

## Toys-4-U Relations: Charity Auction

Brian feels the tight squeeze of latex around his body. The human is tightly bound within the sleek rubbery embrace of a sergal suit. He stretches, moaning, feeling a shiver run down his spine, the smell and taste of latex is heavily clouding his senses. He feels the double sensation of his human skin and the latex skin across his body. He shivers, feeling a tail twitch, coiling his toes, running his claws across the soft bed sheets, "That was a unique night," he remarks, yawning, "Morning Toy," he says, turning to his side, seeing no one beside him. He sits up with a squeak, looking around, the magenta-pink sergal with cherry-red highlights stretches again. The cool air around his back and hip handles send pleasure into him, feeding his morning wood, the twitching cherry-red sergal cock, and a soft wiggle of his clitoral hood and female sex hidden behind his balls.

"K-2003?" he calls out, stepping out of the room, looking around, feeling the cool air across his rubber, adding to the delightful feeling, his member twitches, breasts bounce a little, stepping into the living room, seeing no one is there, but notices a little folded note on the small kitchen counter.

"I wonder what's happened," he mutters, walking up to the counter, his hips swaying a little, the body itself seeming to want to show off his form more than he'd ever do when he wore his Lugia suit.

He picks up the folded card note, reading, "To one of the best of many Brians it knows."

He chuckles, "What's with it and clumping me with other Brians? It's rather amusing and cute actually," he comments, reading the inside written in descent cursive hand-writing in cyan colored pen pink.

"This one apologies it can't be there to make you breakfast. But it had to leave about an hour after you fell asleep to get back to work. This one does want to talk to you about the idea it mentioned last night. Once you've eaten (There is food in the refrigerator and the cupboard, the fanciest noble food possible in all the land!) please head down the stairs and return toward its office. Just knock on the door. It will hear you, we sergals are known for our good hearing, didn't you know. Hope you had a good rest, looks like this one is running out of space to write, sorry!"

He chuckles, "You know you didn't have to write that apology... who am I even talking to?" he remarks, going to the refrigerator, curious to see what he finds inside. He opens it to reveal a quart of milk, an apple, and some orange juices, "Well, not sure where they get the most noble food around," he mutters, opening the cupboard, revealing a box of cereal, "King Kugel's Royal Chocolate Cereal."

"Ah... I get it now," he chuckles, finding a bowl and spoon, making himself a quick bowl of cereal. For many people it would be odd to eat while in a rubber sex suit, weird still to do so while having a bit of morning wood going on, but this was nothing new in particular to him. Wearing his shadow Lugia had been eating in public while protected by his rubber a form. Yet wearing this new suit was still a bit of an experience, feeling his mouth full of rubber, chewing the chocolatey bits with a crunch and a squeak, getting a menagerie of flavor that the makers of

the cereal would have never even conceived of, is now around his pallet, and its uniquely delightful in a way that someone like himself could fully enjoy.

After enjoying his 'royal' meal, he cleans his dishes, making sure everything is put away, "For such a 'royal' meal, I'd hate to leave her place like I was a slob," he remarks, exiting, heading down the hallway, seeing that same security guard he saw in the break room the night before, making his way to his room. He doesn't even acknowledge the naked hermaphrodite toy as he passes, the desire to get a good night's rest is the only thing on his mind, in his weary eyes.

Slipping past the elevator, down the stairwell he makes his way past the currently empty breakroom, passed another set of doors, till he reaches the backdoor. On the front it says "K-2003's Office. Please knock" with a little sticky note right below it that says "If you didn't read my first note Brian. Please knock. ^^"

"Well, she is thorough to say the least," he says, knocking on the door. A few moments pass when the door swings open, revealing a smooth black latex anthropomorphic female sea dragon, dressed in a blue and purple mixture tight fitting receptionist dress with matching handles on her hips, the collar around its neck with the tag the reads E-2453.

Brian waves, "Oh, hello. Is K-2003 there?"

The faceless dragon toy nods, "Toy Mistress is. It's finishing up a meeting. If you want to wait on the bed, she'll be seeing you shortly," it says, stepping off the side, letting him in. Though with no face, the dragon toy spoke clearly, seductively, and without hindrance the voice seeming to just emanate where her lips would be.

"Working hard isn't she?" Brian asks, walking past the small kitchen and dining room, over to the large black rubbery canopy bed. The door to its office is closed, making it impossible to hear what's going on the inside.

"Toy Mistress is always working for the benefit of others and the company," it says, closing the door behind him, following in his footsteps toward the bed.

"That toy certainly is, but whoever thinks a toy has business meetings and the like."

"Toy Mistress made this one in order to assist it in its daily business run activities."

"Ah... does that mean you should be there in the meeting?" Brian asks, sitting on the bed with a squeak, the smell of latex even heavier in the air, the sheets polished to a reflective shine, showing off his magenta pink and cherry red body.

"Toy Mistress specifically told this one to stay outside and be ready to receive you as its guest. It's very excited to run by its proposal with you but other duties come first," it says, walking past him, the toy leaning forward with a squeak, the tight skirt squeaking loudly, tail hiked, revealing that purplish blue colored sex hidden underneath the dress, so warm and delicious looking that it's hard for him to ignore, his own member twitching, female sex clenching. All the while the toy smooths out the bed sheets with a loud squeak, tail and butt swaying side to side.

"Well, I'm glad that's the case... so you're a full toy like she is right?" he asks curiously.

"That this one is, made by Toy Mistress itself," it responds, fluffing out the pillows, keeping the tail hiked, seemingly purposely showing off to him.

Brian swallows a lump in his throat, being reminded of just how eager his loins are, tensing in delight he moves closer, hand gently touching one of her handles with a long teasing squeak, “That’s good to know, so that means you feel this?”

The toy shivers, moaning out softly, “Y-yes, this one does.”

“And…” he says, gripping it tightly, swinging himself behind her to grip the other handle, “If my need for you to receive me, included receiving a bit of myself?” he asks with a grin, pushing her down onto the bed with a squeak, hiking her butt up, tail running across his chest, between his breasts, feeling so delightful as he gives the handles a powerful twisting squeeze.

The toy moans out, toes clenching, ear fins fluttering, “This one will be happy to receive you,” it moans, sex winking at him.

“Not like a toy can really say no to their guests,” Brian chuckles, feeling a rush of power, that is enhanced by having such control over the toy’s body, holding it by the handles, “No wonder I love handles so much,” he chuckles, grinding his twitching, throbbing, aching pre-cum dribbling cherry-red cock against her sensitive rubbery folds.

A loud squeak can be heard as he grinds himself against her, the hot toy juices running along his length, adding to the slickness and the loudness of the squeaks, the dress adding a bounce to his initial thrusts, rubber banding him back, due to its tight and constrictive nature.

“Bondage clothing that isn’t bondage… now that’s an idea,” he chuckles, putting that in the back of his mind, slipping his length into the toy, which happily squeezes and milks the length with a loud squeak.

“Oh yes… take this one,” it moans, claws gently squeezing the bed sheets, wrinkling them, its breasts squeezed even more between the tight dress and the bed, adding to the embracing feeling of rubber that fills it with joy and pleasure.

Tantalizing delights flood the toy’s mind, its smooth featureless face, reflecting in the bed sheets, seeing itself there with the faint reflection of the sergal toy over it, making it think of times it had with its Maker, but right now was no less wondrous and delightful. It’s hot female folds squeeze down on the penetrating cock, feeling every ridge and contour of the member as it pierces into it.

Brian couldn’t help but shudder and moan, the pleasure of his length delving deep into the toy’s mineshaft, finding the hidden treasures within. The tight fit of the toy’s sex, making it feel like it was made specifically for him. Despite his real member being contained and covered in a layer of latex, all the pleasure seemed to be transferred over to him, perhaps even enhanced as there was a sensation of there being more cock to drive into her than his human length could actually provide.

The toy balls smack against her warm vent with a wet squelch, hot toy juices leaking down onto his member, balls, wetting his thighs and the toy’s own. The bounciness of the clothing the drone toy wears allows him to take her even harder, faster, the rubber bouncing affect, allows to piston in and out of her like a machine, coupled by the tight hold of her super sensitive handles that continue to flood the toy with mind blowing blissful pleasures, that

continuously entrench the toy into loving every single moment of its existence as a pleasure object.

“Harder! Harder!” the toy begs him, tail coiling around his body with a squeak, purposely moving across his hip handles, adding to his tease, reminding Brian a fraction of the delights he’s giving her, but the own mind-bending pleasure of having handles that one can grip and take his tight ass with.

“Fuck yes... I am trying, I don’t top as often,” he says, squirming, moaning, feeling his breasts bounce, all these subtle pleasures that his new latex clad body gives him, giving him glimpses into another world of what another body could feel like. The advanced Toys-4-U technology, being utilized to open up his horizon and feeling what another feels, helping him learn new ways to take and pleasure the toy. Not only is he gripping the handles, squeezing them, the inner corners of the handle he runs his fingers along, a secret hidden handle “G spot” that sends the toy wild with delight.

The heat within her loins burns hotter. More fuel is added to the lustful hellish fires within her. The toy is trained to handle such wondrous delights but is more than able to express just how good it feels, adding to the ambience of the moment. It’s toes curl, head constantly rubbing against the bed sheets with a loud squeak. The toy’s body is barely able to contain itself, unable to hold back the physical expression of the pleasure and delight it is receiving. But the mental and physical barrier within it that keeps the toy from climaxing is there. Unable to feel the blissfulness of release, but in the end it doesn’t matter. The toy is providing a service to a very important customer that Maker has taken a shine to, and in doing this service is all the delights it really needs, though far from all that it wants. Bucking its hips hard against the toy, its skirt riding up against its body with long and loud squeaks.

The bed rocks against Brian’s constant pounding against the dragon toy before him. Her wonderful body is a sight to behold. Her tight squeeze via tail and her sex was welcoming him to try to go deeper, to get his balls to smack against her sex, while his own pleasure built up, but at a pace that was driving him wild and mad. He wanted to feel the bliss of climax, but it was not going as quickly as he’d hoped. Without a suit he feels he might have climaxed twice over at this point, but here, the mountain is still being climbed to reach his peak and unleash himself into the toy.

What made things even worse is that he has more pleasurable aching, needy winking sexual organs that are begging to be touched. A phallic prehensile sergal clitoral hood squirms and wiggles like a snake, rubbing itself against his own female folds, dripping with hot toy juices, squeaking, aching, fingering himself with the clitoral hood in ways that were more instinctual than anything methodical. All in an effort to build up the growing pressure within his loins.

His breasts bounce, panting, moaning, the bed rocking side to side with each heavy thrust, ensure how long he’s been taking this divine draconic angel of lustful pleasures. This faceless drone of sin, but he doesn’t care no wonder on it. All he knows is he’s got to go faster, harder, stronger, deeper. Every fiber of his being is being drawn into the effort of taking the toy,

not willing to let go of the handles, feeling that this is the best chance for him to have it for all its worth, but that doesn't stop him from leaning over on top of the toy, climbing more onto the bed, its own breasts pressing against the toy's back, the toy skirt is now fully rid up on the toy's body giving only the minimal bounce back that he had at the beginning, forcing him to do even more to get the same blissful result.

Chugging along, pitoning himself into the toy, aching, shuddering, moaning, his own tail hiked up, the cool air of his exposed sex and clit hood felt, adding a subtle tease to his pleasure, but in this moment all his focus was on simply to take this toy for every bit he can, a wonderful way to get rid of his morning wood and to burn the time till K-2003 was ready to receive him.

K-2003 though was ready to give as well as to receive. It silently watched from the door frame, having finished its meeting less than a minute ago. Saying nothing it slinks its way behind the two, admiring the entrenched lustful delights that they found themselves in, the toy breaking its seal from its clit hood, flooding the room with its arousing aroma.

Brian takes deep breaths, feeling the lust burn through his body, his lungs aching him to go harder, breath deeper, to muster every ounce of energy he can to dominate the toy. His mind addled but hazy of lust he has no clue that he's about to be flanked by the very toy he's been waiting for.

K-2003 grins, bending down, getting a good look at Brian's twisting and turning female sex as he is frantically trying to double please himself. The toy wiggles its butt in excitement, toes curling, tail hiking, head being kept low to avoid the bouncing tail from Brian's endless thrusts, *"Very good, this one thinks it will work out perfectly, but it should reward him for his efforts in testing the suit... perhaps it will desirable the climax blocker from the suit it enabled before it left,"* it thinks, moving in closer, reaching out to grip Brian's handles, causing him to stop suddenly, feeling the explosive pleasure shooting through his thighs.

"Oh fuck me..." Brian exclaims, shuddering arching his back in delight, tail hiking more, the sudden stop of sex, causes the dragon drone to moan out in delight squeezing the cock even tighter as it remains half lodged within its body.

"This one will if you insist," K-2003 says, squeezing the handles, twisting its hands across them, rubbing that secret pleasure spot while its long cyan forked tongue slips out of its mouth, licking across his back starting along the tail base, working its way up, only stopping to allow the toy to wet its tongue again and continue the long and delightful tease.

Brian shudders in delight, trying to move but finds the toy's grip is surprisingly strong, powerful and most importantly controlling. The cool air felt align the trail along his back, he closes his eyes tensing, feeling the toy reach to the back of his neck, then along the side of his head, the toy's tongue tickles his inner ear, whispering, "This one thinks you will love what it has in store for you," before giving his ear a soft suckle, nibbling it, while it positions itself behind him, lifting his tail higher, pressing its hips underneath his tail, its clit hood reaching out to touch his own.

Brian tenses, biting his lower lip, heart racing, his clit hood, still inexperienced, wiggles against K-2003's touch, but soon it's taken and is coiled around the far more experienced sergal

toy that's behind him. He feels its breasts press against his back, pressing him down against the dragon toy, sandwiching him between the two.

K-2003 lets out a soft squeaky moan, its female sex pressing close to Brian's, the clitoris playing and twisting, but it doesn't take long for K-2003's sensitive rubber cyan flesh to take the lead, rubbing along Brian's vent, occasionally dipping into its own, drenching Brian's sex in the toy's hot arousing pleasure juices, which only causes his aching needs to bubble up more.

Brian's balls ache in delight, feeling himself grow so pent up, ready to explode at any moment, his hips now being forced to buck up against the dragon toy, with the help of K-2003 as it keeps his hips tightly pressed up against its own. He feels the toy behind him, position itself to take command of his own thrusting, forcing him to pound into the toy, his female sex and cock now being double pleased by the one single toy, perhaps using him as a strap on to pound into the dragon drone toy which moans out in delight.

"Toy Mistress... your meeting is over," it moans, aching in delight, knowing that each thrust is coming from its Maker, which only increases the pleasure it is feeling.

"It wasn't too long, and now this one has a moment to please both of you till it has more work to do," it says with a sly grin, slamming Brian back into the toy, while it grinds itself nice and hard against the human's rubber sergal suited body.

"Thank you, Toy Mistress," E-2453 moans out in delight.

Brian can't put the words together, he pants heavily, feeling himself become exhausted from the constant teasing and fucking by the two toys, his body aching for that wonderful release that seems to be out of reach. His female sex burning hotter, aching, that instinctive desire to have something in there, to slip in nice and deep, to be taken swelling up in his mind, competing with the other side of the coin. The desire to drive himself nice and deep into the toy before him. His cock aching, twitching, straining, dribbling copious amounts of pre-cum, unsure how he's able to contain himself for this long.

The loud squeaks fill the room, the bed creaks under the weight, shifting slightly but K-2003 takes these moments to dive deeper into the human, wanting him to be reach a new state of nirvana that he never thought possible. For being such a wonderful customer, he deserved as much. And it would be good if he had a release before it really gets to work in letting him really embrace what kind of fuck toy he's going to be being for sometime. The thoughts of the joy he'll feel, and the goodness of its actions that will fill the world, press it on, all the while it monitors him, waiting for just the right moment to remove the stoppers on his climax.

"Fuck... fuck... oh fuck," Brian says, unable to put together any other words, his entire body aching, burning, feeling so very good, being strained to the very brink of what he can do. Exhaustion trying to weasel his way in, but he fights it, not wanting to let go of this moment, to embrace it and hold onto it as much as he humanly can.

K-2003 sensing this break, the limits of his organic body, it leans over, nuzzling into his ear, licking along the inside, making him shudder, whispering, "This one thinks it's about time

you let go.” The command word silently triggered, the stoppers on Brian’s climax are stripped away.

Brian lets out a yell of pleasure, groaning out, feeling his balls pull up, a hot rush of seed gushing out of his member, his female sex, twitching, instinctively milking K-2003’s clitoral hood for all its worth, gushing out hot translucent cherry-red female sergal cum, while his human essence is drained from his sergal cock, milked and squeezed right out of him and into the expertly crafted folds of the dragon toy.

“This one thinks you should enjoy a release too E-2453,” K-2003 says, the toy letting out a draconic trill of pleasure, its fear fins fluttering, squeezing Brian’s cock even harder while its hot juices gush all over the aching, throbbing member.

K-2003 smiles, watching them enjoy themselves, K-2003 pumping itself, grinding nice and hard against Brian’s rear, mimicking the sensation of someone pounding and dumping themselves into his folds, a sensation that leaves him a little wanting, a budding pleasure of delight of what it feels like to be a hermaphrodite sergal toy.

As the last bit of seed is taken from him, Brian collapse onto the dragon drone toy, who happily supports him, nuzzling his face, while K-2003 is on top of both of them, the toy releasing Brian’s handles, letting the pleasure and sensitivity of the moment slowly come back down.

K-2003 nuzzles and licks the dragon toy’s muzzle, “Good toy, you’ve done well.”

E-toy shudders, moaning, “Thank you Toy Mistress,” it says, giving Brian’s cock a firm eager squeeze, making him grunt and moan in the process.

“And you did very well, this one hopes you don’t mind a workout so soon after you ate... this one assumes you saw its note and had breakfast right? It is the most important meal of the day, don’t you know?” it asks, slipping off them, its clit hood sealing up once again, but the lingering arousing aroma in the air will take some time to dissipate, keeping both dragon drone toy and Brandon in a slightly heightened state of arousal despite the amount of release they just had.

Brian pants heavily, tensing as he pulls out of the dragon toy, his cock twitching in the cool air, coated with the toy’s juices. He slides onto his back looking up, seeing K-2003 looking at him as it sits by his head, the toy giving a friendly smile. He takes a moments to collect his thoughts, to fully comprehend what the toy just asked him after what just happened, “Ah... yes. I did.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump in excitement while the dragon toy, slips off the bed, smoothing out its dress, “Wonderful! This one is so happy that you had a good breakfast. Fit for royalty you know. It said so on the box,” it states with an affirmative nod.

Brian tilts his head, “You know that’s just marking right?”

“This one does.”

“Okay... I was just checking.”

E-2453 gives a bow, “Thank you Toy Mistress for the fun, if you don’t mind, this one will need to freshen itself up before it can appropriately resume its duties. Do you mind if it does so?”

K-2003 waves it off, “Yes, that is fine. This one thanks you for being such a good receptionist and receptioning all of what Brian was giving,” it says with a nod.

Brian lets out a soft chuckle, still trying to catch his breath, his member now half flaccid, partially in his sheath, twitching every so often, “I don’t think that is what you are trying to say. Also, I don’t think receptioning is a word.”

“If it’s not a word, how could this one say it?” it asks tilting its head.

Brain chuckles, “I am far too tired to get into a word debate with you toy. And thank you for that little bit of fun right there. I was going to ignore my needs but when I saw the toy there, and knew it was able to be taken... how often do you get to fuck the receptionist and it be okay?”

“Normally never! So this one is glad you enjoyed yourself,” it says with a rump wiggle, breasts hanging over Brian’s head, arms squeezing them together, the toy keeping its attention locked on him.

“Good to know about that. So, now that we are done with my morning routine, and rather... fresh, and I don’t think I can’t move my arms and legs at the moment, what did you want to talk about?”

K-2003 gasps, “You can’t move your arms and legs?! That means you must be having circulatory problems! That’s not good. This one was sure we fixed that probably decades ago!”

“No, no, I mean I am too tired to move them. Circulation is just fine, please relax toy,” says Brian, not bothering to move at all, simply enjoying the view as his heart continued to pound, the excitement of the moment slowly leveling off.

“Oh... oh! How silly of this one, it does apologize. But yes, we have something to talk about. This one was wondering if you’d be open to doing some charity work.”

Brian raises an eye ridge, forcing himself to sit up, turning to face it, “Charity work? Like a poker charity competition? I’ve done plenty of those and am rather experienced in it.”

“That is not what this one was actually trying to get at. What this one was trying to say is that it will be going to its local BDSM convention called the Leashed Freedom Convention. It’s wondering if you would like to participate in the charity auction that they are going to have later today?”

“Leashed Freedom Convention? I think I’ve heard of that one. It’s been around for a long time hasn’t it?”

“Several decades running and going strong. It’s the convention that Toys-4-U made their first debut, and this one’s first convention!” it exclaims with excitement.

“Oh that’s a big convention for you then.”

“That it is, this one tries to go there every year, though it hasn’t been able to stay the whole time, but anyway, this one was about to get a little off topic.”

“You get off topic? Never.”

“Yes, this one does try, but it does happen. It likes to stay very focused on what it needs to do. And this convention is a rather fun one, and it’s going to be going over there to have some donations for people to bid on and it thought you might like to help.”

“Oh, you’d like me to help run it with you?”



K-2003 shakes its head, “No, even better! This one would like to auction you off!” it states excitedly.

Brian tilts his head to the side, giving the toy a curious look, “Uh... you know you can’t auction off people right? That’s been illegal for centuries. Unless you want to fake me being a toy and auction me off. That’s been illegal for decades.”

“What? No, no, no. Nothing like that. This one wants to auction off your time to pretend to be a toy and advertise the new toy suit product that you are wearing. Not only are you helping me get the advertisement set up like yesterday, but now you can help this one have people really see the product and have firsthand reviews. Whoever wins the auction will be vetted and everyone will be informed beforehand that you are volunteering your time to be a toy for them till the end of the predetermined period of time.”

“And, now you have me curious, about how long is this time?”

“Well, it will be at minimum a week, at maximum a month depending on how good the auction goes. It’s one of those rolling auctions where the rewards improve the higher you bid! Doesn’t that sound exciting? This one would join in itself but it’s not allowed to do such things and it’s not in a position to donate that much of its time. It’ll be doing a night with one lucky user but that’s the most it can do,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“This is certainly going to be a different kind of experience, but before I say anything for or against, I have one big question.”

“This one would be happy to answer any question you have,” it says with an affirmative squeaky nod, wiggling its rump, tensing in excitement, preparing itself to answer them, giving him a determined look.

“Not the level of response I was thinking of, but okay, what charity is the money going to?”

“Oh it’s going to the local Children’s hospital, predominantly the cancer ward. Fighting cancer is a very important fight.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” he says, smiling, “Alright, then I’m in. Though depending on how long I’m auctioned off, I might have to move my schedule around.”

“Don’t worry this one will help work out those pesky little details. Come, come! This one wants to get you all set up and ready for the auction. The kinkiest and funnest way possible!” it exclaims bouncing off the bed, walking over toward the door that leads into the toy testing room hallway, “Come, come!” it says waving him toward it.

“I’m coming!” he says with a soft sigh, stepping off the bed, his legs wobbling but he quickly regains his composure, “Wow that really took a lot of out of me. You and your secretary are a really good fuck.”

“Why thank you. This one has had loads of practice, don’t you know,” it says with a grin.

“I can imagine just how many loads you’ve taken to be so good at your job.”

“Plenty! It takes a lot of long hard heavy workloads all the time!”

“I don’t know if you are being truthful in that meaning or doing a double meaning innuendo.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “This one was in your end, if that’s what you mean.”

“Uh... never mind,” he says, walking up to her.

“So, this one will explain there will be a lot of things we’ll have to go over, and to help you relax into this, it will put you under heavy toy conditioning so you can really play up being a sexy kinky toy. This one hopes that’s alright?” it asks, opening the door, holding it open for him to step through.

“You know me well enough to know that bondage is my jam, and I wouldn’t have gotten a suit that helps me overcome the shy nerd I am inside if I wasn’t okay with a little bit of toy play,” he responds, stepping out, K-2003 following right behind him.

“Good, good. This one wants to be sure, as you will be signing a few contractual agreements before we begin, but first, this one is about to show you a secret of the Toys-4-U place. A secret so important that you must never tell anyone about it. Do you understand?” it asks, putting a hint of seriousness in the tone of voice that through him for a loop.

“Ah... yeah sure. I wouldn’t divulge any of your secrets, or that related to Toys-4-U.”

K-2003’s eyes light up, “Wonderful!” it says, going to the end of the hallway.

“Uh, K-2003? That’s a wall.”

It looks over its shoulder with a sly grin, “Oh is it now?” it asks in a lewd seductive way, running its cyan claw against the wall, revealing a secret panel and with a press of a button the walls part, revealing an elevator, “Quick, come inside!” it exclaims holding the door open for him.

“A secret elevator, why I’ll be damned,” he remarks, hurrying inside.’

“This one thought you were Brian, not damned,” K-2003 says the doors closing, the toy pressing the fourth basement floor.

“Uh... it is Brian.”

“Then why did you want to be damned? Oh you said I’ll be damned... then this one will be K-2003, that alright with you damned? You trying to be all extra secretive with code names? Wait then this one should use a code name designation... K-toy! That will work!” it says with a nod.

Brian just stares at it for a moment, “Are you like this around everyone?”

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

“Never mind. But no, I’ll be Brian, and you can remain as you are.”

“Oh okay, but remember secret, Tell no one.”

“I won’t tell anyone about the secret elevator.”

“Good, and this lab.”

“What lab?” he asks, the doors swing open revealing a large white lab with all kinds of computer equipment, vats of rubber that are being analyzed and a half a dozen rubber gazelle, doe and other like hoofed toys that move about the room.

“Oh... this lab,” he says, stepping out, admiring the large literal underground operation the toy is running, surprised at the sophisticated machinery run by a bunch of rubber toys that are busily working on their next project.

“Yes, this lab, what other kind of lab did you think this one meant?” it asks with a soft rump smack, the pleasure of which makes him instinctively moan out in delight.

“Sorry, sorry, but I had no idea that under your Megastore you had a full-fledged secret lab.”

“Well how else do you think we keep up with making the best products for our customers? We can quickly and easily test some of our new products with our core audience nearby!” it says happily.

As they speak a purple and yellow striped anthropomorphic doe toy saunters over to them, it lets out a soft bleat, “Hello Toy Mistress! This one is glad to see you, and is this your friend you informed this one about?” asks the toy.

“Yes, this is Brian. Brian this is X-2953, this one’s top and best researcher toy that there is.”

The toy bleats and blushes, “Toy Mistress, you honor this one.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you X-2953. Though I think we’ve met before.”

“We have?” it asks with a soft squeak.

“Yeah, I bought the Lugia, Latios and Latias suits.”

“Oh yes! This one remembers! Those two suits are wonderful things. Your friends Ken and Ryan are here as well.”

“Wait they are here?”

K-2003 huffs, “X-toy, you ruined the surprise.”

X-2953 bleats, “Sorry Toy Mistress. This one didn’t know it was one.”

“That is this one’s fault then. Come, let’s show him what’s happening to his friends before we get him all set up for the trip to the city.”

“Is this why you wanted me to come down here? To see what kinky things you are doing to my friends?” he asks.

“Well... sort of. This one really needs you to sign the documents and they are down here as it sort of forgot to bring them upstairs after it had your friends sign their version of it,” it says super quickly.

“Oh...”

“No matter, X-toy, please lead the way to the pokéball chamber.”

“With pleasure Toy Mistress,” the purple doe toy bleats, leading them down the hallway into a nearby room where it opens up to a room where two clear but clearly pokéball shaped balls exactly like the ones that Brian remembers slipping into when he was put into that deep trance to make him feel like he was a rubber Lugia and not a human.

This version though was more translucent allowing him to see his two friends the red Latias, and the blue Latios. Brian clearly recalls that Ryan is in the female Latias rubber anthropomorphic pokémon suit. The gay human underneath was currently being fed some kind

of hypnotic gas, while their limbs were tightly held by the pokéball. They gently grinded and moaned against the rubber, squeaking inside, softly muttering in a feminine voice, “Toy is a good toy. It is a pokémon toy. It is a good girl toy.”

While Ken the far shyer human gently bucks and squeaks against the bondage, spread open and exposed as much as Ryan but their throbbing length is currently contained within a special null bulge that is constantly being teased and vibrated along, making him shudder, looking to be on edge, about to bust a nut, but like Brian not long ago, it was still somehow out of reach. His pokémon latex self-gave a glazed eyed look, moaning heavily, muttering in his soft femboy voice, “Toy is a good toy. It is a pokémon toy. It is a good boy toy. It loves to show off to others how sexy it is.”

Brian felt his heart begin to pick up the pace, his female sex twitching, cock growing a little harder within his sheath, the hint of arousal beginning to bud up within him again, despite how spent he was up above, “Oh... my.”

“There’s the papers!” exclaims K-2003 rushing over to a nearby computer desk that monitored Brian’s friends’ progress as they underwent their conditioning, “No that’s Ken... That’s Ryan... ah here it is, Brian!” it says, pulling out the relatively thick stack of papers, “If you sign the bottom here, initial here, here, here and here, and give your John Hancock on the very last page, this one will have everything legal under wraps so this one can begin to give you the most delightful time of your life while helping people in need.”

Brian looks over the two then back at the toy, grabbing the papers, giving a quick read through, “You know K-2003. If helping people was always like this, I think the world would have no problems left to solve,” he chuckles.

“Wouldn’t that be wonderful?” K-2003 says happily, “This one is trying its best to make the world a little bit of a better place than when it found it,” it says with a nod.

“I’ll say you’ve been doing a fantastic job with it,” he says, continuing to read through this, “Nothing here seems too disconcerting, though I will have to ask what kind of things will I be doing to get ready for this charity auction? I don’t think I’ll be put into that pokéball like my Lugia self, and this suit does come with its own hypnotic trancing.”

“True it doesn’t need to do that to you, but this one thinks it has a nice theme with you. The lustful crazy sergal toy that needs to be kept under tight lock and key otherwise it might get out and want to hump you! And have delicious naughty lewd pleasurable sex with you! So you are nice and tightened up for others’ protection.”

“I see... I do like where this is going, please continue,” he says, feeling himself grow even more aroused, his cherry red latex cock slipping further outside of his sheath, as he begins to initial some of the inside pages of the document.

“Well it was going to be putting you under heavy bondage, a nice straight jacket, on top of that. Along with rather fun conditioning that will help weaken any inhibitions you have left in that head of yours. But don’t worry your name will be stricken from the record and not said out in public. This one knows how reputations are and it doesn’t want to ruin them. People expect

this one to be as it is, but some people may not be accommodating for a world-famous poker player to have such a lewd and wonderful secret.”

“I do appreciate that. I keep your secret and you keep mine. That is a good tradeoff I think.”

“This one thought so too. So this one will get you all indoctrinated, using the suit, along with some arousing aromas that will keep you extra aroused and pent up. This one hopes you don’t mind that. It’s not sure when you’ll get another good release again, you might get someone who wants to keep you pent up the entire time it has you for auction. It’s not sure, it is one of those risks you will be carrying.”

“It is for the children, I think I will manage,” he says, feeling his eagerness grow, signing more of the document, paying less attention to all that it says within it, not double checking anything as he goes through.

“That’s the spirit. Now, this one thinks then it will have you all tied up in two, three, maybe four layers of bondage and then shipped over with a vac bed like a real objectified product that is eager to be auctioned off before all those kinky wonderful people that are just eager to help others and rock their rubber socks off at the same time.”

“I like where this is going,” he says, groaning softly, feeling himself grow eager, swaying his hips side to side, getting to the last page, signing the document at the end with his full signature.

“This one is thinking of going with a gas masking theme when it shows you off. Not going to be there in the bed, but once you are there, it will put a gas mask on you and play it up as a way to ‘placate’ you to keep you more relaxed but in reality it will only make you even eager to show off that bond up body of yours to the people as they hopefully bid like crazy for a piece of that rubber butt of yours. What do you think?”

Brian just finished signing the document, handing it over to K-2003, “That sounds wonderful. When do we begin?”

K-2003 looks through the contract making sure everything is signed, a pleasing grin comes across its face, X-toy doing the same, bleating with excitement, “Right now.”

“Lead the way K-toy,” says Brian, feeling his heart race, excitement bubbling within him, he looks over to his friends, as they squirm and moan, K-2003, typing onto a nearby computer the pokéballs tint, hiding his friends from view.

“You cheeky bastard you had them visible just to get me going,” he remarks, feeling his arousal growing at the thought of being played like a fiddle.

K-2003 smiles, leaning in nice and close, reaching out to gently touch and caresses his throbbing rubber clad member, slipping a claw into the sheath, gently pulling at the rubber, encouraging the member to slip out fully, the tender delights causing him to tense and moan, which the toy smiles with delight, “This one is glad you are so eager, come, come, this one thinks we should test a new product with this, what do you think X-2953?”

The purple doe toy bleats, “This one thinks product testing is always important, which product did you want to test Toy Mistress?”

“Product code named NU-11?”

The doe toys eyes light up, “Ohh, this one has been meaning to test it on a hermaphrodite. In theory it should work wonderfully and be compatible to work in conjunction with this type of suit.”

“In theory?” Brian asks, softly moaning, clenching his fists, feeling K-2003 gently caress and toy with his member, pulling its finger from his sheath, gently rubbing any fluid that was trapped within to polish his cock, making it slicker and squeakier.

K-2003 smiles, looking into his eyes, leaning in close, breasts pressing up against his own, “Well everything is in theory till it is proven right? Come toy, this one will get you all settled in before we enact that hypnosis and make you into a fully slutty toy. This one hopes you don’t mind it will put the default setting to a month just in case the bed goes that long.”

“A-ah sure,” he moans, feeling K-2003 pull him closer by his dick, “That’s fine.”

K-2003 hikes its butt squeezing his cock a bit, “Yay! Because you signed that this one has the ability to do so, so you can’t say no anyway. This one loves contracts, they are so much fun!” it wiggles its rump, the toy giving a little kiss on Brian’s rubber sergal snoot, pulling him out of the room like a leashed dog, “X-2953, please get the product ready.”

“With pleasure Toy Mistress,” X-toy responds with a happy, rushing off on ahead of the pair.

Brain watches K-2003 causally tug him along forward, his hands, eager to reach out and touch the devious toy, but knows he shouldn’t, his arousal growing, the sensation of being pulled along by his sensitive member, adds to the bubbling arousal within him. His mind is full of curiosity as to exactly what the toy has in store for him that is so experimental, but knowing K-2003’s work, it will be delightfully fun in the end.

They go down the hallway, passing by intersecting hallways that lead to other rooms, hum of some machinery echoing down some of them, “What do you have down here?” he asks, already knowing the response he’ll get.

“Most of this stuff is top secret and this one is not at liberty to say to inform you on pain of toyification!” it says with great gusto.

“Oh no, I’d become a toy, what a terrible fate to know of K-2003’s secrets,” Brian replies with sarcasm.

“A lot of people would disagree with you, luckily for you, we don’t turn people into toys. If we did, who’d buy us toys?!” it exclaims.

“Uh... you know I was being sarcastic, right?”

“You were?” K-2003 asks, tilting its head, gently caressing his length, keeping Brian on edge, a soft moan escaping his lips.

“Y-yes, I was.”

“Ah, well then... but what toy can tell you is we do some finalization and minor customization alterations to toys down here. Like if a customer wants a toy with handles? That can be done down here super easy lemon squeezy snazzy peasies.”

“I was not expecting you to say that,” he chuckles, turning down a hallway to a room with the door already open. The sounds of soft squeaks heard within, K-2003 guiding him right through, the toy’s tail gently running against his handle, increasing the teasing and pleasure he’s receiving, keeping him on edge, reminding him that he has more than just the two erogenous zones.

“This one says a lot of things. Things that even this one doesn’t expect it to say till it says it,” it says with a nod, the room here is sterilized and clean with several balls of rubber in glass vacuum tubes. Wires are attached to them, that lead to a computer in the room. The doe toy is typing into the computer.

“This one is almost done Toy Mistress,” X-toy bleats, hitting enter, the far-right tube with a white rubber ball hisses. The doe toy walks over to it, lifting the glass carefully from its pedestal, “The command word on this one is No Go.”

Brian is brought over to the white rubber which seems to swirl and shift ever so slightly, but overall the rubber is seemingly perfectly smooth upon the pole it's sitting on, “What is that?”

“Project NU-11 of course,” it says with an excited rump wiggle, releasing Brian’s member, reaching out to touch the ball but then stops, “Oh is it okay to just touch as is?”

“Yes it is Toy Mistress. We already worked out those kinks when it would auto search and latch onto the toy.”

“Well this one hopes not completely, what if that is someone’s kink X-toy?”

The purple doe toy bleats, “Toy Mistress, we have that option for them, fear not. We are very thoughtful when it comes to what helps a user reach the climactic delight.”

“Oh in this case the denial of it,” it says with an affirmative nod, grabbing the rubber ball which ripples to the toy’s touch. The toy runs its fingers across it with a squeak, looking over it, “Where’s the front?”

X-toy responds, “It’s designed to sensor the target location and automatically adjust itself to it. It’s designed to be less clunky than our earlier models we have up on the store floor, and should attach and appear seamless to a suit or toy model without the need of the press seal technology, providing quicker attachment and removal as designed. If it works out as well as we hope, we could be adding it as an option to future suits as a built-in function.”

“That does sound wonderful,” K-2003 says with another butt wiggle, bringing down the white rubber down to Brian’s junk.

Brian shivers, eyes locking onto the white rubber sphere, his member twitching, already formulating in his mind just what this is about to do to him, yet the uncertainty of it, only adds to his excitement, his breathing grows heavy, the rubber sphere now just about to touch his cherry-red throbbing member, eager to feel another layer of bondage and embrace when K-2003 pulls it away.

“This is white rubber, and they have magenta-pink skin with cherry-red highlights, wouldn’t this look off on them? This one doesn’t want a bad representation and have, mismatched colors for the auction. This one wants this unit to look their best,” it says with an affirmative nod.

*"I swear to god, you are simply doing this to tease me on the pretext of getting information on the product,"* Brian thinks, tensing a little, feeling a weight lift from his shoulders when the ball is pulled away.

"Don't worry about that Toy Mistress. The white model is currently designed to adjust its colors to what the ball contains and what's its attached to, providing a seemingly seamless and color matched look on the unit."

"Oh good, this one then approves," it says, bringing the rubber back to Brian's length.

The smooth rubber ball touches his member, he sees the rubber ripple and shift, looking in a way eager to do something but does nothing yet, the latex ball feeling cool to the touch, making him shiver at the change in temperature, "Nothing happened," Brian remarks.

"Of course, nothing happened. This one hasn't said the command word yet," says K-2003 with a grin, "This one hopes you're ready," it adds with a tease and a wink, "No Go, attach," the toy commands.

The rubber ball opens up, elongating, turning into a cup, that the sergal toy cradles in its rubbery hands, which stand out against the smooth white rubber. Tendrils shoot out, and wrap around, coiling around Brian's member, slipping down into his sheath, slithering across his balls. The tendrils press down on key points of his cock, cutting the blood flow into his member, while letting it escape, in effect forcing his member to grow softer with each beat of his quick beating heart. He watches his member slip back into the sheath, the rubber coiling around the member, slipping into his cum slit, plugging it, while more rubber shoots out, attaching itself to his suit.

Brian moans feeling his member teased but then feels a sleeve be slipped across his clitoral hood, formed by countless tendrils that coil and wrap around the slithering sensitive sertraline flesh. Then a large bulb of rubber forms, pushing into and popping into his female sex, the cup being nestled in around the crotch, covering his tender rear hole, which is then plugged and filled by the rubber by a well-shaped butt plug that is then hidden within his eager and needy body.

K-2003 rubs and caresses the white rubber, watching and seeing a large bulge grow around where his sheath and sack is, which then extends the bulge to be even longer, to contain his tender female sex before smoothing out to merge seamlessly into his rear, hiding his eager rear from view.

Brian pants, feeling the pleasure grow and shoot through him, filling his body with delight, increased slut, his rump tenses, tail stiffens, hands run across his sides, squeezing his own handles, gently playing with the handles, toying with himself in a way while his bits are locked into place and filled, trapped within the rather large bulge that starts at his crotch and continues between his legs ending where his female sex is. The white rubber shifts, becoming a magenta-pink with not one but two noticeable locked symbols forming in cherry-red around his sheath is and where the female sex is.

K-2003 runs its cyan claw tips across the symbols, squeezing the bulge which squeezes and pleasures both sexes at the same time despite where the toy is touching, "Oh, it works



perfectly, this one can't see where the extra rubber begins and where the suit does, how wonderful!" it says, squeezing the bulge even more, running its thumb across with a loud squeak.

"Oh fuck... fuck... fuck this feels so damn good!" exclaims Brian, his hips grinding against K-2003's touch, the toy allowing him to do so, while he simply grips his own handles, adding to the building pleasure, but feeling it locked behind the wall of rubber, preventing any kind of release, simply brought to the edge.

K-2003 lessens its squeeze but drums its fingertips across the bulge, "This one is so pleased you are enjoying yourself, but there will be no more fucking till after the auction. This one hopes you don't mind we are teasing our customers with this new work in progress product. This one can do that, can it?" it asks, looking at X-toy.

"This one would think about laying off on advertising it for another few months. Just to make sure we don't get hopes up too early and interest in the product fades before we are ready to release."

"Ah, this one will just have to tease them with it if anyone asks, but say nothing of value," it says with a nod, still drumming across Brian's bulge, who feels tiny explosions of pleasure that keep up the slow building swell of lust.

The human tenses, squeezing on the objects shoved into his tight needy holes, a soft pant escaping his lips, while he watches K-2003 and X-2953 have a quick little conversation, before it turns its attention completely back on him and when he sees the toy's pleasuring yet somehow devious smile, leaning in close against him he couldn't help but moan for more.

"Awe, this one can see how much you are enjoying yourself. It knew this was the right product to test on you. This one is sure you don't mind it?" it asks cutely, drumming its fingers across the bulge a little longer, before wrapping its entire hand around the primary part of the bulge and giving it a little squeeze with a long drawn-out squeak, "Are you ready for the next step?"

Brian shudders and moans, closing his eyes, tongue hanging out in delight, panting eagerly, "Y-yes... please give me more."

K-2003 licks across his angular muzzle, "This one will be giving you more, fear not. It's for a good cause that you are nice and eager, ready for the auction. How else is this one going to portray you as a lustful dangerous toy that needs to be kept all locked up tight in order to keep it under control, ready to be auctioned off for anyone who is brave enough to tame it?" it asks curiously, giving him a soft rubbery squeak, tongue slipping into his mouth and with the same expert driven force and skill from the toy's southern tongue, it expresses its dominance once again here, tilting its head to make it nice and deep, feeding on Brian's moans of pleasure, before breaking it, letting beads of translucent cyan mouth juices that have the same arousing affect as the aroma of its sex when the seal is broken flow into his mouth, adding to the haze building up into his mind.

"I am so ready for more," he whispers, groaning in delight, K-2003 pulling away, wiggling its rump in delight, "Wonderful! X-2953, could you grab him by the handles and guide

him toward our preparation room that should be nice and prepared based on our earlier discussion.”

“Yes Toy Mistress, and all the preparations in the preparation room are ready.”

“Good, otherwise the preparation room would not be prepared and not be really a good preparation room now, wouldn’t it?” it asks curiously.

X-toy shakes its head, “No Toy Mistress, it would not.”

“Come, come to the next spot!” K-2003 says, happily bouncing on ahead, with Brian in toe, his handles tightly squeezed and teased by the purple doe toy, the toy’s hands, moving Brian’s hips side to side, in a sensual sway, getting into step with K-2003’s own natural body movements and its own.

“You are lucky you have Toy Mistress’ eye as you do. It doesn’t always spend so much time with customers,” it says, whispering into its ear.

K-2003 calls out from down the hall, “This one heard that, though it’s true!”

“This one knows Toy Mistress, but it is important that the customer knows just how lucky they are to spend so much time with you,” it says with a soft bleat.

“This one appreciates it!” it exclaims, entering the room up ahead, “Oh, tell this one what color did you want the straight jacket?” it yells from the room.

Brian shivers, moaning, feeling his body aching in desire and need, “Umm... eh traditional black. Keep it simple,” he says with a soft moan, guided toward the room.

“Got it!” K-2003 yells, Brian and X-toy turning a corner, seeing K-2003 holding a heavy cloth, leather straight jacket with silver buckles, the canvas like material was heavy in the toy’s hands, but it jingled. The room itself is filled with various forms of BDSM equipment and straight jackets of all sorts, colors and sizes. K-2003 takes it, placing it up against Brian’s body, the straps hanging, jingling, “Hmm, this one thinks this one will fit, and it’s designed to accommodate your back handles, which is not a common feature when it comes to putting someone into a straight jacket, dontcha know?”

“Ah... I never really thought about it before if I am to think about it,” says Brian.

“Ah, the troubles of running such a store, woe is this one to have to come up with such solutions, but don’t fret, arms out, and this one can get you nice and snugly in your straight jacket, getting you all set up and prepared for shipping to the convention. We don’t want to be late now.”

“No, I don’t want that to happen,” he replies, holding out his arms, feeling the soft canvas material run across his rubbery skin. The jacket’s cool to the touch, the sleeves comically too long for him, just like how a straight jacket is designed. X-toy gently pushing him into it, nudging him forward by the handles till the jacket is fully placed around his front.

“This one thought so, X-toy, help this one?”

“This is Toy Mistress. This one has been with you long enough that it knows what you want.”

“And that is why this one loves you,” K-2003 says, X-toy grabbing the jacket, tugging it around Brian’s body, while his arms hang with the long canvas ends, like some kind of inflatable

tube man, ready to be filled with air. The toy taking this moment to lean up against Brian, its breasts pressing against his own, another long squeak, the toy's head rubbing against his rubber muzzle, while it reaches out and gently pets the doe toy behind him, "Good Toy."

X-toy leans against the touch, bleating out in delight, nuzzling the sergal toy's wonderful claws with delight, "Thank you Toy Mistress, that means a lot to this one."

"You are most welcomed," K-2003 says leaning in to lick across Brian's rubber ear, causing it to twitch, the toy whispering into it, "This one knows you will do good and get lots of wonderful pets from this one," it gives one last lick, patting Brian on the head with felt oddly comforting to him.

"I-I'm sure I will do you well, it's for a good cause after all right?" Brian asks with a smile, trying to relax a little while his loins tease and play with him, realizing that K-2003 pressed itself against his bulge, adding to the tormenting pleasures he is constantly receiving.

"Exactly," K-2003 says with a nod.

X-toy, zippers up the back, the straight jacket, squeezing and pulling along Brian's breasts, giving a soft corset like feel his arms hanging out, the extra cloth dangling there while he waits for the first part to be locked into place. Once the zipper is pulled all the way up, X-toy walks away for a moment, coming back with a strap, which it runs through Brian's hip handles, sending shivers of pleasure through him, the strap itself then locks into place, locking to the zipper, making it impossible to pull down, and even more unlikely to ever be wiggled out of place, "There we go, just like you wanted Toy Mistress."

Brian shivers, and groans, his body further teased, feeling straps being pulled back that are attached to the suit, buckling them into place, while K-2003 moves his arms around his body, forcing him to give himself a nice big hug.

"Wonderful, this one knew that attachment would work out, glad it looks so good," it says, working with X-toy to run the straight jacket cloth through Brian's hip handles, adding another pleasure point tease while building a bondage point with his own body, the excess canvas sleeves pulled nice and tight and then tied together, belted shut and closed, keeping Brian from able to do anything more than wiggles his fingers within the sleeves, unable to pull them away from his body, and what little he can do, only runs across his sensitive parts, building up pleasure he fees.

"Next this one thinks we should get the special null bulge showing straight jacket attachment. You know the one, right X-toy?"

"This one does Toy Mistress, one moment please," it bleats in delight, squeaking off to the other side of the room, coming back with strap attachments with a cut open crotch, that will run across his inner thighs, and press and "separate" the bulges just a little, further exemplifying his double sex and how helpless he is.

"You have a lot of products, don't you?"

"Of course, this one does, it runs a giant sex toy company, full of wonderful pleasurable things, of all sorts. This is just a storage area where we keep all sorts of extra materials as we need well."

“Is this an excess storage shed?” Brian asks, looking at the items, realizing the hodgepodge nature of it all.

“This one wouldn’t call it that, more of excess BDSM equipment that is needed on a need to bondage up basis,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“I see...” he replies, X-toy returning with the item in question, attaching the back of it to the straight jacket, creating a nice lasso around the base of Brain’s sergal tail, squeezing it just enough to be a tease and a hint of bondage, before bringing it between his legs.

“Here you go Toy Mistress,” X-toy bleats, kneeling between Brain’s legs handing off the leather straps.

“Thank you toy, you are always so cute in that position,” K-2003 says, petting the purple doe toy on the head again, Brian watching it nuzzle into the other toy’s hand, letting out a soft bleat, and rump wiggle, squeakily happily.

“Very welcome Toy Mistress,” it responds.

K-2003 meanwhile, takes the straps, attaching them to the front of the straight jacket, the leather pressing around the base of the bulge, squeezing and forcing them to protrude more out of the openings, making two distinct null bulges between Brian’s legs, while giving them a soft teasing pressure that makes him shiver in delight. It gives a few snug tugs, reaffirming the positioning of the straps, giving one last rub over and squeeze, “Yes, this one thinks that is absolutely perfect for you, don’t you think?”

The bound up human, trapped within his sergal suit, trapped within the null bulge, shudders, biting his lower lip, looking up to the dull ceiling with delight, “Oh yes... yes... I do think you are right.”

K-2003 reaches up, trailing its digits along his face, pulling his head back down to look at it, into its softly glowing cyan eyes, “That’s a good toy. For you are going to be a toy at this auction, aren’t you?”

Brian pants, looking into the toy’s eyes, unable to find himself to look away, or perhaps its him not wanting to look away, he shudders, the toy’s other hand sneakily rubbing his male null bulge, tracing along the lock symbol, “Y-yes Mistress,” he mutters.

“Almost, but this one is Toy Mistress, for it is still a toy remember?” it says giving a nice gently squeeze.

He shudders, swallowing a lump that builds up in his throat, feeling his cock wanting to get free, to grow hard, but the pleasure only expands and grows around that large needy bulge, making the bulges feel like a glorious pleasure spot, a literal hot button to be pressed, “S-sorry. I understand Toy Mistress,” he replies.

K-2003 smiles, giving the bulge a soft rub, squeaking it nice and loud before miraculously seemingly out of nowhere, a rather large open mouth dildo gag with breathing air tubes attached to the front, “Much better, this one hopes this fits you right. Now open your mouth and say ahh.”

His eyes go wide, seeing the rather large sergal shaped dildo, designed to fit perfectly within his sergal rubber mouth, “Ahhhgrrggggg,” he says, mouth nice and wide for the toy to slip

the dildo in, and it does, slowly, gingerly, sliding it further into his mouth, spreading it wider open.

He feels the phallic object spread his lips, pressing down his tongue, piercing into the back of his throat, yet his gag reflex doesn't activate, something about the whole thing just makes him roll his eyes back in delight. An open mouth ring at the front lips into place, the toy, tying the straps around it, while it also guided the breath tubes into his nostrils, providing a steady and clear source of air for him to breath through.

Brian bites down onto the dildo, finding it gummy in consistency but impossible for him to bite through. He is helpless, unable to speak, feeling it all tied into place, not even sure how it got such a large phallic thing into its hands, till it sees X-toy secretly hand off a blindfold to be put around his head next.

"Now we just put this on you, put you into storage and take you to the convention. This one is sure you'll do great," it says, placing the blind fold around his eyes, delving him into darkness.

Brian can only moan and squirm, taking slow deep breaths, trapped in the bondage, a pair of hands, hooped fingers, X-toy grab his handles, causing him to tense then relax as he readjusts himself to the pleasure. His senses focused on the aching need between his legs, the tight embrace of the straight jacket, and the squeezing of his breasts, all of which toys him even more.

"Time to take you to storage, come, come!" K-2003 exclaims happily.

"Yes Toy Mistress," X-toy says.

Brian can't help but mumble helplessly the same words which are completely intelligible. His body is unsure what to do, afraid to make the next step but he's pushed forward, helpless, delving into the unknown, each step leaving him farther away from what he knows and deeper into the abyss. His instincts tell him to open his eyes, to look! That at any moment he's going to run into a wall, that if he doesn't look soon that something terrible will happen. Yet nothing of the sort happens. With each step he takes, he relinquishes more of his control, trusting the two toys that he's with. Hearing them move, squeak, guiding him towards the next room where he can hear a hum from a vacuum.

His mind swims in the darkness, focusing on each delightful feeling, being pushed into position, stumbling a little, moaning when he feels himself being laid down onto rubber, his body suspended in the air, feeling a soft bounce.

"There we go. We are almost ready to get you nice and settled. We'll seal you laying down and pull you upright, it's just much easier to get that delightful hanging look," K-2003 explains.

Brian looks in the toy's direction, but his head is guided to look forward.

"Just keep your head facing forward, and this one will do the rest," it explains.

He nods, taking slow deep breaths through his nostrils, growing all the more eager. He hears a squeak approaching his right ear, a long slow tender lick across the angular ear, the hot breath of he can only assume who it is but with no certainty to be sure. Then he feels the claw

tips trace along his null bulge, affirming even more that this is indeed K-2003, confirmed when it whispers into his ear, "Suit activation command K. Toy suit activate."

Brian shudders, moaning into the gag, the touch around his body being pulled away, the other half of the rubber vac bed laid down upon him, coating his form, breathing tubes attaching to his nostrils, providing the air he needs to survive, while feeling the rubber squeeze both sides of him, pulling him up into the folds as the vacuum seal is being made.

He moans even deeper, squirming, tail wiggling, toes trying to curl, finding himself being able to move less and less as the air is sucked out between the two rubber sheets, the white noise hum of the vacuum is steadily replaced by the suit as it speaks into his mind, "***Command accepted. Activating uncontrolled slut toy condition. Duration. Thirty days. Thank you for using Toys-4-U prototype toy suits. Toys-4-U is not responsible for any over conditioning and long-lasting cognitive effects from Toys-4-U brand hypnosis.***"

He moans, unable to do anything, completely held in the void, pulled upright, his body bouncing and swinging within the rubber sheets, moving around like a product, protected in a plastic wrap so it can be shipped and remain fresh. The words of the suit speaking into his mind, "***Core personality unchanged. Disabling inhibitions, increasing core sexual desires. Predicted conditioning period. Ten minutes. Pre-set conditioning period is three hours thirty-five minutes.***"

Brian's eyes widened, feeling his lust and pleasure build, unable to even do more than squirm a little, his breaths deep, heavy which draw him into the lust and desire of the moment. The black rubber void that his mind and body is sinking into, leaving him with nothing to focus on but the programming that is seeping into his mind. Will already broken, no desire to resist, he embraces the coming transition, the suit feeling more akin to who he is, his own skin, the human within dissolving away till there is nothing but the needy lustful toy that desires nothing more than to obey and fuck.

***"Toy is a good toy."***

*"Toy is a good toy."*

***"Toy obeys."***

*"Toy obeys."*

***"Toy is a slutty toy."***

*"Toy is a slutty toy."*

***"Toy loves to fuck."***

*"Toy loves to fuck."*

***"Toy will be an excellent example of a toy for the auction."***

*"Toy will be an excellent example of a toy for the auction."*

The pleasure of it all simply bubbled up within them. A pressure cooker left to simmer, letting the pressure build within him with no release, while at the same time no risk of a catastrophic explosion, simply a pent-up state of being as it is moved around, taken, body constantly shifting, bouncing as its moved from one location to the next.

At this moment Brian was not a person, simply an object being taken to where it's meant to be. There is no person left. No human within the multiple layers of rubber. It is a good toy, eager to be used. Eager to be shown off. Eager to earn as much money for the auction as possible to help Toy Mistress in its goal to raise money for those who are in greater need than it could ever be.

There are only moments of understanding of what is going on, placed into a truck, shipped around, feeling the vibrations in the road, the stops and starts, all of which just wiggles the toy's body. It's mind accepting what it is, a wonderful toy. Sense of self shifting to this new form, accepted form, perfect form for what it needs to do. Then there is more movement, rattles, the faint sound of voices all around it. It hangs in its bondage, unable to move, unable to get out. The programming set within its head already had run out its time some time ago. The toy is now simmering in its own needy juices. The vac-bed squeezing the bulge, adding to the tease that it is feeling. Its form is shown off to the world, or is it? It's hard to say what is going on at this moment, it's just waiting.

There are more voices, quickly spoke, cheers, and awes, and other things it can't put its finger on. But there is one that it can recognize, it's faint but its impossible to ignore, its that of K-2003. It's been going on for a while now, so its hard not to have put the pieces together, *"It has to be the auction. This one thinks it is at least. This one is going to do its best for the auction,"* it thinks, waiting, growing eager, needier, wanting so badly to be taken, to be sold, the excitement of which bubbles up within its gut, overflowing into its mind, toes trying to curl, tail trying to show its squirming need. The wait now is even worse than the entire trip coming here or the time it had to wait for this moment to arrive.

The time drew ever closer and then with a soft hiss, the vac-bed begins to release it from its bondage. Cold air runs across it, causing it to let out a soft muffled moan, squirming further, hearing the schlunk of rubber peel away from its skin, it slides down the side, like a long rubber slide almost tumbling out, now able to hear the voice of its Toy Mistress loud and clearly.

"Now you've been a wonderful crowd, so eager to help those in need, and this one thinks its hard to top those people in need, but this toy does really try! The lovely human volunteer who has offered up a full month of their time to be a plaything for one of you lucky people out there! It's wearing one of our most advanced and newest toy suits that this one just knows you'll love," the toy reaches into the opening rubber vac bed, pulling Brian out onto the stage, still blind and gagged, "This one is such a naughty slutty toy that we had to put several layers of bondage around it just to keep it contained and fresh just for you!" K-2003 exclaims.

Brian wiggles and squirms, panting, breathing heavily through its nostrils, it knows deep down that people are watching, not knowing how many, but the mutters, whistles and a few pictures taken tell a different story.

K-2003 continues, "Why don't you all give an applause to the toy suit prototype "ST-125-409!"

There is a roar of applause, Brian feeling it's name slip away into a designation, a want and need it didn't know it had, till it was spoken, reaffirming that it is a simple object, that it is, ST-125-409.

"ST-125-409 comes with a set of back and hip handles, which are as sensitive as any of its toy products," it says, trailing its claws along the handles, showing them off, giving them a good squeaky squeeze, making the toy visibly shudder and moan, hiking its tail to the audience, "The bulge is a temporary feature for the show. We have to keep to the convention rules ya know," K-2003 says, giving the other toy's butt a hard firm squeaky slap.

ST-125-409 shudders, clenching hard on the dildo in its mouth, the sound of people growing eager, ready to bid, the murmurs growing, the toy's toes curl in delight, wiggling its butt, hiking the tail higher, showing off the null bulges.

"Before we begin bidding, this one thinks it be good that ST-125-409 is able to see all you lovely people, and express just how eager it is to see all of you and have the one lucky person to take this toy for a delight night? Week? A month? Yes, this one is a rolling bid, the higher the bids go, the more fun you get to spend with this one! Isn't that wonderful?!" exclaims K-2003.

ST-125-409 feels Toy Mistress' claws run across its head, reaching around to pull off the blind fold. The toy is blinded by the lights all around it, unable to see, it winces, while the other toy takes this moment to remove the straps from its head, sliding out that large dildo mouth gag, pulling it out nice and slow till it flops out completely. K-2003 then ties it around the toy's neck like a necklace.

"This one will let you hold onto that, and it will be part of the charity auction deal," says K-2003.

ST-125-409 now able to see a rather large crowd of people, humans, anthropomorphic races of all kinds, sharing the delights of BDSM, latex, leather, the large convention room is sealed off with security at the far end, ensuring everything runs smoothly. They are raised up on a stage, looking around it and notices its friends Ken and Ryan are out of their pokéballs, leashed together by the collar as they sit on the end of the stage, arms tied behind their backs, held in a nice bit of bondage as they simply wait there.

"Now, ST-125-409 why don't you say hello to all these wonderful eager people, who just want a piece of your rubbery butt. And why don't you tell them what you'll do once they get you in private," The toy teases, giving ST-125-409's front nudge a nice firm squeeze making it arch its back, showing off its bound straight jacket body, grinding itself against the Toy Mistress' claws.

"Oh, this one will do anything that they want. This one is just so eager to have a good time. It is a good well-trained toy, ready to enjoy the delights and expressions of love and lust. This one is just so ready to have a good time that it can't contain itself, so it's nice and bound up for your protection. This one doesn't think it can't hold out for much longer till all it can think about is doing its owner's very bidding need for as long as it will have it," it says, moaning loudly grinding itself squeakily against K-2003's claws.



“This one does appear to be eager. Who will get to have this lucky toy today? Shall we start the bidding?” K-2003 asks, giving a sly grin over at the crowd as the bidding kicks off, quickly gaining some big numbers.

As the numbers increase, ST-125-409 shows off itself, sauntering across the stage, wiggling its hips, hiking the tail every so often when there is a slight lull in the bids, “Oh this one knows you can do more for that. It’s for a good cause, and just a bit more, this one’s time will jump up to a month! How wonderful is that?!” it exclaims, giving a playful wink.

The bidding is renewed again with more vigor. K-2003 encourages the crowd further, the toy sauntering over to the a nearby box, pulling out a lovely gas mask with two round canisters on the side, “This one thinks you don’t think this toy here is eager enough. Perhaps if we up it? This gas mask provides a lustful experience to all who wear it. It will throw this in as an addition for free, that the winner gets to keep, so they feel like they get something good with their bid,” it says, motioning ST-125-409 toward it.

The eager sergal toy saunters over, nuzzling up against its Toy Mistress, “This one is so ready to have some fun Toy Mistress. So many lovely bidders out there, wanting to have this one. It will do anything to make sure its taken by them,” it moans out in need.

“This one knows you will, and it will even up it a bit more,” K-2003 grins, moving behind it, taking the mask, slipping it over its head with a loud squeak, deafening its hearing some as its head is encased in the rubber mask, which inflates and deflates with every breath.

It feels the tight embrace of the hood as K-2003 zippers the back, locking it around the collar at the end, placing a small lock at the end, the toy jiggling the key, “The key goes to the winner,” says K-2003, running it through its rubbery fingers, then twisting the gas canisters on the mask, starting the release of the aphrodisiac gas that floods the toy’s nostrils. The first lovely breath sends it in a frenzy, shivering before the crowd, swaying its hips, the toy doing all its can to show off itself, while still tightly held by the straight jacket.

The bids go even higher, till eventually there was one that no one wanted to surpass, a sleek well-dressed black scaled raptor with green feathered hair. He almost stands out of place for the event if it wasn’t for his black spiked collar, adding kink to the controlling demeanor, “Sold to the handsome raptor, Teri!” exclaims K-2003 the bidding ending, “This one will go over everything once payment is processed after the auction,” K-2003 says, guiding ST-125-409 over toward its friends, kneeling beside them.

ST-125-409 shivers in delight looking at them, watching all the people there still eyeing them, as the pokémon toys let out soft needy moans, “How were your bids?” it asks with a soft grinding moan.

Ken replies, “Well but not as well as you, we were sold as a set,” it says with soft moans, gently nuzzling its fellow toy.

“Yes, we got won by a nice naga, he does look handsome,” replies Ryan with a soft squeak nuzzling back the other toy.

“That sounds wonderful,” ST-125-409 replies.

K-2003 in center stage continues, “Now you think, what is our grand prize? What could be better than the last products we have? Well this one will tell you.. An all night expenses paid delight of having this one for an entire night, Sunday night that is, aka tomorrow incase you all lost track of time. And with how much fun these conventions are, this one can understand how that can happen. Only one day left of this? Can you believe it?”

The crowd grows quiet for a moment upon what is being offered. The toy taking a moment to read the crowd.

“Now its only for a night, but this one wants to help those in need, so tis donating a bit of its time and itself to one lucky person. This one doesn’t think it needs to tell you what it can do, but let’s just say this one is very willing and experienced to give you a fun time of all sorts that you’ll never forget! It will be worth every bit! Just ask that toy over there, look what happened to them after spending a night with it,” it says pointing over to ST-125-409.

“It’s true...” it replies through the gas mask as there is a bit of laughter that rolls through the crowd.

K-2003 smirks, “Shall we start the bidding?” it asks with a rump wiggle, the bids going faster, higher than even what ST-125-409 did only moments before.

ST-125-409 looks at the heated bidding war, watching its Toy Mistress tease the crowd, “This one is jealous it can pull in those numbers, but its pleased it can help others and be of service to its future Master,” it says, grinding its legs together in a vain attempt to squeeze its bulge. The toy leaning forward hiking its rump, showing off to the small crowd behind it, which grows larger as it does so. The toy looks over to its friends, “Aren’t you excited for what’s next?”

“Yes we are, we are so very excited that we can’t contain ourselves,” says Ken, kissing and nuzzling against Ryan, the toy grinds against its fellow toy.

“We are good pair of toys eager to play with each other and our owner,” remarks Ryan, grinding back against its partner, lustfully and passionately kissing, squeaking happily, providing a rather fun show for those looking, those who have already been hopelessly out bid for the illustrious K-2003 that is still riling up the crowd on stage.

“Come on! This is for a good cause! This one knows you can do it! Help the children!” exclaims K-2003 with a big teasing smile, the bids finally ending when a green scaled femboy long tailed snake, dressed in revealing clothes, very femboyish and submissive ins tyle. Their look surprising people that they’d be the one to have the command to win, as they were often soft spoke whenever people talked to him during the convention.

K-2003 exclaims happily, “Sold to Udon the Noodle! Now this one will have to ask tomorrow if The Noodle is really your last name or your convection name,” K-2003 says with an affirmative squeak.

The green snake blushing at the eyes upon him, not saying another word, rushing off to the side where the processing of those who won bids are.

K-2003 walks over to ST-125-409 and the other toys, “This one is so proud of you all for doing such a good job, and don’t worry, this one has made it clear that you are people

underneath, and that you are to be respected in that case, and its so grateful that you could donate so much of your time to help those who are less fortunate than us,” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod, reaching down to gently pet the pokémon toys’ heads, as they shudder and moan, leaning into the touch.

K-2003 uses them as support, putting its foot on ST-125-409’s butt, pushing the hiked ass down, “Relax, this one needs you to save yourself a little bit for the one who purchased you. He’s a kinky heavy BDSM raptor, this one thinks you’ll love him,” says K-2003.

ST-125-409 moans and nods, shuddering in delight feeling its bulge be pressed down by K-2003 pushing down its rump, “Yes Toy Mistress, this one is grateful to have lucked out on who won the bid,” it says, looking over the devilishly handsome raptor. The toy is already feeling a delight on what fun things will happen to it once he gets his claws into it. The raptor gives a playful wink toward the toy, making it shudder in delight, while he turns his attention over to the cashier who begins to process his hefty payment for him.

The toy’s mind is swimming in a sea of endless lust, each breath just adds to its wonderful torment, and it couldn’t ask for more. It felt eagerness on what is to come, heart racing, body aching, it sits up, springing forth, head coming up to rest right against K-2003’s crotch.

K-2003 looks down at it, “This situation was caused by this one so it will give you off with a warning but no open sex on stage, it’s a rule dontcha know?” K-2030 says petting ST-125-409 on the head.

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” ST-125-409 responds, giving K-2003’s crotch a quick nuzzle, leaning its head into the toy’s thigh before it steps away, hopping off stage, going to talk to those that won the bids, helping explain the situation in further detail, making sure everyone is on the same page. All the while ST-125-409 just stews there, ready to do anything for its Master, ready to have the time of its life as the best toy it can be.