

A Dream Debt

Ari fidgets in her chair, the soft creak of leather, hands gently tapping on her brown skinned thighs, brunette hair tied into two ponytails. Dressed in simple clothes, akin to an evening stroll Brown eyes gazing down, then up at the sight before her. A sleek black and cyan rubber sergal, naked except for cuffs with matching markings, glowing cyan in cursive lettering that says, “Fuck Toy” and a collar that has a simple silver tag with the engraving that says “K-2003”. Standing beside it is a faceless black, blue and purple rubber dragon in a tight-fitting rubber receptionist outfit of matching colors. In the drone’s hands is an electronic clipboard that allows it to take notes of the conversation and anything else about to transpire.

“That’s the situation you are in Miss Ari. As much as this one would love to just wave off the debt you have accrued over the past year and a half, this one has a business to run. If it can’t run it, how would it be able to bring such joy and pleasure to people like yourself? People would just take advantage of this one, and that would not be good. This one isn’t that type of toy model,” K-2003 explains with a nod.

“Yes, I know. You just have so many wonderful items that I couldn’t just help myself. There was the vached, the different kinds of toys, and I am not just talking about the toys like yourself, but the magic wand, oh boy does that vibrate so wonderfully, that it just makes me squeal! And then you had your sale on chastity items, and rubber null bulge technology? The way it caresses, squeezes, teases me, keeping me right on edge! I can squeeze and rub it all day but never really reach the peak of delight, it’s rather maddening!”

K-2003 hikes its rump, wiggling it side to side, listening intently to Ari’s words, “This one is just tickled pink that you are finding our products so delightful. Though this one isn’t sure it can be tickled... or be pink in color so that is an odd turn of phrase for this one to say... hmmm oh well. Back to business!”

“So, am I going to have to return those products? They are nice, and I wasn’t expecting to have such financial difficulties.”

“Well, no. This one is going to activate the alternative payment clause that you agreed to on our website to give you the extended credit that allowed you to purchase so much.”

She tensed a little, “Okay... what does that mean?”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Did you not read the terms of agreement before accepting the clause?”

She shook her head, “No, I scrolled right past and hit yes to the terms.”

“Why does no one read the fine print? It’s right there for your benefit. This one isn’t trying to trick people now.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright. This one will explain. You will be working off part or all of your debt here, through service that will be compensated accordingly to local and national laws and competitive business for like or equal work with similar responsibilities. There will also be a small stipend given to allow to keep your current standard of living within the terms of the agreement and

within but not including to up to twenty-five percent of the pay you'd receive if you were hired by Toys-4-U by normal means, and not almost but not quiet, just managing to be legal contracted servitude to the company, till within excluding interest due and adjustment for inflation that your debt has reached a satisfactory level to return to your original form of employment and or life, with possibility of voluntarily renewal based on a positive work performance."

"Ahh... what?" Ari responded, looking at the sergal toy rather dumbfounded.

"This one thinks it said that right, did it say that right?" K-2003 asks looking at the faceless dragon toy, which nods at the statement, "Good, good. This one doesn't practice speaking legal jargon often," it remarks, looking back to her, "Now. This one thinks it wants to do a bit of product testing with you. You see we have a new dynamic toy product we are in stage three in the development process. One that involves pseudo reading one's mind for the dream doll to become to a degree and depending on what model one wants, to perform matters of utter ecstasy and pleasure, based on what they are 'reading'," K-2003 says using finger quotes, "From the user's mind. Would you think you'd be up for being a test subject for such a product? It is a long term commitment, but considering the current level of debt you have with the company, that shouldn't be a problem when it comes to our terms of service agreement, but in the end this one still needs your consent to have you accept this method of payment to work off what you owe."

Ari's look of concern quickly shifted to that of eagerness, her pants grew tight, her member twitching within her panties, a bulge appearing between her legs, hands squeezing her pant legs, "Yes! Yes! Oh God yes!" she squeals.

K-2003 gives a wide big cyan lipped grin, "Excellent, come, come, no time to waste, just sign E-245's pad to say that you agree with these terms that this one has verbally given to you and we can then begin!" it says excitedly, wiggling its butt in its chair with a squeak, the electronic notepad turned to her, with a wall of text, and a space on the bottom for her to sign that says, "By signing here, you agree to these terms."

Without hesitation, she signed away with her finger, "There we go."

"Wonderful!" K-2003 jumps from its chair, happily walking over to Ari, the toy raising its hand for her to stand, "Please follow this one. And to note, you are under a nondisclosure agreement for anything you see is still in development and you are not allowed to speak of it to anyone, does this one make itself clear?"

"Sure, sure, all good. As long as I get to have fun paying off my debt," she replies with a big smile on her face, standing up, her nicely sized bust, bouncing within her shirt.

K-2003 gives a bigger grin, its latex body shining, the scent of rubber and raspberries coming off of its well-polished skin, "Please, follow this one," it says, motioning her to follow.

"Yes K-2003," she replies, leaving the other toy to tidy up the tiny office that is attached to a large bedroom studio and a kitchen off to the side. K-2003's hips sway side to side with each step, body squeaking, it going to the right to the door that leads to the hallway of the toy testing room. The smell of rubber and a fainter smell of sex lingers in the hallway, a customer enters one of the rooms just moments later followed by one of the toys on the sales floor. K-

2003 turns toward the end of the hallway where they are, and with a set of secret moves, reveals the hidden elevator which dings open, "Please, users first," it holds the door open for her.

"Why is there a secret elevator here?" she asks, stepping inside.

K-2003 follows as it secretly breaks its seal on its sex with its clitoral hood, flooding the elevator with its arousing and intoxicating aroma of its female juices, "Why not?" K-2003 answers.

"I can't really argue with that," she responds, taking deep excited breaths which arouses her further the farther down they go. The door dings, opening to reveal a laboratory and computer lab mixed setting filled with rubber does and gazelles busy at work, the scent of latex heavy in the air.

K-2003 calls out to the female purple and black rubber doe toy in a white lab coat, "X-2953, how goes everything?"

X-toy bleats, "Toy Mistress! Everything is alright, just been busy and hectic. Working on the dream doll model."

"Well you are in luck," K-2003 says, sauntering over to the toy, leaning in, and gently rubbing a finger along its muzzle, "This one has gotten you a volunteer to work on the model."

"Really? Wonderful! Thank you, Toy Mistress, this will help our research," X-2953 bleats with joy, looking over to Ari who is enthralled by all the toys around her.

"If you don't mind, this one will watch to see how this test goes."

"Of course, Toy Mistress, this one is happy to oblige," it says, squeaking its way over to Ari, "This way please. We have many tests to do and little time!"

Ari smiles and nods, panting, feeling the building desire within her loins, nipples hardening, seeing the half-naked toys all around her, the purple doe, grabbing her hand gently, feeling the smooth warm rubber hoofed fingertips along her soft human skin, moving her along down a set of hallways to a room off to the side. As they step inside with K-2003 in toe, the lights flicker on revealing a sleek faceless black rubber humanoid shaped drone. It stands on simple pointed feet, seemingly impossibly balanced. Off to the side on a stand is a silver metal collar.

K-2003 keeps its sex unsealed, filling this room with its arousing scent, the doe toy, bleats looking over to its Maker knowingly, wiggling its butt, its own arousal growing while it grabs the collar, "This collar here will allow your thoughts more or less travel to the doll. It will read those thoughts and determine what it can do to provide you with the utmost pleasure," explains the doe toy.

K-2003 adds, "We are still working on ways to improve the technology and keep within international guidelines when it comes to people's privacy and mind reading."

Ari follows the doe toy, looking toward the doll then back at the collar, "So this is going to read my mind?"

X-2953 answers, "Sort of but not really. It reads the emotional desires, and uses the brain's impulses, to get an idea of what you want. Overtime it gets close to simulated mind reading as the doll gets accustomed to a person's unique thought patterns. We will be doing a

series of tests that will build upon that machine learning technology to A. Give a better default to a first-time user, and B improve the overall experience the doll can give as a user uses the product. Which is where you come in. We need an actual user for this, as we toys are too easy to read to be of any challenge,” it grabs the collar, unlocking it, moving over to Ari.

“I think I understand. This will be rather fun. I hope I don’t break it with the fantasies my mind contains,” she responds with a chuckle, looking toward the doll with ever increased excitement, not caring that her bulge in her shorts is rather obvious.

“That is what we hope!” K-2003 says with an excited rump wiggle, squeaking loudly, watching as the cool metal collar is placed around Ari’s neck.

“Now, this one just needs to activate it, you might feel a soft tingle when it happens,” X-2953 warns, the collar locking around her neck, a soft prick and tingle running down her spine, up into her mind, feeling her with an aroused warmth.

“Oh... oh,” she responds with a soft moan.

“Everything good?” inquires X-2953.

“Y-yes... I feel great,” she pants softly, the doe toy stepping back, up beside K-2003 as they watch, looking toward the doll as it begins to stir. She swallows a lump in her throat, her body shivering in delight, bulge growing tighter, eyes locked on the creature,

The smooth bulbous face of the drone glows showing electronic lettering “User detected. Connecting... connection established. Scanning outlining thoughts... thoughts scanned. Initiating prime programing.” The smooth rubber on the drone ripples and rolls across its body, like a gelatin ooze, starting to drip like some kind of glue rubber monster, its shape becoming that of a large feral utahraptor. Muzzle, teeth, but no eyes, sleek dripping rubber from its claws, it lets out an arousing growl, though between the drone’s legs is a throbbing bulge that drips as if it was dripping in need.

Ari gulps, taking a step back, “Good raptor. Nice raptor. I’m just here to...” her eyes locked on the creature, it rushed toward her. She tries to instinctively flee but the claws grip her, the gooey rubber slides across her soft skin, going under her shirt, and clothes, crawling across her body. While she pants heavily, feeling the warm rubber slides cross her body, caressing her sides, crawling up around her bust. She continues to fight, the idea of being overpowered by a larger feral creature intoxicating, “No, please. This isn’t what I really want,” she moans out, struggling as the goo tendrils around her buttons and zipper, pulling the zipper down, undoing the buttons, popping out her shirt, revealing her heavy breasts, freeing her pants from her body as they along with her pink panties are rolled down her body, revealing her heavy balls and twitching throbbing, pre-cum dribbling cock.

The drone responds with a feral synthetic growl, which sends shivers down her spine, she tries to move, slipping free from the claws for a moment, but the goo around her legs stick and string along themselves, making it ever harder to move, as the strands become harder to pull apart the more of the thick gooey rubber covers her, the drone easily taking the stalking steps towards her, to hold her back into place.

The drone playfully growls, holding her nice and tight, she shudders as her cock twitches, poking out of the waterfalling rubber that the creature constantly flows across her body. The feral raptor drone, reaches down, thick black rubber tongue sliding out, gooping up her length, coiling around it like a melting glue stick snake. Suckling and pulling the member into its mouth, bobbing its head up and down ever faster, its feral growls, sending vibrations into her length.

Ari moans out, gasping, back arching, hips bucking into the creature's mouth, feeling the pleasure shoot up through her body, the warm coating of rubber around her, so thick and goopy, like honey but slick like wet rubber along a waterslide, making it easy for her to buck her hips instinctively into the creature's mouth, her pent up arousal making it easy to shoot off her first load, allowing her to scream out in ecstasy.

K-2003 walks around the pair, keeping a safe enough distance that the rubber on the ground, which rolls over and back up into the drone, keeping only a localized gooey rubbery mess on the ground. "Oh, very interesting, seems it is already doing a forced fantasy play with feral rubber goo glue creature. Though we have to make sure this model doesn't replace other models we can do," K-2003 says with a sagely nod, looking over to X-toy.

"Of course, Toy Mistress, this one will try not to obsolete the older toy models," it bleats happily watching.

Ari meanwhile screams out again, a second climax hitting her from her hypersensitive cock, streams of hot cum shoot up into the drone's suckling mouth. Her breasts covered in some of the thick rubbery glue but her hard perk tanned nipples shown through, her arousal growing even higher, balls churning out another load within moments, K-2003's arousing aroma that has permeated through the room has completely overridden the natural cool down period of her body, as she is driven to feel a higher state of bliss, "Please no more, I can't take a-a--aaahhhhh!" she exclaims, cumming again.

Her cock throbs hard, aching so stiff that she can feel it along her entire length, body feeling a level of exhaustion dragged over her, while her hips buck harder against the suckling mouth, already being worked to build in another consecutive forced climax, the drone wanting to bring her to the point of breaking and then some, draining her balls of every drop of seed they could possibly produce, wanting to get her to that point of dry orgasm where only pleasure can result from the strained lust that it is giving her.

Ari pants heavily, hands shaking, she squirms and wiggle, the pleasure at this point is almost painful but beyond what she could have ever hoped for in delight, watching K-2003 admire her state of lust and delight, while reading her facial expression as to better understand everything that is occurring in her mind without actually reading it like the drone before her. The toy lost in its own work while the doe bleats happily and takes notes.

"Please no more, no more!" she finally forces the feral drone away from her mouth, her cock shooting out a dry orgasm just as she pulls away, the cock twitching and pulsating, feeling so hard between her legs, bouncing with each step, flicking bits of gooey rubber away from it, back to the feral raptor which simply absorbs it. A thick layer of black rubbery goo glue

covering most of her body. She only manages to get a few steps the thick strands of rubber make it feel like she's moving through a melted marshmallow, barely possibly and spreading more, getting all over her body.

K-2003 tilts its head, "You say that, but if you meant it, the dream doll would stop. Wouldn't it X-2953?"

"That it would Toy Mistress," X-toy responds with an affirmative nod, jotting down more notes.

The dripping rubber raptor casually catches up to Ari, making her realize just how helplessly ensnared she is in the drone raptor's goo. There is no escape for her now as it grips her again. She tenses, a shiver running down her spine, her brown tan cock completely hidden under the gooey black rubber. She freezes ready to feel that drone raptor's mouth around her length once again as its head goes down, but then something unexpected yet wanted happens.

The drone's tongue washes over her bare nipple, coating it in the gooey black rubber, it bites it gently tugging at it, sending waves of delight through Ari's body. Her breasts jiggle as she lets out a shuddering moan, her legs feeling weak, unsure if she is now even able to stand if it wasn't for the aid of the feral raptor drone that was keeping her in place.

The thick rubber flows over the entire bust, making them grow larger, and larger, feel as if they were swelling while squeezing and massaging her entire bust, giving them a firm rubber sheeted fondle, the drone though simply suckles and tugs at the hard nipple, drawing it into its mouth, pulling the nipple outward in the tight impossible vacuum that the creature is able to make. Her areola grows fatter, thicker, even more sensitive, driving her to somehow climax just from the pleasure alone. Her cock twitches and bounces up, jerking as if it was spewing wads of cum, but her balls are unable to keep up with the demand, her body already well past empty as she is continuously taken.

K-2003 continues to watch curiously, "How long is this test going to last?" it asks the doe toy.

"This one is not sure, as long as needed?"

K-2003 smiles happily, wiggling its butt in delight, "That works for this one, does it work for you Ari?"

Ari shudders, wanting to say something when the process of nipple suckling and expansion is repeated over her other breast, the unexpected level of delight causes her to only moan out in trembling anticipation of the growing pleasure within her. Her cock so spent and aching that its straining to simply remain hard as even it is growing a level of exhaustion from exercising its tight climaxing muscles, prostate aching, trying to make more juices for her cum to stew in, but it's well past its own limits, drawing Ari to a new stage of sexual nirvana, a total unadulterated level of lust that she could never ask for but only wish to be thrust upon her with every fiber of her being. To be taken so hard that there is nothing left for her to give, yet she wants even more to be taken. She climaxes again as her response.

"This one will take that as a yes!" K-2003 exclaims with glee.

“No, wait... need a break,” Ari thought, her words gone dry, mouth raspy, panting hard, trying to draw out every bit of energy she can to even remain conscious at this point as deep down she didn’t want it to stop. She wanted this to continue, perhaps forever. Her darkest desire to be used and taken and be close to this creature bubbling into her mind, the drone reading out the thoughts, analyzing them, and making its own conclusions as to what to do next.

The rubber spreads across Ari’s body, covering every inch of her form, absorbing her hair, making her like a bald rubber pseudo drone. She squirms and moans, trying to break free, the drone holding her there, as it begins to split open down the middle, the wet dripping form revealing an inflatable cushioned inside.

“Oh, look it really wants you to join it for extended play, how wonderful,” K-2003 says cheerfully.

Ari’s eyes bulge looking into that cushioned rubber inflatable inside, that is dripping with gooeyness. Thick dripping rubber tendrils reach out, coiling around her limbs, the raptor drone helping lift and pull her toward the opening, her body shuddering in the anticipation of feeling herself slide into the creature, and soon enough that fearful wanting dream that she is trying so hard to resist and accept as something that *she deeply wants*, is becoming a reality.

The rubber gooey slides into the creature, her legs wiggling, forced apart, the rubber still thick and stranding between her legs as she is forced to fill out the raptor’s legs. She grunts and moans body turned to face out toward K-2003 and X-2953 that watch her slide ever deeper against the creature, the sound of squeaking loud and drawn out as if someone’s wet hand was rubbing along the outside of a latex balloon.

K-2003 waves toward her, “Bye! Enjoy yourself. This one thinks that it's set up to a glue rubber that will tightly bind and glue yourself in there once it settles, you will be tightly bound and helpless within the drone’s body as it continues to read your mind and get a constant beat and upgrade on what you want to feel! Isn’t that great?!” K-2003 says with a happy jump, softly squeaking, rubbing its chin, “At least that is what it's supposed to do this one thinks if it's watching this correctly.”

“That’s right Toy Mistress, it *should* do that,” X-toy responds.

Ari moans, sliding in deeper into the drone, feeling her cock pop into that bulge that’s between its legs, the slick gooey rubber filling it out, locking her cock into that constantly squeezing, pulsating bulge. She shivers, about to say something as her arms are forced into the creature’s arms, her body forced to fill out that creature, mouth being filled by the thick rubber, air tubes attached to her nostrils, preparing her for a very long stay in the creature.

Already she can feel the rubber glue within the creature start to set as her body is positioned perfectly within it. The rubber opening begins to seal itself, just as her head pops into the drone’s head, her body forced into a feral position the inflated rubber body holding her hostage, the dream doll becoming who she is from the outside, which torments and teases her, body dripping of rubber, the suit connecting to her collar, feeding her pleasure, feeling her own form being teased and pleased while trying to transfer the high octane pleasure that the dream doll feels, confusing her mind while tripling her pleasure. The seal completes, bound and

helpless within the doll, she looks out to the two toys that are talking amongst themselves, already preparing for what kind of tests to do to the doll with her trapped inside. This was going to be a very, very long trial period.