

Xenomorph Toy: Domination

It's been another week since Maria has been left to move about and stalk along the store front, giving people a taste of what she has to offer. Each day she goes out and gives people a taste of what is to come, and each evening she returns to the bliss of the tight embracing mold, furthering her transformation into a complete toy. Yet she can feel her time is drawing near an end or is it? At least she feels her body has become complete? How could it not be, everything feels so great, so perfect. The flow of latex into her rear, nether regions, mouths, all of it feels just so perfect. The endless transition of her body from whatever it was before, the simple raptor? Becoming so hard to think about anything but the voice that whispers into her mind, aligning her thoughts to what she needs to be... no, to what she is, a *good xenomorph toy*.

The sweet, delightful pressure of being held in place, made to fit the mold, to become the perfect sexual killing machine, the perfect organism toy. Her mind is freed within the bondage, to wander and move about the arousing latex soup that she has been soaking herself in hour after hour, day after day, week after week. And yet she's not complete, she's not perfect, no matter what she thinks, what she feels, the only truth of the matter is that her maker, her *queen* is the one that commands her, guides her, the one that will know when she is ready for the next stages of her development.

Her powerful rubber body tenses when she sees the black and cyan blur approach. She swallows the latex down, feeling the warm flow of it through her entire form, not needing to breath, not even thinking about it as her loins burn hotter than a thousand suns from endless constant arousal, edging closer and closer yet never reaching the very peak, that event horizon feels forever out of reach no matter how close she is, it's not there. The desire to climax becoming accepted in her mind as just a normal part of who she is, hardly a thought on self-indulgent pleasures as a good toy doesn't need to touch itself.

She is a good toy after all, isn't that, right? She hopes so as the hiss not of her own making as the air flows back into the mold, the flow of latex stopped, the phallic tubes pushed into her are pulled out, while the uniquely shaped tube shoved into her mouth to contain, hold, squeeze her inner mouth while also penetrating it deeper into her throat is slowly twisted and pulled away with force and care.

The mold peels away from her front, as the rest of her remains trapped. She feels the tug of the hard plastic as it pulled away, loving every moment of it. Her body feels so alive in ways that were just not possible before in her previous life that feels like forever and an age ago. Yet no matter how strong and protective her chitin body is, the external ribbed cage, the sleek muscles and ribbed parts of her dark blue and black tense in eagerness. The cool air wafting across her body, further enhancing the sensation of how strong, powerful yet sensitive she is.

"What a lovely toy you're becoming," says K-2003 the sleek rubber sergal runs its claws along the xenomorph's rib cage, gently teasing the spaces in between.

Maria hisses loudly, opening her mouth as her inner mouth slips out then back in, shuddering in delight as she shivers and wiggles more of the back mold, wanting to say, “Yes Maker, this one is a good toy for you.” But it only comes out as hisses and chattering delights.

“Oh, how devilish of this one to tease you so,” it says, moving in closer, pressing its breasts up against the xenomorph’s chest while its claws trace down along its sides, its claws gently caressing Maria’s tight closed chitin sex, “You’re so warm, eager, needy, ready to go, yet you can’t fully express yourself except in soft moans, chitters, hisses. Such a primal toy ready to express itself in the most simplistic of ways. That is what this one wants you to work on next. To communicate to the users as you are. Soon we’ll give you, your voice back but...” it says with a grin, rubbing the toy’s sex, its claw tracing along the crevice of the sex opening, “But till then you’re going to be a good hissing toy, using your body to express yourself and communicate with the users, isn’t that right, toy-to-be?”

She nods and softly hisses, understanding deeply the value of the current trial set before her. Her body twitches and tenses, eager to get out of the mold as the sergal toy teases her, egging her on to increase her arousal which keeps reaching a new level she didn’t think was possible, making other levels of arousal seem simple and easy to manage by comparison as the xenomorph toy instincts pulse through her body.

K-2003 gently kisses the xenomorph on the lips, squeaking loudly as it presses itself up against the fellow toy, letting its arousing saliva soak linger on Maria’s lips, “That is what this one likes to hear,” it says pulling back, while keeping its hand on the toy’s crotch, “This one is sure you’ll do great. Just keep focus, be a good toy, and before you know it the next stage of your molding will be here,” it says with a playful wink, before finally pulling away in order to go to the computer and release Maria from the rest of the mold.

The xenomorph toy-to-be’s tail flicks out, the sharp looking blade at the end hangs ready to be used as the tail curls up in order not to drag along the floor and take up less space, “*This one will do as you wish Maker. As you are this one’s queen, it exists to serve and obey you.*”

K-2003 guides her through the hallways onto the store floor, “This one knows you’ve already been causing a buzz of interest and delight. So many are eager to see the new toy we are creating... which is you if you didn’t know,” it says with a nod, wiggling its rump, “This one is so pleased so many people are interested and you are loving your new self, aren’t you?” it asks, looking over its shoulder just as it opens the door to the store floor.

“*Yes Maker, this one loves every moment of itself,*” she thinks, hissing happily with a subtle nod.

“How wonderful. The store will be opening soon, so take position as you see fit. And this one knows you’ve been capturing a lot of ladies as of late with your dashing good looks and deadly delightful mouth of yours but try to mix it up some. It knows guys would love to be taken by you or try to take you,” it says with a wink.

“*As you wish Maker, this one’s wonderful queen,*” she thinks while giving that same accepting and acknowledging hiss.

“That’s a good toy! Now this one has a meeting it must attend to, happy hunting, this one knows you will make this one proud,” it says, as it prances off with a loud squeak.

Maria watches the toy head up to the toy testing rooms, but her attention soon shifts back to what she is going to do. She ponders how to go about her hunt, wanting to mix up what she’s done thus far, and fit in along with what would be *loved* by those looking for a fun time with a toy as herself. She slinks deeper into the store, moving through the latex suits and bondage cross over part of the store, thinking “*This will be a good place to set up a trap.*”

It will be a few hours into the day when her prime target of the day will come waltzing into the store. An anthropomorphic black and brown furred jackal walks into the store with his slim feminine but very athletic body, like that of a cross country runner. His green eyes locks onto the center door greeter, a black and purple rubber double breasted sergal toy that has its length and sheath in a cock and ball bondage that’s tightly squeezing its size down. It’s golden tag jingles as it reads, “G-2263”

The sergal toy greets him with a verbose feminine voice, “Hello! Welcome to the world’s first Toys-4-U megastore! Please look around and don’t be afraid to ask this one or any toy in the store if you need assistance. We are here to help you!”

The jackal blushes a little bit as he admires the toy and all of its assets, “Why, yes, I heard you have a new toy in the works, and I was hoping that ah... uh... I could get a sneak peek? I mean I did hear it was roaming about the store that is.”

G-toy leans in, “Oh, and which one of our fine toys are you looking for?”

“The xenomorph one,” he says quickly as if embarrassed to mention it.

The toy chuckles, “This one knows that it’s roaming about the store. Look around, browse, it is sure that you will find the toy or perhaps that toy will find you,” it says with a tease.

The jackal swallows a lump in his throat, thinking, “*If only you could be so lucky to have that happen to you Jackyll,*” he thinks to himself, adjusting his clothes and demeanor as he fails to push back a growing sense arousal from the erotic display before him and the idea of the possibility of what could befall him, “Oh, well then. I will have to keep my eyes peeled and hope for the best,” he says, swallowing a lump in his throat.

“Please enjoy your stay and remember if you need any help, don’t be shy, stop on by and one of us toys and we’ll be more than pleased to be of assistance,” it says, giving a playful wink.

“I’ll be sure to keep that in mind, thank you very much,” he says, stammering with his words as he ventures into the store. The aura of excitement and nervousness that he extrudes rather he wants to or not. The aromas of latex and leather, lubricants waft over him as he peruses the aisles, eventually making his way to the heavy bondage section.

“I haven’t seen that alien toy yet... not sure if I should be happy or scared,” he says with another nervous chuckle, looking over the black leather and silver studded leather straps when his angular ears twitch, hearing soft hiss. Before he can turn around the xenomorph grabs him from behind, the sleek smooth rubbery digits shoved into his mouth, forcing him to suckle upon them, muffling any moans and complaints as he’s pulled right up against the toy.

He huffs, the scent of latex increasing as he's dragged to the back of the store as he squirms and struggles against the toy's powerful grip, taken a bit back by how strong it is, "*Fuck, fuck, fuck... yes,*" he thinks, looking up at the toy's faceless face.

Maria pumps her fingers into his mouth, caressing the back of his throat, feeling up his gag reflex as his body twitches within her grasp, understanding his wants and needs from his body language, as the other toys simply monitor the situation, but they too have become accustomed to her activities. She remains low to the ground, as she moves in a feral primalistic way toward the toy testing rooms. Her body quakes in delight, feeling the strength, prowess, the sexual tension in the air knowing that everything is under her command and control. It's a thrilling and intoxicating sensation that she loves so much, and this concoction is mixed heavily with the endlessly burning arousal that breathes life into this addiction, yet there is more. The sense of control, security of not being the one on top even when now she tops, accentuates her delights and desires.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy serves."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy is a fuck toy."

"Good fuck toys please their users."

And now the jackal squirming underneath her is enjoying himself. The fight against her strength could be overcome, if it wasn't wanted. A fail safe not even registering to her, keeping the facade that she is the most powerful one here as they slink into the hallway, going into the bondage room she's used so many times before.

Jackyll sucked hard on the long rubbery digits, his gag reflex showing off his experience with taking something deep down his throat. His body shuddered, tail wagging smacking against the xenomorph's body as he's thrown onto a bondage rack, his arms spread, forced into each arm of the bed, expecting to see the toy wrap his wrists into the bondage, but instead it drools a rubber resin from its mouth. The warm latex rolls over his fur, sliding between his digits which he instinctively grabs before the rubber hardens and binds the strap that sunk into the latex with his hand into one thick bondage resin.

His eyes widen as he tugs on the constraint, moaning loudly into the xenomorphs penetrating digits before the toy pulls out of his mouth, allowing him to breathe freely, "A-are you even allowed to do this?" he cries out with a soft whimper but the xenomorph's black bladed tail is pulled into view, running across his muzzle. The xeno pushes his head down into the red cushioned rack, pinning his other hand to the other side, repeating the bondage process.

He shudders and moans, pulling with all his might against the hardened latex, finding it nigh impossible to break. His breathing grows heavier as his cock throbs within his pants, which are soon stripped from him in a few hard tugs, revealing his naked lower half. His throbbing member slips through into a hole designed for just such an occasion. His legs forced apart exposing his rear to the powerful creature.

“N-no, please...” he mutters till the blade runs across his face, trailing along his back, feeling the sharp end run across his skin, piercing his fur as if it wasn’t there. His cock throbs ever harder as the vulnerability sinks in. Fear mixes with arousal, inflating both to new heights, as he pants heavily. He tugs harder on the hand constraints, finding his hands are completely bound and useless in solid blocks of rubber black resin.

He gasps, the warm rubber flowing over his feet, rolling over his limbs as his toes curl just as it hardens and entraps his limbs into their new state. He shudders, tail wagging fiercely as his lower half is completely exposed to the creature of his dreadful delights, looking over his shoulder as it completely controls the situation, leaving him wondering what it is going to do next.

Maria hisses, spreading the jackal’s butt cheeks, letting her warm saliva drip down onto his exposed rear, matting his fur as it rolls down his body, pooling between his legs. She feels him quiver, the quickened breath, his body reveals what his words hide, his utter delight of the moment. The scent of his fear and arousal fill the room as her sex burns with eagerness, wanting to dominate the creature before her and show him everything she has to offer.

Her claws run along his rear, giving a firm squeeze, thumbs running along the center, caressing his tender pucker before pushing in. She hears him groan with delight as his hips instinctively buck against the rack while his ass squeezes down on her protruding digits, eagerly milking her thumbs as she caresses his plump prostate in return, pushing his hot button to only add to the burning arousal in his loins. She feels the throb and twitch of his member through his body, sensing the shift in the air of his arousal as his fear grips him to merely a whimper, unable or perhaps simply unwilling to make a louder noise in fear of bothering her.

She’s torn, wanting to hear his screams, his groans, his undeniable submission to her, while enjoying the dominating silence she instills into him. There is no one to save him and she and him know it deep within their very being.

Each thrust of the xenomorph’s digits into his rear pushes him deeper into a degenerate despair, taken so hard, firmly, completely, all he can do is just *take* to. No way to get out, nothing getting in the way of his pleasure and enjoyment of the situation. The most frightening thing of all is just how much he’s *enjoying* himself that shouldn’t be so. Yet at this moment he doesn’t care. His gaze is locked on the blade that continues to tease and caress him, threatening him, and making him feel every inch of his body as he’s taken, and then it suddenly ends. He doesn’t climax, by the contrary he’s left wanting more, ready to be just raunchily taken and fucked till he can’t think, yet now the creature pulls away, leaving him to come to the realization of his current situation.

The dark interior of the BDSM room leaves his imagination to conjure up what else could be lurking in the shadows. The black and dark blue alien hides well in its familiar surroundings. The chains and whips are hanging nearby, adding to the ambience he’s left in. His deep eager breathing is all he can hear as he desperately tries to find the creature that he’s trapped in here with. At any moment he expects it to come from the shadows to strike, ravage him like the

weakling that he is. To be proven he's a submissive fellow, born to be taken by others for their pleasure, a thought that makes his cock twitch in eagerness, ready to accept his fate.

Each passing moment adds to the tension, his breathing and soft groans are the only thing he can hear but slowly there's another noise, the slow, steady, deep breathing, followed by a long bone chilling hiss. Coming into view is the object of his desire and trepidation. The xenomorph toy is caring a massive egg, right up to him. Its shiny brown features, its alien texture with a curious rubber shine. He knows what's inside and what that could mean for him. His heart skips a beat then redoubles his efforts, making his arousal burn all the hotter, throbbing, aching, dripping as the egg is placed before him, his head hanging over the edge of the rack, facing straight down at the closed petals, fearing or perhaps hoping that at any moment the egg will open and he could join her in the bliss of being a terrorizing creature of his darkest desires.

Maria lets out a low, hiss, whipping her tail around so the blade runs under the rack so the tip can caress along the underside of his chin, forcing his head up, and look straight into her hot and needy sex. She then grips his head, caressing his ears, while holding his head firmly pressing her ultra-tight vent up along his lips.

Jackyll tenses, his attention wants to stay on the egg below him, his eyes look down, but the blade forces him to do otherwise. Each passing moment the tip presses into his chin, threatening him with a good time. The loud domineering hiss makes him swallow the lump forming in his throat, his throat feels dry, yet he drools with an unsatiated hunger from his lips and the twitching aching mass down below. "W-what is that you want me to..."

He trails off when the toy hisses loudly over him, pressing its sex up against his lips, the toy's arousal and rubber scent strong on his nose, becoming so powerful he can taste it. When the creature's sex bounces off his nose again, grinding itself against him, he soon gets the idea what she wants and gives a long tantalizing lick, putting flavor to the scent, combining them into one savory sensual experience.

A gentle hiss is all that Maria lets out. The rough tongue is nothing compared to her powerful protected chiton covered sex, yet its sensitive to feel every bump of his pink appendage as it slithers across her vent. She presses harder against his muzzle, edging him on to do more, when a sly idea creeps into her mind, "*Yes, this will really help him understand what is at stake...*"

Suddenly the blade tail pulls away from Jackyll's muzzle. He instinctively tries to look down, seeing if there is any moment in the egg below. His mind constantly picturing those petals opening up and the hungering face hugger jumping out to grip his face, starting his indoctrination into the hive's life cycle. Yet the creature's powerful grip keeps him focused on her sex and then he feels *exactly* where the bladed tail went.

The sharp tip runs along the underside of his cock, making it twitch and throb even harder. A spurt of pre-cum adds to the puddle that has been steadily growing underneath him. A loud hiss fills the room as the blade pushes just a hair harder against his needy appendage, the blade tip running across his cum-slit gently caressing it.

He bites his lower lip, tensing hard, his body wanting to buck but his fear holds him still, hostage to any movement. Then he licks across the xenomorph's sex, his tongue feeling the smooth powerful mountain valley formed by its chitin. Knowing there is an opening there, getting the faintest taste of its hot juices, his wanting to go deeper, fearing what will happen when he does so, yet he pushes on pushing his tongue against the vent, trying to break free.

Each hiss he hears makes his heartbeat faster, his tongue pushes in harder, trying to part the outer walls to delve into the creature's vagina. Slowly he manages to push his way in, using every ounce of his oral strength, accentuated by the adrenaline rush. Piercing the xenomorph's body armor to get the tight vent, tasting the sweet succulent juices and then the toy squeezes down harder, pinning his tongue within it, forcing him to drink down her hot juices, which make his mind be pushed into a lustful stupor as he drips almost as vigorously as it does.

Such power and strength, domineering over him, again and again, as the toy's gyrating hips, pressing up against his muzzle, keeping his tongue pinned between her folds as he continues to drink and be covered in the toy's essence... all the while that bladed tail never ceases to stop teasing, or perhaps better stated as threatening his eagerness with a good time.

Unrestricted pleasure built up within him as he let himself go, into the smooth wet wilds of the alien before him, and then he felt his tongue become freed from the toy's vice grip. He quickly withdraws his tongue, feeling points of the grip throb, a hurt that felt so good as he licks his lips, trying to look down, to see what the state of the egg was, his mind constantly filling in the voice, the petals open, the face hugger jumping out, gripping his face...

Maria crouches down till she's face to face with her partner. She shows off her sharp teeth, hissing loudly as she opens her mouth slowly, showing off her inner mouth, while keeping his head in a firm grip so he can't look down, and each time she feels him try, she gives that long gasping hiss, reminiscent of the queen from the movies. Her body aches from the pleasure, his soft weak tongue tantalized her senses, driving her wild, eager to ravage him with all she can, yet knowing that he couldn't *handle* it, which in fact only makes it all the more exciting.

She coils her tail around the egg, lifting it up and placing further back, past his throbbing member and right underneath the area between his legs, tapping the egg with her bladed tail tip, activating it for its next stage of use, "*It can feel what he wants. It knows that he'll enjoy it and give plenty of new tests for the egg,*" she thinks,

Jackyll tenses, staring into that faceless face, swearing he can see a skull, but those pointy sharp teeth catch his attention before there's movement down below, "*The egg is going to open up... I can feel it,*" he thinks, ready to look down to let the creature embrace him, yet he's powerless to do so. His body quakes in fearful delight as that mouth opens up and the inner jaw pushes out with its own mouth, soon kissing his lips.

His ears twist and turn, hearing the sound of the opening egg, imagining the next moments it will latch around his head and slide down into his maw, violating him in such worryingly wonderful ways. But that inner mouth continues to push forward, the creature pushing closer, so they are drawn into a double kiss. The inner mouth pushing into his muzzle,

his tongue coiling around it, suckling it hard with some unknown instinctual need in the vain hopes that this will please it so it will continue on for that much longer.

A shiver runs down his spine, as he's French kissed by the xenomorph, the inner jaw could strike out, rip him to shreds, tear him new holes for it to violate him again and again. His cock throbs, suddenly realizing that the bladed tail isn't there, "*Where could it be...*" he wonders for just a moment when he feels something wrap around his rear and slip in *deep* into his body.

He groans his cock throbbing harder as he feels a tail coil around his length, as some slick tentacle is pushed into his rear, while the monster's inner mouth continues to pump into his mouth again and again, thrusting down into his throat, making it bulge with each heavy mouthed thrust.

Steadily his mind paints the picture, as he feels long spider-like fingers wrap around his ass, and the wiggly tentacle moves about, pressing against his prostate, pumping his rear, as the tail coils and twists and turns around his member, teasing the entire length without the need of having to go horizontal with the motions. The squeezing torque of the tail makes his body eagerly thrust into the air as beads of pre-cum squirt out and are flung about.

The rubber face hugger wraps itself tightly around the jackal's rear, taking him for all that he's worth, pumping into his ass while its tail does the work to anchor itself firmly to the male's body. It, a creature of pure instinct, adjusts to whatever hole that its target to, taking Jackyll in just the way that it thinks he'll enjoy the best. No thought, simple programming of a rubber creature that takes him again and again, wiggling around in the very depths of his body with its ovipositor tool, used more as a tentacle in this particular moment.

Taken hard from both sides, he's left squirming and groaning, sucking down on the xenomorph's inner mouth while squeezing and milking the face hugger assaulting his rear. The scent of sex and latex hangs heavy in the air as he can't even move his fingers or toes, perpetually locked in a moment of need as his pleasure burns hotter and hotter.

The force building up within him continues to grow, as sweet, muffled moans escape his lips, stolen away from being anything louder than a submissive needful whimper by the alien before him. Every bit of his body is taken, abused, violated, as he's left exposed and helpless. And he *loves* every moment of it. Yet there's a desire for just a little bit more. To be dominated and taken to one step higher, just so he can *feel* it.

He stares at the xenomorph with needful eyes, begging and pleading for it like one would do for their life in any situation that would be remotely close to this. In this case he wants to be brought higher so he can *live*.

Maria understands the customer's desire, wants, needs for the moment she continues to pummel into the guy's mouth, while the face hugger does its work pounding, groping, squeezing and twisting, all to push him to that higher stage of nirvana that she knows that her Maker, her queen would love to see happen. To be pushed to such a high state of bliss that everything else is washed to the wayside and left in the moment where nothing else matters, and this is his everything and all the weight of the world is lifted from his shoulders.

“There’s a way for this one to push him over the edge. All this one has to do is to find his button...” she ponders, processing each motion, each movement, feeling she can do it and then it comes to her. As she works with the face hugger, spit roasting him, her bladed tail tip runs across her sex, dipping into her sex, less for self-pleasure but to coat it in her own hot juices. Drawing it out slowly pulling it towards her intended target, hoping that this bit of pressure will push him to the edge and then some.

Moan after moan, groan after groan. There’s nothing more that he can’t do. He can’t look away, not that he wanted to. His throat is filled by the toy over and over, as he sucks it down like a throbbing stiff cock. Taken by a pair of *female* creatures like a couple of guys, the dichotomy of it furthering his pleasure as he revels in the lustful confusion of his mind and body. It’s beyond belief that he’s been able to hold off this long. The tightly squeezing tail of the face hugger, rolling its coiled squeezing along his member, milking out every drop he has, ready to blow. It’s so close that its on the tip of this tongue as he sucks face with the creature of his horribly arousing nightmares.

Then it hits him, his length is pulled by the face hugger, as a cool wet blade runs along his ball sack, tracing along the very center between the two. He feels it drip along his aching balls as they pull up instinctively be it fear or the fact that this is what was needed to unleash his load. He jerks within his powerful bondage, shooting out hot sticky streams of seed as a rippling pleasure rolls over him. He wants to squirm and wiggle more as he bites down hard on the xenomorph’s inner mouth as he moans so deeply. He doesn’t even realize what he’s done as his ass milks the face hugger tentacle for anything it is willing to give him, wanting to join the beautiful creature before him and join the hive, to be of service and value that he’s been wanting for so long.

The warm blissful delight shuts his mind down as he sinks into the bondage, as every ounce of his essence is yanked out of him. His loins ache as they hurt so good from the pent-up pleasure, he’s put himself through even before coming here. He couldn’t have expected just how hard his climax would be, leaving his body spent, and aching and it’s only in the warm afterglow moment as his bite loosens, he realizes what he’s done, *“Shit.”*

A long drawn-out hiss greets the jackal as Maria pulls out of his mouth, letting out another hiss as her hot air rolls over him, as he twitches and winces, *“Such a weak bite, barely a bother,”* she thinks.

“I-I didn’t mean to bite so hard, I got carried...” he stammers as another hiss hushes him up.

“He’s expected to be punished,” she thinks as she stares into his eyes, monitoring every move he makes, *“No, he **wants** to be punished.”* The thought sends tingles of delight through her as she lets out another hiss, already knowing what to do.

“I did it now. I angered it,” he thinks as the xenomorph gets onto all fours, and slips underneath the rack, as its tail whips around and traces along his muzzle, *“Shit, shit, shit.”* His heart races and his semi-flaccid cock begins to harden once again, dripping bits of cum onto the xenomorph below as she gathers things from the next stage of his torment.

When she does return, she holds all his spent cum within her rubbery hands. His white essence, held there in a pool of spent lustful need, which she brings up to his muzzle. She hisses and lets out one thrust of her inner mouth as the bladed tail caresses his jawline.

“Y-yes, I understand,” he mutters, lapping up his seed, tasting the tangy flavor, taken a bit back from the saltiness but pushes through the flavor and devours it with such gust that before he knows it, its all gone and he’s licking the creature’s palm clean, suckling the digits as it pushes its fingers into his mouth like the lustful thing that he is.

“*Toy knew he’d like it. I am doing well for my queen,*” she thinks as she slips back underneath the rack, looking up at his aching cock, pressing her mouth against it as her inner mouth presses along the length, ready to give him a *reward* for his good service.

With a groan Jackyll braces himself for what happens next. The inner mouth runs across his cock head, pushing up against him as his hard member stiffens even more fighting against the xenomorph’s mouth as he closes his eyes to focus on what’s happening, or perhaps unwilling to face the reality of what *could* happen.

Maria’s inner mouth stretches and covers the tip of Jackyll’s cock like a condom that is several sizes too small and far thicker than it needs to be. She takes the member completely into her main mouth till she’s kissing his balls, her teeth pressing gently against his cock, letting him know just where her *bite* is and that any moment, she could threaten him to return the *favor*.

His ultra-sensitive cock pumps him full of pleasure, forcing him back into a state of wanting benign. His eagerness burns hotly as it did just moments before, straining his exhausted body to the limit. His body begs for him to stop, to cry out no more yet his mind and will continue to crave it. Each thrust around his member, the vacuum of the xenomorph’s suckle with its powerful lips, the deadly jaws pressing down on his member, as the inner jaw pumps it harder and tighter than any hand or sex could save perhaps the xenomorph’s own powerful vent. Which was so powerful he’s going to wonder if his tongue is pleasantly bruised in the morning...

It lasted a while but given just how long ago he climaxed, it was amazingly fast that he managed to reach another heightened arousal state to unleash a load that was only a fraction of what he had before... but the creature wasn’t done with him, not yet. Two more of these forced climaxes will be drawn out of him, before it was done. The face hugger, finishing its use of his rear, and the bladed tail cleaned off by Jackyll’s cautious licks while his last dry climax crashes over him.

Slowly his bondage is removed, the resin melting away by the xenomorph’s command and when he tries to get up, the toy is there to catch him, shifting from the monstrous creature of his nightmares to one that only looks like it. It’s hisses are softer, gentler as it caresses his body, helping him to get his clothes back on as his legs feel weak and wobbly.

“*Such a weak creature, but its queen wants to take good care of all users,*” she thinks.

Jackyll pants, leaning against the toy, “That was amazing,” he softly says, unsure if he could even make it out of the store without the toy’s help, but when they walk onto the store floor it passes him along to another toy that is very eager to be of service.

“Let this one help you,” says a blue and red female raptor toy.

“Thanks and thank you for the wonderful...” he turns to look for the xenomorph toy but it's already gone and out of view. How quickly something so big, sexy, squeaky, can slink away without notice, leaving him with a shiver running down his spine, leaving him with one thought, *“I have to come here again and get myself one.”*