

## Masking Up

Dreshka gripped the steering wheel tightly to the point her red scales turned pink. The anthropomorphic female dragon sits in her beat-up car in the middle of a half full parking lot. She looks up in the mirror at her yellow reptilian eyes, “This did happen, didn’t it?” She digs through her purse pulling out her phone, reading the email one more time, then back at her final destination. A massive adult toy store out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by lush forest that hides the world from the establishment. The company’s lettering Toys-4-U hangs over the entrance way, where a buff rhino and lion security guards keep an eye on things.

The meekly dressed dragon takes a deep breath and gets out of the car, moving up the steps right past the security guards, “*I’m going to do this. I don’t care if it’s fake or not,*” she thinks, lost in her own thoughts just as she hears the store’s greeting.

“Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U first but certainly not only Super Mega store! Please do not hesitate to ask this one or any toy you see here for assistance. We are here to help you!” exclaims a sleek black and red rubber renamon toy, complete with matching cuffs that have glowing red lettering on the black band that reads “Fuck Toy” It’s collar jingles with the designation imprinted on it R-3132 on the front. The toy squeezes its breasts together with a loud squeak, leaning forward on its pedestal stand, butt hikes to those toward the store, tail raises. With at least one customer who is here to simply watch the view of this toy and the four others line up to greet customers as they come in.

Dreshka jumps, “Ah, oh, ah, sorry, I uh... er...” her heart races looking up at the toy.

“This one didn’t mean to startle you. Is there anything it can do?”

“Well, uh, yes? Maybe? I’m not sure, but I um... have something? I’m meant to be here I think?”

The toy tilts its head, “Please tell this one more. It is here to be of service,” the toy says looking over the dragon with her small black nub of horns.

“Well, you uh see...” she fumbles with her phone, “It was right here, oOne moment,” she scrolls through things, heart racing, “This!” she says, holding the phone out to the toy, closing her eyes, expecting some kind of backlash.

“Do you mind if I hold your phone for a second so it can read?”

“Yes please!” she squeaks out, keeping her eyes closed.

The toy thumbs through the message, reading it silently to itself, “Ah, yes. This one has been told about you. Please follow this one,” it says, handing the phone back to her.

“S-so the email is real?”

“It is. You could have called us if you didn’t think it was.”

“I...” she blushes, “I didn’t think of that,” she says, lowering her head.

The toy waves it off, “It’s fine. Please come this way,” it says, motioning her to follow.

The dragon cracks her eyes open, the toy a few feet away, “C-coming,” she meeps, following the toy deeper into the store. The smell of latex, leather hangs heavy in the air. The

dragon blushes harder when she sees the bondage equipment as they move through the aisles, “So much stuff here,” she says, swallowing a lump in her throat.

“Is this your first time coming to one of our mega stores?”

“Y-yeah... I’ve only ordered your stuff online... well not your stuff. What I mean is the stuff the store sells online. I didn’t mean to indicate that the stuff is yours. You’re a toy, you’re sold here, you don’t own anything... ah what I mean is that... I’m sorry I don’t know if you are an actual person in a suit or not. I...”

The renamon brushes its tail up against her, “Relax. This one is an object, a toy, a plaything, a genuine fuck toy. You might have recognized it from advertisements as it’s the first renamon toy the company made,” it says with a playful wink, “Come, follow, it was informed to bring you to Toy Mistress when you came in.”

“T-toy Mistress?” she asks, looking up at the entrance they are about to go into, reading the sign, “Toy Testing Rooms.”

“It’s what we toys call Toy Mistress. The toy that runs the store, the company.”

She follows the toy, feeling her anxiety grow, “W-wait. The company owner? I’m going to meet the CEO of Toys-4-U?”

“Trust this one. It’ll be fine. Toy Mistress is very friendly. But be careful what you say, sometimes it misunderstands things.”

“Like I’ll get into trouble?”

“No, no, nothing like that, its sure you’ll understand soon enough,” it explains, as they pass several doors, eventually reaching the very last one on the left. It knocks on the door, “Toy Mistress, she’s here.”

A moment later the door is unlocked, revealing a tall black and cyan rubber sergal toy. The towering sergal looks down at the two. It’s smooth breasts, bounce as it greets happily, “Hello! This one is so pleased to see you, come in, come in! It can’t wait to get started,” it says with a rump wiggle. The toy’s cuffs of cyan bands, black straps, have elegant cyan cursive lettering that reads “Fuck Toy”. It glows pleasantly, much like the toy’s matching cyan eyes. The toy’s collar has a silver tag that jingles, which reads, K-2003.

The dragon is caught off by the sergal that has nearly a foot in height over her. The sleek and slender toy moves elegantly, and aside the cuffs and collar it’s completely naked, “A-ah. It’s a pleasure to meet you K-2003. It’s an honor to meet you!” she exclaims, holding out her hand, lowering her head, her tiny wings, extending out.

K-2003 smiles, gently grabbing the hand, “Please, don’t be so formal with this one. It’s having you here as its guest. You are doing a service for thi sone and it welcomes you,” it gently kisses the dragon’s hand, making her let out a soft yip, the toy looking at the renamon toy, giving a subtle nod of dismissal.

“Oh, sorry,” she blushes as the renamon toy leaves them, *“I can’t believe I yipped. My mother would certainly blame father for that one if she heard me.”*

K-2003 gingerly pulls her into the room, closing the door behind her, “Relax. No need to be so excitable here. This one is just pleased you managed to make it.”

Dreshka blushes looking to find a rather surprising sight. To her right is a black rubber canopy bed with cyan pillows. To the left looks to be a door with an office entrance that has the toy's name on it, and up ahead past both of them, is a small kitchen and dining room. The dragon recognizes the bed immediately, "*So many of those sexy advertisements were done there...*" She clears her throat, finally answering the toy, "Sorry. I'm rather excitable. I get that from my dad I think. He's a kobold, my Mom is a dragon. I get a bit from both of them."

"How wonderful, though this one knows you have other interests do you not?" it asks, the cyan toy's clitoral hood breaks its seal around its warm constantly wet sex. It also unleashes a sweet rubber aroma aphrodisiac that grows strong with each second the seal is broken, which only arouses the dragon slowly, subtly with each she takes.

She blushes even harder. "Well, I do... which makes it so hard to uh..." she looks at the toy then looks away feeling her body grow warmer, her nostrils flare, "Is that strawberries I smell?"

"This one put on its strawberry scented polish today, do you like it?" it asks as the toy gently runs its hand along the dragon's back, guiding her toward the bed.

"It's very nice. I am a fan of strawberries."

The toy grinds, "This one knows."

"H-how do you know? Are you psychic?"

"This one does like to get psyched for good things, but no it's not. It simply likes to get to know who it's dealing with well beforehand. This one is sure you understand."

"I-I think so. So, the email, it said I'll be testing a new planned product?"

"Yes, yes, it's been eager to try it out on someone like yourself," it says, pushing her to the edge of the bed, which is then the dragon realizes there is a simple white box sitting in the center like a bright glowing beacon of light in the night.

"L-like me? I don't think there is anything special about myself that could be needed."

The sergal gently runs its hands along the dragon's side, making her shiver, "Please, there is always something special and unique about each person. But amusingly no one is an island onto themselves. As the saying goes, you are unique like everyone else and its a wonderful thing," it says, the toy's breasts pressing up against the back of her head.

The toy's warmth washes over her as she is too nervous to look up at the toy that just hangs out of her view, her eyes more so locked on the package, "W-what is it that I am testing?"

"A mixture hybrid system between its relatively new liquid rubber technology, hypnosis hood, and a new style that we have displayed on many occasions but have yet to integrate with our new technology."

She swallows a lump in her throat, "T-that sounds nice, but why me? Why not someone else?" she asks, as she feels the toy's warmth wash over her, the weight of it pressing down, making her feel even smaller, yet her excitement continues to grow. Her arousal begins to percolate within her loins as she tenses up.

The sergal licks across her ear hole with its cyan forked tongue. The toy's salvia has the same aphrodisiac strength as its sex aroma, which only helps fuel that fire within the dragon, but

its coaxed along by its words, “Tell this one, why shouldn’t it? Are you telling it that you don’t want it? That you came all this way *not* to help this one?”

She shudders, her wings fluttering against the toy’s smooth rubber back, making the toy squeak, “I-I want to help.”

“Does that mean you want what it has to offer?”

She bites her lower lip, “Y-yes.”

“That’s wonderful to hear,” it says, giving the dragon’s ear once last toying lick before pulling away, climbing onto the bed, placing the box between its legs as it poses, “Now, as to why, as it knows you’ve been wondering so hard on that. Trying to justify why you should get something nice. You’ve always undervalued yourself, and this one wants to help. You have purpose, value, and you can just make it so if you realize it, accept it, work for it. This one wants to provide you with the *opportunity* to find your self-worth. To break down that voice in your head that is keeping you down. Making you feel not worth the time and effort to receive anything good in your life. Let it enable you to be you. And all you have to do to start this off is to strip down to your bare scales.”

The toy’s words are mixing with the aroma that has begun to saturate the room. Her arousal grows, pushing down those negative thoughts, those uncertainties, making her forget her own doubts for just a moment as instincts bubble up. But it’s not so much also *how* the toy is saying the words, but *what* it is saying. Then the realization of what the toy is saying really hits her, “Y-you want me to get naked right here, right now?”

The toy drums its fingers across the boxy, its butt hiked, breasts squeezed together, tail swaying, “Yup!”

“I...” she blushes, rubbing her hands together, looking down.

The toy reaches up and lifts her by the chin, looking into her eyes, “Come on now. This one is just a toy. An object, a fuck toy. That is like being shy of getting naked in front of your shower curtain. You aren’t shy about that now are you?”

There’s something about those cyan eyes that Dreshka can’t look away. She’s drawn into them, and the world around her fades just a little bit more. She bites her lip as the toy licks its lips leaning in closer.

“Come on now, this one knows you want to. Don’t let yourself stop you from having the time of your life.”

“P-please...” she yips softly, blushing harder.

The toy tilts its head, “Please what?”

“T-t-tell me to do it.”

“Oh, you want little ol’ this one to tell you to strip down to your bare scales? The desire to have a simple *object* command you?”

She tries to say the words, but her voice fails her. She instead decides to slowly nod.

“Well then. Be a good girl, and strip down to your scales so this one can help you, be you.”

“Y-yes,” she whimpers, beginning to undress revealing her supple breasts and her burning hot sex, *“I-I can’t believe I am so turned on... I love sergals so much and to be in front of one... and one so powerful... I’m just a meek, simple...”* her mind trails off as the last of her clothing hits the floor and with it so does any inhibition to stop. Her arousal burning through her body, the toy’s arousing aroma mixing with its sweet polish, enabling her to take those deep needy breaths that continue to fuel her passion of the moment.

“Yes what?” the toy asks, gently rubbing the back of the dragon’s head.

“Y-yes Mistress?” she stammers, letting out a soft yip.

“Close, this one knows you heard what its toys have called this one.”

Her eyes light up, “Oh, right, Toy Mistress.”

The toy wiggles its rump with a loud squeak, “That’s better. Now, we have a good baseline of what you are like, how about we see what this will do for you,” it says, lifting the lid.

Dreshka tentatively looks inside the box, fearful, excited, unsure what she’ll find, yet certain she’ll find something she’ll enjoy. And she was not disappointed. Staring back at her is a black rubber sergal gasmask, a complete rubber hood with deep blue reflective eyes that let her see herself in it. Attached to the front is a pair of rubber ribbed breathing tubes that run along the side of the head and connect to a small breathing tank. She tenses, wanting to reach out and grab it, but unsure if she even could. She looks up at the sergal with its gleeful gaze.

“Go right ahead. The masking is only half the fun,” it says with a wink.”

“Thank you,” she softly replies, reaching for the hood, finding it heavier than she’d expect, the tank tugging the front of the mask as it dangles underneath but the tubes remain firmly attached to the hood, “Do I just slip it on?”

“Yup, just slip it on, and the hood will do the rest.”

“I-is there anything I should know?” she asks, slipping her head through the space between the hood and the tank, letting the tank rest between her paltry wings.

“Just let the mask do its job and have this one guide you. It is certain that you will enjoy yourself like you never had before, freed from yourself to be yourself.”

She bites her lower lip, placing both hands on the hood, flipping the front to look at the sleek black rubber insides, “That’s it?”

“There’ll be more, but where’s the fun if it just tells you what’s going to happen. If you don’t want to help this one you could go home. It won’t stop you.”

“But if I stay, I’ll have the time of my life?”

“This one is fairly certain you will,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“O-okay, here goes nothing,” she says about to put the hood on when the sergal says.

“It's not nothing is going, just putting on the hood. That is something.”

“Ahh... I now see what the renamon was telling me.”

“See what?” it asks, tilting its head.

“Never mind, I’m going to put the hood on now.”

“Please do!” it exclaims, wiggling its rear with a loud squeak.

She pulls the hood on, hearing the loud squeak, the muffling of the noises outside, as her world is darkened and tinted blue. She takes a deep breath as she adjusts the hood, hearing a whoosh of air, a soft click, and a slow steady hiss as she breathes out. The air coming in is laced with a more powerful concentration of the K-2003's natural made aphrodisiac.

The dragon shudders and moans deeply, not noticing the hood's grip tightens around her head, and her ears are slowly filled with rubber and a gentle hypnotic white noise that calms her mind as her body grows ever more excited.

A synthetic monotone voice states, **“Welcome to Toys-4-U experimental sergal drone gas mask toy hoods. By putting on this hood you agree to our terms of service. Please relax and enjoy yourself.”**

*“What was that?”* she thinks as the blue eyes on the mask begin to glue and pulsate on the inside. She shudders and tenses as her eyes are locked upon the hypnotic glow, the steady pulsating lights draw her attention forward, as the toy on the outside moves, but goes unnoticed by her.

The rubber hood grows warm, as latex slowly seeps out from the top of the hood, slithering down her scales, the dragon barely registering the hood stating, **“Initiating mental conditioning state: Toy. Initiating body configuration: Sergal Drone.”**

She moans, the latex sliding down along her scales, slithering straight down her backside, before sprouting countless rubber tendrils that coil around her wings, pulling them flush as possible to her back. Another set snakes its way down and around the dragon's breasts, squeezing them, caressing them before the tendrils sprout and encasing her mounts in thick embracing body fitting rubber.

Her breathing grows stronger, flooding her lungs with ever greater desire, lust, wanting for something as her mind continues to calm down further, prepping her thoughts to latch onto something, *anything* to guide her deeper into a state of bliss.

**“You are a drone.”**

**“You exist to serve.”**

**“You exist to obey.”**

**“You obey Toy Mistress K-2003,”** the hood states in a simple monotone voice that is straight to the point there is no misinterpretation, no confusion.

The dragon's mind adds personality, character to it, exactly what she is wanting to hear as she leans into the thoughts, accepting the words as her own thoughts as the rubber continues to spread down her sides, coiling around her arms, legs, slipping into her sex, the sudden burst of pleasure coinciding with the next hypnotic phrase.

**“Obedience is pleasure.”**

**“Pleasure is obedience.”**

**“You exist to obey the Toy Mistress.”**

**“You exist to please others.”**

**“You have no fears.”**

**“No worries.”**

**“No anxiety.”**

**“You are an object.”**

**“A thing.”**

**“A pleasure drone.”**

The rubber tentacles push into the dragon’s rear and sex, slipping in nice and deep, coating the dragon’s insides with rubber as they craft a tight slit and a perk rubber rear of a deep blue hue, that matches her eyes. The dragon features fade away under the rubber as she becomes more sergal in shape and make.

The dragon thinks along, unable to stop herself, or simply she doesn’t want to. The pleasure grows as the heat of the moment grows ever hotter. She takes another deep breath, her body so excited yet her mind so calm, a perfect yin yang balance that should not be but is. The warm rubber continues to slide down her scales, coiling around her tail, adjusting the length and shape to fit that of a sergal design.

Each inch of her scales are washed away under the sea of solid black rubber till nothing remains. Her feet are reshaped and molded to those long sergal toes, her hands are shifted and adjusted, mirroring the sergal before her in shape though hardly in size. The smaller dragon remains just that, smaller than the Toy Mistress before her.

**“Drone obeys.”**

**“Drone follows their programing.”**

**“Drone has no thoughts outside of their programing.”**

**“Drone has no I.”**

**“Drone has no me.”**

**“Drone has no myself.”**

**“Drone only has it, itself, unit, this one, drone.”**

The words sink ever deeper into her mind, her resistance crumbling not so much out of not wanting to embrace it, but fear of sinking too deep. To *let* herself have this moment like she’s always wanted.

**“Drone accepts all adjustments Toy Mistress makes to it.”**

*“Drone accepts all adjustments Toy Mistress makes to it,”* she thinks in perfect step with the hood.

**“Zero thought deviation detected. Body and mental reconfiguration complete. Enjoy your Toys-4-U experimental drone hood.”**

The new drone huffs, taking in deep breathes from the hood, looking at the sergal, letting out a purr, speaking in a monotone voice, **“Unit is ready Toy Mistress.”**

“How wonderful!” K-2003 states with a rump wiggle, “Please add some more emotion. It has another drone doing the monotone today and it wants to mix it up.”

The command sunk into the dragon, unlocking a small part of her mind, as the rest of her thoughts are able to focus on the pleasure and bliss of what she is, “Affirmative Toy Mistress. Unit is here to be of service what more can it do for you?”

“Please stand and await further enhancements,” it says.

“Affirmative Toy Mistress,” she responds, slipping off, taking a neutral stance, taking another deep breath, her gaze locked on the toy before her.

K-2003 runs its rubber claws along the new sergal drone’s body, seeing how deep, black rubber she is, with only the bits of blue on the eyes, claws, nipples and sex, “Yes exactly like that,” it says as it calls out, “Silent drone. Please bring in the enhancements!”

A moment later a vanta-black rubber sergal drone, smooth faceless, with hexagonal markings along the thighs, top of the arms, back, and front of the legs, all contained with a glowing deep purple stripe. The drone holds up a silver tray with a set of black and dark blue rubber cuffs, collar, and silver chains and rings. Silent Drone holds one arm behind her back and responds in a perfect monotone voice, “**Drone is here Toy Mistress.**”

K-2003 responds pleasantly, picking up the gear, “Why thank you Silent Drone.” The toy takes the first cuff and wraps it around Dreshka’s ankle. It then presses around the cuff length, letting it merge and seal into the suit and within moments dark blue lettering that says “Fuck Drone,” in solid bold lettering appear. The sergal has its tail hiked rear exposed to the other drone holding the platter, yet the drone doesn’t respond.

“This one hopes you don’t mind you’re the *only* drone. It is international bring a friend to work day and this one wanted to bring its friend to work, and she can get shy at times, just like you drone. So this one thought, “Toy is a good toy. Such a good toy that it loves to be fucked. But it knows it can be a better fuck toy by playfully fucking with its friend’s head. It knows it loves that. So it will have her wear her drone hood while at work all day long and have it set to obey this one,” the toy rambles a bit while the drone’s remain silent, “But it thinks it can make it work, don’t you agree. drone?”

“**Affirmative Toy Mistress,**” says Silent Drone.

“This unit believes so, Toy Mistress,” replies Dreshka.

“Oh how wonderful, this one just felt deep down in its rubber that you’d both agree,” it says with an affirmative nod, adding more gear to the bound rubber sergal dragon.

Soon the drone matches K-2003 in its basic gear, ankle, upper thigh, wrist and upper arm cuffs with a nice collar around her neck. Each one sealed and bound to the new rubber body that feels so much more like her real body over that simple old dragon-kobold body she once had. Her sexy burns with delight, as she stares forward, but her attention is split by what’s still on the platter and her toy Mistress.

“Now, this is going to be the fun interesting part. With the new technology we should be able to add some spicier attachments to you that some users love to try out but don’t want to commit to. Though you might commit to this anyway, you did agree to it after all,” the toy says with a rump wiggle, grabbing the first silver ring, moving it over to Dreshka and with one quick movement it snaps it into place, piercing the nipple, the rubber binding to it to form a nice solid anchor.

The dragon feels a momentary pinch but the pain is quickly turned into pleasure, making her moan ever louder into the mask, taking a lovely deep mind numbing, body arousing breath.

“How was that?” K-2003 asks with earnest curiosity.



“Wonderful Toy Mistress, may it have another?”

“Why yes you may, it has two more in mind,” it says wiggling its rump, taking the next ring and snapping it into place, piercing the dragon’s nipple, and locking the silver nipple piercing into place, leaving the dragon to bask in her new look.

“Thank you, Toy Mistress.”

“Don’t thank this one yet, we’re not done!” it says, grabbing the third ring, a larger thick one, “This one is for the interesting nose piercing,” it says, spreading the ring open and slipping into place. The rubber quickly grabs the ring at the base, and shoves it into place, piercing the dragon’s nose, further binding her to the rubber suit, adding a new perfect nose ring.

The dragon sinks further into being a good drone. She has never felt so good, so alive, so ready to obey anything this toy has to offer. Her old self be damned, this was heaven, how could it not be?

“There we go, now to attach them with a three way chain,” K-2003 muses, doing so with a nice silver chain that has a single thick silver ring in the center, “And we’re done. What do you think now? Silent, mirror,” K-2003 says, snapping its fingers.

“**Affirmative Toy Mistress,**” Silent Drone responds turning the platter which doubles as a lovely mirror.

Dreshka's mind is locked on the sight before her. A lovely sergal drone with even lovelier cuffs and silver chain that connects her nose to her nipples. She moves her head around, testing the restraints to her movement, “Lovely Toy Mistress.”

“Perfect. Now, this one would give your body a good fucking,” it says moving up closer, the sergal’s clit hood reaching up and licking Dreshka’s new rubber sergal sex. The toy’s hot juices touching her vent like a lover’s finger gently teasing her opening. The toy’s cyan fluids stain her opening, as she will not realize but certainly feel that the toy’s sexual juices are an even more potent aphrodisiac on par to what she’s breathing in her tank, “But it really wants to test out the limits of your new programing. How about we take a few walks around the store, have you both take an hour to greet customers, give some of its current door greeters a fun break, and after that...” it says licking across the center of Dreshka’s rubber sergal drone hood, “We’ll have some fun, how does that sound?”

The dragon’s mind is broken, she isn’t sure what to think. She melts in the rubber body, the lick driving her wild, the one around her sex and the one along her hood, “**Wonderful Toy Mistress.**”

“This one thought so, it got the idea from its Silent Drone, when it asked this one when its toys get a break. Silent is a bit spoiled, thinking toys need breaks, but it's a fun idea,” it says with a rump wiggle and a pleasant giggle, “Silent drone, bring this one the leashes, please.”

“**Affirmative.**”

“Good drone,” K-2003 responds, as the Silent drone returns only a moment later with two black leather leashes, one ready to be attached to something the other pre attached to a collar, which the sergal toy happily attaches around Silent’s neck, the other attaches to the ring held by the three chains in the center of Dreshka’s get up.

K-2003 gives the chain a playful tug, “Hmm, that does feel good, what do you drones thing?”

**“Perfect Toy Mistress.”**

“This unit loves it, Toy Mistress,” the dragon replies, unsure if she even has a dragon body anymore, feeling the sense of being a sergal drone as her new sense of self.

“How wonderful, let's get going, this one doesn't have all day,” it musses, pulling at the leashes, hearing the metallic jingle. The sergal toy walks both drones out of its room and toward the store floor, where more fun is to be had. And knowing the sergal toy, the fun for both of these drones is just beginning. The only question really to ask is for Dreshka when will it end? If Ever.