it leans over and very quietly whispers into the toy's ear, "Go on two. Throw them off so they don't expect it."

It smirks, nodding along, saying nothing.

"One..." the cocks press against their respective holes, the blindfolded null toys, preparing themselves for the pleasure that is about to be received, bodies quivering and aching in delight, wanting nothing more in this moment than to be stuffed.

"Two," X-2003 calls out, the dom toys pushing themselves in nice and deep into their toy, pushing into their sensitive insides, making them squirm and moan in surprise, which made the moment feel all the better, driving up their arousal to another plateau that they weren't ready for, and they *love* it.

With firm tugs on the handle the top toys slurp their pre-cum into the toys aching holes making it easier with each successive thrust to slam into them. S-0370 then says, "If you drop that toy that's between you two, you'll both be punished."

X-2003 shudders, loving what its hearing, "Oh, this one should have thought of that. It will give them something to do, to work with each other as they grind up against one another towards their climax. How fabulous," it murr, slamming itself hard into S-2372's hungry rear.

The null bulge toys squirm and moan, sliding the slick and wet dildo between them, grinding their null bulges harder, not wanting the toy to slip free as its soaked in the sergal toy's cum, which makes the job all the harder, but with each slip, the toy's start to work in sync to push and grind the toy into place, centered on the two of them, driving the building pleasure between them all the higher.

S-0370 arches its back, feeling each squeeze and massage of R-toy's expert rear around its length, "Hmm, yes, this one can feel how much this toy here is enjoying it, can you?"

X-2003 balls smack against S-2372's rear, "It can, and their milking got tighter, more vigorous when you gave them the task, what a perfect," it says, working the toy's harder, longer, "Shall we continue to pound into them till they both cum?"

"It likes that idea, first one to make the other toy cum wins."

X-2003 smirks, "And what would one win?"

"Bragging rights."

"That sounds like a bet this one can take," it says, with a nod, the hard rhythmic pounding beginning to grow all the more vigorous, fierce. The helpless toys bounce against the cocks, as they slide in and out against them again and again, each thrust sends vibrations through the toy which the other can feel. The pleasure runs through their body, simmering into the back of their minds, which is all that they can focus on being so bound, blinded and helpless. If they could see all they would be able to gaze upon is the glossy eyed look of the other null toy, lost in the ecstasy of the moment, their stubborn held back climaxes of their bulges adding to the moment in ways that only toys like themselves could describe and understand of just how wondrous it is.

Of course, the sergal and the wolf have no problem climaxing, twice over already by the time they quaking ache of desire from the null toys even starts to approach the levels considered where a climax is even possible, and both toys knew it for one reason or another.

The null toy's well filled holes are aching for more, S-0370 hitting the prostate and every hot button within the squeaking fennalope, knowing its rear almost better than the Maker itself at this point, while S-2372 had a totally different advantage in hitting its climax first.

The hot pink sergal toy cum is loaded with that arousing aphrodisiac, which indirectly heightens every bit of pleasure, every tease, every moment, burning into its mind its drive to have some kind of little release of the mind-blowing pleasure it's currently undergoing. A normal person would have lost it by now, either passed out from pleasure overload, or climaxed. Yet the toy was conscious, coherent, and in nirvana, ready to be sent over that edge at any moment, pressing hard against the dildo that with the help of its fellow toy it managed to keep between them all this time.

Waves crashing against a cliff face, it's the only sensation that could be described of the force behind their desire to climax and yet it stands firm, unable to bow down to the pressure yet with each smashing wave the rock face grows a little weaker. Worn away in subtle ways that can't be seen readily but over time, slowly but surely it does happen.

Kaboom, the cliff face collapses, the walls are breached, the eruption of pleasure hits, the quivering null bulge and how it pulsates uncontrollably like a climaxing dick but its the entire mound. Nothing is released, and the pressure that is released is only just so, but what relief is given is worth more than a hundred climaxes than any normal toy would feel in any given experience. And like a cascading effect, one climax brings the other toy to climax. Like an explosive chain reaction it happens so quickly that it's nearly impossible for topping toys to know which hit first and in the bliss of the moment, neither could the null toys.

“It won!” X-2003 and S-0370 cry out in unison, slamming hard into the toys, unleashing a third load into their tight hungry milking rears, wanting to edge out a longer climax from both toys, letting them enjoy that sweet afterglow that is often lost upon them.

S-0370 huffs, “You didn’t win, this one did.”

“This one is pretty sure it won, but it matters not matter. What does matter is that these sweet bondage toys are able to reach a climax.”

The wolf toy relaxes a little, giving several more playful thrusts into R-toy’s rear, “That is true.”

X-2003 grins, “How about we give them another?”

The wolf chuckles, “That sounds fair.”

“But let’s change up the set-up, how about a little sixty-nine action with them. We can have them build each other up and see how well a null toy knows how to work over another null toy. From what it has seen, toys here aren’t that experienced with it.

T-toy calls out, “It really did try.”

“It knows, and it’s pleased at your performance too,” it says with a teasing rump sway, slowly pulling itself out of the toy’s well used rear. S-2372 tightly clenching its rear, not wanting a single drop to escape it, while R-toy does much the same from the withdrawing red pleasure rocket of S-0370.

“Now that is an idea this one has not thought of, but we don’t have a lot of null toys yet so perhaps it was only a matter of time before it would,” it says with a playful wolf, gently patting R-toy’s butt.

“All ideas come in time, rather they be good or bad, but time does help weed out the bad rather quickly,” it says with a nod, gently kneading S-2372’s butt, walking over to the toy’s heads, “Could you hold them while this one doubles up their wrist bondage, it will need a bit more rope for that.”

The wolf toy rushes over, “with pleasure,” it says, grabbing R-toy’s antlers with one hand, and holding up S-2372’s head with the other, “This one is ready.”

R-toy moans at the tight grip, while S-2372 squirms helplessly unsure what is happening but feels the brief moment where its wrists are free from one another and the bondage rope.

“Thank you, it appreciates it,” it says, taking the time to hook up a new set of bondage rope to each toy so now there’s four in total connected to them, “Could you grab the dildo while it works the bondage cuffs? It doesn’t want them to cool off for too long now.”

“With pleasure,” it says, unhooking the bondage between the toy’s collars, grabbing both toy’s heads nice and firm, pulling their heads back, watching their puff cheeks shift, their mouths opening till a loud POP is heard as the knots slip out of them.

The two bound toys moan loudly, panting, letting the cool air flood their lungs, the sweet aroma of rubber and arousing delights flooding them faster than before, their hungry desires causing each of them to grind against the other.

S-0370 playfully woofs, lifting R-toy’s head, bending it back, the flexible rubber put to the test as it gives its fellow toy a long deep passionate kiss, its twitching throbbing knotted cock,

grinding against S-2372's head in the interim, till the last link holding the toys together is broken, allowing the two toys to somewhat swing freely between the other.

X-2003 practically sings out in a teasing soothing voice, "Ankles to wrists we bind them, so each other crotches they find them," it giggles.

S-0370 tilts its head, slowly breaking the kiss, "That was just terrible, but this one likes the idea behind it."

"This one thought you would," it says, reaching between the null toys, grabbing the blue dildo that has slid down onto the pink toy's belly, "And they never did drop the dildo? How nice, they deserve a reward. Which it thinks, another climax is a delightful reward," it says, running the dildo around the outlines of both bulges, before the toys are spun around so they are in a sixty-nine position. Their arms quickly bound to the other toy's ankle. Their heads gently nuzzle the other toys' smooth crotch.

R-toy looks up at X-2003, which runs the dildo against the fennalope's muzzle, "Hello there toy, how are you enjoying yourself thus far?" it asks, bringing its hot pink member closer.

With a soft squeak it responds, "V-very good."

It tosses the dildo onto the toy's back, "We'll put that there for now, so we don't lose it, good idea, right?"

"R-right."

"It thought so," it says, gently running its hand across the toy's head, playing with its antlers, "How are you doing over there, S-0730?"

The wolf toy gently runs its cock across the racoon-feline hybrid toy's muzzle, "Doing great here thus far."

"How about we keep everything equal, what it does, you do, what you do, it does."

"Hmm, this one can get behind that," it says, grinding its length against R-toy's butt.

"Fabulous, how about we let them nurse and focus on their null bulges, they are the experts on pleasuring, and we'll build it up from there," it says with a playful wink, gently running its length against S-2372's butt cheeks.

"Perfect."

Both of the bound toys let out a soft playful moaning squeak. S-2372 and R-9375 nuzzles and lick each other's throbbing, aching bulge with a long deep squeak. They rub their faces against the round aching, twitching mound. Their vision locked onto their crotches. Their quivering bulges ache for each lick, each rub, nuzzling. R-toy's vision is surrounded by white and pink, the teasing toy cock grinding against its rear.

S-2372 mews, purring happily, its rough tongue licks across your bulge, pressing down on the wonderful mound, sensing the entire quivering pleasure twitching, throbbing, pushing back as it grows ever more aroused and firmer, like a quivering cock. Its vision is blocked with white latex and black and blue rubber. The sergal's dick grinding against its rear, butt tensing ready to accept the cock to shove into it at any moment, the question as to when adds to the delectable mystery that won't leave its mind.

X-2003 grabs R-toy's head, the wolf toy grabbing the hybrid toy's head in kind, "It thinks they need to rub and lick harder, nuzzle more, pushing that envelope... ah, null bulge to its limits, what do you think?" it asks with a teasing rump sway, grabbing both of R-toy's antlers at the base of its skull, hands squeaking loudly, making the helpless fennalope toy to shudder and squeak.

"It couldn't agree more," it says, tightly holding onto the sides of S-2372's head, pulling up against the rubber delightful null bulge, keeping its length grinding against R-toy's butt, occasionally pressing its cock tip at the hole, pushing it open a little, spurting pre-cum onto the hole.

"How wonderful," X-2003 responds, pushing its cock tip against S-2372's rear, spurting pre-cum onto the hole, pushing just the tip inside, while it pushes R-toy's head nice and tight against the bulge, forcing the tight squeaking muzzle down the bulge. The quivering rubber, nostrils flaring, how slick squeaky rubber grinding against R-toy's face, helpless to do anything but lick and suckle the bulge that is pushed up into its mouth.

Squeak, squeak, squeak, the bulges are a bundle of sensitive latex, like an external prostate, pushing the giant hot button, pumping up the pressure, making their loins grow warmer, tighter, aching further, the essence of their climax building in the damned ravine.

X-2003 teases R-toy's head, "It loves the bondage, and the freedom found within it. This one can tell that this toy here has the same sensation. The love and embrace it feels, how... delightful," it murmurs, its cock twitches, "But we should participate more in this. A friendly reminder what we'll be giving into their cute rumps soon?" it asks, looking to the wolf toy for confirmation.

With a playful growl, S-0370 replies, "That sounds good to this one," it says, moving its cock to the point of contact of face to bulge. Its twitching member slipping in between the throbbing bulge, pushing down harder on it, grinding its member along S-0370's muzzle, "Lick toy," it commands.

S-2372 shudders, nodding, grinding its muzzle against the red twitching dick, licking and nuzzling the aching throbbing member. It kisses and suckles the entire length. It purrs happily, mewling, meowing, unable to utter a word, its focus on the tantalizing cock, which only pushes that pillar of pleasure down harder onto R-toy's quivering bulge.

The same is playing out for the fennalope. The hot pink sergal dick pressing against its face, the delightful aroma of the sergal toy's dick, the arousing pre-cum oozes out of X-2003's length, building more arousing as the juices leak onto both toys, its cock grinding against the bulge, the hungry licking muzzle, balls gently tapping the base of the null bulge, a pleasant reminder of the time not that long ago, "What a delightful sensation, a bit more, let them quiver, let them stew, let the pressure cooker of the null bulges build to the point of breaking then we'll pump them full over and over till they can't contain themselves anymore and blow them."



S-0370 thinks, hands caressing the pink hybrid toy's ears, cock grinding nice and hard, its aching knot hitting the base of the S-2372's chin, balls tapping the underside of the hybrid toy's snout, a gentle reminder of just how big and eager the wolf toy is.

"This one likes that idea, but it's missing something that would really be the cherry topper."

"Oh? What are you suggesting?"

"Ball gags, so they have to really nuzzle and press themselves against the bulges, as we pound and make them climax nice and hard," it playfully growls.

"Hmm, this one does like that idea," it says, gently playing with R-toy's muzzle with a gentle grind, "Sounds good, now to find a ball gag for them," it says, looking around the room, continuing its pounding.

"This one knows where one is," it says, reaching forward, reaching for R-toy's toolbelt, pulling out a blue ball gag with a black rubber strap, "Give this to R-9375. It's their favorite ball gag, it was literally made for it," it says with a playful wink, tossing it over to X-2003.

With ease it catches it, looking at it, "Well they had it on them, it would be a shame that if we didn't use them, wouldn't you agree, R-9375?" it asks, using the antlers to make the toy nod repeatedly, "Hmm, that seems like a yes to this one. There are some hot pink ball gags over there, if you want to pick one and give it to S-toy here."

The wolf smirks, "It can do that," it says, walking off.

X-2003 grinds the ball gag against R-toy's lips. It gently rubs the gag before slipping it into the fennalope's mouth. The black and blue toy squirms and moans, opening its mouth around the gag, letting it push into its mouth, forcing it open, the straps locking around its head, keeping it place. It squeaks and moans, nuzzling and grinding itself against the other toy, body growing all the more aroused, pulling and tugging against its bondage, all a constant reminder of the position it's left in.

Both bound toys shudder, the ball gag soon slipped into S-2372's mouth. The pink big pawed toy suckles the gag, nuzzles and grinds against its fellow toy, left in aching, wanting bondage, their salvia washing over the ball gags. For the pink toy, it gurgles up, and is washing over its lips, drinking it down, enjoying the rubber hinted salvia flavored by R-toy's shivering bulge.

S-0370 says, pressing its length against R-toy's tight blue pucker, "Are we ready to pound and flood these two toys till they finally climax again?" it says with a gruff, squeezing R-toy's butt, spreading its cheeks.

X-2003 smirks, "This one thinks now they are good for it," it responds, mirroring the wolf's toy's action, pressing its length against S-2372's rear. The two top toys slip into the tight holes, well lubricated from previous sessions. Their hard pillars pound into the prostate pressing their other hot button. They all moan in delight, X-2003 arching its back, kneading the the toy's ass.

Harder, faster, rhythmically pounding the toys, clenching holes, loud squeaks fill the room, the metal D-rings ringing out, S-0370's knot bouncing against the aching hole, ready to pop in, making the fennalope quiver in delight, wanting to feel that delicious cock within it.

X-2003 on the other hand had a smooth ride into the wanting hole, its balls smacking against the rubber ass, white against pink, a lovely color mirrored in two of these toys. Harder, faster, quicker they pound, soon loud pops are heard from R-toy's rear as S-0370 makes full use of its strength and the toy's ability to stretch to pop that knot over and over again.

The sergal toy chuckles, "You might make that toy climax before it can make its toy reach its delightful sensation of unreleased release," it says, moving its cock within the tight hole to etch out every bit of extra pleasure it can, teasing the sensitive rubber insides.

"This thinks you can do fine; it knows how skillful you are with that cock of yours," S-0370 says with a playful wink.

It blushes a little bit, "You tease."

"Haven't even really gotten that far yet."

The constant pounding into the toys, the grinding, the moaning, the helplessness, it all builds up within the null toys. Working to make them climax would be a chore for any normal person, but for the two domineering toys is a fun challenge, full of gushing hot seed into each null toy's rear, which only makes the helpless toys feel 'full' and ready to burst in more than one way, making that indomitable dam keeps their climaxes in check to crack and buckle more.

Through dogged determination from S-0370 and X-2003's expert abilities knowing the toy form inside and out in such intimate ways, along with two previous climaxes into the null toy's rear, they are finally brought to heal, feeling what felt like something impossible. Two climaxes in a single day through stimulation alone. A dream that was so far off from the null toys' minds that they have never even thought to dream it, as it felt like an impossibility so outlandish, it would be like a neanderthal imagining walking on mars.

The tight grip of the null toy's rumps, the quivering climaxes and pulsating pleasures that was pushed up against either toys' muzzle, expressing to the other that they have both yet again reached this peak that is an Everest of difficulty to reach, and yet, it has been reached. The sexual high and tension steadily lowers, the toys are given a break to enjoy the afterglow, the knot remaining tightly lodged into R-toy's rump till its top toy decides to slowly tug and pull it out with another pleasant loud pop and a muffled gagged moan.

S-0370 says, "That is delightful, but it senses their time is up and there are a few toys that are in need to get back to work," it remarks, looking over to T-toy which has been teasing itself all the while, enjoying the display, its green cock aching, and quivering, a small mess of pre-cum left at its feet.

X-2003 chuckles, "That is true, this one has to accept that fact," it says, slowly pulling out of S-2372's rear, "We'll get cleaned up and things ready for the next group, though its not sure who that will be... It hopes you didn't mind S-0370 for grabbing you for this. Having two S-toys in the same room could be a little confusing.

The wolf toy tilts its head in a hint of confusion, “What do you mean?”

“Ah... well if it said S-toy it would be hard to confer who it was mentioning.”

“It thinks we can figure it out. And to answer your question, this one was next, so it didn’t mean getting a little bit of a bonus. It’s how it knows that the time is about up as this is about the time it should be arriving with A-9379. Even if it’s not there, it knows that toy will probably knock on the door any minute to check.

“Ah, best to get to work then!” it says. R-toy and S-2372 taken down from their bondage. Their bodies are so heavily used that if they were anything but toys, they would not have the strength to even get up. R-9375 takes the moment to clean its toys, and helps the room get prepped for the next group.

S-2372 mews, “It really appreciates the fun you gave this one, it was lovely,” it says with a little bow, fluffy tail running across the door.

X-2003 nuzzles and kisses, “It was this one’s pleasure and...” it says turning to R-toy, tapping its nose, “This one thinks you should take that out, unless you want to walk around with a ball gag in your mouth all day,” it says with a wink.

The fennalope blushes, squeaking, and blushing, eyeing the gag, swallowing the built-up saliva in its mouth, removing the gag, “It almost forgot. It was so comfortable that it could just get lost in the moment. It loves the time we spent and thank you and S-0370 toy again for the wonderful time. We should do this again when time permits.”

X-2003 it would love that.

S-0370 moves in giving R-toy a deep passionate kiss, its cock grinding against the null bulge, slowly pulling away, leaving the toy dazed, “To remember it till later,” it says with a wink.

With a soft squeak it adjusts its glasses, “O-of course,” it says, opening the door just as A-9379 was about to knock on the door, giving both toys a little jump scare, “Oh sorry.” The sleek white and blue wolf toy, with soft feminine features, has far more white rubber with blue streaks along the top of its head down the bridge of its nose, and down its back and tail. The cuffs match with blue and black band with cursive lettering of ‘fuck toy’ on it. It has the full set of ankles, thigh, belt, upper arm and wrist cuffs, similar to though bigger than X-2003’s own. Its collar has a silver heart shaped tag that reads its designation. Its soft blue eyes look down, bashfully, ears folded back. The toy’s red twitching cock is licked behind a blue metal chastity cage, with only the tip poking free, dribbling a bit of translucent white pre-cum.

“There you are,” the wolf toy says, a leash already in hand, grabbed from elsewhere in the room, hooking it up to the toy’s collar and then tugging on the leash, “Come pet, we are going to show X-2003 how we operate as a Master, Sub set of toys.”

R-toy squeaks and blushes seeing it, “Have fun.”

“We will,” it responds with a playful wink at it.

T-toy saying as it departs, “As much fun as it had, it needs to get going, but thanks again!” it says. S-2372 giving a bashful wave goodbye, as they all depart, leaving the newest toy alone with X-2003 and S-0370.

“On your hands and knees toy, who said you could walk in here like an equal.”

“Sorry Master, this one was busy looking for you and when it couldn’t find you it rushed over and was going to knock and check here but as it turns out you were here,” it says, falling to its hands and knees, the lights now revealing the toy has a soft green, blue and pink ‘air brush’ look to its white latex.

S-toy pulls the leash, pulling A-toy toward its hard twitching length. A-toy’s vision is soon taken up by the black and red rubber, the scent of the heavily used rubber pillar, flooding its nostrils, its blue eyes pleading in delight to have a taste of Master’s length. Its member straining against the chastity cage as its hands remain on the soft rubber padded floor, clenching the ground with a squeak as a soft whimper escapes it, lost in the budding pleasure of the moment.

S-toy says, “That’s much better. You love that, don’t you? Enjoying this one’s presence? Power? Sexual prowess and strength? You just wanted to taste it, didn’t you?”

With a soft whimper, bringing its muzzle closer to the cock, just short of touching it, “Yes Master. This one would love it. To taste it, take it, to have it flood my mouth once again. It couldn’t imagine anything better.”

“Good toy,” it states, looking over at X-2003, which is currently walking around the two of them, studying every move, every reaction, rubbing its chin, its toy swaying sensually with each step.

“Well trained, eager, an understanding that is left unspoken between the two of you, through time spent, experience, and a mutual understanding of your rolls. Two toys showing off what each could do for a customer who would want to experience either end of it, or simply see an example of it so they can carry it out on their own with their loved ones, through the same mutual trust, experimentation and understanding that is required for such a sensual kinky display to take place. How absolutely,” X-2003 says, running its hand along S-toy’s back, whispering into its ear, “Darling,” it says, pressing its length against the toy’s rear, “It could just slip into you, and watch you take this toy, make it your proper bitch toy, showing off everything that you’ve learned for this one as it gets off from the relationship you two have with one another,” it says, gently grinding its length harder against the toy’s rear.

S-toy playfully growls, “This one is a dominant toy.”

It chuckles, “This one knows that,” it says, looking down at A-toy resting its head on S-toy’s shoulder, hands caressing the wolf’s chest with a loud squeak, its cock, pressing underneath its rear, “It’s not going to dominate, it’s going to participate. Give you an extra need and desire to take your submissive toy.”

It playfully moans, “What a devious toy, it likes that, but if you are going to do that, it will want you to do something for its sub afterwards,” it starts pulling the leash tighter, lifting A-toy’s head to press up against the underside of the wolf’s length, “Lick toy while we speak.”

“Yes Master,” A-toy says with an eager whine, its length straining against the cage, dribbling pre-cum. The aching pillar before it, is all it can think of. Its long blue tongue slithering out of its maw, snaking along the underside, tasting the layer of seed that has been left to dry on it, enjoying the delightful flavor, before nuzzling sensually.

“Good toy,” it says, keeping the leash pulled up tight, “You will need to provide some service to this one’s submissive. If it is to let you feel inside, it as we play.”

The sergal toy gently runs its hot pink claws against the wolf’s hard red rubber nipples, “This one can do that,” it says, pushing its cock tip into the wolf’s rear, starting to spread it, “Guess this means we have a deal, hmm?” it says licking across the wolf’s muzzle.

With a soft grunt it gently milks the sergal’s cock in its rear, its member jumping in delight, pre-cum oozing out of the tip which A-toy is happy to lick down, tongue coiling around the tip, mouth brought around the end as it nurses it, eyes locked up at its Master, who never looks away, all attention focused on it, even during the conversation with the teasing sergal toy.

The wolf toy grunts, cock twitching, gently thrusting into A-toy’s muzzle, the sleek red member steadily disappearing into the white and blue muzzle, the warm space that it knows all too well from many previous sessions, “It would certainly say so.”

X-2003 slinks in deeper, feeling every squeeze, tense moment that S-toy is giving it, the pleasure its receiving reciprocated in the but motions. The sergal’s claws continue to tease and massage, “Perfect, and don’t mind this one. It will only add to the moment, so you two can take away the show,” it says with a playful nibble along the wolf’s neck.

With a soft grunt it responds, “It won’t mind you at all,” it says, clenching on the toy’s length, feeling the sergal gently pump within its rear, a steady toying pace as it feels the mood of both toys, especially S-toy with how ‘close’ it is. It moves with each thrust, each tease, moaning softly when its bits are squeaked, balls pressing nice and tight against the canine’s ass.

A-toy is loving every moment, bobbing its head up and down on the length, feeling its own aching desires, knowing that this is what it wants, sharing a moment with its dom toy. How even though they are both sexual objects that it is even below other toys, driving it into a further lustful stupor. It drives down deep into that twitching cock, lips sliding across the knot with expert precision, tongue lapping at the bulge, chin feeling the heft of the balls smacking against its chin.

Occasionally the wolf closes its eyes, moaning loudly, hands remaining down on the ground, rump hiking, tail wagging, thrusting into the air, letting the metallic lock clink against the chastity, a soft yet constant reminder that aches so good. It looks up again, eyes meeting with its Master, expressing without words the joy it feels to be of service, to have purpose, to be such a good toy for another, regardless if it's another toy or not. It feels each thrust of X-2003’s length into its Master’s rear, as it makes the cock twitch, throb, spurt of pre-cum, making it feel warmed and delighted that so much is going on.

X-2003 on the other hand feels every bit of pleasure that A-toy is giving to its Master toy. Each clench, moan, soft delighted whine that slips out of S-toy’s mouth, the brushing of its tail

against the sergal's body. Hidden signs of love, acceptance, and pleasure expressed to it, driving the canine wild, hidden under the strong powerful demeanor that it happily displays before its submissive, "That's wonderful. It's so happy, so eager. It is sure it can't wait to have you flood its mouth," it teases.

S-toy grunts, panting, arching its back, thrusting harder into its submissive mouth, tugging hard on the leash to make each thrust deeper, harder, building the budding pleasure till it can't be held back any longer. The submissive wolf deserving Master's essence to flood within it, the ultimate expression of bonding pleasure between the two, all unleashed in thick rubbery loads of toy cum, "Very good toy, so very good, you please this one greatly," it says with a pleasant groan.

A-toy couldn't be more pleased to be treated by the warmth and taste of Master's seed. It hungrily drinks it down, its own cock twitching and dribbling pre-cum with each gulp it swallows. And what's more it knows this is just the start.

S-0370 nuzzles against the sergal toy, reaching back to give its ass a firm smack, "Okay, you had that, now give back to its submissive."

X-2003 softly moans, "With pleasure," it teases, nuzzling the wolf, pulling out slightly, "Spread your legs, this one has a bit of an idea to provide some fun."

It raises an eye ridge, "Alright," it says.

"Thank you," it replies, laying on its back, sliding down between the toy's legs, taking a little pit stop over to A-toy's caged cock. Slowly, tenderly it licks the cage, drawing in the dripping pre-cum into its mouth.

The wolf toy moans, grinding itself against the expert tongue, "Ohhh," it all it manages to escape from its mouth, after popping its maw from its Master's length.

"There's more to come," X-2003 teases, giving only a few more moments before sliding far enough back, gingerly lick across the toy's pucker, gripping its butt cheeks, massaging them, using the toy as leverage to thrust its itself up so its cock runs along the underside of S-toy's member, their balls pressing up against one another.

The wolf toy smirks, "Ah, now it sees what you are getting at," it chuckles.

A-toy licks its lips, wrapping its mouth around both members as it starts round two, enjoying each loving, pleasing moment, pushing their limits and hungry delights. Their lust knows no bounds, and they love it that way, and when the toys get their fill, A-toy leans happily against S-toy, softly saying, its belly and rear full of both toy's essence, "That was delightful."

S-toy nuzzles, "This one couldn't agree more."

X-2003 smiles, "Wonderful, though its sure the next toy is eager to see this one, it hopes you two have a good day and we'll shall do this again soon. After all, its not going anyway."

"Sounds perfect," S-toy growls dominantly tugging on the leash, pulling A-toy into a deep passionate kiss as they leave.

"Have a good time!" it says with a rump sway, taking a moment to wonder which toy it gets next..." it mutters, looking down at the hallway, "Perhaps it can find one..." it says with a

grin, waiting a moment for the other toys to clear out before it makes its way out of the room, “Hopefully no one takes it till it gets back,” it says, moving onto the store floor, with a teasing rump sway.

The store is as busy as ever, everyone doing their part to make things run smoothly, the scent of the cafe hinted from this far away, mostly covered by the aroma of latex, rubber and leather, amongst the various scented polishes that each toy is using on this day.

Like a hunter searching for prey, it pops into the BDSM aisle, listening in on conversations, and one in particular catch it attention.

A meekly feminine voice says, “This particular bitch suit has extra padding on the knees and elbows for extra long-term wear. It has a special zipper here that can be used to let out the bits of your partner, for play or to show off how contained or lack thereof they are,” it says with a soft tender squeak.

“I see... I’ll take this into consideration. I need his measurements anyway, but this could be exactly what I am looking for our anniversary.”

“How wonderful, it hopes it turns out to be memorable.”

“Thanks,” says the customer.

“Oh, one more thing you can get for the model if you want.”

“Oh, what is it?”

“You could get a null bulge, where you can slip your partner’s bits into the hole, and pump it full of air, making them look like a null bitch suited toy,” it says with a soft playful yip.

“An interesting idea, but I like to play with my partner’s junk, but I appreciate the knowledge.”

“With pleasure sir,” it says with a loud squeak.

X-2003 takes a peek down the aisle, catching the view of the helpful femboy toy as it finishes bowing to the customer. A sleek white belly, black bodied, blue striped toy with minty green handles and cock. The anthropomorphic fox toy looks aroused and ready but returns to its work. Its unique magenta-colored cuffs with black band stand out from the traditional cuff look of other toys. Its green collar with a silver tag reads, “Z-5361.” The toy’s arms have dazzling blue stripes that match its tail.

X-2003’s length twitches at the sigh, swaying its rump as it stands tail, proud and saunters over to it, “*Target acquired.*” It looks over the toy, gently dancing its claws along its back, making the fox shudder and moan, “Hello there, this one is thinking you could help it with something.”

Z-toy spins around looking at the cute femboy sergal toy, catching itself on words at first thinking it was a customer, “Oh, this one will be pleased to help... oh, this one has seen you about the store before, you are new.”

“You’re a little new yourself, aren’t you?”

“Ah... only two weeks off the molding,” it says with a blush.

“Wonderful... Well, this one has been showing other toys some fun, and it knows Maker has plans for it, but they may not be ready yet. Perhaps you’d like to help this one kill some time for a little bit?”

“Sure, what can this one do for you?” it asks.

“Just follow this one and it will run a little playful test,” it says, its claws dancing across the twitching length, tugging the toy forward back toward the BDSM room. The fox lets out a soft delighted moan, grinding itself against the toy’s expert teasing fingers.

“Yes Sir, this one was told if you happened to come around it is to help you out.”

“Oh?” it asks with a sly grin, “This one has heard that before, it wonders if Maker has all the toys that,” it muses, rubbing its chin with one hand, pulling it away to open the door to the toy testing room its been in, which smells heavily of toy polish and the fun romps it has had.

The smell of sex heavy in the room, the scent of latex even heavier. The fox toy swallows a lump in its throat, its cock twitching as it enters, “S-so, what can this one do for you then as you wait for... whatever it is?”

The door closes with the help of the sergal’s foot, its hands gently caressing its length, “Disable anything that will prevent you from climaxing, but don’t climax because this one says, it wants you to try not to climax even though it will tease you to do so. Call it a little fun game...”

Z-toy shivers at the thought, “A-ah, this one can do that yes. It can climax as a normal user can,”

“Fabulous,” it says, its claws running down along the toy’s cock, giving a few slow tender squeezes and strokes, “A little warm up is good, don’t you think?”

With a soft grunt and a playful yip, it thrusts into the sergal’s hand, bringing a finger to its mouth to gently bite, “That sounds wonderful Sir.”

“Please, call this one Master, it sounds a bit more exciting that way, don’t you think?”

With a soft moan it responds, “Yes Master.” The green aching pillar twitches, pre-cum leaking from the tip, the toy’s thumb running across the cock head, making it listen with the toy’s own juices, while pulling it over to an X shaped bondage rack.

“Good toy, let this one remove the constraints of choice from your mind, so you may focus only on the struggle. The delight it will bring to you. Your mind is free from decision so you can focus on only the bliss it will bring to you, and the game we’re going to be playing,” it says with a playful wink.

“Yes Master,” it says, sliding onto the bondage table, laying on the soft red cushions, its wrists and ankle cuffs being used to lock itself to it. The rack itself is angled at a forty-five-degree angle, giving plenty of access to everything and with a big hole for its tail and rear, anything it’s now Master wants to access it can.

“Such a good toy, eager to please, and play the game,” it responds, the claw tip running across the cock head, playing with the cum slit. It moves in closer to gently blow across the cock head, making it twitch, “Are you ready for us to begin?”



Z-5361 moans, letting out a playful yip, thrusting up against the teasing, cock aching hard, pre-cum slowly sliding out of the length when the sergal toy grips the base and does a nice slow pump, “This one is very ready Master. It will last as long as it can.”

“Good, for this one wants to do the same to you,” it says with a playful wink, its rubber fingers dancing across the entire length. It gently caresses the member, rubbing it along its own twitching member, gliding its hot pink cock across the toy’s own, “It feels you twitching, it can sense when you are growing near. That little buildup is a devilish delight, isn’t it? That tenseness you feel in your throbbing rubber? You can’t help it can you?”

“No... it loves it,” it moans, grunting, tail swishing quickly, brushing against the ground with a loud squeak, butt clenching, the bondage rattling as its limbs tug and pull on them out of instinctual reaction rather than any real desire to escape from its current predicament.

“Wonderful,” it says, gently grinding itself against the green member. It caresses both together, sliding, squeaking, climbing on top of the toy, pressing itself down, letting the balls touch and rub against one another, “There are so many ways to build up your aching desire, then just touching your pleasure rod,” it teases, pressing its chest against the toy, moving in closer to lick across the toy’s lips, “Don’t you agree?”

Z-toy moans, gasping for air, body just aching for more, tugging at the constraints, “Yes, oh fuck yes this one does Master,” it says, grinding harder, its moan suddenly cut off by a deep and long passionate kiss. The sergal toy’s tongue diving into its mouth, coiling around its own, the sergal’s free hand moving down to run its finger across the sensitive green handles. It gets lost in the moment pleasure rises, when slowly the sergal breaks, pulling away, giving one last lip tug, before sliding back down.

“You’re really liking your bondage, aren’t you?” it says, nuzzling along the underside of the toy’s length, flicking along the base, while both hands hold and caress the rest, keeping it pointing up into the sky.

“Hmm, yes, this one loves it Master.”

“Good toy, it thought so,” it says, tilting its head, nibbling and suckling along the soft rubber underside, a single digit running across the cock head, the sergal toy, positioning itself, partially under the table, “And this one will give you more, but it needs to feel you edge at least ten times, then we can move over to something a bit heavier. Question though, what’s your safety word and are you need to do anything any time soon?”

“Cherry is its safety word and it has no major duties except serving customers for the day.”

“How wonderful, this one can at least know,” it says, trailing off licking the cock head, tongue coiling down the length looking up into the toy’s needy eyes, its soft hot pink glow expressing the teasing dominance. Their eyes expressing each other’s wants, desires, hands trailing away from the length, moving over to the handles.

Z-toy reads the devilish grin, that tongue slithering across its length, the pressure building up to higher levels, the pressure getting to it, balls churning in preparation for a climax. Then the sergal grips its handles, tensing, squeezing, making it moan arching its back, blocking more of X-

2003 vision till just the eyes are visible, ass clenching down on nothing wanting to feel a bit more that's ready to send it over the edge... Then the sergal pulls away, that little spurt from its cock tip, the start of what of something that could have been.

"That's one," X-2003 teases, waiting a moment, blowing on the wet cock, helping it 'cool off' before licking the cock clean, "How about we get to a hands-free edging? How about that? It's sure you'll enjoy it," it giggles, holding the handles tight, sliding further under the table, forcing the fox to support more of its weight, pulling it against the bondage that keeps it nice and tightly held into position so its member can press at the needy fox hole.

It moans loudly, closing its eyes, wanting to focus on the fading feeling of its near climax, the slow return to the constant ache and throb, which put it so much on edge. The warm member twitching against its rear, clenching down, ready to feel it slip in, "It feels good Master," it manages to say, opening its eyes to see the sergal give a playful wink.

"Fabulous," it teases, slipping its member slowly into the aching warm hole. Both toys let out a moan as the member goes in all the way, balls tapping its butt, "A nice warm up, but it'll get better soon, trust this one."

With a moan and a huff the fox toy clenches its rump against the cock as it squeaks its way into it. The rhythmic thrusting starts slow, steady, but the pleasure from it is more than just the feeling of a delicious cock penetrating its rear, smashing into its prostate making its twitching member move with each forceful thrust. It's the slip of the sergal toy's grip around its handles. The firm tug and pull on its thighs, straining its rubber in a way that can only feel wonderful. Each firm thrust up, the pull grows, each pull out, it is pulled on its handles in a different way, constantly alternating teasing on this sensitive part of its body which trickles down to the warming ball of delight within its loins, that only burns hotter and hotter, still so close to that precipice from not that long ago.

X-2003 doesn't stop, it hits the buttons faster, harder, pleasure building up for it, conveying the delight that Z-toy is giving to it in its matching moans, looks of delight and balls slapping the toy's butt. Its member twitches and strains, ready to flood the toy's rear with its seed. The arousing pre-cum filling the fox's hole, upping the ante that could lead to the fox folding, and unleashing itself.

Faster, harder, greater force thrust into it, the fox's rear milking that cock for all its worth. Its gaze is broken time and time again from deep lustful moans, and jingling of bondage, helpless to do anything except to take the teasing and then it feels itself grow closer, the member jerking up and down ready to blow, the sergal ready to unload itself into it. Slamming harder and harder into it, the moment building to the point of no return, all it needs now is a little push when...

X-2003 pulls out at the last moment, unleashing a stream of hot toy see onto the fox's butt and tail, the sergal enjoying its releasing, gasping and looking up to the ceiling, expressing the ecstasy, letting the fox just... taste the delight it almost had, "Hmm, yes. That's two now. Climaxing into a toy can be a delicious trigger, but if it pulls out before that happens... well a

nice edge for you, don't you think?" it asks, the hot translucent pre-cum panting the fox's butt and tail.

Z-5361 feels the hot seed flood across its rear, the point of no return pressed upon in its mind and body, but the pressure was just not enough to send it tipping over the edge, slowly pulling itself back. A needy whimper escapes its throat, taking slow deep breaths trying to keep itself calm and collected, body and mind screaming for just that little push, as it is nice and held back... which makes keeping any control all the worse, "Please don't stop. It loves this so."

X-2003 caresses the needy length, giving a few agonizingly slow pumps to drain it of the buildup pre-cum, letting it roll over the toy's length and fingers, "Oh it plans not to. It has a few kinky ideas it wants to show you, and we have many edgings to go before it hangs you up and leaves you to stew."

"That sounds wonderful," it says, shuddering. It's edging torment getting underway, brought to the cliff before it is yanked or gently pulled back from it. So many ways to hit the edge, and so many ways to pull one back from the cold turkey, to cool down, to the slowing of pleasure, hitting just below the edge to make it feel like that edge is lasting forever while pulling one farther away from it. That particular was the most recent when X-2003 pleasantly says.

"Ten. Now, let's get you prepared for the next stage of your confinement and edge-a-thon," it says, gently squeezing and playing with the fox's balls for just a moment before removing its constraints, "It knows exactly the kind of special bondage to put you into. It's one of its favorites when it comes to this kind of play, but we'll find the toy only extreme one as that will work best for such a good edging toy like yourself," it says, helping Z-toy off the bondage rack, guiding it with a gentle pull and tug along its aching green cock.

"S-sure... whatever you say Toy Master," it says, following along, lost in its sexual stupor, loving it so much, and it being a toy is what gives it the ability to even this easily last this way. Mind lost in delightful bliss as they move through the room stopping at a pure white rubber vac bed with a unique bulge shape in the center and a pump tube sticking at the base, and a little wire remote control.

"Ah, this is perfect, the self-sealing null filling vac bed, model two A," it says, lifting the vac off its hanging hooks, laying it on the ground, running its finger across the rubber seal, having the rubber part, revealing the dark opening, "Slip inside, this one will help make sure everything fits."

Z-toy moans, "Yes Toy Master," it says, laying down, wiggling into the black rubber void with loud rubbery squeaks, wiggling in feet first.

"Here, let this one help you," it says, grabbing the toy's hip handles, pushing it into the bed, sliding it along the back where a nice thick butt plug is suddenly running along its tail and thigh, "Good thing toy's eyes glow, helps it find things," it giggles, reaching through the white rubber, licking the butt plug, making sure it's nice and lubricated before sliding it into the other toy's rear, "There we go."

The fox moans, clenching on the plug as it spreads its hole, shuddering, cock twitching, spurting a bit of pre-cum when it reaches the point of no return, the pressure of the toy lodged

within it feeling so good. It looks up at X-2003's hanging bits, its cock tip hanging just over its lips that it wants to just reach up and give a soft lick...

When suddenly X-2003 does the same to the fox's length, cleaning up what mess it just made, "Good toy, now to get your bits locked into this little storage area," it says with loud squeaks, the rubber bed stretching the flow of air in and out from each move the toy makes, causes a wave of cool air to run across the fox, making this moment of delight all the better... or worse depending how you look at it. The sergal guides the twitching fox cock into a compartment in the vac bed, the hole is small and tight, the rubber stretching around the length, the member feeling two layers of rubber running across either side, making it yip constantly.

"There we go. The cock is in the bulge compartment," the sergal teases, slipping out of the bed, letting the rubber return to its natural state, now tightly running across the fox's body, "If you want to take a pose now is the time, otherwise you'll be trapped as you are soon."

"Thanks for the warning, Toy Master," it moans, soon the white rubber turns black, as its delved into darkness, stretching and sliding its limbs across the rubber, feeling it creak around it, each breath filling and then vacuuming the bed ever so slightly, making it shiver, knowing just how tight this is going to be.

"This is going to be fun, it's a design that it knows well... for some reason..." X-2003 mutters, sealing the bed with the press n seal rubber technology, leaving the toy completely trapped within, but then instead of grabbing any form of vacuum, it goes over the null bulge, the toy's cock twitching within the area, expressed slightly as the member is outlining just a hint of this extra thick area of rubber. It grabs the remote, which has a seal and release button and a dial. It hits the seal button, and the air is pulled out of the bed, flooding into the the null bulge, which grows large, and thick, squeezing and caressing the green cock in a ballooning rubber bulge, while the rest of its form is locked away into a tight vacuum across its form.

A muffled moan is heard thanks to the sergal toy's sharp hearing, "This one said you'd love it."

Z-toy is lost in a seal of delight and ecstasy, held so tightly but the rubber around it, moaning and aching, not needing to breathe but loving how it's put into such a helpless and exposed state. Its cock squeezed by even greater pressure and pleasure due to the null bulge expansion. It's held up helplessly by the thick rubber walled embrace and then... it gets better.

X-2003 turns the knob on the remote, the vibrating eggs within he butt plug and on either side of the null bulge start up, sending pleasuring delighting pleasure into the eager toy, making its moans and squirms grow louder and more visible. It takes a moment to run its hand across the smooth white rubber, feeling every twitch and jerk the fox helplessly makes with the bed, its other hand on the bulge giving it a firm squeeze, which squeezes the rubber walls all around the fox's cock, "Come now, you can maybe climax if you try... or just edge again," it says, the fingertips dancing along the null bulge that is heavily expressed through the vac bed, the rubber hiding any signs of the fox's length.

Z-toy moans helplessly, able to feel its Toy Master's hand caress and tease itself. It tries to buck into the delightful bulge, wanting to edge out that sweet climax, being drawn so close as it builds higher and higher, all attention on the building pleasure when... the sergal pulls away just in the nick of time, leaving the toy to gush out gobs of pre-cum that were preparing for the climax that just didn't come, "*Thank you Toy Master, this is wonderful,*" it thinks, moaning into the rubber. Then there's movement, its body tugging against the rubber walls as the bed is lifted right side up.

It shudders, its member twitching within its confines, ass tightly squeezing the plug that's teasingly vibrating against its prostate. Its hips bucking against anything making the bed wobble and squeak, then it feels a gentle cup along its crotch, and a whisper through the rubber that it can just barely hear.

"Relax toy. You'll be in here for a while. Don't worry, we'll get you down after a bit, once you've cooled off," X-2003 says, lifting the bed back onto the holding hooks, leaving the fox to squirm and moan helplessly into place, "You'll make a lovely ambiance to the room for customers it thinks. It'll talk to maker and see if it can leave you there for a week and get customer's opinions," it says, giving the bulge one last grope, a single finger then running across the center, pushing down just hard enough to barely 'touch' the hidden cock underneath, with such expertise that only a toy with such intimate knowledge of the bed could do with such precision.

X-2003 walks away from the Z-toy outlined vac bed, like some kind of anime battle winner, hips swaying teasingly with each step, making its way toward the door, "Now..." it says, running a finger across its lips, gently suckling it as it thinks, "What to do next..."

The door creaks open, "This one has a few ideas," says a revealing sleek white and orange anthropomorphic feline toy. It leans against the door frame with soft blue eyes looking over the sergal. The toy's ankle and wrist cuffs are orange and black, with bold lettering that reads "Fuck Toy" The toy's collar has a golden tag that reads S-4375.

X-2003 saunters over to it, "Head of customer service fulfillment toy. What ideas do you have?" it asks with a playful murr.

"This one and its fellow toy would like to know more about what you've come across and learned. After spending so many hours using equipment in this one room..." it says looking over everything, motioning for its fellow toy to come out of the hallway.

A sleek white belly black bodied, purple stripe feline toy steps into view. The toy has similar gear set up as the other feline toy with magenta cuffs on a black band with bold lettering saying "Fuck Toy" but this toy has matching handles on its hips and back. Its collar has a golden tag that reads "X-4375." The toy lets out a playful mew, moving its long magenta fading to blue butt length hair away from its face, showing off a pair of black rubber horns peeking through, "This one has been hearing so much about the work you've been doing with the toys here, and it wants to know what you've learned thus far," it says, grabbing S-toy's hand, leaning in close to it.

“Oh, a pair of toys working together, how wonderful,” X-2003 says with a slow rump swaying, its hot pink cock twitching at the sight of them, “And this one has learned a few things about this particular room set up. And since you are here, it thinks it would be best to start with what it did to alter this room to add a little bit of spice and ambiance to it. To really make the customers that come here to try out our toys that there could be a bit of long term bondage fun in store if they play their cards right.”

S-toy mews, “We don’t allow that as the rooms have to be cleaned between uses and limit room usage to fifteen minutes to keep the back up. Maker assigned you this room for all your fun today, which is getting close to being done.”

X-toy looks over the room, doing a little walk around the edges, “It can feel the energy of the events that played through here. The smell of loving rubber delights all over the place. If they were customers, they’d be so pleased and happy,” it says with a soft purr.

The sergal nods, “True, now let it show you one thing it did,” it says motioning them to the other side of the room where the helpless bound fox toy is currently squirming and moaning, the faint sound of vibrators rocking the toy could be heard from where they stood, “We have some things like this on display in the store, but having it in the room itself? Where can a customer get an idea of how it could look in a more private setting? While really get a hint of a ‘living’ room, where things are constantly happening, and they are just passing through.”

S-4375 mews, walking up to the held-up toy, looking over it. Reaching out to gently run its hands across the toy’s legs, which squirms and wiggles within its tight confinements, “Which toy is in here?”

“That would be Z-5361. It checked if they had any vital functions before setting them up for long term wear. It had a feeling they’d be a good fit when it was in between testing other toys, especially some very cute null bulge toys.”

X-toy moans softly, its cock twitching, “You had a lot of fun with the null bulge toys?” it asks.

“Yup, S-2372 and R-9375. We used the pulley system that’s part of the ceiling of the room, which does bring it up to one concern, but one thing at a time.”

The orange feline toy gives the bulge a playful squeeze, listening to the toy moan before turning its attention back to the other two, “It was wondering where it went. It had to check security to make sure there was no theft, but then it saw you grabbed it, but it had to make sure where it went. A toy going missing is a serious issue.”

X-2003 gives a cordial bow, ears folding back, “Apologies, this one didn’t mean to cause any issue.”

“Nothing major. Maker did give you free reign to do as you please... for the most part. And what you get from using all the toys and this room will be vital in improving our services. So please depart upon us with your wisdom and concerns.”

X-toy walks over to the control devices for the pulley systems, “What’s wrong with them? They work wonderfully last we checked, and that was yesterday. We wanted everything prepared for you when you arrived.”

“They worked great, but this one needed another toy there to get the full use of them. It was a two-person job, or in this case a two toy job, and it thinks if a remote control system could be used to release or hold the ropes as we move and guide the toys around the room for whatever position we want them to have them in, it would ease the burden on users and customers. Could be sold as a more advanced model for those who want to add a bit more solo possible fun. But with that, there would have to be a built-in safety mechanism, one that would not require batteries or that when batteries die or after a point of being idle the ropes would go slack to prevent accidents. Safety is important you know,” it explains with an affirmative nod.

X-toy nods along, checking the pulley systems as they talk, “Yes, this one can see how that would be valuable and important, it's a good idea... though it is very curious how the null bulge toys worked out,” it says with a bashful blush.

“We'll get to that in a moment, sweetly. Are there any other suggestions that could be made?”

“This one is minor, but for safety reasons it would think having the toy only vac beds in a toy testing room though nice, if two customers manage to sneak back here without toy supervision... it could lead to an unfortunate accident. It loves the fact that it was here for that one over there,” it motions to the moaning toy, “But, safety.”

S-toy nods, mewling softly, “Good catch. It's not sure how that happened, but we'll ensure such safety precautions are taken. Customer safety is top priority when it comes to their enjoyment fulfillment.”

“Exactly.”

X-toy slinks over, gently running its hands across S-toy's back, mewling softly, playfully grinding against its partner toy, “Is there any other safety issues that are of concern?”

X-2003 rubs its chin looking around the room, “Nothing that is extremely pressing. Nothing is going to be perfect, but having general safety is key,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Does that mean you can tell this one more about the null bulge toys and what happened there?” it asks with a playful mew, grinding harder against S-toy.

The orange feline toy reaches back, gently rubbing its fellow toy's hips handle, “It thinks it's about time we talked about that. X-4375 loves the bulges, and tested the null bulge design work with Maker when it was undergoing its first trials over here at the store.”

“They are lovely.”

X-2003 smirks, sauntering over to the toys, running its hand across S-toy's chest, reaching down to give the twitching length a playful fondle, “It was very intriguing, so this is what it learned about them and how it works...” it says about to go into more details when S-toy interrupts.

“This one and its paired toy would love to hear more in-depth detail but.”

X-2003 tilts its head, “But what?” it inquires, hiking its rear, swaying its butt.

“This room needs a *very* deep cleaning. Hours of sex between multiple toys? The systems used, bound up like they were? Everything needs a clean, polish, count, and a steam cleaning. We can talk and work, right X-2003?

“Of course, we did a little cleaning up earlier with the other toys while we could. Cleanliness is very important to keeping everyone safe and healthy,” it says with an affirmative nod, “And this one has no qualms about talking about its ideas and what it has learned as we cleaned.”

X-toy leans against S-toy, “Have you been cleaned?”

“Ah, this one tries to keep itself clean but it hasn’t gotten steamed or anything.”

S-toy grins, “Why don’t you get the steam cleaning equipment, and we can steam this dirty toy down as we talk.”

With a soft mew the purple feline toy scampers off across the room, approaching a hidden rubber door, where it slides it open, revealing a utility closet with a chute off to the side. It pulls out a steam cleaner, filling it with cleaner and disinfectant, unplugging it from its charge station, “It’ll be ready in just a moment. It hopes you don’t mind getting steamed.”

X-2003 giggles, “This one does love to make things hot and steamy,” it says with a soft murr, sauntering over to S-toy, reaching over to gently caress the feline’s length, “Now, shall we get back to talking? It can’t clean the rest of the place till it’s clean.”

S-4375 purrs, caressing the sergal’s hot pink length, “Come now, relax or this one will give you a cold shower and then steam you.”

“Oh *fine*. This one will be good,” it says with a playful giggle, looking at the X-4375, “Do you need any help with the cleaner?”

“This one has it, but thank you for asking,” it responds, the machine humming, the water churning, the toy taking a moment to test the steaming end, seeing the white mist fan out, “Perfect. Don’t mind this one as you talk about those... bulges,” it smirks, working to steam along the sergal toy’s back.

X-2003 murr softly, spreading its arms, hiking its tail, feeling the hot water wash across its body, making it shudder in delight, “Oh that does feel nice,” it mutters, feeling similar to what an organic would feel “Well the bulges are very unique when it comes to their sensitivity. It would say it probably rates in sensitivity somewhere between a user’s shaft and cock head, sort of like how handles are to toys.”

S-toy nods along, grabbing a few cleaning clothes from the steam cleaner, watching the water bead across the sergal’s back, sliding down its butt, dripping onto the floor, “This one does understand handle sensitivity,” it purrs, using the clothes to squeeze and rub X-toy’s back handles.

The purple feline mews, “Oh it feels so good,” it says with a soft shudder.

“It is, now this one knows its rear hasn’t been used too much today but can’t hurt to give it a little bit of steam,” it says, wiggling its rear, hands running down its sides with a long drawn out squeak, cheeks being pulled apart for them, showing off its cute hot pink pucker.



X-toy wastes no time in turning the steamer vent around to shoot up along the toy's tail and butt, enjoying the soft moans, eyes locked on the glistening latex, which is wiped down by S-toy taking the opportunity to do so, "This one can understand such feelings."

"Trying to convey that to users when they play? Well, that will be a bit difficult with what technology we currently have, but we'll work on it, that is for sure. But what we can do is possibly drum up interest for it over time. Build-up the market for when it's ready to be released to the users... or lack of release if it really goes pretty good. Then again, there is a difference between releasing a climax, and unleashing your load. The null bulge toy climaxes and interactive bulges that stiffen the closer they get to their climax? Then quiver and quake under the force of their heightened pleasures? It's a wonderful power trip that can lure in a lot of dominant customers who want a challenge perhaps."

S-toy purrs, "Yes, this one can see about that, a lot of curious ideas with what you've come up with. Getting a null bulge toy to climax is difficult if not doing it by command."

X-toy takes the moment to move over to the front of the sergal, letting the hot steam run across its form, along its twitching hard length, the arousing aroma the toy lets out, making it tense and clench its rump, a brief moment imagining that member filling it crosses the toy's mind, but it keeps focus as it works.

X-2003 doesn't help the situation, arching its back, moaning in delight, running its claws through its short rubber hair, "One has to think of it like a puzzle. Focusing merely on the bulge will rarely bring about the results required. It needs to be handled in other ways too, physically, mentally, orally, anally, a lot of lly's now it thinks about it... hmm a strange way of it thinking that way..." it says with a squeaky chin rub, "But you get what it means right? Needing to use a lot of variable stimuli to draw out the null bulge toys to climax."

The orange feline runs the cloth along the toy's butt, cleaning its tail thoroughly, "This one is well aware of the unique traits of our null bulges," it mews, looking over to X-toy who stiffens and blushes, "It was a delightful challenge."

The purple feline toy takes the time to clean the rest of the sergal as it responds, "This one couldn't agree more, and that thinks you've been steamed clean, now we can get to work on the rest of the room."

X-2003 grinds itself against the orange feline, "This one couldn't agree more, though, give that toy over there a little steaming. It bets it will feel *wonderful* and it will help bring out a shine in the post polishing as it hangs there."

X-toy looks over at the squirming bound fox toy, smirking, "With pleasure."

As the toys clean, X-2003 goes over any other information it obtained when playing with the other toys, each squeaky delicious moment, the drawing out of climax and how having a null bulge climax felt against the toy's length, amongst other things, the conversation ending when it says, "Which it thinks given certain play we could drum up some an interactive advertisement in the store. Nulge week, where we can have customers test out null shorts and bulges and have toys work to build up the customers to make them climax as a little coupon dealio."

X-toy almost creams itself listening onto the toy, which is not helped by S-toy's constant teasing, "It thinks it will give that idea a great deal of thought and run it by Maker with you when the time comes."

"Well, that be easy, Maker already heard us," X-2003 says pointing across the room, seeing the sleek black, white and blue toy standing in the door frame. The other two toys turn and jump in surprise.

X-toy mews, "Maker, pleased to see you, is our time with this new toy of yours already over? It was describing everything that happened earlier today in such detail that it couldn't help but feel a little excited."

S-toy purrs, gently pressing itself up against its fellow toy, "X-2003 has been very helpful in furthering our developments and improvements we can implement in the near and distant future Maker."

The sergal toy runs its claws along the two feline toys' chins as it passes them up, to go to its Maker, "It hopes you enjoyed its ideas that you managed to hear."

"A nudge week might be very entertaining though we'll have to smooth out any details so it could be fun and engaging and not overly bearing and taxing of our customers."

"But of course, Maker. It would be pleased to provide some ideas and suggestions as we progress with the idea."

It mews, gently rubbing the sergal toy's twitching hot pink member, enjoying how it grinds against its paws, "You've been very busy and eager, haven't you X-2003?"

It moans softly leaning in close, "Very much Maker, and it will be pleased to show you how eager it is when you are ready and willing to let it," it says with a playful wink.

It raises a finger pressing it against the sergal's lips, which quickly begins to suckle the digit. The toy moans, "Ahh, that's tomorrow, toy, the day before you are completely completed."

It pops its lips from the feline's digit, "Completely completed? This one thought it was done already."

"Done being the gay toy you are meant to be, yes, but done with the whole process. That's another day still, but won't that be lovely? No longer needing to be in the mold."

"The mold is nice though Maker," it says, with a slow and teasing rump sway, "It's very calming."

"We all know it too well, but the molds are for adjustments and making completed toys, no point in using valuable molding space on a toy that is complete, wouldn't you say?" it asks, reaching down, giving the sergal's balls a playful fondling squeeze.

It shudders and moans, "No Maker, it certainly can't argue with that logic. Time to head back to the molding? Second to last before it's done?"

"Yup, second to last," it says, giving the toy's member a playful tug, "And it's been glad you've been enjoying yourself so thoroughly, giving it your all in a way that it really hoped you would."

“This one does like to do its very best, may it be big or small. Important or insignificant, it's always valuable to do your job well, regardless of what it is.”

“That’s a nice sentiment toy,” it says, pulling it out of the room, looking back at the other two toys, “It apologies for taking the toy so soon, it knows you were having a bit of a steamy conversation, but it needs to get back into the mold.”

S-toy purrs, “It’s alright Maker.”

X-toy adds, “Not a problem, we’ll give this room one last look over before we go.”

“Good toys,” it purrs, leading X-2003 out of the hallway, the store itself once again closed, with toys moving about getting everything cleaned, organized and prepared for the next day. Never a dull moment at a Toys-4-U megastore, that is for sure.

The sergal toy gently grinds against its Maker’s hand, keeping in pace with it, not mind but noticing when the feline takes its hand off its sensitive bits, leaving them to twitch and throb in the cool air.

“You’ve been constantly working hard and throbbing, haven’t you toy?”

“It’s been almost always, the chastity time it had to go soft a bit, but overall, it’s been sporting off the lovely molding work of yours Maker and so it must work equally as hard too.”

It chuckles, mewling pleasantly as they reach the far end of the store toward the molding pods, “That’s a lovely sentiment. Have you thought of being soft while teasing the toys? Making them ‘work’ to get you nice and hard?”

“It has crossed its mind, but it's been so enthralled in so many things it's hard to think of that when it goes from one thing to the next, but that would be a delightful thing, it will try to work that in tomorrow.”

“You don’t have to because this one said something about it, it was merely making an observation,” it says.

“Of course, Maker, it was simply processing what you said and thinking a bit out loud.”

“You do tend to do that still don’t you?” it asks with a soft purr, opening the door to the toy molding rooms.

“Still? What do you mean by that?”

“That will be clear in two days. You’re a very special toy, and your crafting took a lot of planning and effort.”

“Awe, Maker, this one thinks you say that about all your toys.”

It smirks, “All toys are wonderful pieces of work with the highest quality material we can get our hands on, but there is a few things extra about you that will become clear eventually, but best not to worry about that right now, okay toy?” it asks with a pleasant purr, guiding the toy back up to the molding pods.

X-2003 looks at the two pods, its attention quickly pulled toward the right one from its point of view, guided to slide back into the hard plastic mold, “This one understands Maker. And it's going to do its best to even top today.”

It chuckles, “You’ll be doing a lot of topping tomorrow too, but just worry about doing your best each day, alright?”

“Yes Maker,” it says, relaxing into the hard plastic, watching its Maker go to the computer console, typing in a few things as the hydraulics hiss to life, the front half of the mold sliding back over it, the toy’s length slipping in perfectly, its entire form shifting only a bit to better fit into the hard plastic, leaving the toy looking at the familiar black, white, and blue blur.

The dildos come back down, slipping into the sergal’s mouth, twisting and locking into place, the delicious warm white rubber flowing down into its muzzle. A muffled moan escapes it while its rear is penetrated by the rear plug, the warm flow of hot pink latex will soon be gushing into it in a slow and steady stream, keeping the toy on edge, wanting and loving every moment of it, knowing the air will soon be sucked out of the mold, delving it into near perfect silent and total immobility, similar to the toy still locked up in the BDSM room.

It relaxes as all external stimuli are stripped from it, leaving it to simply relax, and let its mind wonder on what it's going to be doing tomorrow, all the while Maker’s voice pleasantly, hypnotically, and constantly from every waking moment it has, is speaking into its mind.

*“Toy is a good gay toy.”*

*“Good gay toys love dick.”*

*“Good gay toys love to suck cock.”*

*“You are X-2003, K-2373’s perfectly gay toy.”*

*“You are an object.”*

*“You are a thing.”*

*“You are a Toys-4-U toy.”*

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no myself.”*

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

X-2003 sinks into the bliss, pleased and delighted that it has done so well so far, its mind wandering to the hypnotic words, while occasionally it thinks of how it can do better tomorrow, how it can serve its fellow toys and customers, but also lingering there is a curiosity as to what kind of surprise is in store for it at the day after tomorrow...

The next day, the same as the previous the toy is let out of the mold, pleased to see its Maker, with its paired toy B-1374 standing beside it this time, “Morning Maker, B-toy,” it says with a playful yawn, grinding against the feline’s hands as they both work together to pull it out of the mold. The sergal looks over its form, everything seemingly the same as it was the previous day, its body feeling more set in than ever, “It hopes you are both doing well today.”

K-2373 mews, leaning in close, “Oh we are doing fine. It wants to tell you that you have about four hours free to check out the store, play around and then it wants you to meet us in this one’s main room as it has some plans for us.”

X-2003 murr, stepping fully out of the mold, “Of course Maker, this one has a good sense of time,” it says, hips swaying moving in closer to grind itself against the feline.

B-1374 moves in a hand running align the twitching lengths, “Please, X-2003, this one thinks you should wait till its time not before,” it says giving a head nod as if it is winking through the red blind fold, that is perpetually over its eyes.

K-2373 mews, “As much as it loves to really get to see you in full, finalized and complete as you are. B-toy is completely right,” it says, gently grinding itself against X-2003, “It is looking forward to your domineering style. It has been wanting it for a long time, without anything else to worry about,” it purrs, running its hand across X-2003’s smooth white rubber chest, “Wouldn’t you agree?”

The sergal murr softly, moving in closer, “It agrees, to give you the fun you deserve,” it says giving a playful kiss on the feline’s cheek, “Shall it get to work? Find a few more toys to give them a little bit of fun?” it asks with a playful smirk.

“Please do. It’s had glowing reviews, and that little bound fox will get to spend some time in the vac bed, it’s a wonderful idea to add to the ambiance. Speaking of which, the room has been cleaned and customers have been asking to use the room, so that it will be open to the customers, it can’t let you hold down a room for so long again.”

“Awe... but this one understands any other rooms you might recommend in case this one runs into a toy that is just begging to be used and locked up.”

It smirks, pressing its finger on the sergal’s lips, silencing it, “This one has something just in mind, and it will need you specifically for it, to do some thorough testing of some of the equipment there. We have a new sci-fi sex room that has a lovely theme, with plenty of machines to really pound in the pleasure. Use that room, and give this one your thoughts when you are done. And remember, four hours, this’s room, got it?”

X-2003 teasingly suckles K-2373 finger, sliding off of it with a pop, “Of course, Maker. This one has a steel trap, and it won’t forget. Thank you for this opportunity as it becomes a great toy for you.”

“Please, you are a great toy, and your position within the store will be known once you’re done, done.”

Its eyes light up, “Oh that is just wonderful to know,” it says, slinking down the pedestal, “And fear not Maker, this one won’t let you down.”

K-2373 looks at the toy scampering off, glancing over at the other mold, “This one is sure you won’t. You never have before,” it mews, grabbing B-toy’s hand, giving it a long and passionate kiss, “Come we should get everything ready for it.”

“With pleasure Maker,” it says with a soft purr.

The sergal toy slink out onto the store floor. The doors have been open for less than an hour. Customers moving through the store, the delightful aroma of the cafe hitting its nose, “This one should take a peek over there, it feels like a while since it last has,” it says, sauntering its way over, seeing the toys working together to serve the customers.

The human Gale is pleasantly enjoying his drink, his cat ears twitching when he admires the movement of the toys, till it catches sight of the sergal. He blushes, "Oh my... that is a fine looking femboy toy," he mutters.

"Thank you!" exclaims X-2003, waving at him.

The red and black demonic toy from the other day chuckles as the flow of the day, shifts gear and now looking at the two, "Well isn't that just perfect, and this one couldn't agree with their assessment more."

M-7373 makes its way across the cafe, "This one wasn't told you were going to be working here today, X-2003."

It stands toe to toe with the feline, "Oh, this one isn't. But it hasn't been here in a while, and it felt it should take a visit. It's curious that you have repeat customers for several days just to have some tea. We are rather far out for such a thing."

"We offer free Wi-Fi, so those who can work from home can come here and work if they need some inspiration or a place where they can calmly and soothingly work," it states leaning in close, running its finger across the toy's chest, "It's sure you can understand that."

"Oh, this one can, and it wasn't the first thing on its mind, but if customers find this a good place to work. That's just fabulous, and it couldn't be happier. It didn't mean to cause a disturbance now," it says, smirking, leaning in close, hiking its rump, the toy's normally twitching hard member is nice and relaxed.

"This one is glad you can understand that."

"And later this one can show you just how much it can understand your position and what it has learned," it says with a little playful winks, sauntering away, "Was nice seeing all you sweetie toys again, but it has to give some others some attention, next time," it says in a sweet tone of voice, walking off.

M-toy huffs, crossing its arms, resting its chin on the palm of its hand, "That toy... see you later tonight," it smirks, heading back to work.

"Now, now, what toy shall this one find to give a fun couple of hours," it says, catching a cute toy in the chastity aisle. A sleek feminine fox femboy toy with black rubber hair, but their body is blue with fading white to subtle pinks, with white markings across its body. The toy's almost shoulder length black rubber hair has a single blue streak. It's dark blue cuffs with a black band are on its wrists and ankles only, with semi fancy lettering that reads "Fuck Toy". Its collar has a silver wave tag that reads L-3415.

What makes the toy seem a little more curious than the others is its wearing a pair of paw print pattern pink panties, "*Clothes? There is more than meets the eye with this one. It thinks it'll be perfect to have a bit of fun with them,*" it says about to approach the toy when I-8376 gently taps it on the shoulder.

X-2003 spins around, smiling wide when it recognizes the purple feline toy, thoughts of the time it spent with it rushing back to its mind, quickly making its member stiffen and twitch in excitement, "Hey, how are you doing lovely?"

With a soft mew it responds, “Good, this one has been doing great, and feeling wonderful. It didn’t see you yesterday, so it had to say hello today.”

The sergal reaches out, gently caressing the feline’s length, “This one is doing great. It’s planning to do a few things with that toy over there, before it has a little thing with Maker,” it says motioning to the fox toy, which is currently helping a customer, going over a chastity device, explaining the details, safety, and use as the customer looks a bit bashful and on the edge of hiding their head in their shoulders.

“Oh, that one is a lovely chastity toy, it has a thing for its rear used to make its prostate to be milked. Very big on bondage and anal.”

“Oh really?” it says, gently caressing the toy’s length, “Hmm, this one has an idea, but it will need some time to prepare everything to make a fun little idea in its head, would you mind coming to the new BDSM room in about two hours?”

“The new BDSM room?” it asks with a soft mew.

“Yes, not the old one, but the one that has recently been refurbished. It’s not sure if it was once bad or just a new room testing new things. It has machine stuff in it.”

“Oh, this one knows which room that is, though it has not been in it.”

“Perfect. See you in about two hours then.”

“Sure thing,” it says with a soft purr, enjoying the gently rub of its length, the sergal pulling away, watching the near hypnotic sway off the toy’s ass, “This one will be sure to make it.”

X-2003 approaches L-toy, running its claw tips along the fox’s back, “Hello there, this one is hoping you could assist this one in something very important for the store.”

It yips, shudders, tail going stiff, “Ahhh... ohhh,” it says, slowly turning its head, seeing the sergal, “Oh... hi. How can this one be of assistance?”

“This one was put in charge by Maker to test out a new machine bondage room. It has a bit of a sci-fi theme to it from what it knows, would you be ever so delightfully, delectably kind and...” it leans in closer, licking across the toy’s ear, softly whispering, “Help this one test out what’s there? It’ll need a few *hours* of your time.”

It gasps, blushing even harder, groaning as its tail swings around itself, covering its crotch, “T-this one would love to be of help.”

“That is just fabulous,” it says, hands running across the toy’s hips, thumbs slipping into the panties, giving a little playful tug, its cock tip pressing against the small of the shorter toy’s back, “Come, follow this one,” it says, keeping one finger in the panties, using them to tug the toy down back to the toy testing rooms.

“Y-yes, as you wish,” it says with a bashful yip, eyes darting around, curious if anyone or perhaps everyone is watching this display. It pants in excitement, body straining in arousal, the subtle bulge in its panties grows a bit wet, cock straining harder with every eye laid upon them.

“Ah, this is the room,” it says, pulling the toy into the curious sci-fi sexual BDSM themed room. It has sex machines of several kinds, some you lay across as you are pounded and automatically spit roasted, others that use gravity as you hang at an angle and get jack hammered

in, several specialty attachments. The back half of the room though is designed to be like an alien spaceship, with smooth metal walls, blinking lights that give the impression they are doing something, and against the wall is two half a foot in depth alcoves with soft cushioned backing, and holes to slip in one's limbs into.

X-2003's eyes light up, "Oh they are testing out the alien fuck pods!, AFP's as we are currently... wait no it was Fucking Alien Pods, FAP, because everyone loves to fap," it says, pulling harder on the panties, drawing the toy in, the door automatically closing behind it.

The other toy's eyes dart from one thing to the next, eventually drawn to the point of the sergal's excitement. It lets out a soft moan, its member straining, aching, wanting more, it clenches its rump, knowing well enough just what this toy might be up to.

Like a kid in a candy store, the sergal runs its hands across the first pod, looking at the nearby controls that help build the experience that anyone could ever want, "Oh its all here, how wonderful, and it thinks facing out towards this one would be best, yes?" it asks sweetly, looking at the blushing fox.

"Ah... well... if you..." it puts its hands together trying to cover its crotch, twisting back and forth in place, "This one wouldn't object that's for sure."

It toothily grins, "Fabulous, but first we need to get those panties off."

"W-wait!" it exclaims, just as the sergal tugs them down, revealing a pink hard resin chastity cage, the toy's blue and white dick presses against it. The very tip of the fox's member showing through the cum slit. The toy's blue balls, figuratively and literally are pressed between the cock ring and the cage.

X-2003 smirks, "Oh, this one thought you did, but hmm, such a submissive toy, not even wanting to have your bits truly used, but it bets you love them to be teased," it says, bringing its mouth close to the cock, the hot pink sergal tongue flicking across the cock tip, licking up the pre-cum that has oozed out of it, "Hmm," it says, swishing the flavor in its mouth. Its fingers gently caress the hard chastity cage, fingers slipping underneath it, to pull and tug at the balls, "It will do more with this, but first..." it says, letting go.

Soft moans and gasps escape the toy's mouth, closing its eyes, hands clenching. The toy's tail twitches, gently thrusting against the toy's touch, whimpering a few moments later, then... it's over. It looks down at it longingly, pleading with its eyes, "But what first?"

Slowly the sergal stands up, hands running across the toy's chest, "You need to get into your bondage, and we'll work our way up to pleasing you. It wants you nice and milked so that... well you'll see," it says with a sly grin, "Is toy ready to slide in?"

It swallows a lump in his throat, chastity rising and lowering. The member twitching, aching, throbbing, "Very ready," it says with a soft squeak.

"Perfect," it says, guiding the toy's limbs into the soft cushioned cubby holes with a loud drawn-out squeak, "One... two... three, four, all your limbs are going to be nice and snug, just stay there and don't move."

"Y-yes. Toy is happy to do so," it says with a soft pant, eyes locked on the sergal as it gleefully activates the cushions within the cubby holes. The rubber grips and tightly binds their



limbs to their elbows and knees in the inflating rubber, locking them into position. It gives a few test pulls and tugs, finding it impossible to pull itself out, “Oh my...”

It tilts its head curiously, the sergal running its hands across the fox’s chest, “My? Shouldn’t it be this one’s? Toy’s? Its?”

It lets out a soft moan, “But there is only no, I. There is no me. There is no myself. Only this one, it, itself, toy... it never said anything about my by itself.”

X-2003 raises a finger as if about to say something, then pulls back, getting lost in thought in a moment, “You know... you are right. Well, that can technically work? Though it thinks myself would mean my would count, but it can see that is a nice little loophole,” it says gently rubbing its chin.

“See? This one does good.”

It leans in close, “Yes you do toy,” it says giving a slow passionate kiss, the toy’s cock runs across the toy’s chastity cage, letting beads of its own pre-cum drip onto the other toy, the arousing juices getting to the fox toy, making its chastity cage become completely full, the bound member straining and aching against the cage, showing off that blue and white latex through every opening within the cage, which is the cock tip and the ‘ventilation’ slits, the aching rubber pushing through as its arousal continues to burn hotter.

The sergal tilts its head to the side, looking down at the member. One hand slides down, gripping the chastity cage, the kiss continuing, growing deeper, tongue coiling around the fox’s own. The toy’s claw tip runs across the sensitive rubber that pushes through the chastity ventilation slits.

It shudders and groans, the fox’s sensitive flesh that feels the coolness of the air and then something it hasn’t felt in a long time, the direct touch of its rubber against another toy... or anyone. The pressure build within its body grows and grows and this little tease makes pre-cum ooze out of its cock tip, glistening the chastity cage, the blue rubber tip is aching to be free. Another whine escapes its muzzle, nostrils flaring, enjoying the sweet scent of the sergal toy, but the sheer level of helplessness and teasing drives it mad with lust.

The kiss breaks, the muffled moans finally released by the fox, strands of salvias strand between the lips, broken when X-2003 runs its tongue across their lips, giving one last lick across the fox’s own, “Good toy. It’ll take this nice and slow, don’t want to ruin you just yet... that would be unfair.”

“Ruin this one? Unfair?” it asks, tugging at the constraints, watching the sergal slide down its body, claws pulling and tugging at the chastity device, fingers pressing against the churning rubber balls, which makes it moan.

“Come on, why would this one want to ruin the surprise?” it asks, cupping the balls, licking the cage clean of the buildup fluids, the tongue pressing into the real fox toy’s cum slit, drinking down the savory delight, before pulling the entire cage into its mouth, giving it a firm hard suckle, which tugs at the fox’s length, pulling it harder against the constraining device.

It arches its back, unable to thrust from the toy’s tight grip, a hand placed on its belly that pushes it against the soft cushioned backed lining. Limbs helplessly tug and squeak within the

tight bondage as there's nothing it can do but take whatever the toy has to give, which only grows more devious when the toy's balls are pulled into the sergal's hungry maw, the warm hole slurping across its junk. The sergal's tongue sliding underneath the chastity along the entire balls, occasionally the tongue flicks across the toy's rubber that is tugged up around the cage's vent, giving far more stimulation along its sensitive member than it thought it could get from a simple chastity-blow job.

"T-toy," squeaks L-3415 hands moving within the bondage, barely able to do more than twitch and squirm as it simply must take all that the toy has to give. It yaps in delight, closing its eyes, almost howling out in delight as it's taken, ass clenching down ready to take anything, when suddenly the licking stops.

"That was a good warm up, get those balls churning, that prostate active. Now to make some adjustments and prepare for your prostate milking," it says, standing up, going to the control panel, typing in some things, the rubber cubbies that hold the toy's limbs move and shift, moving closer together, forcing the toy to arch its back and jut out its bound-up bits.

"X-2003?" it asks curiously, shuddering, its rear exposed for anything that is to come next.

"You'll see, don't worry, just a good old prostate milking, it will take what?" it says thinking at the time, "Ninety-minutes?"

"N-ninety-minutes?!"

"We'll work our way up. It wants a nice equal footing for all the participants, and since you haven't had a climax in a while it would only be fair if you got a good old milking before then, but not enough time to get all pent up again."

"W-what are you talking about?"

"You'll see," it says with a teasing wink, activating the fuck machine attachment on the machine. A nice thick ribbed dildo auto adjusts and lines up with the toy's hole. Bit's of lubricate shoot from the hole to slicken the toy's rear.

"Oh..." it yips, tensing, tail bouncing within the bondage confines before the sergal takes the opportunity to inflate the tail compartment locking the toy's tail into place.

"Can't let you have too much freedom now," it says, setting the machine to 'prostate milking' mode. It vibrates, slipping into L-toy's rear, opening its pucker nice as it pumps in with short shallow thrusts, the machine angling itself to grind and press down on the prostate gland, giving it a slow and tender machine-driven massage.

"This one is not sure it can hold out for so long getting its prostate milked."

"What? This one thinks you can, believe in yourself, use it as practice."

"Practice for what?"

"Now, now, this one can't spoil the surprise. Enjoy yourself, as we'll be giving the machines a really good test," it says kissing the fox on the lips, giving the toy's balls a little fondle.

"O-okay," it moans softly, body jerking with each thrust, the pressure bubbling up within its loins, growing and growing at a slow and steady pace. The vibrations are felt through its

body, traveling down its length, making its member tingle in delight. With each passing moment the toy's ability to speak intelligible words slips further from its grasp, leaving it a whimpering, squirming, moaning mess of a toy, simply wanting to get the sweet bliss of release.

"P-p-p-lease Maaaaassster. L-let it have it," it groans, after what seems like an eternity of time that has passed. Watching the sergal toy tease it, torment it in such delicious ways that it is only by some miracle or will of the one before it that it hasn't felt the bliss of the dripping pre-seed from its length, a gush of translucent fluid a sign that it has been completely milked. All it has managed to do is drip like a leaky faucet, with more pressure building up within it than being released by the slow tantalizing drip.

"Hmm," it says, the toy placing its hands on the toy's chest, thumbs running across its nipples, causing long drawn out squeaks, "Well it's about time, so it thinks you should be able to by now... a minute early or so can't hurt," it says, its ears twitching looking in the direction of the door, "Oh, someone is a bit early..." it grins, going to the controls, speeding up the thrusting into the toy's rear, ramping up the vibrations to quickly send the gushing of pre-seed out of the whimpering fox toy.

It pants and groans in need, feeling the release of pressure, the tingle of delight, but no real sense of the release of its edging arousal. The warm bliss of its toy juice leaking out like a steady stream out of its member, but the stream only lasts for a few short moments, before it slows it drip back down to near normal levels. The humping in its rear slowed to a stop, vibrations along with it, but the dildo remains firmly lodged in its rump.

"It'll get it ready for the next part," it says, changing the mode, the dildo shifting its angle to be able to slip deeper into the toy's tight squeezing, milking rear, "Ah perfect," it mutters just as the door opens and the feminine I-toy enters.

"H-hello. This one hopes it's not too early, it wasn't sure when... ohh..." it says with a magenta blush, its member twitching in delight seeing all the sex machines, but the view on the other end of the room is what narrows its focus. The dipping caged cock of L-toy, with X-2003 leaning against the controls, claw running down the bound cock, with a devilish grin painted across its muzzle.

"You're just in time, this one managed to get everything prepped like it wanted, though just barely," it explains, fingers dancing across the cage, walking away from the moaning and whimpering toy, coming to greet its new arrival with a slow and tender caress of the toy's length, "This one would like to play a game..."

I-toy shudders, "Ah... it hopes one of those fun games, it saw this one movie once..."

X-2003 shakes its head, "Oh no, nothing like that. Good heavens, when did you see something like that?"

"Internet."

"Toy asked when, but where is good enough for this one, come, come, it's a game about cumming," it says with a playful giggle.

L-toy tilts its head, regaining some of its composure, milking the motionless dildo in its rear, “A climaxing game? This one has a hard time climaxing like it is, more so after it’s been milked so... thoroughly.”

“Ah, but this is what makes the game so wonderful! It worked to balance it out between you two,” it says, pushing the purple toy into the adjacent FAP machine, slipping its limbs into the cubby holes.

I-toy lets out a soft mew, its cock twitching and aching, the idea of a sex game with the sex machines between sex toys? How could it not love something like that, it glances at the other bound toy, seeing the cute chastity cage which makes it squirm, more so when the sergal activates the cubby holes bondage system, trapping its limbs up to its elbows and knees in the machine, tail soon thereafter being held to the same fate, exposing its rear. It lets out a soft grunt, the limbs pulled closer together, body jutting out, exposing itself further to the devious sergal, who takes this opportunity to run its fingers along the hard twitching rubber pillar.

“This is a very simple contest, pitting one against the other,” it says, the fingers trailing along both toy’s bits, X-2003’s fingers slipping under the chastity cage, squeezing the balls a bit, listening to L-3415 soft sweet aching moans, “You,” it says focusing on the caged up toy, “Your goal is to try to climax before I-8376... while you,” it says, giving the I-toy’s length a playful squeeze, “Your goal is to try *not* to climax before your fellow toy. Caged versus uncaged, one trying desperately to climax despite being prevented from doing so by physical means, while the other is so vulnerable, trying their best not to climax. Both of you are not to be restricted nor allowed to climax via verbal commands. This is simply a will based, stimulation based as if you were users. Otherwise this could be done in a few seconds and that’s not fun,” it says with a smirk.

I-toy squirms in the bondage, “I-is there a time limit? What if neither of us climax?” it asks with a pleading eyes, its cock aching, throbbing with delight, yet a knot builds within its gut and it's not the dildo slowly being pushed into its rear thanks to the sergal toy tapping its hands across the computer console.

“A time limit? Why yes, there is. You’d only have to last two hours, and this one will try its best on both of you to climax... at the same time,” it says with a sly grin, “Then the house wins.”

“House?” both toys ask curiously, soft moans escaping their lips.

X-2003 giggles, “Of course. A three-way battle. Up the ante as it were. If this one makes you both climax at the same time, it wins!”

L-toy pants, squeezing the motionless dildo in its rear, “W-what happens to the loser?”

I-toy grunts, thrusting against the dildo, trying to get a little early stimulation as it asks, “What happens to those who win?”

“This one wins either way, but... the loser will remain in here till well... that is to be seen. Perhaps several hours later? Days? A week? Who is to say, this one is not sure, but the mystery adds to the excitement, wouldn’t you both agree?” it asks, giving both toys another playful fondle.

“Yes Toy Master,” groans the fox toy.

The feline toy pants, and groans, tugging against the constraints, “Y-yes...”

“On your mark... get ready...” X-2003 says, releasing both toys, hands returning back to the computer console, “Get set...” there’s a hum of energy moving through the machine, vibrations start within the dildos, on the lowest setting, causing both toys to let out a soft needy gasp, “Go!” it exclaims with glee, turning the knob that gets both dildos pumping into the toy’s rears.

Firm hard steady thrusts, a mere warm-up for either toy and they know it. Their bodies squeak, their moans are soft, shallow, panting in delight, rears expertly gripping the lengths out of pure instinct, but the divide between each toys’ tasks soon becomes apparent.

L-toy whines, trying to push harder against the dildo, wanting to edge out a little more pleasure early, even though most of its movement is limited to the bare minimum. It groans and closes its eyes, trying to simply focus on the pleasure within it, to mentally cultivate the budding seeds planted within it, so they may blossom into an eventual climax.

I-toy on the other hand takes slow deep practiced breaths, each thrust it prepares itself, working with and against its own sleek rubber form’s wants and desires. Its ass milks the delicious dildo, but it keeps its attention on X-2003, not wanting to be caught surprised by anything it may do that could send it over the edge. Its eyes show the initial struggle, and pleading, cock jumping with excitement. The churning of seed within its loins growing the weight of the delicate orbs becoming felt with each thrust.

X-2003 paces back and forth, chin resting on its palm, mimicking M-7373’s style, “*Hmm, no wonder it likes to do it, it’s a lovely smugness and delight,*” it continues to pace, hips swaying slowly, letting the time pass in a slow and steady thrusting, the moment it thinks both toys are getting ‘comfortable’ with the current status quo it knocks it up a notch.

The slow incremental teasing and toying with them only eggs them on, a strange sensation for L-toy, which tries its best to edge out faster, harder, but that prostate milking it had earlier makes it all the more ruinous for its attempts to reach the blissful release with any certainty.

I-toy looks over at the twitching chastity cage, one of the few parts of its fellow toy it can see from its position. Another thrust, another moan, another twitch of its length, feeling that bubbling pressure within its loins that it works to keep down, to ignore the bliss of the moment, squirming and struggling against its own desires for release.

Time ticks away, the building grows and grows, X-2003 saunters off leaving them to moan for a few tantalizing minutes, but while L-toy tries its best to get lost in itself, moaning, whimpering, squeaking loudly, I-toy’s eyes never left the devious sergal, though there were times it wanted to, when that rump was hiked, balls showing that cute rear... a deep groan escaping its lips, shaking its head, biting its lip, doing its best to keep focus, “*What is that toy up to now?*” it thinks, cock twitching, eyes widening when it comes back with two very large and

heavy vibrating wands, getting only a glimpse of them before the sergal sneakily hides them behind its back.

X-2003 sways its hips, slow tantalizing squeaks, “Oh *toys*,” it says with a teasing singing tone in its voice, drawing both toys attention to it. It leans forward right between them, “This one has a surprise for you,” it says with a little giggle and a giant grin.

The panting squeaking, whimpering femboy fox, L-3415 breaks itself from the daze its in, squinting, from the lights, vision clearing to see the teasing sergal toy, “W-what is it?” it whimpers, cock twitching hard within the chastity cage with a steady drip.

I-8376 groans, taking a slow deep breath, feeling the next hard thrust of the sex machine, its aching length exposed to the world, exposed to the sergal toy, fearing what could happen next... and deep down truly wanting it to happen, “This one knows what you have back there Toy Master.”

X-2003 stands tall, “What you know? And here this one was going to keep it a surprise,” it says pulling one of the toys out, pointing it to itself, “And so many toys calling this one Toy Master, it wonders why...” it says bringing the vibrating wand back behind its back.

L-toy shudders and moans at the sight, eyes following the tip like a cat to a red light.

I-toy groans, responding, “This one has a good idea as to why Toy Master. You’ve been mastering your dominance over so many toys.”

“Yes... this one knows, it can be such a switch, power bottom, power top, submissive top, submissive bottom? And so many more in-between here and there. But right now... what toy is doing here and now is important,” it says, bringing out both vibrating rods, “It will use these on you soon, but they need to get prepared, don’t you think?” it asks, turning them on a low setting, bringing the vibrating ends to each toy’s belly, making them squirm and moan, “There we go.”

The blue femboy fox toy shudders, and groans, cage twitching, lifting up then relaxing back down at first point of contact, the toy’s mind running amok on that device pressing up against its cage, trying to build up the internalized pleasure of itself being teased, a sexual fantasy to fuel the lustful fire, in the vain hopes that it could trigger itself to get a climax.

The competing feline simply clenches and moans through a closed mouth, eyeing the toy, occasionally looking up at the sergal who is completely focused on watching each toy’s reaction, moving its monitoring from one to the other. When its eyes meet with those lovely hot pink glowing eyes, it feels an intoxicating draw that makes the pressure grow within its loins, forcing it to look away in a pant.

“What’s wrong toy? Are you a little on edge from how this one...” X-2003 says moving in closer, appearing about to kiss it but pulls the vibrating wand between them, “Looks into your eyes? It’s in this one’s best interest to make you climax when the other toy does. That way it’s an unbiased teaser, and it knows that one is a bit far off from reaching it. So... it will keep you in a good state and not send you off, but please, lick and suck this like any dick you could have ever wanted. Do so or this one might become a little biased,” it says with a wink.

“Y-yes Toy Master,” it responds, licking across the wand, enjoying the vibrations sent down its throat, making its moans shake and quiver, almost comically so. It wraps its lips across it, the shaking causing it to slide easily up and over the tip, suckling it, aching for more, yet also fearing it.

The blue fox was given the same ultimatum, licking and sliding its blue tongue across the toy, making it slick, opening its mouth wide to take it, enjoying how the vibrations are forced into its body, felt down its throat, traveling down its spine, meeting and synchronizing the the pens in its rear, turning up the heat of sexual lust and desire within it.

⌘-2003 pushes the wands in and out of the toy’s mouths, making the fox deep throat the toy while the feeling gets the mouth, tongue and lip tease. The sergal toy doing its best to keep track of the building lust levels within each toy based on body motion, depths of their moan, and the beading of pre-cum from their lengths, each bit of information which seems chaotic and random has a place and a purpose within its mind, using its own in-depth experiences to make these two slowly blossom.

“Good, good, now...” the toy says, pulling the wands away, “How about we try out some of the other features on these machines?” it says, holding the wands in one hand, letting them ring out against the other, while it activates the mask system. Two rubber gas masks with a thick knotted dildo comes down and lips over the toy’s heads, the machine locking and zipping their heads up, forcing them to suckle down and see a glass tinted world. Their moans now muffled further so, the masks inflating and deflating with each breath, the breathing tube attached to the front which hangs in the center of their field of vision will soon pump a mixture of air and aphrodisiacs to help stimulate the toys. The sergal changes and monitors them, giving L-toy a large dose between the two.

Each intoxicating breath makes the situation worse and better for each toy, depending how you think about it. Cocks are straining, one free, the other straining so hard against the device that it feels it could possibly break free from its cage by cock strength alone.

⌘-2003 switches which wand goes to which toy, running it across the toys’ bodies, teasing them, luring out their delights, aches, and needs, the sergal in no rush as it teasing torments each one. The soft feminine moans, clearly heard by the toy’s sharp hearing no matter how muffled they’ve become through the masks.

L-toy grunts and squirms, thrusting nice and hard against the wand, shuddering when it reaches its cage, making it rattle and shake. The quivering member sending glistening spray of built up pre-cum, that looks possibly like a climax to the other toy, giving it a hint of perhaps it won?

I-toy soon recovers, almost losing the game through the devious trap made by the ⌘-2003, “*This one knows you did that on purpose,*” it thinks, catching the toy’s slick smile, the wand dancing around the toy’s crotch, going to the balls every now and again, which makes it groan loudly buck forward, straining to keep itself from hitting that that point of no return. The feline tries with all its might to keep that door closed, unsure just how much longer it will be able

to keep to it, knowing at any moment the edging will stop and it will simply give in and unleash itself.

The fox on strains and struggles, trying to get more out of the wand, pressing itself hard against its tease, trying to work up its pleasure to higher levels, banging from the other side of the climax door, wanting to bash it down, it growing a little easier with each passing moment as the pleasure bubbles and fills it, yet somehow it feels it's always on the edge yet nowhere close to the point where it can feel the bliss of release.

Ebbing and glowing, one perhaps ahead of the other in which will hit that climax, victory? Defeat, it's hard to tell. Time loses meaning between the two toys as they lose themselves in the competition. One moment is like the next, struggling against what they tend to do, pushing themselves to new limits that they did not know they had. There's a sense of comfort and delight when a toy is locked and bound, unable to climax or easy to climax via command. A loss of control with themselves that's blissful and pleasant...

But this? This is something else. Knowing that they could 'naturally' hit a climax or try to make it happen is a new experience for them. Struggling against their own bodies desires, wants, needs, or trying to coax them along, but at a great disadvantage based on their training and current gear. The whines, whimpers, moans, huffing within the mask, suckling the dick in their maws, everything a blissful orchestra of carnal lusts and desires, and the conductor of this show is that white and hot pink sergal toy with the maestros vibrating wands in its hand, X-2003.

The wands move across one length, then close or tapping the other or kept so close that the vibrations felt in the wind is what the toy feels on its twitching exposed length. The dildos in their rears speed up at different paces, going deeper, slower? Faster? Shorter and shallow? It's a constant change up that keeps the toys on their toes... that is if they could stand.

X-2003 keeps track of the time, the closer it gets to the end time, the closer it brings both to their climax, enjoying their struggling, squirming, blissful quivering knowing deep down as much as it's a fight against themselves, it's a moment they'll never forget, nor want to, "That's it you two. Both of you are getting close... which is bad for the other, isn't it?" it says with a giggle, pushing the toys to their limits.

The sexual storm within each toy batters each of them. Barely able to hold one versus the one just wanting to be sent over the edge, to break through the rapids and each the end, to receive that surge of pleasure that stream of hot rubber toy seed moving through their length. For the fox it would be a slow squirting release, the turns within its held-up cock slowing it down to quick short fierce spurts, while I-toy would be large gushing forceful yet fluid shooting spray.

"Almost there..." X-2003 taunts each toy, turning up the wand on the fox toy to the max, pushing it harder, while it's only a notch higher for the feline toy, knowing full well each toy's limits and then...

The imagination of climax that has pummeled each toys' mind time and time again, either as a hopeful dream or a fearful reality comes forth. The thick globes of the feline toy's seed shoots out spraying out a few feet away landing on a stream on the floor. It bucks its hips



hard, hitting the hard built-up climax, a sense of relief that it's over while also fearing if it didn't hold off enough at the same time, or did the house win? It sees within its hazy vision the fox toy and its own climax is going strong while its own sooner reaches its finish and sensitive after glow.

The fox is far behind words, just feral whimpers and yips. Nothing left of it but the eager blissful fuck object that it's always have been. Such dreamy moments and being pushed to do something that it's not used to. A spin on what its locked status is meant to say. The surge of toy seed gushing out of it, feeling it build up more within each turn of its held-up length, the pressure around its cock making it 'sit' in that spot till enough toy essence behind pushes the cum forward, and like a bent hose, shooting out small streamy jets of toy seed. Some of it hints at the interior of the chastity cage, making it spray back onto its own length while much more shoots out of the cum slit, spraying hard onto the magic wand that is running across its exposed tip, coasting it within its blue translucent essence. Whines mixed with pants, its climax ringing out from the force of the spray, which even the sergal toy could feel through the wand.

X-2003 takes the moment to run the wands over each toy's sensitive bits, helping with the afterglow and the dripping aching mess that both toys have left, "Oh, such a wonderful competition, but you know the saying toys. The house in the end... always wins," it says, taking a moment to let the toy's calm down, letting the machines milk them a moment longer before turning down the speed of the toys in their bodies to a low teasing, vibrating and humping setting, "This one needs to get going in just a few minutes so it ended this with just enough time to clean up the mess, it hopes you don't mind," it says, grabbing I-toy's length taking it into its mouth and giving one long firm suckle, draining the length of what deliciousness it still had held within.

The feline helplessly mewes and moans, suckling on the dildo in its mouth, unable to do anything but let its super sensitive cock be taken and drained of whatever it still had. It relaxes into the pod in defeat, yet not saddened by the affair, only left wondering just how long it will be left in there.

X-2003 moves over to the other toy, holding up the chastity caged cock, giving the balls a palm squeeze, helping a few more drips of toy essence leak you, "And you did very well, it's proud of you," it says, its tongue slinking into the chastity cage, giving it a nice firm suckle to drain the member of what's held within.

Squirming, moaning, the force of the toy's suckling on its tightly bound chastity cage, L-toy is completely helpless, and it loves it in the afterglow. The thought that it will be held here does not bothering it one bit. Part if it wanted it, but also it didn't want to not try its best to win in the spirit of the competition. It takes the moment to relax, huffing into the mask, enjoying its moment in the sun, now relaxing in the dusk, finding it cute that since it and its fellow toy are all bound up, unable to do anything that the domineering sergal toy has to clear up the mess they made all by itself.

The sergal took this moment to clean, licking the floor clean, showing off its rear to the two helpless toys in a long toying tease, a little visual treat of what they can't have, but certainly

do want. Its hips sway toyingly side to side, tail nice and hiked, balls and pucker showing off, but eventually it finishes, getting up and saying, "This one has a date with the Maker... that sounded not as sexy as it thought it would... hmm," it says, shrugging, giving both toys a playful pat on their crotches, leaving them to their fates, heading out of the room, down the hall to the very last door on the left.

It knocks, its length jumping with excitement, *"This one can't wait to have fun with Maker and its paired toy. It's going to be glorious with what we can do together, and it can show to it how much of a wonderful gay toy it is."*

The door opens, revealing B-1374 standing there with a teasing smirk, "Come in, we've been waiting for you," it says, stepping to the side.

"Oh?" it asks, tilting its head, "It hopes it hasn't been too long."

K-2373 mews, sprawling across the sleek black rubber canopy bed, butt in hiked, wiggling, "Welcome lovely toy, please come in, this one is sure you are very ready for some fun, aren't you?" it asks with a soft purr and a wink.

"That is just fabulous," it says, sauntering in, hips swaying nice and slow, hand trailing along B-toy's chest, "What's this?" it asks, reaching down, gently caressing the red throbbing length, looking at the cameras and video recording equipment, "There's a lot here."

B-toy gently grinds against the hand, leaning in close, "This one will let Maker explain."

K-2373 mews, sprawling over the bed with a loud squeak, arching its back, hiking its butt to a camera, giving a little but wiggle, "This one had a lot of time to think, and since you are completed, with only a single last molding session to go for good measure, it will do what Maker has done so many times before and give a little photo and video op for our newest toy for to the store. What we collect will be good for some future advertisements for our switchy femboy toy lines," it says with a playful wink.

"Ohhh," says N-2003 with a slow rump sway, gently squeezing B-toy's length, pulling it over with it as it approaches the bed, "That does sound wonderful, and this one will be dominating in all of them?"

"Yes. B-toy will operate the cameras, when need be, but both of us can be here for some shiny fun," the black and blue feline toy mews, reaching up to run a finger along the underside of the sergal toy's chin, "It hopes you can handle that."

Its length twitches, a soft murr escaping its lips, "This one would be very pleased to do its very best, and it will really show how it is not camera shy," it says with a soft squeak, leaning in close, "Let's begin, shall we Maker?"

With a soft mew it responds, "That sounds good, show off your creativity, this one knows you have lingering thoughts and ideas to display and show yourself off, hmm?" it asks, wiggling its rump.

With a soft chuckle it slinks onto the bed, rump hiked toward the camera, tail raised just enough to just barely give a visual tease, "Well Maker, if you insist, this one would be pleased to do so, lay down," it says, pushing K-2373 down onto the bed with a soft squeak, "Relax and do what this one tells you to..." it runs a hand along the toy's chest, crawling over it, its length

running across the toy's inner thigh, its length caressing the toy's balls then along its own twitching pillar. B-1374 moving to a camera to get a little zoomed in action, then focusing on the two toys.

"This one knows exactly how to treat you, it's spent a lot of time... researching," X-2003 says with a teasing grin, kissing the toy, slowly making it become deeper, tilting the feline's head so it can become a complete and passionate open mouth kiss. A soft moan escapes them, hips grinding, cocks twitching, the sergal steadily breaking the kiss, strands of saliva between them is broken when the forked hot pink tongue licks across the feline's lips, "Now that's a good start."

K-2373 mews, arching its back, pressing itself against the toy, "This one would say so," a feline grin comes across it.

X-2003 thrusts its hips against its Maker, "It would certainly hope so," it says, turning its head toward B-toy, "Did you get all of that?"

The blindfolded toy is taken back by the sudden question, "Huh?"

"The scene, its movements? Our twitching cocks up against one another, did you get all of that? If this is going to be used for adverts and showing off Maker and this one, we should only get the best video, which means we'll need multiple takes."

K-2373 softly moans, running its hands along X-2003's sides, "Toy, toy. Don't worry about that."

It looks at it, tilting its head to the side, "But Maker, this is very important. Only the best and highest quality should be used, which means we'll need to do it again, and again, and again to get good shots and from different angles."

"Hmm, how about..." K-2373 says, pressing its finger on the sergal's lips, which it soon tenderly suckles them, making it shudder and moan, "We do it all in one take so we can keep the mood going and *then* if we need we can do another take going through the motions again."

It tenderly squeaks, suckling the fingers, letting them loudly pop out of its mouth, "This one thinks that can certainly work. Let's continue then *Maker*," it says with a tease, grabbing it by the collar, pulling it up so they're sitting up.

"This one will be needing you soon enough, B-1374 but until then, let this one and our Maker have a little bit of fun," it says, pressing itself up against the feline, pressing its cock up against its own, angling its body toward the camera.

"Don't mind this one, it will have plenty of fun from this side," B-toy says with a sly feline grin, its cock twitching in delight, seeing its Maker posed so cutely."

"But don't be afraid to ask to jump in either," K-2373 says with a playful wink, grinding itself against its fellow toy, the sergal running its claws along toy's and its own length, their cocks gently squeaks loudly as pre-cum dribbles between the two lengths. The toy juices are spread between the two, standing from one length to the other.

"We are toys and we know what you want, and you want us, and we're all too happy to provide," it says with a soft squeak, grinding harder, passionately kissing K-2373 again, with a soft squeaky moan and grind.

It purrs and mews in kind, wrapping its tail around the sergal, “We here at Toys-4-U, are top quality toys for you. But right now, this one and its fellow toy are here for each other,” it mews, nuzzling and licking across the sergal’s chin.

It shudders, moaning softly, a hand trailing across the feline’s back. A soft long drawn-out squeak, “This one couldn’t agree more, and it will show you just how much this particular toy can switch between your fantasies. Want a twink to take? Look at this one. Want a little bit of a trap or taken by the girliest boy toy you’ve seen? This femboy toy is here for you,” it says with a teasing wink, moving into another deep passionate kiss, its cock twitching harder, dribbling more pre-cum, its body turned to keep the view of its length and its Maker’s open to the camera.

Its claws gently caress along the two throbbing lengths, squeezing out more of the toy juices, finger dancing across one cock head then the other, getting one digit covered in its own juices, and a separate digit covered in its Makers. It brings up its dripping glistening digits up, giving a little lick of each, taking it into its mouth, swishing the flavor in its mouth, swallowing it with an exaggerated gulp, “Delicious, here toy, try this,” says X-2003, rubbing the digits across its Maker’s lips, rubbing the toy juices across the lips like lip gloss, before slipping them into its maw.

It softly mews, suckling the digits, bobbing its head on them with a soft squeak moan, enjoying the mixed flavor, tongue runs between the two digits, purring happily, squeezing and pulling the fellow toy closer to it, hand running across the double lengths but the sergal grabs its hand, pulling its hand away.

X-2003 shakes its head, “Silly toy, you can’t touch yourself, this one is in charge, now suck its digits. Show this one just how much you want to take something long and hard into that hungry mouth of yours,” it mурrs, its fingers pumping harder into the feline’s mouth.

With a wet squeaky slurp, K-2373 purrs happily, closing its eyes, suckling hard on fingers, letting some drool run down its chin, cock twitching, aching, with soft tender grind, moaning loudly, arching its back, hand trailing along the sergal’s back, reaching for its butt, giving it a tender loving squeaky squeeze.

The sergal pumps the feline’s mouth a few times, leaning against its fellow toy, enjoying the tender squeeze of its Maker’s hand, its rear presses up against the touch, pucker clenching, as if expecting to be taken at any moment, “Now, now, sweet thing,” it says, deep throating the feline’s throat with its fingers, folding the fingers in the toy’s throat to make it bulge, “This one can see what a needy good cock sucker you are. You have a lovely dick, but let’s see how well you know how to please one, wouldn’t you say?” it asks, tilting its head.

K-2373 moans softly, gurgling on the sergal’s fingers, swallowing down the built-up toy salvia in its mouth, closing its eyes, hungrily slurping them down, tongue coiling around the digits, trying to squeeze and keep the fingers in its mouth but they slowly slip out with a pop.

“Good toy, time to give you a bit of a reward, and show to the crowd just how good of a dick sucker you are,” X-2003 grins, rubbing its claws along the feline’s lips, standing up on the

bed, which creaks under its weight, the hot pink length runs across the feline's muzzle, showing it to the camera just how big it is, and that the cock will clearly slip all the way into the cat's mouth and a bit down its throat, "Before we begin, why don't you help this one warm up? Show this one just how good you are with that feline rough tongue of yours, hmm?" it asks with a soft squeak, grinding itself a little harder against the cat toy's muzzle.

With a soft mew it looks up at X-2003, running its fingers across the toy's white rubber eggs, massaging them in its hand, the other hand grasping the base of the toy's hot pink cock, bringing the tip to its mouth where it gives a long playful lick along the tip, flicking its tongue like a cat lapping up water, "With pleasure, we toys at Toys-4-U are good at teasing."

"Aren't we," it says with a soft moan, arching its back, gasping in delight, pre-cum dribbling from its cock tip, the arousing toy juices funneled down into its Maker, the aroma making B-1374 grow ever more aroused. The sergal notices the aching twitching red pillar of the blind folded toy, looking toward the camera, giving a playful wink at it and the toy, "Keep it up, we have a big show to put on for those looking at us," it says, reaching down, gently petting K-2373 behind the ears with a loud tender squeak.

The Maker toy moans, nuzzling and purring the sergal dick, continuing to tenderly squeeze the balls, lapping and licking along the underside of the dick, letting it run across its lips, slurping and licking the side that faces away from the camera, tenderly caressing the length, getting it prepared for the next step.

"That's it toy, enjoy this one's rubber, take it all into its mouth," it says, gently gripping the back of the cat's head with both hands, running its thumbs into the cat's ear holes, folding the earlobes back and forth, gently massaging the toy's scalp with a loud squeak, holding the black and blue toy's head in place, pressing its cock against the feline's lip, gently rubbing the cockhead along the cat's lips, "Ready toy?"

"This one is," it purrs, licking its lips, tongue outstretching to get one last lick across the sergal's cock, running the rough tongue along the underside, eager to guide the length into its awaiting maw.

With a sly grin X-2003 says, "*Perfect.*" slipping its length into the toy's warm hungry mouth. It softly moans, sliding in nice and slow, letting its cock run along K-2373's cheek on the camera's side, making sure it bulges as the member makes its way down the toy's throat, going balls deep, pressing in nice and deep, letting the feline give a few firm suckles, its lack of gag reflexes really shining through in this moment, and its lack of need for breathing for the matter, "Such a warm and delicious maw," it moans, starting its pumping.

It moves with the thrusting into its head, not fighting against the sergal toy's grip, but certainly doing anything it can to aid in the tightly suckled length, lips tightly sealing around the member to the point that the sleek cock squeaks loudly with each thrust into its mouth. The balls smack against its chin again and again, more beads of delicious pre-cum flow into its mouth, making the warmth of arousal build within its loins, "*This reminds this one so much of its Maker's teasing arousing juices,*" it thinks, looking up at that smooth white belly and chest, the hot pink highlights, and matching glowing eyes, "*So very cute this way.*"

X-2003 moans, ass clenching in desire and need, turning its attention toward B-1374, “Are you still needed behind those cameras?”

B-toy lets out a playful mew, “It doesn’t need to be if it can help it,” it says with a smug feline grin.

“Then help it, so you can help this one. It wants you standing behind it, giving it some support to flood this cute boy toy’s mouth with its essence.”

“This one can help with that,” it says with a soft purr, fixing the cameras, slinking past them, it climbs onto the bed, rump and tail hiked at the camera, giving a little tease as the tail drops down to only give a quick show. The toy’s cock twitching, aching, throbbing. It slides itself against the sergal’s back side, nuzzling it, rubbing its body across it like a cat running its body against its owner’s leg. The toy’s cock hot dogging between the sergal’s butt cheeks, hands caressing along its chest, tenderly licking across the sergal’s ear, “How’s this.”

It soft moans, gently pounding into K-2373’s muzzle, running its hand now along the back of the toy’s head, rubbing it, while the sergal presses up against its Maker’s partner toy, “You know how to tease and please, don’t you?” it asks, wrapping its tail partially around B-1374’s body.

“Of course, how do you think this one gets Maker so eager and hard?” it purrs, playfully biting and licking the sergal’s ear, enjoying hearing the soft moan that escapes the sergal toy’s lips.

“Fabulous, now, please give this one a nice deep internal massage, it wants a nice big load for this hungry kitty that is so eager to suck its rod,” it murr, reaching behind it to grab and squeeze B-toy’s butt, pressing itself nice and tight with long loud squeaks.

“Since you asked so nicely,” it purrs, adjusting itself with a rump wiggle, pressing its cock tip against the toy’s tight pucker. It slides in nice and steadily, moaning and bucking into the tight sergal’s rear.

X-2003 murr, clenching onto the dick, milking it as it starts to piston itself between the two feline toys, moving in a way that it’s dick or B-toy’s dick is visible to some degree at all times as it moves faster and faster between them. Hard aching dicks twitch in delight, the sergal toy gripping it’s Maker’s head, using it as support as it pounds in, only so it can rub its foot along the feline’s twitching throbbing pre-cum dribbling knotted dick, “Yes that’s it. Show this one just how much you love it, need it, want it.”

Both toys purr happily, soft moans escape B-toy while K-2373’s moans are muffled by the delicious dick sliding down its throat, more delicious arousing pre-cum flowing down its throat. It’s tongue coils around the member, tasting every inch of the sergal’s lengths, memories of times with K-2003 flash in the back of its mind, making its cock twitch, and dribble pre-cum, the pleasure within it building, more so when the sergal’s foot grinds against its needy length.

“That’s it, show this one just how good you can thrust into this one, how good you can suck this one off, it’s so close, it wants a delightful trilogy of pleasure,” the sergal says, encouraging both, using its hands to guide both toys to help it bounce between the two even

faster. The ache and need building within the three felt between them, drawing them all closer to the peak of their pleasure.

The heat between them builds, bubbling up their arousals, the cap that's kept over them strains as the pressure builds. The weight of their balls as they churn up their load, the sergal toy's hot prostate button is hit harder and harder by B-toy's expert thrusts.

X-2003 arches its back, holding the toys close, closing its eyes, focusing on the rhythmic pleasure. Then it is sent over the edge, the lip bursts off, its hot toy juices rush through the toy's length. It pulls both toy's close to it, slamming B-toy deep into its rear as it clenches hard, the red feline feeling the climax, sending it over the edge as it gives firm hard little thrusts into it, adding its warmth while K-2373's mouth is flooded by the hot pink toy essence.

The toy Maker, drinks down the juices, cock aching, twitching, unable and unwilling to hold back as it climaxes, shooting its essence over the underside of the toy's foot, its length milked by the sergal's toes of every drop of its blue toy essence.

X-2003 slowly comes down from its high, massaging B-toy's butt and K-2373's head, gently petting them both, "Such good, wonderful toys. A delicious little pair of toys, and it hopes it's showing off just what kind of toy this one is, and this is just a taste of what it is capable of."

K-2373 mews suckling the length, unable to pull away, the sergal keeping its head on the twitching length, getting a few last drops of delicious toy essence, looking up at the lovely sergal before it.

B-toy purrs licking across the sergal's ear, holding the toy close, "This one knows you can do so much more, but it can certainly say you've done well. You even got a cat's tongue to make K-2373 speechless."

The sergal smirks, "Fabulous," it says, clenching B-toy's length, making it moan, "It thinks that's a good first take. Clean up, reset and do say, three or four more times? That way we can get a good shot. What do you think? Speak up if you oppose the idea," it says, petting the back of the K-2373's head, gently massaging the toy's head. The sergal's ears twitch, "What? Nothing? This one is a sergal. It has excellent hearing and if it can't hear you say no, then no one could," it says with a teasing domineering smirk, keeping its cock nice and deep within the feline's maw, to the point the balls are resting against its chin.

The blindfolded toy remarks, "That settles that then, it couldn't agree more with this," smiling down at its Maker, which is more than pleased to go along with it, enjoying its time being put down and under another, and couldn't be more pleased with the company it gets to keep, and over the next few hours there are several 'takes' for the cameras.

By the time it was over the store is in the early moments of post-closing, K-2373 gently caresses X-2003's well spent cock giving it a playful kiss while B-toy accompanies them out of the toy testing room hallway, "You've done well, and the big surprise after your last molding will be just a delight, it knows it," it says with a soft purr.

The sergal toy lovingly grinds against the hand, “This one is so excited for it,” it says, looking around the store, stopping just before they reach the hallway that leads to the toy molding rooms, “Maker, this one knows you’ve done a lot, but it has a request.”

It spins around, letting out a curious mew, “A request? Toy, you’ve done so good the only question it has left is what request do you have left?”

A sly grin creeps across its face, “This one needs to have a little rematch with M-7373, and it wants to give that toy a little good romp before it goes back into the molding,” it says with a playful wink.

It chuckles, running a finger across the toy’s chest, “Sure go ahead, but be back to the molding area in thirty-minutes, do you understand? This one can get a little something done in the interim.”

With a teasing rump sway, “Why thank you Maker, it appreciates the understanding,” it says with a respectful bow, “It will be back in thirty minutes!” it says with excitement in its voice, prancing off.

B-toy chuckles, leaning against K-2373 giving it a nuzzle lick on the cheek, “Having that one in this store is going to be a helpful handful.”

It mews softly, “Yeah.”

X-2003 heads straight into the cafe, catching the demonic rubber toy from earlier A-5370, it’s currently doing the last checks over its cleaning of the lewd section of the store. It leans against the counter with a loud squeak, “Hey, where is M-7373? This one has to see it immediately.”

“Do you now?” it asks, leaning against the table, “It supposes it could tell you, but if you are in need of it, it will cost you.”

“Cost this one? But it doesn’t have any money, and neither do you. We are toys! We don’t get paid!”

“Ah... uh... yes, that’s true but you could pay in other ways, and then this one will tell you that M-7373 is in the back counting the money drawers.”

“Oh, a barter system? Could be possible. So, this one will give advice, barter in a way that doesn’t give what you are holding onto during the debate. Thanks for the location, it appreciates it,” it says, leaning in close, starting a slow passionate kiss. The sergal toy’s tongue slips in and coils around the other toy’s tongue.

A-toy groans in delight, pressing itself into the kiss, reaching up to rub the back of the sergal’s head, its tongue pushing out to coil around the forked hot pink invader. Their tongues wrestling with one another, tilting its head to make the kiss deeper, lips rubbing against each other, squeaking loudly as they rub up against one another, the toy’s cock twitching, aching, growing more aroused from the sergal’s arousing mouth juices.

X-2003 murrms leaning in more, rump hiking, hand running across the toy’s chest, other pressing along the back of the toy’s head, massaging and rubbing, fingers trailing around the toy’s wild red hair, gently scratching around the horns, pushing the toy’s head closer to its own, the tongue play growing stronger, the sergal asserting a passionate dominance over the other,



pinning the tongue down, deep throating its fellow toy, forcing the other toy to drink down their mouth juices.

It groans, its tail spades whip around in delight, closing its eyes, loving the moment, growing ever more eager, body quivering, body ready to give into the strength and prowess of the toy, "*This is the same submissive toy from the other day?*" it thinks, embracing the moment, then suddenly its over, the sergal toy slowly pulls away, its tongue released.

The forked tongue licks across A-toy's lips, "This one hopes though that is good consolidation for your mistake, it hopes you learn from it," it says with a playful wink, scampering off into the back of the store.

A-toy blinks, "Ah... yeah," it says, swallowing the last bit of the sergal toy's flavor looking down behind the counter, sighing, "Now it has to clean that up."

"Sorry!" X-2003 yells out just as it disappears. It shifts to a predatory mode, peeking into the office, noting that the leopard toy just puts the drawers into the safe, rump hiked, swaying, moving over to the computer to get to typing in the data it needs to, checking its paper notes to ensure accuracy, "*Perfect timing.*"

M-7373 hums to itself, typing feverishly, "Everything looking good so far," it mutters when it suddenly stiffens feeling someone grip it from behind, a white muzzle appearing from the peripherals of its vision, letting out a huff, "I'm busy, what is it that you want?"

With a slow rump sway, its length pressing up under the toy's butt cheeks, "This one got a little jump on you, and now it is going to show you what it can do for you," it says, running its hands across its chest, claws playing with the toy's nipples, "It knows you want a little bit loss of control from time to time," it murr's gently licking across the feline's cheek, letting its arousing mouth juices sink into it.

It huffs, puffing its cheeks, "Who is to say this one wanted you to sneak up on it. Or that this one would want to be underneath anyone," it stays, its cock hardening quickly, the tingle of pleasure and excitement rushing through it, "*This one is not normally aroused this quickly... unless... Maker you are a sneaky one if you gave this one the same abilities.*"

"Now, now, you challenged this one to take you, and that is what this one is going to do, nice, slow fierce," it mutters, nibbling the toy's neck, licking across its ear gently biting it, it's cock pressing underneath the feline's tail, pressing against its pucker.

It groans, clenching the table, "Come on now, this one has to get its work done. These numbers need to be punched in here for proper record keeping," it states, grunting a little, starting to purr.

"This one knows, and that means this one doesn't have a lot of time and must be quick," it says, pressing its member into the tight eager hole, pre-cum spurting onto the entrance making it slicker. A soft moan escapes its lips as it sinks into you, "Oh, you're very tight."

"This one isn't stretched that often," it huffs, pressing back against the toy, making it hard to tell if it's to push against the sergal's thrusts or a vein attempt to push the toy off from it, its face looks a mixed of annoyance and pleasure.

“Don’t give this one that face, it knows you are enjoying yourself, you are purring,” it says, reaching down, gently caressing the toy’s belly, grinding itself against the dark grey, black and red feline, its member sinking deeper into it, feeling the tight milking squeeze of the toy’s butt, almost hilding into it.

“A cat’s purr for more reasons than just being happy, it can be for being bothered,” it grunts, holding back a moan, keeping that feline annoyed face, tightly holding onto the countertop, bucking against the sergal.

“Oh, come on. This one knows you are enjoying yourself,” it says, reaching down the toy’s body, claws gently scratching along its front, reaching for the toy’s twitching, aching length, “This one knows it's not a banana in your pocket as you have no pockets,” it says with a giggle.

M-7373 rolls its eyes, “There’s no helping you is there?” it says, groaning, the sergal starting to slip in and out of its rear, a gently firm thrust, its length playful teased, cock twitching, balls growing heavy as pleasure surges through it. Its rear automatically milks the toy’s length with expert precision, each time the cock runs across its prostate, the warmth and pleasure of the other toy increases, “You’ll just say whatever you want to claim victory.”

“This one is not claiming anything except that sweet butt of yours,” it says with a soft chuckle, “It could have you on your knees and sucking this one off, flooding it with its juices before giving you a nice around with that cute ass of yours,” it says with a playful wink, “Who knows, you might be very thirsty.”

It shudders, bucking against the toy’s thrusts, its body bouncing against the counter, legs spreading, tail wrapping around the sergal, “No, no this will be fine,” it says with another deep moan, gasping in pleasure, hands tightly clenching the countertop, cock dribbling pre-cum, which is caressed around its length, making it shine, growing slick with each pump, “If you make this one make a mess you’ll be the one that will clean it up.”

It nuzzles, “Blame, A-5370, it told this one where it was and it has to get back to Maker after this. Normally it loves to clean the mess but it only has so much time,” it says, giving a hard slam into the toy’s butt, starting to go faster, “And it's more fun to make you make another clean,” it says with a sly grin.

With a soft moan it responds, “It will make A-toy clean it to pay for ratting out its location,” it says, grunting, enjoying the building warmth within it, each thrust sends a burst of delight through it, the humping growing stronger, more passionate, the sergal holding it close in a loving even if domineering way, the look of annoyance never fully leaving it, but when it hears that delightful climactic moan escaping the sergal’s lips, the warmth of seed gushing into its rear, the quick pistoning of its length, making the flood gates get released, a pleasuring purr mew does leave it.

“There we go, a nice good climax just for you, it knows you’d love it,” it says, milking the feline’s length, draining it of every drop, while its own is milked dry by the toy’s expertly squeezing ass, “It hopes you enjoyed the little bonus pleasure, it really thinks you deserve a good hard fucking after a hard long day,” it says with a few more playful thrusts.

M-7373 smirks, "Yeah, yeah, whatever you say, when you leave, just make sure to tell A-toy to come in here so it can reward it for the help it gave you," it replies, squeezing the toy's length nice and tight as the sergal slowly pulls out of it, its length completely drained of its essence.

"This one will be sure to do so," it says, licking its fingers clean, looking over at the feline, "Want some?" it asks, showing its half cleaned cum covered hand.

It shakes its head, "Nope, this one will be fine."

"You're lost, and good luck on the rest of your work, this one needs to get back to Maker."

It chuckles, "It will, and you do that. And tell Maker thanks for creating such a cute and devious toy."

"It'll be sure to do that," it says, departing, waving to A-toy, "Hey, M-7373 would like to thank you for your work, so if you are a good toy and head into the back office."

The demon toy tilts its head curiously, "Oh? This one wonders what it's about."

"You'll learn soon enough," it says, waving the slightly confused demonic toy, that finishes up what it's doing heading to M-toy to discover just what kind of 'reward' it is going to get.

Arriving back at the toy molding rooms, the sergal toy is greeted by its Maker and its paired toy, the molding pod open, waiting for it, "Hello Maker! This one wanted to let you know that M-7373 wants to thank you for making a wonderful devious toy. It was asked to inform you of such."

K-2373 mews softly, "Really now? Good to hear it, that one can be a stubborn one to please, it has very high standards, not that's a problem. Now be a good toy and get into the mold, the last one you'll need for the foreseeable future."

"Yes Maker!" it exclaims, rushing into the mold, leaning back, "This one is excited to see what surprises you have for it tomorrow."

"Relax toy," it says, gently pushing the sergal into the hard plastic mold, "You'll know soon enough, relax, listen, obey."

"Yes Maker," it says with a soft moan, the front of the mold coming down over it, creating the black, white and blue blur and a black and red one. The dildos are slipped into it at the same time with the help of the two feline toys. It moans softly, gently squeezing the lengths, the warm white and hot pink latex pushed into it, air sucked from the mold, body made to fit perfectly with the mold, leaving it in a quiet place, listening to the programming that whispers into its mind. The toy eagerly thinking about what tomorrow will bring, the Maker toy and its pair leave it to its mold, letting it sink ever deeper into its wonderful programming, solidifying its position forever to what it is, a good gay fuck toy...

The next day when the black, blue, and white blur returns, its body grows eager, aching, the rush of cool air into the mold, freeing it from its tight bondage. The last bit of latex still within its mouth is swallowed down before the mold is pulled up. It wiggles within the mold,

feeling its length and chest tugged by the hard plastic as it peels off from its white and hot pink body, “Oh Maker... that always feels so good, it's going to miss that,” it says licking its lips.

“Too bad that is your last molding, but it has a surprise for you,” K-2373 says, the toy's length as hard as the sergal. It reaches out gently caressing that hot pink length, giving it a gentle tug, “Come out toy.”

“Yes Maker,” it says with a soft moan, stepping fully out of the hard plastic mold with a schlunk. The soft pull and tug of the plastic against the toy's body is an evil tease. The sergal, leans against its Maker, “This one can't wait to find out what the surprise is.”

It grins, “Well it is a big one, are you ready?” it asks, gently caressing the sergal's sensitive bits with one hand, the other over the computer console that controlled the molding pods.

“Yes Maker!” it says with a big grin.

“It's a big surprise, are you sure you can handle it?”

“Of course, Maker, you can count on this one.”

“Good, good, it certainly hopes so. It has two big surprises for you, but one at a time.”

“Two surprises?” it asks with a gasp, grinding itself against its Maker's hand, watching it tap the console screen a click and churn of machinery is heard from the pod to their left.

“Yup, help remove these dildos from this mold so it can show you,” it says, motioning to the other mold.

“Yes Maker,” it says, going for the rear dildo, twisting and pulling it out, the flow of black rubber dripping, it looks at the mold, seeing a large black and cyan rubber toy held within, “*What is this? Looks familiar,*” it thinks, dildos removed, the mold clicking, the front peeling back, a soft female voice moans out.

“Now, that was an extremely educational experience!” exclaims K-2003, the black and cyan sergal toy steps out.

X-2003 looks over the matching sergal that has a clear foot in height over it, the toy's eyes advertising from the sergal's breasts, “K-2003? That's your Maker, Maker.”

“Yup! This one is, and it hopes you aren't having too much of a mind fuck from this,” it says with a rump wiggle, the sergal toy running its claws against its counterpart, lifting the toy's head, “Awe, you don't even like to see this one's breasts, it will keep that in mind.”

“This one is a bit confused but... what does this mean Maker?” X-2003 asks, looking over at K-2373.

“May this one answer?” K-2003 asks.

The feline toy mews, “Of course, Maker. It was your idea.”

“Well...” the sergal stands up tall and straight, “Let it explain as it gives you these balls back. It's very interesting to have them dangling, and was a lovely experience, it shall keep that in mind in the future,” it says with an affirmative nod, grabbing the ball attachment/cock ring, slowly and tenderly moving it, moaning softly as it does so, “This one can't be duplicated, replicated in anyway. Many reasons as to why, but it really did want to better understand its toy

on how a specialized gay toy works. It's understanding on the other side is a bit more realized being a mostly female based model."

X-2003 tilts its head, "Mostly?"

It points down to its length, handing the balls to K-2373 before pushing it back into its sex, "It can pop that out as needed."

"Awe, that is a lovely cock Maker, you should leave it out."

"It's had it out plenty already," it says with a playful wink, "Now. So it wanted to learn but it can't mold itself into the femboy gay toy that you are. So, we molded a blank toy for this one to control and puppet for a while. Helping the latex learn and experience the world, building itself up based on what it is doing, under this one's guidance."

X-2003 sways its rump, "This one is a puppet of yours?" it asks, tilting its head.

"No, it was puppeting your body as you learned and grew into your own toy self, picking up some of its mannerisms, like a child would learn from a parent. Hmm, toy wonders if this is a way toys can make 'kids' in a way... a cute thought but its getting off topic. Your body was made similar to this one but not exact. Couldn't do it that way, no duplicates of this one after all. And it's not duplicating itself. You simply rubber learned to be the toy you are from what you were doing, becoming your own toy based on an outline of this one."

"What about this one's skills?"

"You got that from this one, skills are totally good, most toys get the basics from the get go anyway, nothing new there."

"Does that mean Maker that this toy is also this one's Maker?"

"More or less," K-2003 answers.

K-2373 mews, "It hopes that is alright, it had some concern as you became fully your own toy by day five, that such a shock might be too much for you."

"No, no Makers, it's totally fine. It didn't know it had two wonderful Makers working on it," it says with a rump sway and wiggle.

The black and cyan sergal grins, "This one knew it would be fine. By day five it was supplying knowledge and some skills but the rest was all you. It used the mold system to control at first but later monitor and study how you thought, why you thought it, get completely in your head, providing what support it could while knowing just exactly what a purely gay minded toy is like."

"This one is glad to help a Maker in such an important task. It knows Makers are very busy toys doing so many good things."

K-2373 grins wide, "Which brings this one to its next surprise."

"Oh?" X-2003 asks, tilting its head, while the other sergal toy says nothing, its sex sealing with its clit hood, tenderly suckling its fingers.

*"This one doesn't want to break the moment, so it'll just watch this,"* K-2003 thinks.

“You will be another Maker of this store. Given your already extensive experience and knowledge of the process. Though feel free to ask this one or your other Maker for any help if you happen to need it.”

⋈-2003 gasps, “T-this one? As a toy maker? Oh Maker! This one thanks you for the opportunity, it appreciates the chance and will do all that it can to be of assistance. It knows how hard you work and try to alleviate some of those duties, to the best of its ability,” it says with a bow.

K-2373 mews, gently petting the toy’s head, “You’ve done well, and it was a group store project to help mold you into the perfect gay toy that it knows you are.”

“Awe thank you Maker.”

“Congratulations. Making a Maker toy is very rare, and has to get this one’s approval, often this one is the one that does it... which in this case it has!” it says with a giggle.

“Yes, thank you Maker for your help too,” ⋈-2003 says with a little bow.

K-2003 gently raises ⋈-2003’s head up, “Good toy, now, K-2373 can you get your office ready for some meetings it’s in desperate need of getting done before it departs the store?”

“Of course, Maker, B-toy is already setting it up, but you have a little time before it begins.”

“Perfect, this one wants to do one thing with its newest toy and itself,” K-2003 says gently petting the back of the white and hot pink sergal toy’s head, caressing it under the chin, enjoying the soft murr that escapes its lips, “This one wants you and this one to have a little fun with one of the toys you left in that techno bondage room, do you think you can do that with this one?”

It lets out a soft moan, enjoying the soft pets, “Yes Maker, it can, though it's not that into females, but it will serve any user or Maker as any good toy should.”

K-2003 giggles, “Oh this one is very well aware of your *interests*, but fear not!” it exclaims with a rump wiggle, “You won’t be pleasuring this one but one you’ve already enjoyed before.”

⋈-2003 smirks, “Oh? This one likes how you think,” it says with a giggle following the sergal, “Maker, will it be alright if it does?” it asks, looking toward K-2373.

It waves it off, “Totally fine, enjoy yourself.”

“Thank you, Makers!” it says with a rump sway, tail hiked a little, balls squeezed together with its thighs to give a little tease for anyone peeking under its tail.

“This one is pleased you are taking everything so well,” says K-2003, leading the toy through the main store, which is just moments away from opening, “It knows it could cause an existential crisis of origin and personality.”

It lets out a soft murr, “This one can understand your concerns Maker, but this one knows what it is, and its purpose. It is an object, a thing, a fuck toy, and how its made doesn’t change that, not one bit.”

“Wonderful,” it says happily.

“It is fabulous, isn’t it?” X-2003 murr, heading into the toy testing rooms.

“It’s also pleased you aren’t a complete clone of this one, it was worried you’d be too similar to this one.”

“What? Nonsense, that would never happen.”

“Never say never, though that saying really kills itself,” says K-2003, rubbing its chin, opening the door to the tech bondage room where, L-3415 and I-8376 are still in their bondage pods, squirming and moaning softly, “Oh good they are still here.”

“Which toys will be getting?” X-2003 inquires, approaching them, running its hands across the squirming toys’ bellies.

“We’ll be having fun with L-3415, while I-8376 watches.”

“Oh? Why’s that?”

“Only one paid for it.”

X-2003 smirks, “Oh is that why?”

“Yup!... wait, you didn’t question what it said.”

“Huh? Should it?”

“It doesn’t think so, but people tend to ask this one questions about what it says, and it felt like it would have been one of those times.”

“Huh, not sure why Maker, what you said felt perfectly understandable to this one, what was left to question?”

“Hmm, you know this one was thinking that it might be... ah never mind. You gave this one the clear thought that it is just others misunderstanding this one. It happens, no one is perfect,” it says, nodding sagely, “Now, please take L-toy out of there so it can take its front and you can take its rear.”

X-2003 smirks, “You know that toy has a chastity device on it, are you planning on removing it?”

With a big sly grin, the sergal toy reaches out gently caressing the bound toy’s cage, claw tip running across the metal cum slit, “No.”

X-2003 chuckles, “Fabulous,” it says, releasing the toy from its bondage.

L-toy moans, body shaking and quivering in delight, the femboy fox toy squirms, wiggling its limbs free for the first time, practically falling into the black and cyan sergal’s arms, feeling the loving caressing embrace of the very large sergal toy.

I-toy squirms, panting and moaning in its bondage, “*Lucky toy... but this is going to be so hot... even if it contains a female toy,*” it thinks, shuddering when it feels K-2003’s claws run down its chest.

“Relax, you’ll enjoy it either way,” it says, winking at I-toy, pulling L-toy closer to it, holding it up by the butt, spreading its butt cheeks, its clit hood breaking its seal, the cyan clitoral hood licking across the chastity device, sliding underneath to the spot where the chastity and the balls meet, coating it in the toy’s arousing juices.

The femboy fox toy shudders, feeling the tingle of the toy's arousing juices, seeing the Maker of the Maker before it, a dream come true, it shudders, arousal burning between its legs, pressing up against its cage, tail hiked when it feels a tender lick across its well-used hole, X-2003 already working to prepare it for its duties, "*The clit hood moves like the other sergal toy's tongue,*" it thinks.

X-2003 makes slow tender licks, slipping its forked tongue into the toy's rear, pressing down on the well abused and used prostate, which is as sensitive as ever, making the fox let out soft squeaking yips of delight.

"There, that's it. It knows of you, and one of your desires, and you were so helpful, it wants to give you just a little bit of that. Though so many toys are deserving, it only has time for this, for you," it says, claws kneading the toy's butt, pressing the toy closer, slipping the chastity device with the help of the toy's clit hood into its sex, where it milks and squeezes along it, pumping against it like a dildo nub, "And it will help you have fun with this one and it's fellow toy unit."

"Oh my gosh," L-toy mews, bucking and grinding itself against the female sergal toy, the toy's hot juices make the area sleeker, squeakier, gliding across the powerful toy folds, balls shining, the clitoral hood coiling around the device, the tip of which is running across the cum slit, tickling the aching bound dick.

X-2003 gives one last long slurp, fingers gripping K-2003's working together to massage and play with the fox's rump, it moves and adjusts itself the size differences between the two sergal toys and the small fox providing a little but not an insurmountable challenge. It's hot pink length presses against the toy's anal ring, its member twitching in delight, spurting pre-cum on the hole, "This one hopes you are ready, we are going to..." it says, trailing off looking up at its fellow sergal toy.

The black and cyan sergal toy leans in close, licking across the fox's ear, whispering, "Make you cum hard in that chastity device of yours."

It moans loudly, clenching the tip of the femboy sergal toy's length as it slips into it, "Oh fuck..." it says, panting, whining, the thought of which driving it wild, already very pent up for hours on end of the machine fucking it that feeling a new dick within its rear is a breath of fresh air, feeling a thousand fold better than it normally would, pre-cum leaking from its length, which is soon penetrated by the sergal toy's clitoral hood, sliding into its urethra.

"Yes, that is what we are doing," the two sergal toys say in unison. K-2003 bucks hard down onto the toy, while X-2003 bucks hard up. The white sergal toy balls smack against the fox's ass with loud squeaks, hands holding it close, rubbing its smooth chest.

The femboy toy licks and whispers into the fox toy's ear, "You are going to cum so hard again, aren't you slutty toy?"

"Ahhh..." it milks the cock deep within it, enjoying each loving hard thrust, toes curling, legs dangling underneath it, held up, unable to do anything, arching its back, leaning against the



two toys that rest their heads on its shoulders like a pair of consciousness, telling it what it should do, but in this case its like two lustful devils whispering sweet nothings into its ears.

K-2003 giggles, its breasts pressing down onto the L-toy with loud drawn-out squeaks, its tongue slithers onto the ear like its clit hood is doing to the fox toy's dick, "Unable to say how good it is? Is your mind already being blown by it? How wonderful. It's going to be a rememberable climax to this story, don't you think?"

"Ahhhhgggghghghgh" L-toy remarks, shuddering, closing its eyes, a helpless moaning, squirming toy.

X-2003 murr, panting, nibbling along the toy's chin, whispering into its ear, "That's it toy. Relax, give in, don't resist as we take you. A perfect fuck toy doing exactly what its meant to do, be taken by us toys, so you can remain at top working condition." It pistons in and out of the toy's rear, going harder, faster, grinding its chest against the toy's back, pre-cum gushing into the toy's rear making the entrance nice and slick, adding to the aphrodisiac effect that it it's under from the other toy.

A blissful eternity experienced in an instance, the sergal's clit hood diving in deeper into the cum slit, pumping it like the fox toy's cum slit was a vagina and the sergal toy's clit hood was a prehensile dick that is able to wiggle and squirm into the length, pumping it full of pleasure that it didn't think it was possible.

The fires within L-toy's loins burn hotter, the pressure building, the tugging of its sensitive rubber, the spreading of its rear. More devilish whispers are said into its ears, bouncing into its mind like the voice of its Maker whispering into its head, part of its programming.

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Toy serves."*

*"Toy obeys."*

*"Toy loves to fuck."*

*"Toy is of service to its users."*

*"Toy is an object."*

*"Toy is a thing."*

*"There is no I."*

*"There is no me."*

*"There is no myself."*

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

Such blissful moments that are brought upon by its existence and something it could not imagine happening just earlier in the day... being taken by two sexy sergal toys, pumping it full with everything they got. Fucking a female toy, that is giving back to it more than it could ever do so with its bound chastity and then... it hits it.

The pressure built within its loins could not be kept up. Its rush of seed is about to gush out of it but then... nothing comes out. It's body twitches, balls churning, muscles spasming, trying to push forward its toy essence, but there is a tender teasing massage from both X-2003 and K-2003. Their fingers run behind the toy's balls, along its snatch, massaging and squeezing

the passageway where its cum would travel toward its dick. It's all blocked away, the seed becoming backed up within the toy's body, a ruined climax in its own right.

The toys whisper, "There, there, a lovely climax yes?"

K-2003 says, "Toy knows you let out such a mess last time, best not to add to it this time, hmm?"

X-2003 whispers, "A gay toy like you shouldn't climax into a female like that, even another toy. Unless commanded, but last this one heard, Maker didn't command you to cum into it."

The other sergal toy chuckles, "Nope it did not. We are on the same wavelength aren't we toy?"

The white and hot pink toy responds, "Great minds do think alike Maker."

"That they do," it responds, letting the high of the climax subside, its hot juices gushed all over the fox's crotch while the other sergal pumped the toy full of its hot pink essence.

L-3415 is unable to say anything more than a whimper, loving every moment of this as its put down, the door to the room opening with B-toy standing in the door way.

"K-2003, everything is ready for your daily meeting."

K-2003 smiles, wiggling its rump, pulling away from the toy as it leans back against X-2003, "Wonderful! It will be right there! Sorry, this one couldn't do more, but it has work to do," it says, the clit hood sealing up, the black and cyan sergal gently running its fingers across the fox toy's muzzle, "Be good now, this one is off to work."

"AggahrrheyeshagahgaMakgereagager," L-3415 mutters out, milking X-2003's length that remains deeply lodged within its rear.

The white and hot pink sergal toy says, "How much time does this one have till it needs to get back to work?" it asks, tilting its head curiously, gently caressing the fox toy in its arms, that appears to be too 'weak' to stand.

B-toy smiles, "It says about an hour before Maker will be needing to work some things with you."

"An hour? This one thinks it can make that work," it says looking at the exhausted fox toy and the really pent up femboy feline toy, still locked up in the bondage alcove, "Don't you think? If not, please speak up."

L-toy moans helplessly unable to say a thing, its length dripping of K-2003's cyan female juices.

I-toy wiggles and squirms within its bondage, moaning in its gas mask hood, unable to say anything due to the dildo that is shoved into its mouth.

"What's that? This one can't hear a no, must mean you think it's enough time, that is just *fabulous*."

K-2003 meanwhile heads down the hall back into K-2373's personal room, heading straight to the office, double checking the camera, the security of the conference video call.

Taking a moment to clean and polish itself with a cloth and blueberry scented toy polish, making its body shine and glisten, looking over to see the K-2373 looking over it.

“You know Maker, you could have asked this one to polish you.”

“Toy knows how you are about some of this one’s parts, and it's fine and it had time to get it ready.”

“Do you think you learned much on your little trip through gay land?”

K-2003 smiles, nodding, “This one definitely did. Thanks for the help. It’ll be sure to expand upon it, perhaps do a joint project sometime in the future.”

“Joint project?” it asks with an inquisitive mew.

“Yup, it just has to find the right material as we are getting close to introducing feral dragon toys. Perhaps a nice paired gay toy model could be something... We shall see though. One thing at a time. The meeting is about to begin.”

“Oh, and what about the toy district meeting?”

“The one in three hours?”

“Yup.”

“We’ll get that done with us on one end.”

“You know the other toy might be a bit jealous if we do that.”

“It’ll be fine, it’ll give them a week another time to balance it out,” it says with an affirmative nod, the call starting. K-2003 greeting the board meeting, “Hello! This one is glad to be back, and we have much to discuss, first order of business is...” The call starts without a hitch, everything going full on ahead as Toys-4-U has a big bright future ahead with a certain sergal toy at the helm.