

## Toy Manager

Kronas lying in the back of a self-driving taxi cab, half asleep from the long drive is suddenly jolted awake as the car rumbles as it goes over unpaved gravel road, “Huh, wha?” he remarks, the black furred long furred sergal with creamy white belly, orange highlights around his fingers, ears, underside of his tail, looks around curiously with his green eyes, confused by the sudden loss of his smooth ride.

“An unpaved road in this day and age?” he mutters looking out the window, seeing nothing but forest and the gravel road. Several minutes later the road becomes smooth once more after another jolt to the car, reaching the Toys-4-U megastore parking lot.

Kronas’ eyes go wide as he sees the massive structure, the large parking lot half filled with cars. His tax pulls up along the front of the building, people coming and going, two buff security guards stand at either side of the entrances as he steps out with a hint of eagerness.

**“Thank you for using Auto-taxi for your taxi needs. This taxi will remain in the area for one hour. After that the wait for another Auto-taxi will be longer. Thank you and have a good day,”** the taxi says, driving off pulling into an “Automatic Taxi parking only” spot, two other such taxi’s taking up the other free spaces.

The moment the automatic doors open he is greeted with a tidal wave of aroma of latex and leather his nose, his sharp perceptive ears pick up the sound of latex, leather, the beeping of registers, soft chatter among customers and toys, questions being asked, but all that is thrown into the back when standing just a few feet away from the doors four toys standing on pedestals bow and greet all who enter, the one in front of him smiles.

“Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U super megastore!” the toy says with a cordial bow, body squeaking showing off itself, a sleek pink and purple rubber renamon-dragon hybrid toy. The toy with its unique mix of features smiles at him, its tag connected to its collar jingles, reading O-2693, the toy continues to say to him, “Please do not hesitate to ask this one or any toy here for assistance. Enjoy your stay!”

Kronas grins at the toy, enjoying its wonderfully smooth reflective body, “I will certainly keep that in mind, but I think I’m going to browse a bit. I’ve wanted to visit your mega store for a long time now, I’m rather an avid fan of Toys-4-U products,” he replies looking over the toy once more, his shorts growing tight.

“This one speaks on the behalf of all the toys here that it thanks you for being a wonderful customer and being so supportive of us,” it replies with another bow, hiking its rump in the air, exposing itself to all that happen to be behind it.

“I’m sure,” Kronas chuckles, browsing through the front of the store, his excitement rushes through him, tail flicking behind him with enjoyment, thinking, *“I’ve always wanted to see one of these stores. It’s like out of a fetish fairy tale, it’s so hard to believe it’s real,”* glowing neon sign catching his eye that say “DRONES!”

Curiosity draws him to the display where a dozen smooth faceless rubber drone heads sit on display, one customer picking up the faceless feline, running her fingers across it curiously, “Heavier than I thought it would be,” she remarks placing it back down onto its stand.

The display has all sorts of rubber drone hoods, sergal, raptor, dragon, feral dragon, and others. Getting closer the smell of rubber grows potent here, his hands caress the sergal drone hood, a twitch turns into a throb between his legs, “It feels so smooth,” he comments, lifting up the hood feeling the several pound weight of it, “So this is the famous drone hoods that they make. Wonderful,” he comments, noticing a warning sign at the base of the display, reading, “Do not take display hoods out of the store. Automatic security measures will be enacted. Steal at your own risk.”

Kronas chuckles at it, “Steal at your own risk? I never heard that before, but as much as I like the idea, I am here for this... as tempting as it is,” he places the hood back down onto the stand, resuming his browsing, slowly making his way over to the massive rubber suit section of the store. The foot traffic in this aisle from customer and toy alike is two to three times that of any other place in the store. Countless rubber suits hang on displayers, hangers, a rainbow of colors, designs, species. At the mid section of the aisle there are two kiosks where people are sitting to “Design their own suit” with the company’s intuitive suit design system. Customers idly browse the suits for ideas, while they wait for a kiosk to open up so that they may make their dreams a reality.

The smell of rubber here is soft, sweet, like vanilla. The suits lined up alphabetical order by species and gender. With only minor distractions drawing his attention away, curiosities of “What else do they have here” slowing him down, he makes his way toward the S’s past the salamander, past the two different types of “sea-dragon” toward the sizable sergal section.

Kronas grins, his forked tongue runs across his sharp teeth, his heart racing as his fingers run across the smooth suits, almost bumping into a customer who he lets move on by, apologizing to them before resuming his browsing of suits, searching for a color, a scheme that would be perfect for him.

Before he knew it his watch beeps, his ear twitches, he lifts his wrist up tapping the screen, his automatic taxi is going to be leaving in a minute and this is a friendly reminder that if he wants it to delay for another few minutes now is the time to say something. Kronas shrugs, “I can get the next one,” he mutters before returning to his mouth-watering browsing, becoming lost in simply looking over each of the sergal suit designs, pulling one off the hanger, placing it against his body.

The silver sergal rubber outfit is highlighted with a hexagonal pattern stamped into the rubber, the sleek rubber has soft engravings built into the rubber to give a faux synthetic feel. The suit feeds on Kronas’ body warmth, activating the glowing purple highlights that softly glow with a pulsating light all over the rubber body.

Kronas’ imagination runs rampant on the idea of wearing this, before he shrugs it off, “Naw, doesn’t feel right,” he mutters putting it back on the hanger, in the exact same spot of which he found it.

“Hello, can this one be of assistance to you Kronas?” asks a female voice, the sudden surprise of which causes him to jump, “Oh, this one didn’t mean to startle you. It thought you heard it approaching.”

Kronas pivots on his foot, spinning around to be greeted face to face with a sergal very unlike himself. Sleek, female, solid black rubber skin that faintly reflects his creamy white belly, cyan highlights in its hair and eyes, cuffs match its two colors, with fancy cursive lettering that simply says “Fuck Toy” Its collar lacking any wordings has a simple silver tag on the front that reads “K-2003.” The toy’s soft raspberry scented latex catches him off guard, as well as the forward nature, the toy leaning forward breasts squeezed together, big smile on its face, the alluring nature of the toy causing his shorts to tense up even more, “Ah, hi. No, I was a bit enthralled with your selection of stock here... wait how did you know my name?” he asks, tilting his head to the side.

“This one should know when a platinum grade customer is coming to its Megastore for the very first time. You’ve been so active on the forums, talking about your excitement of coming here, today being the day, the pictures you posted teasing other customers on all the fancy gear that you’ve bought yourself. It’s hard for this one not to recognize even from a distance,” K-2003 casually explains, standing straight up, tail swishing behind it, the sergal toy having less than an inch in height over its organic counterpart.

Kronas looks at K-2003 dumbfounded, his mind pieced together the pieces of the puzzle, looking back to the tag, reading it once more, a shiver running down his spine, eyes going wide, “Wait you’re K-2003.”

“Yup! That is this one’s designation!” it exclaims happily, wiggling its rump.

“The CEO of Toys-4-U.”

“That this one is.”

“I... I’ve heard a lot about you, seen a lot of your work. It’s fantastic.”

K-2003 smiles, “Why thank you. This one appreciates that others enjoy its work. Now what can this one do for you? You’ve spent an awful long time perusing the sergal toy suits that it has on stock. Perhaps you might want to design your own?” K-2003 suggests.

“I don’t know, wouldn’t that take a while for it to be made?”

“Oh, that depends on what we have in stock already, and if it’s a simple color modification that could be done in under an hour. You’ve already spent way longer than that just browsing the suits.”

“Oh, I should wait for the line to wind down or something...” Kronas says as K-2003 giggles softly, wiggling its rump, taking a step to the side revealing the empty kiosk just waiting to be used, “How is...” Kronas mutters, surprised by the display of luck that the toy is able to provide, rushing to take the kiosk before it becomes too late.

Sitting down he taps the screen, seeing countless options of where to begin, K-2003 slinks over to him with a soft squeak, its rubbery hands rest on the back of the chair, its breasts hang over Kronas’ head, “Here let this one help you get where you need to go,” it says tapping the screen a few times for him.

Kronas smirks looking up and the smooth rubbery breasts of the toy, “Thanks,” he replies, thinking, *“I may prefer men but damn that toy is sexy,”* turning his attention back to the screen K-2003 quickly brings up the general toy model he is looking for.

“Here is where you can adjust the color and basic hair designs, wanting to go with something short yet fierce looking, a solid black rubber body design, with bright orange secondary colorations, similar to how K-2003 has itself set up, but instead of a simple silver tag, he wants a gold-plated name tag built into the center of the collar, ready to show off to the world.

K-2003 watches, nodding, wiggling its rump, hiking the tail, not noticing or paying attention to those taking a moment to grab a curious look at the toy’s well molded ass, “Hmm, this one thinks we have most of that in stock already, this one bets it could help you get suited up and give a test drive if you want?” K-2003 suggests.

Kronas looks at K-2003 curiously, an ear twitching, tail swishing gently brushing up against K-2003’s smooth warm rubber legs, “I would love to. Not to be rude or anything, or to sound ungrateful but getting this much attention from the CEO of a company? Even as a toy, don’t you have other things you should be doing?” he asks.

K-2003 grinds, its hands move from the chair to his shoulders, the toy’s weight pressing down on him, its soft smooth rubber claws brush through his fur, gently teasing him, “This one can understand that, but this one has had its eye on you for a while. You’ve shown yourself to be a very valuable customer and here at Toys-4-U we value our customers, as we take the time to recognize quality material in our products, as our customers deserve the best of the best.”

Kronas smiles, “Well if you put it that way, I would be honored to K-2003.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump, breasts gently brushing against Kronas’ orange furred ears which twitch when touched before standing up straight with a little jump, “Wonderful! Come follow this one, it will have one of its other toys and have the suit waiting for you in the toy testing room.”

“That fast?”

“This one did say we had one in stock, didn’t it?”

“True, toy testing room? Not a fitting room?”

“We have fitting rooms for sure, up over there,” K-2003 points to the back corner of the store, “But the toy testing rooms are the only proper place to properly fit and test a fine quality toy, don’t you think?”

Kronas nods, listening to the toy intently, “I do suppose you are right, but the suit isn’t a toy,” he remarks.

“No, not in of itself it isn’t, but this one certainly is,” K-2003 gives a playful wink, its claws gently running across Kronas’ angular muzzle, his pants growing tighter as he chuckles.

“Oh, I see what you mean now,” he smirks, *“I can’t turn down an opportunity to fuck a company CEO now, can I?”* his mind swimming with the delight, leaning into K-2003’s touch, following the toy like a lost puppy having just found his owner.

K-2003 happily leads Kronas to the back of the store, its rump swaying side to side, tail following the movements, the tail tip gently brushing against Kronas’ belly, happily being led to

the back of the store, through the “Toy Testing Rooms” down the hallway to the very last room on the right, “This is the simple classic room, we don’t need anything fancy to test you out, do we?” K-2003 asks with a soft squeak, gently rubbing the sergal’s chest fur.

The door opens revealing a simple recreated bedroom with drawers on the side of the room with all sorts of kinky fun toys to be tried, a sign that says “Please put used toys down the chute for cleaning” a canopy bed with simple black sheets sits in the middle of the room, big pillows lay on the head of the bed while sitting smack dab in the middle of it, is a white box.

“Please step inside,” K-2003 urges, lowering its head, motioning him to step inside.

“With pleasure,” Kronas chuckles walking into the room, heading straight for the box in the center of the room with a spring in his step.

K-2003 follows in, closing and locking the door behind it, the toy’s cyan clitoral hood breaking its airtight seal around its sex, flooding the room with a soft arousing aroma, that will multiple anyone’s arousal, and bring anyone into heat, “Now Mr. Kronas, if you could please remove your clothes and place them off to the side this one can help you get suited,” K-2003 says, turning around to see Kronas has already removed his clothes kicked them clear across the room, the white box open as a black and bright orange rubber sergal suit is in his fingers.

Kronas gives a sheepish grin, “Oh, sorry about that,” he replies feeling the sleek smooth rubber of the suit within his hands. The rubber suit glistens like it’s been well polished, but is completely dry, but at the same time it feels slick as if there is a thin layer of lubricant or oil on the suit.

K-2003 shakes its head, “It’s quite alright, this one is honestly accustomed to people who are too shy to get undressed in front of a toy like this one, and it often has to explain to them that this one is just a toy, why be shy?”

“Yeah I know right? I mean who wouldn’t want to strip in front of you,” he replies, grinning, his sergal cock throbbing between his legs, a little bit of pre-cum glistening at the cock tip, feeling the ache in his loins, the longer he looks at the toy, the more he breathes in that wonderful aroma.

K-2003 smiles its eyes softly glowing cyan, slowly making its way over to him, hand running across his shoulder along his back, while he holds the rubber suit in his hands. Kronas’ cock twitches gently squeaking the rubber, the cool sensation of the latex against his sensitive flesh making him shiver, looking into that bright orange interior just begging for him to slip the suit on, “That is why this one likes you. You are eager to just get right into it, and this one,” it says slipping behind him, the bed squeaking as the toy gets on, “Is very eager to help you slip right in,” K-2003 teases gently running its claws along his sides, down to his hip, its breasts pressing against the small of his back, its head running right next to his own. Kronas’ vision is torn between the teasing sergal toy and the suit in his hands.

Kronas takes a deep breath, leaning against K-2003, feeling its warm breasts against his back, “Mind if I sit down?” he asks with a nuzzle head rub.

K-2003 softly squeaks returning the touch, its hands reaching down to gently caress his ass, “of course, this one will assist in slipping you into it,” it replies slinking off the bed, letting

him sit down, the toy getting in front of him, hands running along his arms to his hands, gently grasping the rubber suit to hold it open for him, "Feet first," K-2003 says invitingly, the slick orange rubber glistening in the light.

Kronas heart races with delight, his cock twitching with eagerness, his fluffy long toed sergal feet tense in anticipation, raising them up to slip them inside the rubber. The outline of his feet show through the latex, the rubber caresses and squeaks against his skin and fur, combing the fur back, his feet filling out the legs. K-2003 pulls and tugs the suit up, helping his feet slip right into the perfectly crafted rubber foot gloves.

Kronas helps tug the suit up his body, K-2003 kneeling before him, the toy gently caressing, smoothing the rubber around his fur, feeling the tight embracing grip of the suit. K-2003's fingers reach down, sliding between the black rubber sergal toes, with orange cyan clawtips. K-2003 takes a moment to rub and tug the rubber around his feet, making sure everything is in place before looking up at him, "Please stand."

Kronas murrns happily, "With pleasure," he says feeling the rubber shift around his feet, the rubber pressing against his toes and the sole of his foot, the fur compressed yet not bothering him while K-2003 slips back behind him, tugging the suit up, the rubber sliding across his thighs, pressing along his crotch and hips.

"Now, let this one just get your cock into position," K-2003 explains pressing its breasts against his back, the toy's arm reaching down along his chest, teasing him as it gently caresses and grips his throbbing length.

Without a word Kronas watches the toy move along his form, his member twitching in the toy's hand, bits of pre-cum oozing out of his length as it is squeezed by the professional grade toy. K-2003 gingerly pushes his cock downward, Kronas grunting in delight, the smooth rubber of K-2003's fingers, just as delightful as the silky-smooth rubber of the inside of the suit. K-2003 guides his cock into a cock sleeve, the warm rubber squeezing down his length like a tightly embracing condom, perfectly crafted to match his sergal nature.

Looking down Kronas to see his latex covered cock, throbbing aching, twitching, the same orange color as the secondary color of the suit. K-2003 leans in, pulling its hands up and out of the suit, reaching back down to gently caress and squeeze his cock tugging it down the rubber.

He moans softly, the rubber squeezing along his sensitive flesh, K-2003 runs a claw tip along the cock tip, pressing into his cum slit, the sensation makes him curl his toes, another moan escaping his lips. K-2003 slips the rubber cock opening into Kronas' cum slit, allowing his pent-up pre-cum to once more flow freely.

"Oh fuck me, I might cum just getting this suit on," he replies, K-2003 hums to itself, looking down his front, making sure the cock and balls fit perfectly within he suit, before pulling its hands back to help slip Kronas' tail into the suit, the rubber stretching, his long tail bending as much as possible to help it in before it simply pops into place.

"This one will be getting to that soon enough, but it must make sure you are properly suited," it explains nonchalantly, the toy eagerly feeling up the rubber, smoothing out any

possible imperfections before K-2003 gently slips a finger into Kronas' butt, slipping the rubber opening into him.

"I figur...aawha?" Kronas replies, feeling the fingers pressing into his rear, the front of the suit hanging off of him, his cock twitching, throbbing, aching for a good time, K-2003 pulling its fingers out, slipping its hands around his waist, grabbing the suit to pull it up.

"Arms into the front please," K-2003 asks happily.

"Awe not going to talk about how you just put fingers in my ass without asking?" he asks, letting out a huff of air, while K-2003's breasts press harder against his back, the toy's long cyan tongue runs across the underside of his chin, the toy whispering into his ear.

"If you wanted something else in your ass besides toy's fingers, you should let it know. Arms into the front please."

Kronas shivers, his cock twitches, he simply nods, "A-alright," slipping his arms into the soft smooth rubber, his hands squeak against the inside, the outline of his hands, showing through the rubber arms as they slink in deeper and deeper, fingers moving close together before flowing out, slipping into each individual rubber digit of the suit's gloves.

K-2003's breasts squeeze harder against his bare-naked back, its claws squeak and rub along Kronas' arms, smoothing out any other wrinkles, the toy's warm body up against his, sends shivers of delight through him. The toy slips its fingers between his own, tugging and spreading the rubber, making sure every inch fits perfectly, is smooth and wrapped around his form. Kronas moves his fingers which squeak softly against themselves.

"There we go, you are doing very good," K-2003 compliments, the toy's hands running back down his solid black rubber arms, giving one last check for any imperfections, the toy's claws teasing along his rubber covered chest before it tugs and pulls the rubber around his shoulders, "Shoulders back, this one is going to press seal you into the suit now."

Kronas pants, his body squeaking softly, doing what he is told, replying, "Sure thing K-2003."

"That's a good toy, doing what you are told," K-2003 replies with a smile, K-2003's finger pressing the two rubber parts of Kronas' back together, the two sides merging, sealing with each other, K-2003 press sealing the rubber all up along his spine, the sensation of the shifting, tightening rubber causes him to let out a soft pant before he responds to K-2003's comment.

"What did you just call me?" he asks, looking over his shoulder at the toy.

K-2003 smiles, focused on its current task, its fingers sealing all the way up to the base of his neck the entire suit now squeezing along his firm, leaving simply his head left to be worn, sitting in the white box, ready to be taken.

K-2003 looks up at him, "In this suit you're a toy, aren't you? What else would a rubber sergal be? After all this one should know, shouldn't it?" it replies, reaching over to grab the rubber head piece, the black rubber skin, the orange hair with matching eyes, looks exactly like how he envisioned it when he ordered it on the kiosk.

He nods, "That does sound nice," he smiles, "After all you are the sergal toy expert."

K-2003 opens the inside of the rubber sergal head, the same orange rubber lining visible to him, the orange reflecting a shadow of his true self, the toy bringing the hood in front of him, the toy's breasts squeaking loudly against his solid smooth back, "Yes this one is it supposes, it helps being a rubber sergal toy," it adds in with a happy rump wiggle, hiking its tail, "Now do you want this one to do the honors or shall you?" it asks, the toy's arms resting on Kronas' shoulders, the hood held open, ready to engulf his head the moment the word is given.

Kronas listens to the toy, nodding, his hands move up to gently grasp K-2003's own, "Can we take a third option? That we do it together?" he asks with a smile.

K-2003 doesn't flinch, leaning in more, it gives Kronas' ear a soft rubbery lick, toy's saliva an aphrodisiac on the level of the aroma emanating off of its sex, "This one can certainly do that," it replies, the two grasping the headpiece, opening it wide, working together to slip the rubber head around his own.

Kronas feels his hair tugged back by the rubber, his ears folding back as they are pushed by the rubber, before they pop into the ear cavities, the sound of the world around him muffled, and drowned out by the sound of rubber squeaking all around him. His mouth forced open by the hood, the taste of rubber running across his tongue, K-2003 helping pull and tug the headpiece into place.

Kronas runs his rubber hands along the sides of his head, hearing the muffled squeaks, while K-2003 slips its fingers into his mouth, moving and adjusting the rubber to fit around his teeth, tongue sliding into the rubber tongue compartment, his airways completely unblocked, almost to a natural level despite the amount of rubber on his head. K-2003 takes a moment to rub its finger around the neck of the headpiece, press sealing the rubber head to the rest of the body making the entire suit one single seamless piece.

"There we go, now to get the cuffs and collar on, and we'd be good for this one to fuck you," K-2003 says reaching over back into the box to grab the cuffs, bringing them back to slip the first one around his wrist.

Kronas watches, feeling the weight of the cuff around his body, his faux rubber covered eyes begin to give off a faint glow, increasing the impression that he's fake, artificial to anyone watching. The cuff jingles a little with the D rings embedded into the cuff itself, the toy adjusts the position before running a finger along the center of the cuff.

He watches curiously feeling the cuff slightly tighten on his wrist, before the cursive lettering of "Fuck Toy" begins to glow, the sight of which makes his cock twitch and throb even harder.

"It's exactly like how I would have hoped they'd come out," he says smiling, his face squeaking, the rubber shifting across his fur, gently massaging his head.

"This one is pleased you are enjoying it so far, toy!" K-2003 exclaims happily, wiggling its rump with a soft squeak, the toy moving from one cuff to the next, attaching them all till the very last piece is his collar, with the golden tag, yet no engraving on it yet.

"The collar isn't engraved?" he asks, looking to K-2003 curiously tilting his head with a soft squeak while the toy moves behind him, "That's because you aren't finished yet. You get it



at the very end, when you are complete,” K-2003 explains wrapping the collar around his neck, sealing it in place.

Kronas feels the collar run across his neck, the thick rubber, almost like a choker the metal tag felt right on his throat, adding to the sense of being bound within the rubber, he nods, “I see, that is completely understandable,” he replies, looking over to a mirror nearby seeing his completely covered black and orange rubber sergal suited self. His cock twitches, he visibly sees his member move and throb, aching for more, K-2003 gently grasping his chest with a soft squeak, pulling him down onto the bed, the toy slinking over him, straddling his throbbing cock, the toy’s clit hood reaching out to give Kronas’ rubber cock a long slow clitoral lick, the toy’s arousing juices soaking through the rubber, infecting him with even higher levels of lustful desires.

“This one knows you prefer men over women, so...” K-2003 says its clit hood coiling around his throbbing length, Kronas groans and thrusts up, the underside of his cock being guided by K-2003’s expert clit hood to simply grind against the toy’s hot wet vent.

“I-it’s okay. I don’t mind if you have a cock or not, I will enjoy you either way,” he grunts laying back on the soft bed sheets, his head resting on the even softer pillows, his head tilting to one side when he notices K-2003s fiendish smile.

“This one is so glad to hear you say that, it knew you were fine quality material but...” K-2003’s clit hood licks across Kronas’ cock tip, leaving a trail of semi-clear cyan juices in its wake, the toy slips its fingers into its own sex, it moans softly, other hand reaching up to caress its own breast, tweaking its nipple as the fingers slid deep into its tight milking hole.

“You don’t have to put on a show for me to get me worked up toy,” Kronas replies.

K-2003 moans softly, shaking its head, “This one is teasing you yes, but it’s not a show, it has a purpose... ah there it is, toy has to find the release for it,” it explains, causing Kronas to get the most curious look on his face.

“The release? For what?” he asks, the answer revealing itself to him, K-2003 pulling its wet dripping fingers out of its sex, a throbbing twitching softly glowing cyan sergal cock pushes out of its sex, pressing up against Kronas’ own cock, the toy’s clit hood wrapping around both the lengths, the toy grinding against him.

“That,” K-2003 explains moving to lick its own fingers clean, tongue about to touch its claw tips before it changes its mind at the last minute, leaning forward, slipping its fingers into Kronas’ mouth, “Lick toy.”

Kronas shivers, feeling the toy’s hot, hard throbbing cock, pressing up against his own, the clitoral hood snaking around both throbbing lengths allowing the toy hands free frothing with his member, the slick toy juices rubbing along his aching throbbing cock. The toy’s sexual juices far more potent than its scent or lick, drips down his throat. The sweet delightful taste tickles his tongue, driving him wild with lust, his lips wrap around the toy’s fingers, he suckles them eagerly, tongue coiling around the digits.

K-2003 grinds its cock against his own, the toy’s rubbery fingers squeak loudly as it pushes them and out of Kronas’ suckling rubber clad mouth, its other hand reaching around to

caress the back of his collar, pressing a finger at the very back where the collar meets his spine, a soft prick and tingle up and down Kronas' spine causes him to shiver in delight his hips grinding against K-2003's as their cocks sword fight, with the guiding clitoral hood as a referee.

As the tingle fades, a soft, domineering female voice whispers into the back of Kronas' mind, the words faintly echoing in a hypnotic tone, slowly dripping down into the back of his subconscious.

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Toy loves to fuck."*

*"Toy is a fuck toy."*

*"Toy serves."*

*"Toy obeys its Maker."*

*"Toy is an object."*

*"There is no I."*

*"There is no me."*

*"There is no myself."*

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

Kronas shivers the words almost drawing him out of his lustful state when K-2003 pulls its cock back, the toy slipping its fingers out of his mouth, Kronas finding his tongue reaching out to lick the toy more, K-2003 spreading his legs wide, exposing his rump, the toy's tail brushing up against his own with a loud squeak.

"This one did recall that you didn't want fingers up in your butt, perhaps this is more up your alley?" K-2003 asks, squeezing his rubber ass firmly, Kronas moans deeply, the rubber suit squeezing around him transferring the sensations rather well to the rest of his body despite it being a rubber suit.

"I wasn't meaning that you were to actually fuck me, I was expecting more like..." Kronas trailing off, feeling K-2003 lean in, its cock tip pressing against his hole, spreading his anal ring, the rubber slipped inside his body making his hole slick, and squeaky.

K-2003 holds his butt up in the air, spreading his legs apart as it leans in more, the cock head popping into his ass, the toy to be moaning deeply in delight, his own cock twitches, aching for more, "That you were going to fuck this one, right?"

Kronas shivers and nods, "Y-yes."

"This one rarely lets out his cock, you should be happy that it has decided to use it on you."

Kronas shivers, his rump squeezing hard onto K-2003's cock which continues to slip in despite his best efforts. A faint glow of pleasure building up within him the deeper the toy slips into his body, inch by inch K-2003 pushes itself in, his toes curl in delight, hands squeezing the bed sheets, moaning out as the soft hypnotic words continue to whisper into his mind.

"It's an honor to have you fuck me with your cock K-2003," grunts, his hips bucking against K-2003, slipping more of his cock into him.

K-2003 watches him squirm underneath it with much delight, the toy eventually fully hilding into the other sergal, letting her throbbing twitching pre-cum dripping cock to sit lodged within his body, letting him get used to the sensation, his prostate pressed by the length. The toy lets him pant and squirm underneath it before saying, "Please call this one Maker. After all you are a toy, and this one is the one that made that suit you are wearing," it says soothingly.

Kronas nods, squeezing hard onto K-2003's cock milking it of its pre-cum, filling his body with ever more arousing juices, bolstering his lust, addling his mind with the need for sex, helping him give into the desire to let himself go, "Yes Maker. I will," he grunts.

K-2003 reaches out with one hand, gently running across his chest, going up to gently cup his chin, the toy leaning in closer, the cock pressing deeper into his body, making him grunt out in delight, his cock aching hard, pre-cum dribbling front he tip, K-2003 stares into his eyes, saying, "That's a good toy, do what this one says and everything will turn out perfectly."

Kronas shivers, "Y-yes Maker," he replies K-2003 responds by pulling his hips back, the toy's cock slipping out of his rump. Kronas grunting as he feels the void being left by the toy as it pulls back till just the cock head remains lodged in his tight rear before it slams itself back down into him. He grunts and moans, arching his back, K-2003 beginning to pound into his tight rear over and over again with loud squeaky thrusts.

Kronas' cock jumps and throbs with each thrust, pre-cum spittles out when K-2003 manages to squeeze his prostate with its aching member, his own cock begging to be touched as K-2003 uses a free hand to gently tease him, edging him higher and higher, yet not letting him climax. K-2003 starting the long month-long process that will craft Kronas' fine material into a perfectly well-crafted toy. Hours of sex with K-2003, followed by a day and a half more with other toys, requested to come and prepare Kronas for his slow molding conversion.

Every day for the next month he will spend in the molding chambers, making suit and body become one, honing his mind into the perfect toy, sense of self shifting from a person, to a well-crafted object, serving customers, obeying its Maker, trained and processed into the highest quality toy one could imagine.

Kronas' skills as a toy are honed, his memories of his previous self all but one forgotten in the detailed process that is in making a Toys-4-U toy.

Months later, Kronas, now K-2173 will find itself in the big city, hundreds of miles from the place it was originally crafted. Self-driving cars make traffic almost a thing of the past, people go about their high-tech driven lives, getting the newest news of what's happening in the city within seconds, anything more than an hour old, is old and often forgotten.

K-2173 worries not about any of this. It walks into a convenience store sized Toys-4-U store, the newest outlet for this city for anyone and everyone to obtain their basic lustful needs that no amount of technology could truly cover up but can certainly make it all the more fun.

The toys enter the store, the store itself is about three days away from its grand opening, shelving and equipment is all installed, but products need to be stocked and shelved, that is where the toys come into work. K-2173 and O-2693 along with a half a dozen other toys get work over the next two and a half days, working hard to get everything ready.

The store even had two toy testing rooms, both set up exactly the same, simple bedrooms with rubber bed sheets for quick and easy cleaning, along with the delightful fetish factor. K-2173 monitored the fellow toys, setting up a contest of who could get the most work done by the end of the day before the store opened. Each toy worked hard to be of service but in the end the pink and purple Rena-drake toy came out on top, and for their reward they will be bottom to K-2173.

K-2173 tugs O-2693 by a D ring on their collar, the sleek renamon dragon hybrid toy purrs softly with a squeak, their throbbing rubbery cock bounces between their legs, their female sex moist but not dripping as to not cause a mess on the store floor.

K-2173's own hard rubbery sergal cock is out, aching, throbbing, let free for show, turning towards the O-toy, its cock gently grinds and rubs against the other toy unit's member, the O-toy lets out a soft moan, enjoying the touch.

"This one is pleased by your hard work. Maker was very kind of letting this one have you come to this one's store to work," it says, letting go of the toy's D-ring, its hands trailing along the toy's sides, softly squeaking its smooth rubbery body before grabbing its handles with a firm loud squeak.

O-2693 moans out in delight, pleasure rushing through its body as its handles are being played with, "Maker knows how to make us toys," it replies with a soft moan, feeling itself pushed onto the bed forcefully by the male sergal toy, their cocks grinding against each other, the toy's breasts bouncing as it hits the bed.

K-2173 nods, twisting its hands around the handles, making them squeak louder, knowing how sensitive its fellow toy's handles really are. Their cocks grind against one another, translucent orange pre-cum dribbles from its cock tip. Leaning in the toy's smooth black chest grinds against the rubbery mounds of the rena-drake toy, "Maker really does," it responds, leaning in to give a long rubbery tongue filled kiss.

The toys' heads turn to make the kiss deeper, their bodies grinding loudly against the rubber bed sheets and each other, their lengths twitching, dribbling, allowed to make a mess on the bed. K-2173 tightly grips the rena-drake's handles the cocks grinding against each other for a moment longer before the sergal toy slowly pulls his orange cock back, running it along the underside of the rena-drake, leaving a trail of semi-translucent rubbery orange pre-cum trails along O-toy's cock.

O-2693's cock twitches, squeaks, throbs, its hips want to thrust upward but are held back by K-toy's tight squeezing grip. The sergal toy's legs spread the rena-drake's with a logn drawn out squeak, the bed sheets spread taut under the rubber bodies, their black polished bedding giving a soft reflection of the toy's soft glow.

"Very good toy, just take it, it is your reward after all," K-2173 states, its cock tip pressing against the female sex of O-2693, parting the toy's female sex, the cock head slipping in slowly.

"Yes, Toy Master. This one serves under you," it responds, the toy's sex squeezes the sergal's member, slowly K-2173's cock is driven into O-2693's female sex. Long tender

squeaks echo out into the room, the rena-drake toy moaning out, arching its back, breasts bouncing, fingers gripping the bed sheets. The warm slick hole milks the cock as it goes in deeper and deeper.

O-2693's cock twitching and leaking as it is sandwiched between K-2173 and its own bellies. Deeper and deeper the toy penetrates into the hole, exponentially increasing the other toy's pleasure, it aches and moans, knowing it cannot climax without command from the Toy Master, but it doesn't care. It is servicing its Toy Master, servicing the company as it takes the cock into its body.

"Good toy, squeeze, milk, get this one's length all nice and wet. It wants its length to be well lubricated for your other hole," K-2173 explains.

O-2693 nods repeatedly, moaning out, "Yes Toy Master!" It's legs quiver under the slow tantalizing delights, K-2173 slowly pulling out leaving just the cock head within the other toy before slamming back into it again, and again, and again. Loud wet squeaks fill the room as the rena-drake is helplessly pinned under the stronger, more dominant toy.

Helplessly it takes the orange sergal cock into its hungry wet folds, pounded harder, faster, its moans louder, pants deeper, simulating a bitch in heat, ready to explode into ultimate bliss as it's taken ever harder.

K-2173 suddenly pulls out of O-2693's female sex and with one solid smooth thrust, shoves its length into the other toy's tight rubbery rear hole. The pleasure no less intense for the rena-drake, as K-2173 keeps its hard-thrusting motions, pounding into the other toy over and over again.

O-2693's body slides across the bed sheets, jerking up as K-2173's sleek well lubricated cock takes it for everything it has to offer, and this toy has much to give to its Toy Master. Its cock squished between itself and the Master, it dribbles pre-cum at a near constant speed, spreading the pink translucent goo between them, making their squeaks louder, their bodies ever slicker.

It's female sex twitches and winks at K-2173 leaking copious amounts of juices which roll down its body, down onto the sergal toy's cock, adding even more lubrication as it pounds into the fellow toy. K-2173 the only one with permission to climax, permission to allow any other toys to climax, and today it was giving just one toy in the store permission for all the hard work it has done, itself.

K-2173 lets out a dominating roar of delight, slamming itself into its fellow toy, gushing out its hot and sticky slick rubbery orange seed, flooding the rena-drake's hole as it happily took the Toy Master's seed, its reward a delight that it will never forget, encouraging it to work harder for the next. K-2173's past experience as a manager is now going to be put to good use, as the newest Toys-4-U local toy manager.