

The Weight of Intelligence: Beginning

Sorez's life is about to change, and it all began in the least likely of places. During an IT conference. His heart is ready to jump out of his white furry chest. The anthropomorphic purple main body furred fox with long ebony hair that's soft and curled, that goes down his back side, giving him a natural effeminate look, but when dressed in a nice business suit, with a red tie, he's looking his best to be dressed for success. Hands pattering across his suitcase, thankful that his purple fur with cute heart shaped nose hides the stress of the moment, *"I can do this. This is just fine. These are your colleagues and those interested in network security. Simple and dry,"* he thinks, taking a deep breath, checking the time on his watch, *"It's about time."*

He steps out from off to the side, onto the stage, everything set up, projectors ready, podium empty. He places his notes onto the podium looking to the half full auditorium of about a hundred people, and his heart nearly stopped, *"Relax, this is only double the size of a class. Easy enough to do,"* he thinks, checking his watch, noting the time, *"Just three more minutes and we'll begin."*

A few more people slip in, taking empty seats, and before he knew it, it's time. Swallowing a lump in his throat, taking a deep breath, he begins, "Thank you all for coming to this seminar on network secu...i...ty..." He trails off seeing the door open in the back revealing a very unlikely sight, *"I thought they were joking..."*

"You did say this was network security, yes?" asks a sleek black rubber sergal toy with cyan hair and highlights. Its well polished shiny naked body is only clothed in in sets of cuffs that have elegant glowing lettering that says "Fuck Toy" a collar with a silver tag that has the engraving 'K-2003', and a belt that has a black cloth fanny pack that has in cyan lettering that has the Toys-4-U logo on it.

"Aaaahhh, yes. I was about to begin going over network security and how to use a cycling encryption of your data packets to prevent others from reading your sensitive information."

K-2003's eyes light up, "Wonderful! This one got a little lost and thought it was going to miss even a moment of this! It hopes it didn't interrupt," it says moving toward the front of the auditorium saying, "Excuse toy, pardon this one, apologies," all along the way.

"N-no. Not at all," he says, eyes drawn to the toy and those nearby.

"Excellent. This one was worried about that," it says with a nod. People watching with a mixture of surprise, intrigue and a few in disgust at this blatantly lewd display. The toy moving through seemingly without a care about anyone's reaction, sitting down in the very front, unzipping its fanny pack, pulling out a notepad and pencil.

Sorez takes the moment of distraction to regain his composure, "With data breaches of major companies becoming ever more common and people's personal data being taken. Network security is becoming ever more important..." he says, starting off his planned presentation.

Over the course of the hour a few people sneak out, a couple more sneak in, but as he feels he might collapse from the sheer panic-inducing anxiety of the moment, he presses on with the one thing that is surprisingly keeping him going. The sergal toy is feverishly taking notes and at the very end he says, “Now are there any questions?”

K-2003 raises its hand up, breasts bouncing, body squeaking, with an eagerness of a ten-year-old wanting to get called on for its question at school.

Unable to stop himself, he points to the toy, “Yes, you.”

“Thank you. Now halfway through your presentation, about the thirty-six minute mark, slide twenty-three. You were talking about using a three-way authentication system to process the data packets sent between network locations. Now for this. Is this referring simply to using local networks within a single location or inter-network locations. And with that, how do you propose to use this three-way authentication system for the encrypted data packets without causing excessive lag or causing connection issues with the possibility of one of the authentic keys not appropriately processing the incoming and outgoing request. Could you possibly talk about that and how to handle packet loss that might throw off the encryption and decryption process?”

There is a moment in everyone’s life where the rules of reality for just a second seem not to work out the way you think they should. Expectations so different from reality that one’s mind just shuts down for a few seconds. This is one of those moments.

“Ahh, if this one’s question is a bit long to inquire about. We can talk about it later,” it says, ears folding back, a strange look of disappointment on its face, body squeaking within the chair, breasts squeezed together with its arms, while it holds the pencil to the paper, ready to take notes.

“Sure, that sounds just... fine.”

“Yay! How about dinner? Around seven? Is that okay? We can talk about it then.”

“Yeah, that will be fine.”

“Wonderful!” K-2003 says with a delighted squeaky rump wiggle, drawing the attention of those around it.

“Now that’s settled any other questions?” he asks, while in the back of his mind the realization just hits him, “*Did a toy just ask me out on a date?!*”

The rules of reality continue to shift and change for Sorez, the place where he meets the toy is a fancy all you can eat restaurant where expensive fancy meats are brought right to your table to eat. Yet despite the costs and how one should dress here, the toy appears to get away with it, and the questions of how and why just repeat in its mind, while he’s made to answer each and every one of the toy’s technical questions.

“You know a lot about computers, don’t you?” Sorez finally asks after an hour of being interviewed and questioned by the toy, as they ate their never-ending meal and the toy taking diligent notes.

“This one has experience in the area, but it's always working to learn, especially as its business grows and we open up new stores across several countries. We opened a few mega-

stores internationally over the past two years and it's been a big boon for this one's business, but it does increase the challenges. This is actually the first convention it's been to, of this kind."

"I see..." he says with a big yawn.

K-2003 tilts its head, "Tired?"

"Oh, ah, sorry. I didn't mean to yawn like that. But yeah... constantly working. Though it's between semesters, I have to work on a curriculum for several hundred students. Two more presentations during this conference. Honestly it leaves me no time for anything like sleep... or dating... or living in general."

The toy leans forward, breasts squeezed together, nodding, "Oh. This one suspected but wasn't sure. Sorez2369, yes?"

The moment the words escaped the toy's mouth he froze up. Understanding that was his Toys-4-U account name he uses on the forums. "A-ah..."

K-2003 smiles, "Don't worry. This is no place to talk about such things like that. But as a toy, this one is meant to help alleviate the weight of one's burdens as they go about one's life. You do much of the same yes?"

"Huh? What? Oh god no, not like that?"

"Don't you give others knowledge so people can be of service to others? Help solve problems to make the issues of the world less?"

"O-oh...ohhh. Now if you put it that way. Yeah, I do I suppose. But honestly. I could use some break with that. I'm really at my wits end about... Oh, I'm sorry, I shouldn't be talking like that."

K-2003 looks at him, seeming captivated, "No, no continue. This one is here for such things, and it would like to get to know you a bit better."

"M-me?"

K-2003 nods with a smile, "Yes. And perhaps if you get some time before your semester starts up again. Like a month or so before, you could come to this one's store? It could prepare something to help you get your mind off the stress. It's been working on a new idea that might just be right up your alley."

If his fur could show the heat behind his cheeks at this moment, they would, "I'm sorry but did you just invite me to your store?"

"Well just the one this one tends to be at. It does get around. No pressure to come but it might be a bit of a commitment on your end. But it has ideas to relieve some of that pressure you're feeling."

"Uh... sure? I can't say no to someone as lovely as you," he says with a smile.

"What a charmer. This one appreciates the kind words about this design and form. It'll be a pleasure to see your other presentations and to see you at its store soon."

"W-what, you are going to other presentations?"

"Yes! There is just so much to learn, you think it just came here to invite you to its store?"

"N-no, not really."

“Good,” it says with a smile, the two eating what more they could before they would depart ways, only to see each other a few times more during the conference, especially doing the presentations which made the weight of them all the more difficult, but somehow, he managed. Then came the dread of doing all the work for the coming semester while worrying about his ‘vacation’ of his. Balancing everything, constant planning, feeling his life is just spiraling out of control and somehow the highlight of his year no... decade is not being the youngest professor at the university, but being invited to spend some time at a becoming world-famous Toys-4-U megastore to speak to a toy about... whatever it wanted to see him for.

His mind fluttering with the possibilities, brought to the store by a limo that was waiting for him at the airport. Now he walks up the steps to the store, eyeing the very buff anthropomorphic rhinoceros and lion security guards that are posted at either end of the glass sliding doors that automatically open as he approaches. Hit by the scent of latex and leather and the sweetest voice speaking the most intoxicating words he’s heard, and only dreamed about.

“Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U super megastore! If you need any assistance, please don’t hesitate to ask this one or any toy here,” says a sleek and slender southern sergal style silver and magenta haired and highlight toy. With a pair of bouncy rubber breasts on par to K-2003, the toy’s glowing pink eyes. Their cuffs silver and hot pink, with that same cursive lettering of “Fuck Toy” Their magenta sergal sex is tightly sealed, between those lovely, curved thighs. What catches Sorez’s attention though is the toy’s tag, a sergal shaped, posing in a seductive pose, in black metal with hot pink lettering that says K-2493.

Thump, thump, thump. Handling K-2003 was something but seeing a few toys on a pedestal as a toy greeter, naked, sleek, and the sight of others in the background as people shop around as if it was nothing. It’s a little slice of kink heaven just here for him. His throat closes up, cheeks warming up as he forces the words from his lips in a soft yip, “Y-yes. I’m here on K-2003’s behest? It-she invited me here?”

The toy smiles, “Oh, you’re the one toy Mistress informed us about. It said you’d be here today. Come, come, follow this one, it knows exactly where to take you,” it says, slipping off the pedestal with a bounce, the toy offering its hand for him to take.

“S-sure,” he says, hearing the blood flow through his ears, grabbing the toy’s hand, feeling the smooth latex against his paw tips, feeling the gentle guiding tug of the toy, deeper into the store. His eyes dart around, pulling him deeper into the store, passed customers, who make him tense up, a fear, dread that he might be recognized, expelled from the university before he could get tenor, for being some kind of degenerate. Yet few if anyone batted an eye as he’s taken to the very back of the store, farthest point away from second thoughts of coming here. He reads the sign at the top of the hallway, “Toy Testing Rooms” The thumping in his chest grows.

“You are very lucky. Toy Mistress rarely has time to give customers.”

“Well I...,” he responds, being guided to the very end of the hallway, the toy knocking on the last door on the left.

“Toy Mistress, your guest is here! Just like you asked this one to do,” it says, the toy hiking its rump slightly, looking over its shoulder, looking at Sorez with a sly grin, giving a playful wink.

“Ahhh...” Sorez responds, feeling that heat in his cheeks, pants tightening, then there’s a click the door opens, revealing K-2003, showing the sleek black rubber toy’s distinct differences to its fellow toy unit. With its unique Northern and southern sergal characteristics and having a few inches in height over the other toy.

K-2003’s softly glowing cyan eyes catch Sorez, “Why thank you K-2493, this one appreciates your work. Thank you for bringing him to this one,” it says, giving the toy a gently caress of its muzzle, gently massaging behind the toy’s triangular ears, “Now head back to the front. This one knows how you like to expose yourself. If you do a good job, this one will make sure you’re on bondage display duty next.”

K-2493’s eyes light up, butt hiking with a subtle wiggle reminiscent of K-2003’s own quirk, “Why thank you Toy Mistress! This one is pleased to hear that. It will do its best,” it says, prancing off down the hall, butt swaying side to side with a loud squeak in its step.

K-2003’s attention turns to Sorez who stiffens up in more than one way, “Now Mr. Sorez, please come in. This one has something exciting for you to try and it thinks you’ll just love it,” the toy says, hiking its butt up slightly, with a slight wiggle, its clit hood breaking the seal over its sex, releasing its arousing aroma. The toy steps to the side letting him walk in.

“S-sure,” he replies, walking into the room, the smell of the toy and latex heavy in the air, feeling his heart flutter, butterflies moving about in his stomach, cock twitching, aching, needy cock against his jeans.

Inside he’s greeted with a surprisingly large open space, to his right is a large black rubber bed sheet canopy bed with latex cyan covered pillows. Straight ahead he can see the workings of a dining room and a kitchen, but before that to his left is a closed door to another room.

“Please come to the bed with this one,” it says.

“W-what? Already?” he says, gasping, feeling he’s about to hyperventilate. Tail swishing quickly.

“What this one needs from you is over there, oh and please strip, you won’t be needing clothes. It needs you to be butt naked... but if you have fur, is your butt ever naked like this one’s?” it asks with a rump wiggle, pulling him along to the bed.

“But... but...”

“Yes, that is what this one is asking about butts, *but* that could be answered later, it wants you to wear what’s inside of this!” it says reaching for the white box that is the center of the bed that somehow he missed during the dazzling display before him, “But first you must undress!” it says with an excited rump wiggle.

“Ahhh...”

K-2003 climbs onto the bed, hands tapping across the box, leaning forward, hips swaying as it faces him, “Oh come on, don’t be so shy with this one. It is just a toy.”

“You say that, but you are a toy that runs the biggest adult toy company that I know of.”

“And? So? A toy is a toy, regardless of what else it has. No need to make this one sound so fancy. It is here to be of service, and it wants to help service you and alleviate that burden you carry with you.”

“Burden?” he asks, ear twitching, breath growing heavy, feeling the tightness within his pants.

K-2003 leans in a little closer to him as he stands at the edge of the bed, “Come on Mr. Sorez. This one knows much about you. It had to be sure about this before it began you know. You live to work, not work to live. You’re strained to your breaking point if you have not already passed it some time ago. Each day seems to bleed into the next. Where you find that you aren’t even the main character in your own life’s story. The pressure to perform for others, though respectful and great as it is, and this one applauds you for such hard work, preparing users for the future. You are a wonderful person, but not *made* for the position you find yourself in. Before you break anymore, let this one help you,” it says with a playful smile.

“Ahh...”

“Don’t be so shy. Just slip out of those constricting clothes, so it can put you into something this one thinks you’ll be far more comfortable with,” it says with a rump wiggle, the toy’s fingers tapping across the box, seemingly to grow more excited with the each passing moment.

“I never done anything like this before.”

“This one knows. Despite your lovely kink streak.”

“Yeah... wait, how do you know that?!”

“Would showing you what’s in the box help you get out of those close, hmm?” it asks.

“Ah... what?”

“This one likes to surprise, but this one understands that sometimes some motivation is needed,” it says, pulling the cover off the box, pulling out a hot pink rubber suit with light purple highlights.

Sorez’s heart jumped into his throat, “Is that for me?” he asks, noticing a pair of breasts on the front of the suit, and a clear spot for his junk to slip into. But without a closer look its hard to tell exactly *what* the suit would make him look like.

“Yup! A little bit of new skin for you to slip into, so you may relax and let go of that troubled mind of yours. Store it away and keep it nice and safe, relaxed till needed. When you put this on, you’ll cease to be Sorez but something far *more* and yet so much *less*. All you need to do is to trust this one when you put on this suit, and let whatever fun happens, to happen. How does that sound?” it asks with a big smile.

Lust continued to bubble up in the back of his mind, his aching member, telling him to agree with whatever the toy is saying to him. His loins beginning to think a little bit for him, the lustful desires too powerful for his virgin mind to just let go when given such a golden opportunity, “Sure, sounds great.”

“Wonderful!” K-2003 exclaims, laying the suit across the bed, the black latex making the pink stand out, “Now be a good, lovely toy-to-be and slip out of those clothes.”

“Sure, sure,” he says, not registering those last words as the thought of wearing that suit is a little too great.

“That’s wonderful! This one is so pleased that you are into this... well you will be soon in this,” the toy says with a soft squeak, sliding over to the edge of the bed, opening out the suit, “Shall this one be of assistance?” it asks with a hint of eagerness in its voice.

Already half undressed, revealing his soft white fur chest, and purple main body. His clothes gently tossed onto the side of the bed, “Ah... well... I will. I can do it myself if that’s okay?” he asks, feeling he’s about to disappoint this large sergal toy, but notices its excitement doesn’t wane but grow stronger.

“That’s great! This one doesn’t often get to see others put on the suits by themselves, so this will be a wonderful experience,” it says, grabbing his clothes, folding them up, rump swaying side to side, tail hiked, teasing Sorez subtly as he removes his pants, revealing his twitching throbbing length, feeling the embarrassment of having of moistened his undies.

“Ahh, are you going to just...” he watches the toy grab his pants and puts them off to the side, nicely folding them, “Grab those...”

K-2003 looks over its back at him, “How else are they going to be put away? Now please put on the suit, it’s a two piece, the head and body are separate. And don’t worry about lubricating yourself, it is our special polished interior which makes sliding the latex on a breeze! Well there is little wind involved... but more of it’s very easy,” it says with a nod, rump lowering, turning around, breasts bouncing slightly.

“R-right,” he says with a shudder, feeling the cool air around his length. Reaching for the sleek rubber latex suit, getting a closer look at it, noticing the hood and tail of the main suit, “Is this a dragon suit?” he asks, sitting on the bed, pulling the suit over his body, noticing it looks like it will fit him well, the rubber bulging around his crotch.

“Close! We are working on a kobold suit. They’ve been getting ever more popular and its been a while to figure out what design of kobold and type of kobold to get into production. There are so many kinds and if you go across seas with kobolds? Those numbers just skyrocket! A lot of research and thought are put into this. We are thinking of this one as a good starting middle ground. Trying to get one any smaller would take some gimping... well, that’s a future project!” it says with a smile, the toy’s tail swaying eagerly.

“Kobold? I do like kobolds they are cute carefree things, that get into some fun trouble...” he says with a hint of longing in his voice, distracting himself from his own growing arousal, opening the back of the suit, revealing the purple sleek inside. His heart races, feeling the rubber, which feels thin yet not of low quality. Already knowing that it has a tight embrace and strength of latex several times its thickness.

He slips his feet into the suit first. Feeling the smooth latex against his paw pads, and the gently slide against his fur, pulling it slightly in the other direction, expecting it to get worse the farther he goes into the suit, yet... it doesn’t. Watching his feet fill in that hot pink rubber,

tugging and pulling the latex up so his feet can pop into the draconic claw feet, his toes spread a little to gain some control over these digits, and yet, his fur is not pulled too far out of place. Nothing like any latex he's worn before, "*I really should have paid for that interior polish now that I am feeling it...*" he thinks, the bulge around the belly sliding down as he slips further in.

K-2003 watches from the side, being quiet, studying and admiring in a way as it notes Sorez getting a little lost in the latex, feeling how it embraces and smooths down the natural fluff of his fur streamlining his body, showing hints of his masculine fox form, but only so much as the suit feels areas that are looser gripped around him to give a bit more feminine rounded look.

Sorez's finger pads, run across the smooth latex, tugging and smoothing out the rubber, allowing it to slide further up his body, his cock grinding down against the sleek inside, feeling just how wondrous and smooth the suit really is. He looks down then noticing in his lustful addled mind that he's somehow missed before, all due to the fact that a very large and sexy sex toy was holding the suit. There's a cock and ball encasement for his junk, allowing him to be a intersexed kobold, with a wonderful set of breasts and a nice cock and balls. His excitement growing.

"Y-you're really mixing things up for me aren't you?" he asks with a soft pant, reaching down, touching his needy length, his body wanting to stroke, stroke, stroke, but knowing its too soon for that. He moves and adjusts himself slipping the length into the cock sleeve, watching the pink latex cock come to life, adding to his lustful delights.

"Oh toy knows people like to mix things up, and break out of certain molds, while slipping into others," it says with a big grin, "This one took its time thinking and studying what suits you best when getting this suit made. Do you like?"

"L-loving it so far," he says, panting, standing up, tugging the suit up, reaching around to pull the latex back while, slipping his tail into the back, filling out the slender curved kobold tail, his furr squeezing his skin, while getting that faintest of pressure from the rubber. Those little bits where his skin actually touches the rubber. Highlighting his love of it, hindered by his natural fur, filling in the back of his mind the envy of skin and scaled individuals who can fully embrace the sensation against their bodies, but knowing going so far as shaving his body to that degree to get that full sensation was a step too far for him.

"This one will help press seal the suit once you're in, it knows how difficult it can be without aid or another tool to activate it for you," K-2003 says, watching him, slip one arm into the suit, and then the other, the heavy rubber breasts now pressing against his chest, making him gasp, cock visibly twitch through the latex as it hangs freely between his legs.

"Thanks," he says, heart pounding so hard that he can barely hear the toy, mind focused on the steps to get the suit on, rolling his shoulders, pulling the back, stretching, pulling, guiding, everything from the neck down now encased in rubber, and now K-2003 is behind him, breasts pressing against the back of his head, the toy's fingers running along his back, sending shivers up his spine as the latex seals itself around him.

"Welcome toy-to-be, it appreciates how wanting you are to get into this. Now we have much more to put on you till we are ready to fully get started," it says, reaching over to grab the

kobold head, with its purple rubber horns and eyes, “Would you like help with this?” K-2003 asks keeping its breasts pressed against his head, turning the head around to show it to him so hood’s eyes and his meet.

“Ahh... yes please,” he says, hands running across his body, feeling the weight of those breasts, distracting his aroused mind.

“With pleasure,” K-2003 says, turning the hood around, opening the back, showing that same sleek purple inside. The toy pulls the hood over his head, wrapping it around, his ears slipping into the kobold’s ears, pushing them slightly out of position but not too uncomfortably so. The toy slips its fingers into his mouth, making him stiffen as the hood is adjusted, allowing him to see out of the eye holes, “How’s that?”

“Guud” he responds.

“Oh sorry, this one had its fingers in your mouth still,” it says.

“It’s okay... it’s fine.”

“Wonderful, now let this one get this sealed up and you all geared up and we can really begin to test you,” it says, running its fingers across the neck, the two pieces of rubber merging into one. Sorez feels the latex fully holds him there, into this kobold shape. He looks over his shining latex self then over to K-2003 who is lewdly over the box, pulling out hot black latex banded cuffs with purple outlines and hot pink lettering that has the same cursive lettering as the toy itself saying the words “Fuck Toy.”

“Why does it say that?”

“What say what?” K-2003 asks, laying the cuffs out, grabbing the ankle cuffs first, sliding down Sorez’s body to put them on. The toy runs its fingers across the black band vertically first to lock them around his ankle and then horizontally to bind it to the suit.

“The cuffs, why does it say fuck toy?”

“That’s what you are going to be silly. But don’t worry. Just relax and enjoy yourself. Let your mind be soothed and just embrace that part of you, you keep locked away all the time. The strain of keeping yourself in check and not being who you are is rather draining. Important at times yes, but if you completely deny yourself? What point is there in being you?”

“How is it a toy speaks so deep for being a fuck toy?” he asks, not noticing K-2003 putting the other cuff into place.

“This one thinks it has a rather high female voice actually,” it replies, continuing to put on the other cuffs on Sorez’s arms.

“And that moment of wonder is now lost,” he says, getting pulled back into the lustful moment when the collar is pulled into his view, the tag attached kept out of his sight, unable to read it when K-2003 pulls it around his neck, sealing it up, as the toy gets behind him.

“Relax, you’ll have a lot of fun moments to lose yourself in now, as we’re going to have so much more fun. But it will have to take a big commitment from this one to monitor you as it has to make sure it is working as intended,” it says, the finger running across Sorez’s neck, locking the collar into place, which he can feel gently gripping his neck, reminding him instantly that he’s been collared.

“Okay... okay...” he says, panting, feeling the latex across his exposed parts of his body, feeling K-2003 pull him onto his back, climbing over him. The much larger toy easily overpowering him without even trying, for he put up no resistance. The toy caresses his head, looking down at him, positioning itself over his crotch, the toy’s sex dripping from its clit hood right onto his twitching member. The warm juices running down it can just be felt through the rubber, edging him forward. He looks up at the toy, eyes locked onto its own, “Oh...”

“Relax, and we’ll get started soon,” K-2003 says, reaching around his head, gently pressing onto the back of his neck, “You might feel a little prick and tingle, it’s normal.”

With those words and pressure, he felt that prick, that tingle that goes down his spine, and up into the back of his mind, at the same time his eyes lock onto the toy’s sex, watching it lower down, the clit hood kissing the tip of his length before coiling itself down like a snake, gaining control over his impressive junk, distracting him from the first few moments of the strong powerful female voice that speaks into the back of his head.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy is eager to be of use.”

“Toy wants to be used.”

He pants, heart thumping, harder, harder, the toy guiding his member into his the toy’s hot squeezing vent, going down on him slowly, agonizingly slow, his hips wanting to buck up but the toy has him pinned down with its legs, all control given over to it, without him knowing, “Oh fuck...” he pants.

“We’ll be doing plenty of that as we have to stress test this next part, don’t you think? And yes, try not to think. Relax, let the joy of it happen,” K-2003 says, moving in closer, muzzle tip to muzzle tip, forcing him to look away from the toy taking his member, and into its softly glowing eyes, “You want to be good, don’t you?”

“Good toys want to be good.”

“Good toys want to serve.”

“Good toys want to obey.”

“You want to obey.”

“Ah...ah...” he pants, heart thumping, groaning, moaning, cock twitching, feeling the grip of the toy’s sex milking the tip of his cock while the clit hood has slithers its way down further of his length, making it to rub up and down the toy’s sex before it lowers its hips more.

“This one will be here for you. To watch over you. It’s trying a few new things with you. To help with your special case. Wanting you to be pleased with yourself, without losing yourself too much to your own wants and desires,” it says, sliding down more, delving more of his cock into the warm opening.

The collar continues to whisper into his mind, slipping into the background of his thoughts, the starting foundations of what is to come, “*Toy is eager to fuck.*”

“Toy is eager to obey Maker.”

“Toy’s Maker is K-2003.”

“Toy wants to be of use to the Maker.”

“Listen to Maker. Think of nothing and obey.”

Sorez tenses, panting, trying to move, trying to thrust up, body squirming, never before has he felt such a warm hole. Such a tight sex for him to delve into. The rubber didn’t feel much of a deterrent for his pleasure, making him wonder just how great it would be to feel the toy without the rubber, but then he feels this experience would be lost without it. He looks into the toy’s eyes, drawn into that soft glow. So soothing, calming. The toy holds him there with force yet without malice. A loving intent that he’s longed for, and still his mind is too distracted to register the voice, lulling him into a further relaxed state.

Thump, thump, thump. The beat of his heart drowning out everything, the sweet smell of latex, the toy’s sex that arouses him further, the squeaks that fall onto deaf ears at this very moment. He looks up at the domineering toy, hearing the words that he’s not listening to, *“Fuck toys love to fuck.”*

“Fuck toy’s love to obey.”

“You are a good toy, eager to be of use.”

“A good toy only to think of how to please and be of use.”

“Relax. Listen. Obey. Serve. Service.”

The words breaking into the back door of Sorez’s mind. His resistance strong, yet already waning in these first moments. He bucks up, loves, enjoys the feeling inside and out. K-2003 starting to prepare him for in depth pull of becoming a wonderful kobold toy. He looks up at the toy, looking into those lovely glowing loving eyes, *“A...ahhh...”*

K-2003’s sex milks the cock head, sliding down, letting it hilt within it with a soft squeak and a tender moan that is softer than Sorez’s own, *“One’s first time is unforgettable. Don’t you think? Let’s make it last.”*

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy wants to fuck.”

“Toy is eager to fuck.”

“Toy is eager to be the best toy.”

“Toy wants to be the best toy it can be.”

The words bouncing in his mind, pushing up, bubbling to the forefront of his mind till the hint of his own virginity came into play, pulling his attention away from the words, and toward the toy, *“B-but how did you...”*

K-2003 leans in and gives him a soft rubbery kiss, *“This one did say it did research to make sure you’d be a good fit,”* it explains, leaning into the kiss now, tilting his head so their lips can meet and run across each other. The toy’s breasts pressing against his own faux ones. His hands and toes tense and curl, unsure where to put his hands, the truth of the toy’s words coming through, as the kiss grew deeper. The collar never letting up, always speaking, firmly, hypnotically, passionately, and most of all dominantly.

“You love to be a good toy.”

"You desire to be the best toy you can be."

"Love yourself. Love being a toy."

"You are a toy."

"Good toy."

"Eager toy."

"Fuck toy."

The toy caresses and pets his head, lifting its hips up, pulling off his cock, feeling the sleek latex and cool air around his length, a contrast the toy's inner warmth, while feeling that clit hood lick and toy with his member, keeping him constantly stimulated. The gentle pet behind the ear, the pressure of the breasts on his own, every move the toy is making seemingly so perfect, and so expertly done. Untold amounts of experience being put upon his virgin body and mind. His mind freezing, *"What to do? What can I do? I need to do something. Do I hold her hips? Touch her? Is that okay?"* mind running so quickly, not listening to those words he's hearing.

"Good toys don't need to think when they don't need to."

"Good toys simply do as they are told when needed."

"A good fuck toy is ready to be of use at any time."

"Good fuck toys follow the rules."

"Good fuck toys obey their Maker."

"You are a good fuck toy and your Maker is K-2003."

The kiss finally breaks, "F-fuck..." he moans out, bucking his hips into the toy, which gives him only the smallest bit of self-control to slip into the toy's hot wet arousing vent again and again at a pace it deems necessary.

The toy rolling its hips, squeaking its body against his, the toy licking his lips, "That's it. Accept the sensations, the feelings. Let your mind go for a bit. Let it sink away into the sea of bliss and let it recharge. Let it repair itself, just relax and let your body do the thinking for you for once," the toy says, slamming its hips back down onto his length.

"Arrghh," he responds, arching his back, gasping for air, tasting the toy on his lips, smelling it in the air, feeling it around him, the rubber suit providing a layer of protection to let him listen, the barrier of rubber providing reason to lower his own mental ones.

"That's it... keep it up, let go. Relax. We have much more in store for you toy to be... not that you'll cum tonight," it says with a glowing smile.

"Whaa..." his words broken by another long loving kiss.

"Toy doesn't need to cum."

"Toy's pleasure is its service."

"Toy's lust is the lust of service."

"Toy's need, is the need to be a good fuck toy."

"Good fuck toys don't need to climax, only to be used."

Mind drawn away from listening to those words, those subtle truths. He's not a toy, no, he's not, but deep down... he is the right stuff. And it needs to be brought to the surface,

kneaded and fucked to the forefront of his mind. The toy slams his lips back down onto him, taking him so fully, so completely, that he can't do anything. The pleasure wonderful that he feels he can burst, yet the toy senses each twist, each ache, that precipice of climax, and it's kept away, just a hair's breadth away but never to be achieved. Keeping his lust not only at its peak but allowing it to swell and grow like the seed that builds within his loins.

"A wonderful toy."

"A beautiful toy."

"An eager toy to be of service."

"You want all these things."

"You are all these things."

"Fuck toys obey."

"Fuck toy's serve."

"Delight in what you are."

"Accept what you are."

"You are a fuck toy."

"You are a fuck toy."

"Obey,"

The toy taking him harder, faster, yet slowing down whenever he's too close. The toy milks him, uses him, does things with him, using him like an object. Not spoken but felt by the fact he doesn't need to do anything but let it happen. Even when he musters the courage to touch the toy's sides, tentatively at first, harder as the lust takes over his mind, he's worrying less, thinking less, and simply enjoying.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Good toys receive pleasure."

"Good toys are pleasurable."

"Relax and obey."

"Relax and serve."

"Relax and be a good toy," the collar, speaking into his mind, so dynamic and hypnotic with his words, luring him deeper, the start of something new. Something great. Not knowing how long the toy is going to be using him, and having the hours meld into each other, not knowing that waiting to come and help, to provide a service is another toy, a dragon toy as ever good kobold needs to learn to serve a dragon...