

High Quality Toy Maintenance

High vibrations with squeaky moans filled the testing room. The magic wand moves and along the sleek white rubber crotch of an anthropomorphic rubber feline of creamy white belly, black rubber sides and tail with blue stripes along the back that goes up its sides, along the back. It grinds against the wand, moaning even louder, toes curling, its blue collar with a black stripe has a tri-force shaped tag that jingles. The designation K-2373 is visible on it. The toy's tiger stripe markings on its face adds to the feline look, its blue hair fading into white, with its ears folding back, expressing its pure joy. Its hands caressing its own black rubber handles that are attached to its hips, "Yes, this is working exactly like how this one thought it would," it says with a purr. The toy's cuffs around its ankles and wrists are blue outlined with a black band with the lettering "Fuck Toy" written repeatedly across them in cursive lettering.

"This one is pleased that this new toy design feature is working as intended, Maker" says N-7377 an anthropomorphic rubber floppy eared canine toy with sleek white belly black bodied with light yellow-green markings that has a collar with green outline and a black band with the same matching glowing lettering of fuck toy. On its collar is a half heart shaped tag with its designation. The toy's white fingered hands hold the wand against K-2373's crotch pressing a bit harder, its soft light-green glowing eyes looking up at its Maker, pressing a bit harder.

"Y-yes, it's wonderful," K-2373 says, pressing its hips against the wand, moaning a bit louder, its blue tongue visible, matching nose wiggling, "Its well worth this one learning how to make this work," it says with a shudder, panting louder, grinding harder. The toy running its fingers across its blue nipples, playing with them then grabbing its own handles twisting them a little, "It's on edge it can feel it can be sent over, this one wants to feel this cockless climax," it commands.

"Yes Maker," N-7377 says, moving the wand all around the subtle oval white bulge, smiling happily as it works, "Make sure you record all of this, Z-7377."

"This one is," it replies, video recording the entire display, the white bellied toy with black body with a soft purple color on the extremities of its limbs. The toy's cat tail flicks with delight, purple eyes watching its Maker moan in delight. The toy's hot pink collar with a black band has a matching set of wrist and ankle cuffs that have the lettering of "Fuck Toy" upon them in matching magenta. On the toy's collar is a green half heart shape with its designation on it.

N-7377's yellow-green cock twitches and aches, expressing its delight in its work, member hard, ready to be used.

Z-7377 express itself in a similar matter with its aching hard purple member. It twitches in the cool air, begging for attention, but like a good toy it ignores its own needs to provide a service, filming K-2373's being pushed to the precipice of its climax.

"Just a bit more... yes, yes... just like that," K-2373 says with a pleasant moan, pressing harder against the wand, body squeaking before its entire body shudders tail stiffening, face scrunching up the bulge pulsing repeatedly before slowly fading and with it the black and blue feline toy steadily relaxes, "This one believes that's exactly what it's looking for. That's good

toys,” it says, taking a moment to collect itself reaching down to push away the vibrating wand away from its nether regions, “Please set up the molding unit to return this to normal, N-7377.”

N-toy pulls the wand away, ears flopping, giving a quick ‘awe phooey’ expression while turning off the magic vibrating wand, “Yes Maker, this one will do as you command. It will say it had fun testing the nudge with you,” it gives a sly grin.

K-2373 gently pets the canine on the head with a soft squeak, gently petting behind the ears, “This one knows you did,” it replies with a playful wink, “Z-7377, can you prepare the videos and other documentation?”

Z-toy bows with a soft squeak, member twitching at the delight of following out a command, “It will be this one’s pleasure Maker. Which form of documentation should this one prepare it to?”

“New toy modification and feature proposal. Can you get it done by the end of the day?”

“This one can Maker.”

K-2373 smiles, “Excellent. This one knows you could do it,” it says, reaching out gently petting the fellow feline toy behind the ears, moving a little closer to it, hands gently running along its sides, fingers trailing along its magenta handles that are on its hips, “This one appreciates how good you’ve been. Toy knows just how *hard* it is watching others have all the fun,” it says, gripping the handles.

Z-7377 shudders and moans, letting out a soft mew, “I-it’s always a toy’s joy of being of service in all ways,” it replies.

K-2373 moves in closer, pressing its rubber chest against the other toy, its nudge gently grinding dominantly against the twitching purple length, “Good toy.”

“Thank you Maker,” it replies with a soft purr, shuddering as its handles are gripped.

N-7377 lets out a playful woof, standing beside the two taller toys, “Giving its fellow toy all the fun now?” it asks, raising an eye ridge.

The blue feline toy releases the handles of its fellow cat toy, turning to the canine, “Why of course, because you had all the fun in these tests,” it replies with a wink.

The toy’s tail sags, “Yeah this one did.”

“Best to share the love,” K-2373 giving a tender smooch on N-toy’s nose, turning back to Z-toy, “Good luck with your work,” it says with a playful wink, giving the fellow feline’s behind a firm playful smack and squeeze, “And this one will be sure to reward you soon enough for your hard work.

It moans loudly and delightful gently, pressing its butt against its Maker’s hand, “Yes Maker, thank you.”

“Maker are you done teasing its other half or do you need more time?” asks N-7377, its cock twitching, seeing the scene play out.

“This one is fine,” K-2373 says, turning back to the canine toy, reaching over to gently run its fingers along its chin before gently reaching around to pet behind the ear, “Good toy. Now, care to get the crotch mold ready? As much fun as it had with this nudge, it does mess with having its full-length pleasure device at the ready,” it says with a wink.

“Yes Maker, this one won’t delay any longer,” N-toy says, rushing off ahead of K-2373 going into another room down the hall.

The feline toy follows, while the other departs to do its work. When it reaches the designated room that has a sign of “Test molding room” at the top of the door. In the room are small cylindrical vats of stored rubber of the primary colors, with white and black. There are three different full bodied molding machines, one pod shaped, another with hard plastic molds, and last is a metal molding machine, but N-7377 is working and fiddling with a smaller molding machine, that has a large crotch suction at the front. It crouches beside the device, tapping on the keypad that’s built into the device.

“How does it go?” it asks looking over the device, the feline toy’s fingers running across the front crotch molding, feeling a twitch within its nudge, its body growing eager.

“Apologies Maker, it just got here and needs a moment to reconfigure the molding machine,” it replies typing away on the small keyboard there.

“Not a problem sweet fellow toy unit, it knows it takes a moment.”

“And there we go, please Maker. Press your crotch into the machine and it will do the rest.”

K-2373 lets out a soft purr, pressing itself against the hard crotch molding device. Reverse suction pulls the toy’s crotch into place, the air around it warming up while the toy feels the heat pouring into its nether region, “This part always feels delightful,” it says.

It arches its back, but then N-7377 gently squeezes its Maker’s handles, “Careful Maker, best not to shift so much while the molding is doing its job.”

“Then you better keep it in place as it works,” hearing the mold hum to life, the heat growing, body shuddering in pleasuring delight, the melting and shifting of rubber felt within the mold. While N-toy tightly grips its Maker’s black rubber hips, pressing the toy forward into the mold, while holding it still, “Just a few moments longer Maker and it will be all over and you’ll be back to normal.”

“Toy wonders if it could add pleasure and heat to the molding of a toy....”

“Well Maker, this one isn’t sure it would work too well with any toys-to-be, but a completed toy? Perhaps it could be something with it.”

It purrs loudly, shuddering, feeling as if it's about to be brought back to another climax, “It will inquire that in its meeting today,” it says, the mold suddenly dinging.

“Ah, it's done!” N-toy says, helping pull K-2373 away from the molding machine by the handle. A bit of steam rising from the molding area, the feline’s throbbing twitching member revealed once more. Long and slender similar to a cut human in shape but with a knotable canine knot at the base with a pair of cute white rubber balls at the base to complete the feminine boy toy’s body.

K-2373 purrs happily looking down at its member, “As much as this one had fun having that null bulge, having itself back to how its Maker molded it is a delight.”

“Good that your Maker didn’t complain that you were playing around with its work,” says N-toy.

“This one’s Maker is very open and caring. It understands why, but now,” it says, turning around bumping its length into its fellow toy unit, gently grinding up against it.

“Yes Maker?” N-7377 asks, tensing a little, tail wagging, body aching, ready to be played with.

“This one is going to check up on the store. Please help your other half prepare the notes. It doesn’t think it needs the help, but it can’t hurt right?”

“Yes Maker,” it replies.

“Good toy,” it says, giving it a soft rubbery kiss on the lips, pulling away, “And don’t worry, it will get you back for all that null fun later,” it says with a playful wink, the toy sauntering off hips swaying side to side in a feminish manner, while keeping a domineering pose. It moves down a series of hallways, going past a series of computers and a work area that is far larger than it needs to be for the researchers here. It enters the elevator, making its way up to the ground floor, the doors swing open to a hallway. The aroma of rubber hangs heavy, a series of doors line the hallway, most of them with an indicator on them showing that they are currently occupied. It turns to its right, entering a password into the door, about to enter when it feels a sleek rubbery hand running across the toy’s butt with a long squeak.

“Hello Maker,” says a sleek white bellied black and red bodied anthropomorphic rubber feline toy with a big latex hair fluffy tail. The toy leans in close, with a red cloth around their eyes, hiding them from view. Its cuffs are red with a black band, its golden tag jingles as it reads, “B-1374.” Its red member is hard, throbbing, gently pressing up against the other cat toy’s thigh, moving in closer, licking across his ear, “This one sees...” it runs its fingers across K-2373’s blue twitching length, “Everything back to normal.”

With a soft purr it leans up against its fellow toy unit, looking over to its cloth covered eyes, “It was only for a week, like this one said,” it says leaning in close pressing itself up against B-toy.

The red feline toy moves in slipping its length into the space created by K-2373’s handle, “Shall we celebrate then...” it says nuzzling against it.

With a soft meow it kisses the red feline toy, “This one will make sure we do so, but later. It still has a lot of work to do, and you know it has its meaning coming up with its Maker.”

“Awe...” it responds with a soft pouting voice.

“But don’t worry toy, this one will make some special time just for us later,” it replies, rubbing its finger along the toy’s lips.

B-toy leans in, coiling its tongue around the rubber digit, pulling it into its mouth, suckling it, before then pulling away with a pop, “Alright, this one will hold you to it.”

“You’ll be holding a few things alright,” it says with a playful wink and a tender kiss, “How’s the store floor?”

“It’s been good Maker. A little busy around this time.”

“It’s noticed all the toy testing rooms are full.”

“We could make your room full with testing a toy,” it says with a smirk.

It chuckles in response, “This one said later, and it will stand by its words.” It gives another playful kiss, “But if anything comes up, let this one know.”

“Well Maker, you know a lot of things cum up at this store.”

“B-1374...” it replies, shooting the red toy a look.

“What? This one gets it from you, you know.”

“Do you really?”

“You made this one after all.”

“That this one did, but you only came out so good due to how high in quality your material was,” it says, nuzzling and giving its fellow toy a soft kiss that slowly grows more passionate, turning around, letting the red toy’s cock slip out from the handle before it runs across the blue feline toy’s thigh, their members soon swording against the other. Their tongues intertwine, the squeaking kiss after a moment is broken by K-2373, “But now it has to work.”

B-1374’s ears twitch, “Yes Maker, it will see you soon,” it says, the cloth shifting ever so slightly.

K-2373 smirks, seeing the wink from underneath, “Good luck toy. Keep up the good work.”

“This one will be Maker,” it says, parting ways, allowing the blue feline toy to enter the very last room in this hallway. The elevator door camouflages, making it invisible to those not actively looking for it.

“It knows you will,” it says, stepping inside of a large open space. To its right is a large yet simple bed with white bed sheets and pillows but placed upon the pillows are multi-colored latex covered feline head pillow plushies. The two on the edges are of a similar color to the toy’s blue, but there’s also black, pink, green, purple, and other colors of the rainbow all along the head of the bed. Each feline pillow head has an anime feline smile, with a soft blush under their big, cute eyes.

Across from the bed is a small office with the door closed and bold lettering that says, “Toy Manager K-2373” Past that door there is a small kitchenette area and a dining table area. With all the items necessary to provide a decent meal if the toy decided to cook, as well as a fanciful tea making set with a spin tea holder with over a dozen or so different types of tea to be tried and had at a moment’s notice.

“So much work to do to get everything ready and prepared. This one is starting to understand why Maker was so busy during its molding,” it mutters to itself, entering its office. A rectangular room with an oak desk and a computer off to the side. The toy’s designation on a name plate facing toward anyone who would be sitting in the leather chair that’s placed across from the desk. The toy saunters over to its chair, seeing a black and silver multi-picture picture frame that has a series of pictures in there. One is of the store opening with a black and cyan sergal there with it. Then there’s pictures of toys it has made, N and Z toy, B-1374, and a few others. The biggest and most recent is a first-year anniversary party picture that was taken less than a month ago. It sits into the chair with a loud squeak, booting up the computer, getting to work.

Several hours later K-2373 is looking toward its computer, the web camera aimed at it, as it hangs from the top of the big screen monitor, which shows video of a sleek black and cyan female sergal toy with cyan cuffs with a black band across, which says in glowing cyan cursive lettering “Fuck Toy”. Its matching collar has a silver tag that has the lettering K-2003. The feline toy looks into the camera with a strange mix of excitement with hints of nervousness, tail wagging eagerly and quickly, the toy eyeing its Maker, feeling pleased that the camera is adjusted so the toy can only be seen from the chest up, “*Maker is always so considerate to adjust the camera for this one,*” it thinks, before drawing its thoughts back on the meeting at hand, “What do you think of its work Maker?”

K-2003 rubs its chin, arms put together squeezing it’s just out of camera breasts with a squeak. The toy scrolls through the data on the screen, gently suckling its finger, “Hmmm,” it says, its finger sliding out of its mouth with a pop, “There’s a lot of information here, and it’s been having X-2953 look over and confirm your data and like applications, but so far, this one can’t see anything wrong with it. Toy knows some customers would like to have their toys more public and this could work with that, but also others do enjoy the idea of a null toy. This would provide a very interesting stimuli for the user and the toy, which will make the interaction more in depth and bonding. Giving the appropriate feedback that people expect out of us Toys-4-U toys.”

“Really Maker?” it says, eyes lighting up.

“Yes, this one thinks so.”

K-2373 feels a weight being lifted off its shoulders, “That’s good to hear,” it says when there’s a knock on the door. It looks in the direction of the knock, “Hello?”

B-1374 calls out from the other side of the door, “Apologies Maker, it knows you are in your meeting but there’s a bit of an issue that needs your attention.”

“Can it wait a few more minutes?” it asks.

K-2003 says, “Go on, let them say what it is. If it’s big enough this one could provide some assistance.”

“Maker... it can handle running it store.”

“It knows you can, but it also knows you do like it when this one visits,” it replies with a playful wink.

K-2373 smiles letting out a soft mew, “Alright... come in, and tell this one what’s wrong.”

B-1374 comes in, a look of urgency on its face, “Sorry Maker for interrupting your meeting.”

“It’s fine, this one knows you wouldn’t do it unless it was important, but it does wonder what has happened that demands its attention.”

“We are having issue with some of the molding mechanisms. One of our toys-to-be was actually stuck in its mold for an hour longer than intended.”

“Is it alright?” it asks with concern in its voice.

“It is, but this one knows we can’t have mold systems getting stuck. This one tried to locate someone, who could fix it, but none of the toys in store knew how. We managed to finagle the pod open but this one thinks we need someone with more knowledge and skill so that our toy making quality isn’t diminished.”

The blue feline toy nods, “Yes, this one can see that,” it says, rubbing its chin with a soft squeak, “This is an issue that we don’t want to have,” it says, turning its attention to the computer, “Did you catch all of that Maker?”

“This one did, good hearing you know.”

“Right... sergals,” it chuckles, “What should this one do?”

“Hire a mechanic to fix the problem.”

“Like that? Just hire a mechanic? Is it that easy?”

“Ja, this one thinks so. A simple problem sometime requires a simple solution.”

“What about a user seeing toys being made?”

“Simple, first, don’t have any toys actively molding while they work on the molds. Secondly, have them sign that paper thingy when they agree to take the job and have it in there to not say anything about what they see. It’s always best to keep company secrets just that. A secret.”

The feline gives the sergal toy a look, “Maker, do you mean a contract with an NDA?”

“Yup!” it replies with a big smile.

K-2373 lets out a soft sigh, “Maker, you really should learn those terms.”

“It knows what they were, it just forgot at the moment.”

“This one sees... so Maker, what service do you recommend for fixing the pods?”

“This has a few toys that are skilled in such things, it could send them over to you if you want? Though they are the chassis type that your store isn’t known for.”

“If this one can have toys that can do it, why would it hire someone out of the store?”

“Because finding someone skilled for it is not always easy that fits all the other requirements, and toy thinks it’s good to give you options rather than take them away. How you solve the issue is up to you. This one is just offering some advice.”

“This one would love to have another of you around with a few... adjustments here to offer your helpful advice. You always bring something... special to the store when you visit.”

“This one is one of a kind for many reasons so it can’t be duplicated.”

“This one knows Maker.”

“But if this one could come up with a way to store its emporium of knowledge and personality quirks into a similar toy. It will let you know. This one knows what you really like,” it says with a wink.

K-2373 lets out a soft mew, “You know this one well Maker.”

“Of course, it does, it made you and trained you into the lovely and wonderful toy that you are. If you need any more help, don’t be afraid to drop this one a message. It’ll get back to you as soon as it can. But for now, it has to end this meeting and go over methods with X-2953 to confirm your findings. After that it will get to work on getting it approved.”

“May this one have permission to test it out on a toy model?”

“As part of the research process?”

“Yes Maker.”

“You have this one’s permission. Just keep it updated with how you use it and the end results. Documentation is important. It knows it’s a lot of work, but hard work makes for great products that are bar none the best around with the highest quality.”

“Yes Maker. This one will, thank you,” K-2373 says with a playful wave goodbye, “Bye Maker.”

“Bye toy!” it says energetically the call ending.

The feline toy relaxes leaning into its chair with a squeak, “Despite how that one acts, it always leaves an impression on this one.”

B-1374 saunters over beside its fellow feline toy, “This one can say the same thing about you Maker,” it says reaching down to gently run its hands along the toy’s chest.

It lets out a playful mew, “You’re just trying to butter this one up,” it says, reaching up and gently running its rubbery paws along the red feline’s face.

“More liked lubed up Maker.”

It smirks, “Cute, but now this one needs to do a search and see if there’s any high quality material that could be available for a more in house toy that could maintain the equipment.”

“Is there anyone like that?” B-1374 inquires, placing its hands on its Maker’s shoulders, gently rubbing them with a tender squeak, butt hiked up, swaying side to side, cock twitching between its legs, leaning in closer, watching it’s Maker access the Toys-4-U database.

“This one isn’t sure but won’t know till we take a look. This is the first time a toy is material searching with a special skill set that it could use for the store... let’s start with possible materials that have skills as a mechanic,” it says typing into the computer, putting in the filter options, looking at the number of hits, its eyes widen a bit “one point two million...” ahh... hmm, let’s limit the area of the search within fifty miles of the store. Perhaps we’ll get lucky with someone local? It’s always good if the material doesn’t need to travel too far,” it says, adjusting the search.

“So much material to choose from Maker.”

“The issue is finding good quality material, which makes this much harder. It got lucky with a lot of you,” it says, the new filtered search gives a ping of “ninety-three thousand six hundred ninety-six.” K-2373 lets out a soft sigh, “A little better.”

“This one doesn’t think you were lucky, but just that good at finding quality material to make into toys,” B-1374 says, gently licking across the toy’s ear, giving it a soft squeaky suckle.

It shudders in delight, its blue cock twitching, letting out a soft mew, “T-thanks. But right now this one needs to focus on this. This one is the only one in the store that’s trained for this, so it must be its solemn duty to find the right quality material for the job. It can only hope there is one.”

“What if you can’t find one Maker? We can survive being down a molding pod or two, but it will only get worse from here on out.”

“If worse comes, we'll hire someone to fix it like Maker suggested. But this one knows we can't make a quick decision. It's rare that this can be spontaneous. Rarer still that can even work, especially with one as inexperienced as this one. It doesn't have the years of experience Maker has.”

B-1374 leans in, nuzzling up K-2373's face, hands running across the toy's chest, playing with the nipples for just a moment before gently embracing it, “Have confidence Maker. You've made several wonderful toys that your Maker has complimented you on, hasn't it?”

“Yes... it has. Thanks, this one appreciates it,” it responds, returning the nuzzle, giving a little squeaky kiss, “But now it really has to get to work.”

It lets out a soft mew licking the toy's cheek, pulling back, “Yes Maker. Best of luck to you, it knows you can do it,” it says, standing up, tall and proud sauntering off, “But if you need any help, don't be afraid to ask this one or any of the other toys. We're here to help make this store be the best it can be, for you and your Maker.”

K-2373 smiles, “Thank you, this one knows.”

“Bye Maker.”

“Bye,” it replies, getting to work. Hours on end pass, the numbers steadily being taken down. The toy's eyes glued upon the screen, sifting through each possible material, a vast majority of them placed in the no category, while a fraction placed into the possible maybe category. Hours turn into days. It lets out a soft sigh, “How does the Maker, make this look so easy?” it mutters, eventually reaching the name Ratchet Akarui.

“Let's see... they have the qualifications,” it says to itself, pulling out external sources about the user, “A unique species, but that's not what this one is looking for,” it says, checking out that this soft fluffy male is an anthropomorphic fennalope, a special hybrid between a jackalope and a fennec.

“Now, how are they on social media...” it mutters, “Not too much of a visible presence, but what it can see here they are polite and nice, very friendly. They run their own small mechanic business. A go-getter, that's good. Educated but continuing to learn on their own, their business has a lot of positive reviews. Though that could mean they have a lot of ties, and this one doesn't want to cause problems to users... but that's hard to help,” it says with a soft sigh, gently running its fingers across its lips, suckling the tip, continuing to do research, “They live with themselves, so actually a loner... but it looks like because they are shy rather than anything malicious. That's good, another positive point...”

K-2373 continues to do research, eventually it gets to the last step of the search process, “What kind of purchase history with the company do they have?” it checks, “Chastity, BDSM gear, a lot of rubber items on their wish list. A lot on their wish list... They have a presence on the forums, now let's see how they act there,” it says, reading through the forums.

“Friendly, positive, but positively shy and kinky. Eager to please, wanting to please others, but not at complete self-sacrifice in a good way,” it says with a smile, reading more, “Looking for those to share interest but always withdrawing. A flower ready to blossom perhaps? Maybe even material to be made into a lovely toy. A little more research is required.

After that... perhaps this one could make a nice suit that could utilize their unique species. This one is sure Maker wouldn't mind a new species to be added to the Toys-4-U line. But let's not get ahead of itself. Double check and see if any others are better material. But this one will take this as a strong maybe," it says, getting back to work, checking the next user.

A month later Ratchet sits in his chair, booting it up. The anthropomorphic jackalope and fennec hybrid sips their tall black aluminum can energy drink. With soft fluffy grey fur with white chest fluffy. Their soft features hide what little masculinity he possesses, "Let's see what work I have today," he says in a sweet soft voice, hiding his hard profession. Two black antlers jut out from their brown hair, that is dyed pink in the front for aesthetics. Their soft blue eyes peer through rectangular frame glasses that hang on their nose.

His computer fully boots up, his desktop background a picture of him with his parents at his graduation from his trade school, top of his class, which isn't too much but fills him with pride. His mother a rather elegant but antlerless jackalope while his father a big ball of fluff fennec. They stand beside him, mother towering over the two in height, but the scene depicts a lovely family.

He opens his email getting one marked as "Urgent need of your services. Pays well with plenty of benefits. Toys-4-U Maintenance Department." He lets out a soft huff, "This is probably a spam message, but the email address looks legit. This better not be a virus," he says, opening the email, giving it a read over.

Slowly the nagging feeling that this is a fake email subsides, replaced with a bubbling excitement within his gut, "Wait, they are really asking me to come to the store to repair? It's a bit of a drive, but..." he swallows a lump forming in his throat, feeling a heat build within his cheeks, "To be in the actual megastore? Could I manage that? With all of those..." he covers his face, "What if I mess up? Or worse if I get a stiffy while at work! That would be so embarrassing! But how often do I get a chance to get to go with paid expenses? But it is so far... but they will compensate me for the effort. And all I need to do is reply to this email and the rest would be handled? Why would I get such special treatment? I'm just a mechanic. Nothing special about that?"

He hums and hollers, looking over the email again, "It's not asking for any of my information. So it's not phishing for anything. It could be legit. Oh my gosh is this really true? But I'd have to put other jobs off to the wayside to go. It's a four-hour drive... but this pay is too hard to pass up. I could get a month's worth of pay while being there. Perhaps more if things take longer. But it does say here that I'd have to pass a probation first day period to ensure that my skills are up to the task. What if they aren't? What if I fail?" he says to himself, fiddling with his fingers, reaching for his energy drink and taking a big gulp. He stiffened his resolve, hands shaking, typing out a response, "Mother always said to take chances. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here," he says with a huff.

Two days later a sleek black limo comes to Ratchet's home in the early hours of the morning, before the sun even cracks over the horizon. With an energy drink in one hand, his bag

of tools, along with a few more energy drinks were placed within, *“This feels a little much for me. But it was offered to keep me fresh for when I got there...”* he thinks, pivoting on his foot.

The trunk and the side door opening for him automatically, a sweet soft male voice comes from within, “Please put your bags into the trunk, and step inside. The doors close automatically.”

Ratchet swallows a nervous lump in his throat, letting out a soft organic squeak, feeling a weight grow upon his chest, but he nods as if the person within can see him, “Alright,” he replies, placing his items into the trunk, still holding his energy drink, “Is it okay if I bring this in? It’s really early in the morning and I could use a boost.”

“I have some tea, but if you prefer, it’s quite alright.”

“T-thanks,” he replies, sliding into the limo, feeling the smooth black leather seats, the door slowly closing behind him. The automation catches his attention for the first instant. He then turns to see a sight that almost makes him lose grip of his energy drink before he fumbles to catch it, thankful that it’s only two thirds full, preventing any from spilling out, “S-sorry,” he replies, feeling his cheeks grow hot, *“I-I wasn’t expecting this.”*

Sitting across from him is K-2373, the sleek rubber feline toy, naked except for the cuffs and collar that give a soft blue glow that is mostly hidden under the limo’s lights. The tinted windows had completely prevented anyone from noticing the toy within. The toy’s wonderfully sculpted length is currently in a flaccid state, but the fennalope can’t help but enjoy the view of it, crossing his legs, holding his drink in front of his crotch. The toy gives a sly grin, “Hello, this one is K-2373, manager of the local Toys-4-U megastore. It is pleased that you are able to take it up on its offer to do some maintenance work on its store.”

“To be honest, I wasn’t expecting so much for a simple maintenance job. I-I don’t mean to be rude uh... K-2373, but you have me at a loss as to why you need to go so far for some routine maintenance on your store’s equipment?”

The toy stays on the other side of the limo, legs spread, showing itself off, leaning forward, tail gently squeaking against the back of the black leather, a constant reminder of the toy’s rubber nature, “We here at Toys-4-U strive to have high quality for everything that we do, and that includes hiring the best people we can to fix our equipment.”

“I appreciate that you think I am worthy of such praise. But I have to admit, my surprise when a big company like your own goes to a small local business like mine.”

“K-2003 is a fan of supporting good local entrepreneurial businesses. This one thinks it’s a great idea to do it here. And if this one is to be honest, the maintenance job within our store has been left unfilled and until recently we didn’t know how badly we needed one.”

“I don’t mean to tell you how you to do your job K-2373, but maintenance is a very important part of keeping things running smoothly. It’s better to have routine checkups on your equipment instead of waiting till the last minute when things start to break down.”

“This one has been so busy with the store, that it plum forgot. Being the second megastore for the company is an honor and a difficult job at that.”

“I don’t doubt,” he says looking over the toy, his heart racing, feeling his member twitch within his pants. He uses the cool end of his can to force himself down and chill his length into relaxing, *“Stay calm. Keep it together. Take this time to adjust to the sight of this sexy toy before you. Don’t think of that wonderful blue length slipping into... I said don’t think about how wonderfully curvy his body is, and how I would like to take his... no! Stop that brain. This is not the time. It’s job time. Now is the time to be a professional. If I knew this was going to be that hard, I should have gotten a soft cage or something, but taking it to a job I was just...”*

“Relax Mr. Akarui. This one is here to talk and get to better know you. This one understands it’s a big job that it is asking for you, and there are no right or wrong answers here. Be yourself.”

“Sorry, sorry. I just wasn’t expecting such treatment. It’s more than I can handle. I’m just a simple mechanic.”

“One who does a good job with every customer possible. It has read your reviews.”

“They are over exaggerating to be sure. But I appreciate their kind words. Without them I would haven’t had nearly the success with my business as I have.”

“Modest, this one does like that,” it says with a soft mew, leaning in a little closer.

The toy’s sweet-smelling latex and blueberries reaching his nose, making it wiggle a little, while flooding him with a warmth and domineering aura that is hinted with concern and love that soothes his nerves just a little, “I just try to be who I am. If you can’t be yourself, who else could you be?” he asks with a smile, adjusting his glasses, *“Yes that is a good answer. Just focus on his face. Don’t look down at his cock... oops you looked down. Why did you do that. Just look up again just like that. Look into his lovely blue eyes... Wow, they are so pretty. Stop that brain!”*

K-2373 lets out a soft constant purr, “This one couldn’t agree with you more. This one is a lovely toy; it is what it is.”

“I wasn’t expecting to have a conversation with a toy. Let alone be hired by one.”

“Technically the company is hiring you. This one is representative for the company. Having toys do the actual hiring? How silly is that. Toys are objects. Things. Used for play and to be of service. And this one is here to be of service to the company.”

“I-I suppose you are right. That does make a little more sense,” he says, forcing a smile to hide how shy and bashful he is. He adjusts his glasses, eyeing back down at the toy’s sleek body then looking back at it, “C-could you tell me the nature of the work I’m going to be performing? The documents you sent were vague, outside of a few clues.”

“Could that wait till we get there?” it asks with a soft playful mew.

“I-I really want to know what I am getting into. It’s a long car-ride, right?”

“Yup, four hours total from here to there.”

“Then we can go over what is needed to be done first, then talk about whatever else afterwards, right? I rather to get the important conversation out of the way. I-I hope that is okay with you though. I just don’t want us to find ourselves rushing to get what I need to know when we get there,” he says tensing squeezing the can a little, causing it to dent, *“I shouldn’t have*

been so forceful. That was so rude of me. I am making a bad impression. The toy wanted to do some small talk. It's a four-hour ride. There's plenty of time to explain the basics of what I need to do. I will probably have to see the problem anyway, so it's not that big of a deal in the end."

K-2373 watches him squirm in his seat, eyes looking away from it, "He's so sweet and shy. He's trying so hard to impress this one. And be professional, while working hard to resist his own urges. Best to relax him and let him know what toy needs from him before going into picking apart his brain and determine if he's the high quality material this one thinks he is."

"Mr. Akarui, relax. This is not some kind of test, but if you want to get to know what the issues are. There are a few small things that need to be fixed, but the biggest issue and the main reason why we had you sign that NDA is that we're having an issue with our toy molding pods. The gears are getting stuck and it's causing some issues when it comes to our toy making process."

"T-toy making process?" he asks, stiffening up a little.

"This one hopes you now understand the importance of what it wants you to do? It's not only vital to our company's success but we need someone that is trustworthy to keep our company's secrets a secret."

"Yes, yes, I can see that now. I'm sorry for being so forward on the subject. But if it's a gear issue, I am your fennalope that can solve your problem. I've always loved gears, and this shouldn't be a big issue for me. But for a proper assessment. I will need to view the equipment myself."

"This one has a good feeling you'll get the job done. Your parents must have been really spot on when naming you."

"Oh, after the tool? Actually, it was a tv show when they were kids... but then the character was named after a tool..." he blushes.

"And here this one thought it was because of your beauty mark on your fur."

"My what?"

"Your beauty mark, the one on your thigh shaped like a gear?"

"O-oh this?" he asks, pulling up his shorts enough to reveal the series of gear markings on their thigh, "I also have them on my arm and back," he says, showing off his fur markings, "But they aren't beauty marks. I actually get them stencil dyed into my fur."

"Really?" it asks with a soft squeak, leaning in closer, the toy's sweet smell growing stronger.

"Y-yeah. I thought it looks cool you know? The same goes for the markings on my tail end, see?" he says, showing off his big fluffy dark, light grey tail with a white base, showing the dark gear marking that goes around the circumference of the tail.

"That's very interesting," it replies, "*Then having it on the suit though a risk is a good move. This one can say that it's based on the look it found online or when they came to the store to help model.*"

"I know it's a bit silly, but I really like it. It also helps me stand out."

"This one thinks you stand out plenty as the only fennalope."

“Ah... yeah...” he rubs the back of his head, feeling the heat in his cheeks, adjusting his glasses, “But from what you tell me, it doesn’t sound like I’ll have too big of an issue fixing your problem. But again, I’ll reiterate that I won’t know for certain till I get there.”

“This one completely understands and appreciates your up frontness and honesty.”

“I do like to be upfront and honest. It’s the best policy.”

“This one agrees,” it says, leaning back into the chair, giving him some space, “Tell this one, have you ever been to one of our stores?”

“Ah... well...” he says with a soft blush, “I’ve used the Toys-4-U website mostly. The discreet packaging is a lifesaver.”

The toy lets out a soft yet long squeak, “This one is glad you enjoy our products. But it asks merely because it’s curious if you’ve had any experience with any of us toys before.”

“To be honest... you’re the first toy I’ve seen,” he says, blushing even harder, heart pounding, clenching the can a bit tighter, taking a quick sip from the can before putting it back down to push down his arousal, “*Keep it cool. You don’t want to lead this into fucking your toy boss scenario... wait did I just consider it my boss? Oh my gosh why is that so...*” He takes a deep breath calming himself.

K-2373 smiles, “*He’s cute with how he struggles with his nature. This one would like to help him set himself free... but can’t make a decision just yet. We have time,*” it thinks, saying, “And how do you feel about toys like itself.”

“Well... you are all very well made and lovely, that’s to be sure. I’ve fawned over the idea of having a Toys-4-U suit or what it’s like to be a toy... oh my gosh I can’t believe I said that,” he says, covering up part of his face, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that.”

“No need to be sorry. Just be open with this one. This has nothing to do with what you have to do. This one just wants to get to know the person it will be working with.”

“W-working with?”

“You will be doing jobs for this one, right?”

“Oh yes, yes,” he replies with a blush, “Of course, this is why the company hired me.”

“And this one is going to be in charge of making sure those jobs get done. It will be the one that signs off on your paperwork.”

“Got it,” he replies, thinking, “*Oh my gosh the toy is my boss...*”

“Don’t worry about that though. This one is here to get to know *you*. Now tell this one. What do you think of us toys then? Now that you see one in person.”

“Am I allowed to be honest here?”

“Yes, you are. This one prefers it.”

“Okay,” he replies, “*I asked permission from the toy...*” he tenses a little, swallowing a lump in his throat, “Now seeing you close up. It’s something else. I’ve seen a lot of advertisements on the website. I recall seeing one toy just like you being advertised as a new male feline toy model a while back. Then I started to see that same toy do some advertisements of some lovely toy models.”

“That was this one,” it replies.

“I-it was?” he asks, swallowing a lump in his throat, which causes him to squeak a little.

“Yes. This one was the toy there. Did you enjoy its work?”

“It was great!” he exclaims, letting out a soft eep, “Sorry for speaking so loud.”

“Go on, don’t be shy, tell this one more. How did it make you feel?”

“I-it was nice to see how you took charge of those other toys. I wondered myself how it could... ah...” he tenses up a bit, swallowing another lump, tail swishing quickly, he squeaks a little before continuing, “There’s something about it that’s very captivating K-2373.... Why are you asking?”

“This one likes feedback, and seeing someone talk about it in person gives a greater impact to the feedback than just typing out, ‘that’s hot’ or ‘I wish that was me’ understand?”

‘Y-yes, I can see that. Though if I am to be honest, I do sort of wished I was there, in the heat of those moments. Being a toy’s toy. To be... oh my gosh I said that,” he says, blushing hard, pulling his tail in front of his face.

K-2373 chuckles, its hands gently running along its legs with a soft tender squeak, “Relax. No one is here to judge you. This one is just a simple toy. An object, a plaything. Used for procreation and stress relief with users. Why be shy over a simple object like that?”

Ratchet peers through his tail fluff, “I-I’d say you are far from just being a simple toy. You’re so life-like and interactive. It’s hard to believe that you’re just a toy.”

It smiles, “But this one is. And you will be seeing a lot more toys like this one in the store. Best to get yourself comfortable with this one. It wouldn’t want you to get distracted from your work.”

“I wouldn’t get distracted!” he exclaims, tensing, “Sorry, I shouldn’t have yelled. But I take my work very seriously. No matter how wonderful you are, or the idea of what you could do to me gets into my head, I will get my job done,” he says, with a powerful affirmative nod, his stern look quickly melting away upon the realization of just what he said in that sentence, “Oh my gosh, I said that out loud!”

The toy laughs a little, moving over to sit beside him, the toy’s sweet latex aroma growing stronger, “Relax, relax. That is how you should act. As if you are telling yourself these things.”

“I don’t think I even tell myself these things if I am to be honest.”

“Why?”

“Because... I don’t have to? It’s just who I am. I’m an odd kinky ball of fluff, and that’s all. Nothing too special. Unique yes. Special? Not so much.”

“Now, now,” K-2373 moves in closer, gently placing its hand on his leg, “This one thinks you are mighty special, more so than you think you are.

Ratchet looks down at the toy’s hand then back up at it, looking into its strong powerful but loving eyes, “T-thank you. I’m just well me?”

The toy chuckles, “You remind this one of someone who is often humbling themselves, it’s rather cute.”

“I am?”

“Yeah. And this one thinks it made a good decision picking you for the job.”

“Already? But I haven’t done any work.”

“Your job skills will be tested, that’s for sure. But as this one talks to you, it thinks you are made of the right stuff that we toys are looking for,” it replies.

“I am?” he asks with a hint of optimism in his voice.

“This one thinks so, but right now, why don’t you relax. Enjoy the rest of the ride. It’ll be a while till we get to the store. Once there, there’ll be a lot of work to do.”

“Ah... hmm okay but ah... hmm,” he says, rubbing his hands along his mostly drunk energy drink.

K-2373 lets out an inquisitive purr, “What is it?”

“I-I don’t want to be forward or anything, but you are a toy as you say.”

“That this one is.”

“To serve?”

“It is.”

“Well I was thinking...” he says, thinking, *“This is a terrible idea. Don’t do it. Don’t do it!”*

“Yes?”

Ratchet tenses, quickly forcing the words out in one quick burst, “WoulditbeokayifIrestedmyheadinyourlap.” He pants heavily, tail fluffy out a bit. Eyes widening, slowly turning to see the toy’s reaction, expecting the worst, but then he feels the toy’s soft rubber fingertip across his muzzle.

It smiles at the nervous fennalope, “Why of course. It would be this one’s pleasure to provide you a soft lap to rest your head on. If it helps you get some sleep on the way there so you can be more refreshed? Why not?”

“R-really?”

K-2373 reaches over and grabs the energy drink can, “Yes, really,” he replies, putting the can into a cup holder. The toy slides down the seats, with a loud squeak, patting its lap, “Come, rest your head.”

Slowly, nervously Ratchet lowers his head onto the toy’s lap, feeling the smooth latex across his fur, the toy’s scent delightful and tantalizing. He feels the feline purring softly, the vibration adding to the soothing moment. His big fluffy tail coiling around himself, while he yawns, with a fennec squeaky fox noise, “Sorry... I didn’t realize how tired I am.”

“That’s alright. Relax and rest. This one wants you at your best when we get to the store,” it says, gently petting Ratchet on the head, rubbing behind his ears, gently and soothingly helping him drift into a slumber, *“That’s it. At this rate this thinks you’ll fit perfectly in with us and start your process of becoming a toy just like this one...”* K-2373 thinks, enjoying keeping Ratchet relaxed and calm, sleeping away in its lap.

Ratchet will be awakened with a soft nudge, a squeaky foxy noise escapes his lips, stretching out, rubbing his eyes, “We’re here?” he asks, looking up to see the toy smiling down at him.

“Yes, we are,” it replies.

Ratchet sits up, stretching a little, tail fluffing out, letting out a soft meep, “I shouldn’t have slept for so long and in your lap like that? I’m sorry.”

K-2373 chuckles, “It’s totally fine. This one couldn’t be happier.”

His ears perk up, “That’s good,” he replies, the door automatically opening up.

“After you,” it motions for him to step out.

“Thank you,” he replies, slipping out of the car, the back trunk opening, the driver’s side door opening up, stepping out is B-1374, blindfold and all.

“Did you enjoy the drive toy Master?” it asks, walking down to the trunk to grab Ratchet’s things.

Ratchet stared at the toy in total disbelief, “*Where are the toy’s eyes? Or is it blindfolded. Wait, were we driven by a toy? WAIT, were we driven by a BLINDFOLDED TOY?!?*” he thinks, heart racing, tail floofing out, letting out a loud fennec fox like squeak in surprise when K-2373 speaks.

“It was a wonderful drive toy. Smooth as this one’s behind,” it replies, looking at Ratchet, “Are you okay? It looks like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Ah... yes, I’m fine,” he says, watching the red and black feline toy grab his bag, holding it in its hands, walking up to him, “Here you go. Good luck on the job. This one knows you can do it.”

“A-ah... thank you?” he responds with a hint of confusion.

“Welcome,” B-1374 says, closing the trunk, “Cute accent by the way,” it adds, going back to the driver side, “This one will put the limo away and be with you when it can.”

“Thank you, B-toy,” says K-2373, turning to Ratchet, who is blushing up a storm, tail moving in front of him to cover his face.

K-2373 holds up his nearly depleted energy drink, “You forgot this.”

“O-oh thank you,” he replies, grabbing it, chugging the remainder down, feeling it slide all the way down his throat, shuddering at the flat taste, licking the roof of his mouth, “Bleh.”

“You should really have some tea instead. Better for you, soothing, and still has that caffeine kick if you know which ones to have.”

“I-I never had tea before, except country sweet tea”

“You haven’t? Except that stuff? Damn.”

“W-what is it?” he asks with a soft squeak.

“Guess this one can’t hire you then. Don’t like tea? What kind of person are you?”

“W-what?! B-but...”

K-2373 laughs heartily, gently rubbing Ratchet on the back, “Relax. It was a little joke. You can’t take one, can you?” it asks with a soft inquisitive feline purr.

“O-oh... yes. I can. Sorry,” he replies, relaxing.

“No need. Come, let this one show you the way,” it says, offering a rubbery paw for him to grab.

“Okay,” he says, placing his empty drink into a slot in his bag, taking the toy’s hand with the other. He looks up at the large imposing store, looking around to see a large parking lot half full with cars. The imposing lettering of “Toys-4-U Megastore” running across the front overhead the automatic sliding doors. Two organic guards are on either side of the entrance way. One is a brown scaled, very masculine and large anthropomorphic Spinosaurus with the flashy brilliant back spine their kind is known for. The other is a large anthropomorphic elephant bird with brown and black feathers, imposing in size, with their security uniform on, it’s even more so. They both eye him from their position, not making a move while he’s gently tugged up the steps into the store by the delightful sweet feline toy.

“Hello! Welcome to the local Toys-4-U megastore, where we specialize in all things gay! We are pleased to say we are the Toys-4-U store that specializes in our homosexual customers. If you have any questions, inquiries, bi curious. Don’t be shy! Come on by! When you here at Toys-4-U megastore, the time will surely fly!” says a sleek black and pink anthropomorphic male fennec. The toy’s white belly shines in the store’s light, its pink extremities and palms of its hand a lovely look with its dashing pink and blue colored eyes. It grins at Ratchet, smiling to him, showing off its femboy body. But what catches his attention is the twelve-inch-long pink throbbing length that bounces up and down as it moves, swaying its hips, bowing in greeting on its pedestal that is designed to help give people a clear view of its goods. The toy’s cuffs are much like K-2373 except they are hot pink with a black band, with hot pink lettering. It’s tag on its collar though is golden frosted over like a donut on the top while the bottom has the designation A-6371.

“Wow... that’s some greeting,” he says with a blush, tail fluffing out a bit, letting out a soft squeak.

“A-6371, what are you doing being in the greeter position?” asks K-2373.

It gives a playful smile at its Maker, “Well Toy Master. This one wanted to get out in the thick of it. Get to really see the customer’s reactions, and show them a good time,” it says with a playful wink, “This one has to know its customer base. Inside and out.”

“Good idea. You’re always on *top* of things, aren’t you?”

“You know this one well Toy Master. Oh, and what did the cat toy bring in? A cute lovely new customer?”

“This is the handi-man toy hired to repair what’s broken within the store.”

“Oh this is them. This one didn’t know what they looked like. You didn’t tell this one that they were so cute.”

Ratchet lets out a little squeak, “T-thank you?”

“And so shy, awe,” it says with a grin, leaning closer but remaining on its pedestal.

He blushes more, leaning closer to K-2373, “S-so where do I start?” he asks.

“This one certainly has a few ideas.”

“Relax A-6371. Let the lovely Mr. Akarui do their work. This one is hoping they meet up to our high-quality standards.”

“I will do my best,” he replies, stiffening his resolve.

“This one is sure you will, but it has to be certain. Come this way,” says K-2373, pulling on Ratchet’s hand, guiding him into the store, down towards the right.

A-6371 smiles, watching its Maker and the possible toy-to-be disappear into the aisles, *“Maker does know how to find high quality material. This one is sure he will pass the test. It can’t wait to help Maker, with another toy-to-be,”* it thinks, turning its attention back to the front just as the doors open, repeating its door greeting once again.

Ratchet looks all over the place, seeing the sleek rubber toys walking through the aisles. Customers that are open about themselves, exploring the products on the shelves acting like they were shopping at any other kind of store.

K-2373 gives a sly feline grin, taking him down the chastity device aisle. Dozens upon dozens of models all lined up on cocks of all types and kinds, “Just have to make our way to it, in the back side of the store,” it explains.

“N-not a problem,” he responds with a soft squeak, eyes going wide, seeing the different toys. His member twitches, his heart racing harder and harder, *“I never seen so many at once... but I recognize them. All of these are on the website. They are real. Right here, to be touched, bought... used,”* he thinks. Suddenly his eyes catch one particular one in a solid black metal that reflects in the light, *“I have that one in purple...”*

“Everything okay?” the toy asks, feeling Ratchet squeeze his hand a little tighter.

He lets out a soft squeak, “Y-yes. Everything is fine,” he replies, voice cracking a little, “You have just a... nice selection here.”

“We pride ourselves on selling a wide variety of toys for all sorts of customers. We have a higher selection for local races, but we keep a few more exotic cages in stock. We want our customers to come in and find what they are looking for. After all, we know our store is a bit out of the way and we want to make the experience and odds of you finding something that is up your alley as high and pleasant as possible.”

“I’m sure you make every visit pleasant,” he says, eyeing the wonderful chastity devices for a moment longer, tugged through the aisle and down through another. His eyes somehow managing to go wider, fur fluffing out, the full BDSM gear aisle, “I-I didn’t know you had a full aisle of these...” he mutters, heart racing.

K-2373 gives a coy smile, “Oh, no, no, no, we don’t have a full aisle of BDSM gear.”

“You don’t?” he asks, ear shifting.

“We have three,” it replies, showing the number three with its fingers.

“That many?”

“Did you want to see?” it says with a soft mew.

“I-I-I don’t want to take away from the time where I should be working...” he says, feeling his cheeks grow hotter than ever before.

“Nonsense, it’ll be on the way,” it says, pulling him through the heavy bondage gear, the strap rack, the full body harness designed to hang someone from the ceiling. All of which set Ratchet’s heart a flutter, his mind sparking with delights in the back of his mind. Fantasies brought to the edge of reality right here before him. What wonderful tantalizing forbidden fruits

of delight are held within these aisles. The arousal building within him, the egging need to just slip in and try the items out, for a day no an hour, no even a single minute... the thought is too much for him to bear. How could he be given such an opportunity? *"No, this is not the time. I have to do my job. I couldn't be doing that anyway. That takes someone of trust and care to do. A bond that I..."* he lets out a soft vocal squeak, "Y-you have a wonderful stock that's to be sure."

"Thank you, this one does appreciate the compliment."

"B-b-but it should be a good idea to get started."

"Keeping your head straight and priorities in order. This one likes that, come, come, it's just this way," passing down an aisle of various suits, and another one much of the same, followed by larger sex equipment. Eventually they reach a solid metal door with a keypad on the front that on the very top says, "Employees Only."

"I try to remain professional while on the job K-2373. Doing a good job is top priority. Honest good hard work," he replies, waiting for the feline toy to finish entering the passcode to unlock the door.

"This one approves of the motto," it says, the door unlocking with an audible click and whirl of the locking mechanism. It pushes the door open, guiding Ratchet inside to a long hallway with a few doors. It saunters forward, hips swaying, tail hiked, showing itself off to him, guiding him down one hallway and then left down another, approaching a large double set of locked doors that have a sign above them that reads "Toy Molding Room"

"Do you know how many of these molding pods are in need of repair?" he asks, waiting for the toy to unlock the door.

"This one is not exactly sure on the number, but G-2371 will be in charge of helping you with that. They've been busy documenting everything that is in need of repair and prioritizing what's needed," it explains.

"Ah, wait another toy? Do only toys work here?" he asks, letting out a soft meep, thinking, *"Am I just going to be subservient to a bunch of wonderful looking toys?"*

"Not all but a lot of toys work within Toys-4-U megastores. It helps us keep the costs down for you. High quality toys at a high-quality price," it explains, opening the doors to a large warehouse-like area where there are a dozen of pedestals with a nearby computer console attached. On them are these large hard semi-translucent plastic molds, but on closer inspection they are half of a full mold, this being the back section of whatever is to be molded. With a hole and a latch point in the rear of each mold.

Ratchet sees them with a little bit of excitement, *"Not sure what excites me more. Seeing something like this or getting to work on it!"* he thinks.

A sleek black rubber orange striped rubber cat with a white heart shaped mark on their chest and a white muzzle, approaches the pair. The toy with orange cuffs with a black band with a golden tag that reads G-2371 gives a bow, "Greeting Toy Master. Is this the mechanic you hired?" it inquires, the toy's orange cock out and about but relaxed and definitely not in an upright position.

Ratchet blushes a little, seeing another cute sleek and slender femboy toy, but before he can say anything K-2373 steps in and says, “He is. Please show him what’s wrong. It has already gone over the basics, but it would appreciate if you took the time to help further explain the issue and what has been attempted already.”

“This one will, Toy Master.”

“Excellent. And has everything been secured?”

A soft voice speaks from off to the side just out of view of everyone, “This one has made sure that no molding is currently in progress Toy Master,” says a sleek black and orange anthropomorphic red panda toy with a white belly and face. Their hair wild untamed, but shiny, their cuffs match their orange and black body with the same cursive lettering. Their body shines in the lights, their orange hip handles stand out, catching Ratchet’s attention, but he remains calm and collected. The toy has a half of a golden heart shaped tag that reads A-3377.

K-2373 smiles, letting out a soft mew, “Wonderful A-3377, keep up the good work. We don’t want any of our secrets to get out. This one’s Maker would be very displeased if it failed its trust.”

“Of course, Toy Master. This one will do its best not to let you or your Maker down,” it says with a soft squeaky bow, slinking off into the shadows.

The blue feline toy pivots on its foot facing Ratchet and G-2371, “This one has other tasks it needs to finish. Will you two be alright here by yourselves to work?”

“Yes Toy Master,” G-toy responds.

“I-I think I can handle it, but if I need any help or questions, I just ask...” he looks over to the toy’s tag, “G-2371 for extra help?”

“That is correct. Good luck,” K-2373 says, waving them off, sauntering out of the room.

Ratchet turns to the other toy, “So... lead the way. I have my tools with me,” he says, showing off his bag.

“Right this way. Four of our molding machines are inoperable due to a jamming issue with the gears where the upper half of the mold comes down. But it's not sure if that’s a bigger issue or the pumps on mold platform three and seven. Without the rubber flowing in, the molds are just as useless as the ones unable to make the appropriate connection,” it explains.

“I see, where are the pumps connected to?”

“To the rubber vats the floor below us.”

“Hmm,” he says, adjusting his glasses, pulling out one of the stored energy drinks in his bag, cracking it open and taking a sip, “It would be best to inspect and work on the repairs on the molds first, and then work to check the pumps... if that’s okay with you?”

“That works perfectly fine with this one,” it replies, thinking, “*Maker wants this one to test this possible toy-to-be. It needs to first gauge their skills and focus. But after that...*” it grins, “Let’s go to pod nine. That one has been the most stuck out of all of them. A lot of the gears and mold attachment points are up there though, do you have a problem with heights?” it asks pointing up toward the ceiling.

Ratchet looks up seeing all kinds of tubing and wires up there, some gears and other mechanical machinations that send a tingle down his spine, fluffing up his tail, “Do you have a way to get up there? I don’t think a simple step ladder would be advisable nor that safe.”

“We have a mobile scissor platform that has all the necessary safety features, let this one get it for you,” it says, letting out a loud whistle through its rubbery fingers.

Ratchet’s ears fold at the high-pitched noise, “Ow.”

“Sorry, this one should have warned,” it replies with a bow.

“It’s alright,” he replies, a few moments later a mobile scissor platform is wheeled up, a sleek black and white fox toy with black hearts on its nipples over its white chest. The toy’s cuffs and collar like its length are orange in color, the collar, half of a heart tag that says R-3377 on it.

The anthropomorphic fox toy lets out a little yip, “H-here you go,” it says in a soft male voice, “If you need any more help, you know how to call this one.”

“It does, thank you.”

“Welcome fellow toy unit,” it says with a bow, sauntering over to A-3377 which is watching from a distance. It leans over to the toy, giving a playful kiss, reaching over to gently caress the fellow toy’s handles.

A-toy softly moans, letting out a playful yip, leaning into the kiss, its length hardening quickly, and the fellow toy in kind. Their members soon also ‘kissing’ on their hands play with the other’s handles. From this distance Ratchet blushes noticing the handle play but feeling his heart flutter catching that the two half heart tags appear to be a fit for each other.

“Paired toys? Oh my, that is so romantic and... I would love that so much, wait no, focus, focus. A job to do!” he thinks, getting onto the scissor platform.

A-3377 says with a soft squeaky nuzzle to its fellow toy unit, “It’s lovely to see you but this one must keep up its duties. Later though we’ll have some fun,” it says with a playful wink.

“Awe, this one understands, being a good toy comes first,” it says, walking off.

Ratchet with G-2371 are raised high above the platforms and molds, going fifteen feet up into the machinations that are held up here. Hoses and tubes, with tons of wires and hydraulics and some gears. The orange toy explains and points, “Here is where we attach the other half of the mold to be brought down. It’s been removed while repairs are needed.”

“I see,” Ratchet says, pulling out a high-powered flashlight to get a better look at the jungle gym of equipment before him, “What a mess, and what does this do?” he asks, shining light on one large bit of equipment.

“That’s the vacuum pumps to keep the suction up within the mold.”

“Any issues with those?”

“None at the moment. This one makes sure they remain clean and dust free on a weekly basis.”

“That’s good, which mechanisms move the mold?”

“These here,” it says pointing.

“Alright, let me have a look here, and it’ll get to work.”

“Wonderful,” G-2371 says, watching him work. Over the next hour he inspects, and starts to take apart the equipment, being careful and mindful of the oil lubricants that are used to help everything run smoothly.

The sleek black and orange toy holds onto the railing, hiking its butt, swaying it side to side, letting out a soft mew, watching over what he’s doing. His member hardening to full mast during the passage of time. The toy’s sleek orange scented polish body lingering around the mechanic.

Ratchet though is lost in his work, occasionally asking for a tool, of which G-2371 hands it over saying, “Here you go sweetie.”

“Thank you,” he replies, going headfirst into his work, not caring about how his fur gets matted by the machinery’s lubricants.

“You know, this one is surprised how cute of a mechanic Toy Master managed to find,” it says, with a soft squeak.

Ratchet deep within the gear responds, “Thanks, I try to be a good mechanic. I am surprised K-2373 picked me for the work. Oh boy this gear is all worn out. Do you happen to have another one?”

“Yes, we do. We have several spare parts.”

Ratchet pulls out one of the massive gears, almost dropping it in the process, “That’s a bit heavier than it looks,” he says with a pant.

G-2371 rushes to help, “Careful, this one doesn’t want you to get hurt.”

“Appreciate it. Hmm... see these teeth on this spur gear are broken. Probably from all the force applied to the molding process. Now I wouldn’t want to do your job, but may I make a suggestion?”

The toy moves in closer, chest gently brushing up against his back after it helps put the gear off to the side and in a safe place, “Go right ahead sweetie.”

“You’re using spur gears here. I would recommend using helical gears. They provide more contact with the gears, reducing wear, providing greater strength, with the added benefit of being quieter. Not sure how noisy you have it in here, but it's an added bonus.”

“Ohh, this one understands. It has thought of it but was a little shy to submit the idea. Though this one knows a lot about submission,” it chuckles, moving in closer.

“It can be a lot of paperwork and time to replace them. It's not something to be done right now, but in the future it's an idea to upgrade to a superior system that is best suited to the job.”

“This one will move it up the chain of command. Thank you for your hard work.”

“It was noth--” he says, his words cut off when he feels the toy’s mouth gently wrapping around the tip of his ear. Its tongue plays with the tip of the flap, while it gives a firm gentle suckle of it. He shudders, toes curl, moaning in delight, “Oh my gosh...” he says with a pant, his legs quiver, hands gripping the side of the railing to keep himself up while the suckling continues.

“That finally got his attention, hehehe,” the toy thinks, suckling away for a few moments, before slowly breaking the mouth to ear hug. The toy gives a soft lick along Ratchet’s inner ear, “Good work. Keep it up and this one will give you more.”

“I-I...” he stammers, slowly regaining his composure, “Ah yum...” he lets out a soft squeak, “W-work comes first,” he says, taking a deep breath, “B-but your kind actions are... appreciated?” he says with a soft blush, tail swishing quickly, butterflies fluttering in his stomach, seeing the cute toy standing so close to him, “C-continue, shall we?”

“Yes, we should. Toy Master would be disappointed if we don’t get a lot of work done. And this one doesn’t want you to get a bad review because of this one.”

“Thank you,” he replies.

G-2371 grinds, moving over to Ratchet’s other ear gently whispering, “With each good job you do, I’ll be sure to give you a quick mini-bonus,” it says licking across a few of Ratchet’s ear hairs, before the tip of its tongue touches and flicks across the tip of his ear.

“G-got it,” he replies, almost melting on the spot, the words of encouragement, swirling in his mind, straining his professionalism, being so close to such a delightful toy with words of encouragement he redoubles his effort to produce good quality work for the company.

Several hours later and every last one of his energy drinks, Ratchet finds himself exhausted, but pleased with himself. Fur a mess, but a few of the pods have been fixed and are up and functioning, “I hope you don’t mind but I don’t think I could...”

Ratchet’s words fade off into the distance with G-toy’s loving touch, hands gently running across his hips, mouth wrapped around his ear, taking half of it into the cat’s mouth. The fennalope shudders, and moans, a soft squeak escaping his lips, hands tightly gripping his bag for fear he might drop it onto his toes and ruin the moment. Body barely able to remain standing from the mixture of how much work he’s done and the sudden onslaught of delights he’s given. His ear feels the wet mouth around it, folding the ear, the tongue running across the skin and fur, bending, folding, playfully, making him feel every bit of the play.

K-2373 walks into the toy testing room a minute into the display. It smiles letting out a soft mew, “This one hopes you haven’t been doing that the entire time.”

G-toy pulls away giving the ear tip a soft tender lick before retreating completely, “Of course not Toy Master. This one was simply rewarding Ratchet with a job well done.”

“Were you now?” it asks with a sly grin, walking over to them.

Ratchet speaks up, gently rubbing his ears, with his arms to dry them off, not wanting to spread the oils on his paws any more than he has to, “Y-yeah. I managed to get two of the pods up and working. And you got the submission of my gear replacement?”

“This one read the report that G-2371 wrote up while you were on lunch. It’s not something this one can authorize, but it knows who can.”

“Sorry to cause any trouble,” he says with a soft squeak, adjusting his glasses with his arm.

“No, no. This is wonderful. You’ve done such a good job and worked till the middle of the afternoon. This one couldn’t be more pleased with your work. So much so, it wants to offer you a bonus.”

“A bonus?”

“Yup, how would you like to work here on a more long-term basis? The same kind of fulfillment as you are getting now, perhaps even more so.”

Ratchet tenses, “Ah... uh, really?”

“Yeah.”

“Can I think about it a bit? This is rather sudden.”

“Sure, but it has a few other things it has in store for you. But first, how about we get you cleaned up?”

“I would like to very much. But where?” he asks.

“B-1374 will show you where. We have living quarters above the store, and you can use one of their showers. After that it has a few more surprises for you.”

“Surprises for me?” he asks with a soft squeak, “What kind of surprises?”

“Well, it wouldn’t be much of a surprise if this one told you, now would it?”

“I suppose so,” he replies, looking at the blind folded black and red feline toy, “I just follow you then?”

“Right this way, Ratchet,” it replies with a sly grin, guiding him out of the toy molding room.

K-2373 waits a moment, before A-3377 approaches them, “Everything worked out well. He doesn’t suspect anything.”

“This one kept them focused on their work with only... *some* distractions,” says G-2371.

K-2373 lets out a soft mew, “And your other recommendations were very helpful.”

“Thank you, Maker. Does this mean that this quality material is a perfect fit for what we need?”

“Perfection is hard to achieve, but this one says so. Now it will be all up to them after dinner,” it replies, giving both pets a loving pet on their heads, which they squeakily nuzzle into, before heading off, getting everything ready for tonight...

Ratchet with their blow-dried hair, floofing out in all directions, struggles to get it to settle down, his hair all wild and untamed, puffing him up to look almost twice as big as he really is, “I can’t believe my hair is doing this now!” he huffs.

“Apologies that we didn’t have the right shampoo for that. But at least the oil is out of your fur.”

“Yeah, all of it, but it's fine. I can get some later, if that’s alright?” he asks, curiously looking at the blindfolded toy, amazed as how it moves down the hall and the steps to the ground floor, the toy leading him past a break room where a massive buff anthropomorphic silverback gorilla, having a cup of coffee, sipping it while he has a banana and peanut butter sandwich for his dinner.

“So where are we going?” he asks curiously letting out a soft nervous squeak.

“To Toy Master’s room. It wants to have dinner there with you,” it explains, gently guiding him to a door with a security keypad lock.

“Dinner? I thought I heard toys could eat, but cook?”

“How do you know it's cooking?”

“Ah uh...” he blushes, “Well there aren’t a lot of food restaurants nearby.”

“It’s a good guess,” it says as the door opens, the smell of chicken and latex filling Ratchet’s nostrils.

The fennalope’s stomach growls in hunger, reminding him just how long ago since he ate. The red toy steps inside holding the door open, “Coming?”

“Oh, yes, sorry, sorry,” Ratchet says, rushing into the room, finding K-2373’s private room, but coming from the other door, the one near the kitchen. There the blue and black rubber feline toy has a table all set up, a tea maker brewing some tea.

The toy smiles, waving, “Apologies, you’re here just a few minutes early, dinner will be ready in just a moment,” it says with a soft mew, going over to the kitchen table that is set for three, “But please, sit down, and this one can get you a nice drink.”

“I wasn’t expecting for my boss to cook for me today,” says Ratchet with a soft squeak, taking up a chair, sitting down, hands folded into his lap, “Thank you.”

“After all the hard work you did, and when it heard of the trouble you had having a good lunch, it wanted to do something special to make it up to you.”

“So, this is the bonus you spoke about?”

“Part of it,” it says, while B-1374 sits down at the chair beside him, sitting comfortably.

“Toy Master is an excellent cook, but that isn’t even the best part of your bonus,” it says with a teasing smile.

“Now, now B-1374, best not to ruin the surprise. One thing at a time,” it says with a soft mew.

“Of course, Toy Master. This one is just building up the anticipation,” it says with a soft squeak, gently rubbing its cuffs together, making the text “Fuck Toy” easy to read for Ratchet.

He sits there watching, waiting, the delightful smell making his mouth water, K-2373 pulling out a brewing tea, of blue liquid that seems to give off a soft glow, “This is a special tea that this one is sure you’d like.”

“Tea?” he asks.

“Yes, made with a few special ingredients,” it says pouring the tea into a cup, beside him, then giving B-1374 a share before finally giving itself some.

The steamy tea smells delightful, sending a soft tingle of pleasure through Ratchet. There’s something about it that feels odd but then the whole situation is odd and beyond what he was expecting when he accepted the job, “Thank you,” he replies.

“Most welcome,” it says with a mew, the oven dingling, “Oh, it’s done, just on time,” it says, grabbing some oven mittens, opening the stove and pulling hot a steaming crispy golden brown crusted pie, “This one hopes you love chicken pot pie.”

“I love chicken pot pie!” he exclaims with a squeak before calming himself, “Sorry, I didn’t mean to yell there.”

“Don’t worry, this room is soundproof, no one can hear you scream here,” K-2373 explains, placing the pie in the center with the utensils necessary to take a chunk and enjoy the meal, “Careful it’s hot though. Don’t want you to melt your mouth again B-1374,” it says, looking over to the red feline toy.

“Thad wash onlish won tyme,” it replies, faking as if it had burned its mouth again.

It sighs, “Whatever will this one do with you.”

“Make sweet love to this one?”

K-2373 chuckles, “Yes, yes it will.”

Ratchet lets out a soft squeak, eyeing the food, waiting a moment before taking some, letting it steam and cool off, “Ah... thank you again for having me. I wasn’t expecting all of this.”

“You’ve said that already,” K-2373 replies.

“I-I did? Sorry I get a little repetitive and squeaky when I’m nervous,” he replies with a soft squeak.

“No need to be nervous. You did a fine job today and you deserve the rest of the day off. Come, enjoy the meal. This one does hope you enjoy.”

“Thanks,” he says, thinking, *“Please let this be a good meal. Please let this be good. It smells good, but what if it isn’t? I don’t want to be rude and say the cooking is bad. And what about this tea? I’m not a tea drinker... but I don’t want to be rude. Let the pie cool off, have some tea, just relax and you will get through this,”* he thinks, taking a sip of the tea, letting its sweet tangy flavor run across his tongue. The soothing sensation from it despite its warmth runs down his mouth and throat, filling him with a delightful relaxing feeling that subtly ups his own pent-up arousal that he’s kept in check. “Tea is good.”

“This one is glad you like it,” it says blowing on a piece of the chicken pot pie before cautiously eating some, “Hmm, this is good.”

“Yesh Toy Mashter it ish veri goouhd,” says B-1374.

K-2373 shoots it a look.

The red feline toy returns with a coy smile, turning its attention back to Ratchet, “Go ahead, try some.”

“Okay,” says Ratchet, blowing on the food, cautiously taking it into his mouth, which is greeted with an explosion of chicken and gravy flavor. The vegetables add to the menagerie of delight in his mouth, and everything is tender, smooth, juicy that seems to just melt in his mouth, “This is amazing.”

K-2373 lets out a soft mew of delights, licking its lips, “Thank you. This one appreciates clear and concise compliments to this one’s cooking.”

“Come on Toy Master. What more could you want?”

It grins, “You could kiss the chef.”

“Well, if you say so,” B-1374 says, leaning in, the two toys giving a passionate squeaky kiss, before resuming their meal.

Ratchet is left feeling ever more flustered and excited, his heart racing, thinking, “*They are so cute together. Just like a couple.*”

K-2373 has some small talk with Ratchet but eventually says, “So this one has never seen your kind before till it ran into you when it was searching for a mechanic. It’s a fennalope?”

“Y-yeah. The one and only fennalope... at least as far as I know about it.”

“Tell this one, what would you say about the idea of a toy line based on your species?”

The world suddenly comes to a screeching halt. His feet rub against each other, he takes a sip of the tea, only to delay himself to get his mind in order, breaking down just what was exactly said to him. After a moment he replies, “Sorry, I didn’t quite catch that, could you repeat the question?”

“This one was wondering if you would be willing to help us create a fennalope toy for the world to enjoy. Such a unique species like yourself? With such wonderfully cute characteristics? How could Toys-4-U not jump on the opportunity to make someone as fantastic, rare and beautiful as yourself become more accessible to the masses?”

“Y-you think I’m beautiful?” he says with a blush, letting out a squeak, adjusting his glasses, before swishing his tail in front of his face when the thought of it starts to become too much to bear.

“Of course, this one does. It’s never seen anyone like you before.”

“W-well I am the only one of my species...” he says with a soft squeak.

“So, what do you say? Care to help make your species a little more common?” it asks leaning forward with a squeak, its feline smile growing.

“I-I... well... what could I possibly do to help? I’m just a simple mechanic doing my job.”

“Yes, you are a mechanic, but far from simple. You see, we first start the base of a toy model with a suit. Once we make a good suit model, we can move up to an actual toy.”

“W-which means?” he asks, his heart racing, his mind trying not to go off the edge and hope what the toy is saying is what it is saying.

“We could have you model for a fennalope suit.”

Ratchet almost faints right then and there but he catches himself on the kitchen table before he falls.

B-1374 and K-2373 rush over to grab him if he happens to fall over, “Are you okay?” they both ask with concern in their voice.

“Y-yes, sorry. It was just so sudden. The idea of me in a suit? That’s just.”

“Would you help us? This one is sure it will make it a lovely mind-blowing experience.”

“What about my current work?”

“Don’t worry, that will get done too. So, what do you say? Do you want to help us make a fennalope toy?”

“And this will also create a line of fennalope suits?” he asks, hands shaking in delight, letting out a soft squeak.

“That’s the plan.”

He takes a moment to collect himself, processing over everything, *“This is happening? Is this actually happening? Wait, what if I was hired just to be a model for these suits? Would that have been such a bad thing? Stop thinking about this and just do it Ratchet!”* he thinks, looking at the two toys, “Well, if chances weren’t taken, I wouldn’t be here. Why not. I’d be happy to help.”

“Purrfect,” says K-2373 with a soft purr, gently holding out its hand for Ratchet to grab.

“Wait, right now?”

“Good as a time as any. Don’t worry. This will be nice and relaxing. It knows you just had a good meal.”

“O-okay,” he squeaks, taking the toy’s rubbery hand, feeling him be lifted up onto his feet, guided over to the bed that is deeper into the room. The one with the soft white bedsheets and pillows with the dozen latex cat pillows of various colors.

“Please sit here, as the custom suit should be here shortly.”

“CUSTOM SUIT?!” he exclaims, panting heavily.

“Why yes, how else are we going to get a suit to match your unique features.

“H-how did you get a custom suit so fast?” he asks, squirming in his spot on the bed looking up at the two toys towering over him, feeling a rush tingling anxiety, while at the same time feeling a growing eagerness within him.

“This one did say it was intrigued by your species the moment it saw it. It got something in the works a while back, and it was hopeful you’d be willing to help this one make its and your dream a reality.”

“M-my dream?” he asks with a soft squeak.

“What, did you not want this too?”

“Ah... well...” he says pulling his tail in front of his face, burying his face in it.

“This one would take that as a yes Toy Master,” says B-1374 when there’s a knock on the door.

“Ah there it is. Would you mind getting that?” asks K-2373 looking to the red feline toy.

“With pleasure,” it says, sauntering over to the door, opening it to reveal a devilish looking hot pink and white toy with black markings and a white belly. Their hot pink hands and holding a white box in its hands. The toy’s long tail ends in an iconic ‘devil spade’ adding to the demonic yet kinky femboy look.

“Here you go Toy Master. This one hopes you are pleased with the design.”

“If it's anything like you showed this one earlier, it knows its of fine high quality,” it says, B-1374 taking the box, walking it back over to the Ratchet who sees the lovely pink devil toy, which gives him a playful wink before disappearing back into the hallway, closing the door behind it.

The box is placed into Ratchet's lap, a soft squeak escaping his lips, hands running across the glossy cardboard cover, his heart racing looking down at it, feeling the box isn't as heavy or big as he thought it would be for the suit that's held within, "So it's in here?" he asks.

"Yup, just open it up, and see the future of the fennalope," K-2373 says with a soft mew.

"Right," he says with a nod, steeling himself, lifting the cover off the box to reveal sleek black rubber that is so polished it reflects a little of his face in its darkness. He runs his fingers across the smooth latex, smelling the sweet aroma coming off it. His attention and mind captivated by it. He looks up at the toys, "This is for me?"

"Yes, take it out and take a look, it's a two piece suit, it is sure that you will just find it so lovely that it just might be the last suit you'll ever want to wear," K-2373 says, getting on side of him, while B-1374 gets on the other, the bed creaks under their weight, giving Ratchet just enough space to maneuver.

"S-sure," he says, letting out a soft squeak, tail swishing excitedly, he whips out the suit completely, seeing the sleek black legs, the white belly with light blue nipples. One thing that catches his attention as he lays out the suit across the bed is that the crotch is smooth with a slight bulging cup, "Ah... that covers my one question..." he says softly with another squeak.

"What question is that?" K-2373 inquires with a soft mew.

"Well... I couldn't see myself wearing one of those *really* adult suits. Having everything hang out there... I couldn't see myself doing that," he says with a blush.

"This one suspected that, so this one is special with a built-in chastity just for you," it explains.

Ratchet lets out a soft meep, his breathing growing heavy, "R-really?"

B-1374 squeaks moving in closer, "Oh yes, but Toy Master will be the one to help you slip it on, but it will assist in whatever way it can," it mews.

"Oh my gosh this is so much..." he says.

"Wait till you give head," K-2373 says.

"What?!"

"Give your head a look over," it replies, thinking, "*Hmm this one thinks Maker's influence snuck in there for a second.*"

"R-right, right my head," he says, pulling it out from the box, looking back into a sleek white rubber face with blue eyes, black haired with blue rubber antler covers, "Oh my gosh, this looks wonderful, and did this get custom to fit my antlers?" he asks with a soft squeak feeling the soft rubber in his paws.

"We here at Toys-4-U have ways of making such things work, but if there is any adjustments that are needed, we can certainly press them into perfection," it says with a tease moving behind Ratchet, gently running its hands along his sides, "But now we need you out of those clothes and into the suit."

"Out of my clothes? Here? Right now?"

"Why of course. Why else did we bring the suit out for you? Just to see it?" it chuckles, "No, to wear it of course."

“That would mean I would be...” Ratchet lets out a soft squeak, swallowing a lump in his throat, “Naked, and in front of my boss? How...” he blushes, bringing his tail in front of his face, hugging it.

“Why so bashful? This one is just a *toy*. *Why* would you get shy over undressing in front of an object? Do you get shy when you undress in front of your shower curtain?”

“I-I suppose but isn’t there a changing room somewhere that I could just put this on?”

“*Normally that line works. It’s Maker’s favorite line too. It’s cute he’s this bashful,*” K-2373 thinks, then saying, “It’s a very detailed suit, and we want to make sure it fits well.”

“Ah... well maybe...” he says, blushing more, taking a slow deep breath, looking over to see both toys are very hard, with twitching lengths, pre-cum dribbling on their cock tips. He stiffens and looks ahead, “B-but you’re my boss.”

“Then... as your *boss*, I require you to relax and let this one help you. This is for the company. The future of fennalope toys. We need your help, Mr. Akarui,” the toy’s hands caressing along Ratchet’s sides, slipping under his shirt, feeling his soft fur, pulling up on the shirt.

Ratchet shudders, biting his lower lip a little, a soft squeak escaping his lips, arms rising up, letting the shirt slip off him, “*Oh my gosh, oh my gosh. I’m doing what the toy is telling me. I-I don’t know what to think... to do. Do I just let this happen? Is there something wrong with this? But I do like it, it is nice, but then...*” his mind stops when he hears the sound of a zipper, his shorts being undone while the toy’s smooth’s chest runs across his back.

K-2373’s hands are gently running across his chest fur, while B-1743 is pulling down the zipper. It looks up at Ratchet with a sly smirk and before he pulls down his shorts, revealing slightly bulging silky smooth blue panties, “This one knew it,” it says.

“I-I...” Ratchet mutters eyeing the toy, feeling his shorts being pulled down but before he can say another word, he feels K-2373’s rubber feline claw sneaks out of its paw and press against his hidden nipple within his fur. He tenses, moaning softly.

“Relax Mr. Akarui, once you are undressed we’ll get you in that suit in no time,” whispers K-2373 gently running its rough feline latex tongue along Ratchet’s ear, lips gently suckling along the edges, the toy’s nose breathing warm air against, blowing across hairs in his ear.

“Oh my gosh...” he shudders, leaning against the toy, not even realizing he feels the toy’s twitching length pressing against his back side, into the small of his back.

“That’s it, relax, let us get you all ready,” it says the toy going over to repeat the ear teasing on his other ear, while B-1374 finishes removing his shorts before, daintily gripping the sides of the silky panties, pulling them off to reveal Ratchet’s pink throbbing length. An aching length looking for some kind attention but the fennalope’s mind is too far drawn into the tease licks to pay attention to his other primal needs.

“All off!” B-1374 says, taking the clothes, putting them off to the side.

“Are you ready for your mind blowing experience?” asks K-2373 whispering into Ratchet’s ear.

He lets out a soft squeak, swallowing down the drool that has built up within his mouth, “Uh ha,” he remarks.

“This one will take that as a yes,” it chuckles, gently guiding Ratchet onto the bed sitting down next to his suit, “*The pills we took to give ourselves that special effect on a user should be fully active by now, but no need to rush. Suiting a new toy-to-be is always a loving and wonderful experience,*” it thinks.

Ratchet pants heavily, hands placed over his crotch, ears twitching, trying to regain his focus, remembering why he’s here, to wear this lovely suit that’s beside him, wasn’t it? He looks back over to the sleek black and blue rubber, B-1374 grabs the suit, placing it over Ratchet’s body, a vague outline of what he’ll soon be wearing.

K-2373 mews softly, slipping behind him, hands gently running across his sides, head resting on his shoulder, whispering into his ear, “You’re doing very good. Now just let us help you and then the real fun can begin.”

He lets out a soft squeak, tail bouncing between the feline toy’s legs, unable to escape and whip it around to cover his face which grows ever warmer. He looks at B-1374, which folds the suit back, revealing the backside is open. He notices that on the suit’s hips and back have gears much like his markings that are stenciled into his fur. The attention to detail makes him squirm a little more but then he sees the sleek light blue insides of the suit which glistens in the light.

The red blindfolded feline toy looks up at him, holding the suit open to him with a loud squeak, “Legs into the suit please.”

K-2373 licks along Ratchet’s ear whispering, “Best to do what this one’s pair toy says. Its only for your enjoyment and future.”

Ratchet shudders, toes curling in need and desire, “O-oh...” he feels like he’s about to melt into the toy, but the blue feline toy keeps him from sliding off the bed. He raises up his feet, slipping into the suit with the help of the red toy. The rubber along his furi is smoother and sleeker than he was expecting. He’s worn latex before and it can get very staticy and mat his fur in odd ways, but this latex feels different, “*So this is what high quality latex feels like?*” he thinks, mewling softly, the latex stretching and squeaking while he fills out the legs.

His legs flow into the suit, sliding down the legs like a slip n slide, gliding almost effortlessly into the suit, the rubber stretching around the ankles, requiring a firm tug by B-1374, the feet popping into the rubber foot glove that squeezes his fur down. The feline toy by his feet gently rubs and smooths the rubber, slipping its fingers between the toes, helping push and guide Ratchet’s toes into each space, till his entire foot is embraced by the rubber.

“How does that feel?” K-2373 inquires with a soft mew, length twitching along the base of Ratchet’s back, the toy’s aroma arousing in a way that the fennalope has no clue about, but it feels so good and wonderful, the soft whispers into his ear, the occasional lick along the inside of it, adding to the moment, feeling his thighs all the way down squeezed by rubber so perfectly across his form that its beyond anything he could have imagined that is possible.

“W-wonderful,” he shudders.

“Very good, you’re doing great,” it encourages him.

B-1374 gently caresses and rubs the soles of Ratchet’s rubber covered feet, massaging yet mostly feeling up to make sure everything is smoothed and fits properly, hands moving along past the ankle up along the thighs, hands on one leg first, tugging and smooth the rubber up, pushing it, to make sure every wrinkle is pulled away, hiding away the grey fur in a sea of black latex.

The toy does it for one leg having the rubber from the knee down smoothed away, and then the other, the toy looking up at its Maker giving a smile and a subtle nod, informing K-2373 to whisper into Ratchet’s ear, “Stand,” it says in a firm, soft yet commanding voice.

“Y-yes!” Ratchet squeaks, standing up feeling the rubber shift around his feet, the soft paw pads that cover the rubber suit, provide a little bit of extra cushion on top of his own.

“Good boy,” K-2373 says, reaching around, grabbing the rubber, suit, giving it a firm hard tug up, pulling it till the V end where the suit opens pulls up against Ratchet’s tail, the latex sliding along his inner thighs, his cock pressing a bit against the white null bulge that the suit has, feeling the cavity that is designed just for it, “Now this one is going to help slip your chastity in, and then your tail, okay?”

“W-what?” Ratchet says, letting out a squeaky moan.

“Relax and let this one work,” it says, suckling the tip of Ratchet’s ear, making the fennalope mew and moan, leaning back against the feline, mind melting for a moment, while the feline toy slips its hand into the suit, grabbing his cock which is torn between wanting to be aching and throbbing, and becoming relaxed from an overload of pleasure that may never be released. The pink length is guided into the rubber cavity, the latex cushioned and soft, squeezing the member on all sides, while a cock sleeve is pulled down onto his cock.

Ratchet grunts and moans, feeling his member being teased and pleased, a sensation that he rarely gives himself. A pleasant treat rather than a constant need that other people may feel to do. But it makes it no less enjoyable, his instincts kicking in, hips bucking against the toy, his cock securely placed within the bulge which is more cushion than cock.

“There we go, snug as a bug in a rug,” K-2373 says, licking across the ear, hand pulling up against Ratchet’s chest, a bit of pre-cum happens to be on the toy’s fingertips into his view, before the toy takes it into its own mouth, savoring the first and last time any will ever taste of his twitching eager member.

He moans at the sight, not noticing the toy’s other hand is at his tail base, pulling and sliding his bushy tail into a big rubber tail encasement of smooth rubber, which grips his tail but is mostly filled out by the pure fluffy of his fur, making a soft bouncy rubber appendage that sways happily behind him.

B-1374 helps move the suit up, smoothing out the thighs, reaching around to give Ratchet’s butt a playful squeaky squeeze, which makes him let out his own form of a squeak. The toy’s hands gently fiddle with Ratchet’s suits, fingers slipping into his behind, allowing the rubber sleeve to slip in, perfecting his latex coated hole.

Ratchet let out another squeak, shuddering, squeezing on the red toy's latex digits, toes curling again, about to say something when K-2373's tongue gently runs across his ear once more, "Shh, that's it, let it all happen. Relax as you get suited up. This one can tell you are enjoying yourself, aren't you?"

"Uh, huh," he replies, nodding, panting heavily, the toy's fingers slipping out of his rear, feeling those same hands smooth out his inner thighs, fingers running across the point where his legs meet his hip, "Oh my gosh..." he says with a soft pant.

"Good, good, let's get the front of the suit on, shall we?" asks K-2374, fingers along Ratchet's chest, reaching out to grab the front of the suit, holding it open to him.

"O-okay," he replies, looking at the sleek blue insides, the welcoming rubber ready to envelope him completely from the neck down. The suit's arms hanging limp, the holes right there for him to slip into. Mind blown by how tight the entire attire already feels from the waist down. His length twitching within a cushioned container, keeping it nice and locked away, like his bits are caressed by a latex memory foam cloud, that holds his tender pleasure pole completely hostage, protected from the world and anything it has to offer.

"Good, now slip your arms in like a good boy," says K-2373.

Ratchet without another word does as he's told, sliding his arms into the silky-smooth latex tubes that feel like they were made just for him. His soft grey and white fur covered, disappeared into a sea of black rubber, that makes his heart flutter. The sensation of the latex along his paw pads. It feels cool against him, but it steadily warms up to match his body, but amazingly despite having a layer of fluff between him and the latex it doesn't get uncomfortably warm, but rather is a constant cool around his entire form, keeping him rather comfortable.

His hands squeeze through the wrists popping into the gloves, each finger finding their home, filling it out completely, his chest soon touching the front of the rubber, while K-2373's chest presses up against his back, "Here, let this one help you get this on nice and proper," it says, the toy's hands running along his arms, grabbing his hands, "Push out as this one pulls in," it whispers, giving Ratchet's inside ear a little playful lick.

"O-okay!" he exclaims, shuddering in delight, melting into the toy's touch, pushing against the toy, pressing his head against the toy's chest, arms pushing out while the toy pulls in, adjusting the latex gloves, till they were perfectly in position.

"Very good, this one is so proud of you," it says in that same soft whispered domineering voice, licking the ear again while its hands gently run across Ratchet's arms, smoothing and pulling the latex totally smooth while, B-1374 takes the time, to rub and check over the latex across his chest, helping the rubber flaps roll across his sides, reading them for the sealing that is soon to come.

"Please roll your shoulders back, it will help this one seal your suit into place," K-2373 says, reaching back to grab the latex flaps while the other toy continues to massage and rub the toy's front, gently playing with his nipples through the latex, making sure the blue nipples on the suit matches the location of Ratchet's own.

“S-sure thing,” he says with a soft squeak, doing so, the blue feline toy pulling the latex close together.

“Thank you,” it replies, running its finger along the latex flaps, pressing down starting at the very base, moving its way up, the latex merging with the two flaps, pulling the latex tighter around Ratchet, who can feel the shift in the latex, holding him tighter and tighter in place yet always remaining comfortable.

“Oh my gosh... I can feel it,” he shudders, hands holding onto the sides of the bed, butt clenching, the pleasure rising when he feels the very top of the suit finish sealing, locking him into the suit with the head being the last major piece, resting idly in the white box.

“Everything feels alright?” K-2373 asks, grabbing the head, moving it in front of Ratchet letting him see his future toy face.

“Yeah everything is fine...” he says, staring into the toy reflection of himself, “*Oh my gosh...*”

“This one always asks, would you like to have the honors?”

“Honors?”

“To put on your head.”

“C-could you help?” he asks, swallowing a lump in his throat, letting out a soft squeak.

“With pleasure,” it says, giving him a playful wink, looking over to B-1374, which nods to its Maker. K-2373 spins the head around, opening the neck hole, showing off that same wonderful smooth blue rubber, “Say Ahhh?”

“Ahh?”

“Yes just like that,” says K-2373, grabbing the glasses from his nose, putting them into the box, “Best not to lose these,” it says before pulling the rubber hood over Ratchet’s head. He goes slowly at first, the latex running across his ears, squeaking loudly, delving the fennalope into darkness.

First his ears pop up, slipping into the ear cavities, his hands reaching up to instinctively adjust his ears but finds the rubber in the way. He shivers, running his digits across the latex, helping the cat toy push the rest of the hood down, his mouth being filled with latex, vision starting to return, seeing B-1374 standing before him.

“This one hopes you said ahh enough,” the red toy says, slipping its digits into Ratchet’s mouth, adjusting and slipping the latex over his teeth and tongue, hiding his pink flesh in blue latex. While this is happening K-2373, helps move and tug the rubber antler covers over the real ones. Pulling and tugging, the sensation of latex though barely felt through his antlers, the pressure pushed onto his head makes the fennalope feel all the better.

Ratchet moans, feeling the rubber moved around in his mouth, tongue tasting the latex, and a little bit of the toy’s fingers as everything is put into place. He moves his ears a little which the latex adjusts for a little, but the sensation of latex running across his inner ear, pushing into his ear canal where he can hear almost without any hindrance is a weird surreal yet delightful experience.

“How does it all feel?” K-2373 inquires gently running its fingers across Ratchet’s rubber covered face, giving the rubber ears a gently squeeze, rubbing them between its digits, the sensation transferred over to him. The toy runs its rubber finger along the neck, allowing the self-sealing suit to bind head to body.

“W-wonderful...” he lets out a squeak, his words only slightly muffled by the rubber, the latex tongue covering putting a slight but not too detrimental hindrance in how he communicates. Each breath now is heavily laden with the aroma of latex and the sweet vanilla polish that was used on the suit.

“Good, good. Now to add in your accessories and the new you will be complete,” K-2373 says, going over, reaching into the box.

“Accessories?” Ratchet asks, looking over, seeing the feline toy pull out of the box a series of cuffs and a collar. He tenses upon seeing them, “W-wha?” he squeaks vocally and physically with his rubber body, reaching for his tail but is blocked by K-2373, which is still partially sitting on it, “If I wear those I’d really look like a toy like you two.”

“Now is that a bad thing?” it responds with a soft mew, handing off the thigh and wrists cuffs to B-1374, who takes them happily.

“Thank you, Toy Master,” it says, kneeling down before Ratchet, spreading his legs open.

“Well... I...” he lets out a soft squeak, K-2373 licks the rubber ear, the squeaks filling Ratchet’s ears while he watches the toy grab his arm, placing it around his upper arm. The blue matching outlined cuffs have a black rubber band along the center with a set of rings around it at equidistant points. There’s something raised and blue on the band but it’s hard to read.

“This one didn’t hear a no...” it says in a soft toying voice, running finger along the cuff to meld lock it in place, and then another around the band, causing the cuff to bind with the suit, the squeezing cuff gently felt on Ratchet’s arm.

“Well... I...” he says feeling the same grip around his one ankle, moments later while K-2373 is putting the other upper arm cuff on his other arm the lettering on the other cuff begins to glow a soft blue, allowing him to read the fancy cursive lettering “Fuck Toy”. The moment he does he shivers, moaning out, “*Oh my gosh this is so... ohhh fuck. I’m really just under these two toys like their plaything... and is that so bad?*” he wonders, the other cuffs put into place, leaving the last thing, a sleek matching collar like the cuffs but with no lettering on the band. What is on the front is a tag, a gear that matches the symbols on his back and thighs in terms of color. But he’s unable to see if there’s anything on the front as the collar is placed around his neck.

“You might feel a prick soon, don’t worry, that’s a totally normal toy-to-be,” says K-2373.

“S-sure... this suit is really custom fit to me isn’t it?” he asks, reaching up to feel the tag, gently running his fingers across it, the sensation all around him feeling wonderful. The feline toy sealing the collar in place, running its finger along the band, allowing it to meld across the toy’s neck like a choker.

B-1374 watches with anticipation, *“Here it comes. The first spark of pleasuring delight of Maker’s voice into its head.”*

K-2373 presses and holds a point in the back of the collar. When Ratchet suddenly feels a soft prick in the back of his neck, a shiver runs up and down his spine, his fur would fluff out if it wasn’t encased in latex. A soft gasp escapes his lips and then in a moment of silence, he starts to hear a smooth softly spoken voice, whispering into his ear... no not his ear in the back of his mind, soon to be caressing his thoughts. They are sweet, soft yet dominant, controlling, it's the voice of the feline cat toy that’s right behind him that has been whispering into his ear the whole time.

“Take a moment to enjoy your thoughts then we can begin,” K-2373 says with a feline grin.

“T-thoughts?” Ratchet asks when the sensation that was there in the back of his mind starts to formulate meaning, words that he can assign meaning to, ones that send his entire mind alight with delight.

“Toy is a toy.”

“Who said that?” Ratchet asks with a soft moan.

“Relax, toy-to-be, enjoy for a moment, let it sink in,” it mews.

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“What’s happening to me?” Ratchet asks softly.

K-2373 whispers, “Nothing that you don’t want to happen,” it responds, giving the toy-to-be’s ear tip a firm soft suckle, further distracting the fennalope’s arousal addled mind.

“There is no me.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

Ratchet shudders, groaning, squeaking in all meanings of the word, thinking, *“W-what, this feels... so good... so wonderful I should...”* his thoughts are interrupted by the voice speaking in his mind, with a firm correcting yet loving tone.

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

Ratchet feels there’s an emphasis on what he just thought, the collar, reading his mind.

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy loves to obey.”

“Good toys love cock.”

“You want to be a good toy.”

“You want to serve your Maker.”

“Maker is K-2373.”

“Love Maker like you love cock.”

“Pleasure others. Make others happy.”

“You are a fuck toy.”

“Fuck toys love to fuck.”

*“You want to fuck **now**.”*

K-2373 watches Ratchet squirm within his own mind, the aroma of his arousal inducing length filling the air more, while B-1374’s own length had the special effect of steadily breaking down inhibitions, helping free the poor fennalope’s mind from his own restrictions but the real effects from them will only take hold within his mind once he tastes and takes in the toy’s aching juices into his body. The feline toy moves over to stand beside its fellow toy, nuzzling and kissing its pair toy, cocks gently grinding against each other, “How about we start slow with toy-to-be? A nice little warm up?”

“Hmmm, this one doesn’t know Maker, it’s pretty hot already,” B-1374 says with a soft playful mew and lick across its pair toy’s cheek.

It lets out a soft huff and mew, “I’ll get you for that,” it replies with a kiss, looking over to Ratchet, who is panting heavily, member aching within the chastity bondage, which only feeds in the lust in his mind, “Toy-to-be, please kneel before us toys. You want to serve us, don’t you?”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy obeys its Maker.”

“Toy wants to serve.”

“Toy wants to suck cock.”

Ratchet shudders, looking up at the two toys, “*Oh my gosh... they are... am I going to be doing this?*” he thinks, already sliding off the bed kneeling before the two toys, his head now the perfect height of both of the toy’s crotches, “O-okay...” he mews.

“Very good toy-to-be,” says K-2373, moving closer to Ratchet with B-1374 moving in tandem, the blue feline’s cock with its wonderful knot while the red sleek and just as delightful, both twitching, squeaking, gently rubbing against the other cock, pre-cum with translucent seed matching each toy’s cock color, glistening in the light.

Ratchet looks up at the members nervously, eyes locked on them one eye on each member, unable to look away, hands slowly going up to grab them, heart beating faster, breath growing heavy.

“Come on toy... they won’t bite. This one just hopes you won’t.”

“I...I n-never did this before,” he replies, stiffening hearing the phrases that slip into the back of his mind

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

With a soft organic squeak, and a latex creak, Ratchet reaches up, grabbing both lengths, hands squeezing the throbbing twitching lengths. He feels the warmth from both members bleeding into the latex. Each throb and twitch is transferred into his hands. The toys adjusting themselves bringing their members closer to him *"I... I'm holding two dicks. They feel like I thought this feels like,"* his thoughts stopped again.

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

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

Ratchet shudders, *"Fuck so wonderful,"* he thinks, moving his hands along the cocks, feeling the toys gently thrusting into his hands, helping him get into a rhythm, letting more pre cum dribble from the tip, beading along the tips.

Both toys reach over and gently hold the back of Ratchet's head. K-2373 on Ratchet's right, B-1374's left. The toys held onto each other with their inner arms while the outer caressed and massaged Ratchet's head, squeezing the fennalope's ears. He shudders, and squeaks, feeling the squeezing rubber caress his ears, folding them down, moving them in ways that the suit's rubber is just strong enough to not allow him to do otherwise.

"Come on, have a taste, you know you want it," K-2373 says, helping guide Ratchet's head towards its length, the throbbing length flicks up, a little bit of pre-cum flying from the length, landing on Ratchet's rubber covered lips.

"Y-yes..." he mews his rubber covered tongue running across his lips with a squeak, the arousing pre flowing into his mouth, the taste sinking through the rubber, tasting the sweet n salty flavor of the toy's juices. His lips wrap around the tip, feeling the girth of it through the latex, the rubber on rubber is surprising smooth, his tongue moving up to lick at the tip while just suckling the end, letting the 'blood' flow to the tip, expanding it, more juices oozing out as he moves his hand along the length. All eyes now on the length that dominates his vision, each twitch and throb felt within his hand and mouth. All the while reminded that nearby is another twitching aching cock that is eager to experience the same fate.

"Good toy-to-be. Don't be shy, just slide it in. It will let you go at your own pace... for now," K-2373 says, dominance dripping from its words, like the pre-cum that drips into Ratchet's mouth.

The fennalope's salvia soon becomes flavored with the toy's cock, each gulping swallow takes in more of the toy's essence into him, his arousal jumping up, another notch, causing his member to strain against his chastity. A constant need, a reminder that is burning within his loins, hands twitch, squeezing the cocks before him, getting the juices out of one, while the other flows onto his hands, down his arm, the warm toy ooze running along his suit.

The delightful frustration of his length wanting to be free, to hang out, to throb, wanting to be touched. Feeling the rubber all around, pressing back and down upon his member, providing a light tease that is never enough to push anything close to being over the edge, but is very much edging his need and want to reach down there. Any slight motion of his hands to

move down is stopped by the slick throbbing lengths that his hands are holding onto. His current task that he must complete before anything else.

He runs the tip of K-2373's length along the roof of his mouth, his rubber clad tongue straining to lick and slide across the underside of the length, tasting more of it as he pushes more of it into his eager hole. More of that sweet pre-cum oozing into his body, arousal growing, mind shifting down the frustration between his legs, the eagerness that he finds himself thrust his hips to the motions of his head bob along the blue feline cock.

"Yes, that's it. Enjoy this one's length. It's lovely isn't it?" K-2373 asks, drool running down Ratchet's chin, eyes looking up into the feline's lovely glowing blue, his mind drawn into those delightful passionate lustful domineering eyes. A chill runs down his spine, the thought he's sucking off a simple toy lingering there. Pushed down to the very bottom of any sexual order. Below that even a lowly fuck toy. His cock twitches at the thought, some toy juices spurt into his mouth. He swallows, arousal growing.

"This is right? How could this feel so good. Gosh fuck me I am aroused."

"There is no me."

"There is no I."

"There is no myself."

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

He shudders, head going deep onto the cock, pushing into the back of his throat, eyes lighting up, gag reflex coming into play, body twitching, he pulls back, coughing a little, the jerking motions of his hands stopping.

K-2373 leans forward, hands gently caressing his ear, B-1374 doing the same, both toys saying in unison, "Are you alright?"

"Ah... y-yes, I-I just got a little ahead of myself," he squeaks.

K-2373 mews softly, "Shh, that's alright. But just remember one important thing."

Ratchet looks up at the two toys, seeing their wonderful smiles glowing down upon him.

"There is no I."

The voice whispers in the back of his mind, echoing the toy Maker's words, *"There is no I."*

"There is no me."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one, it, itself, toy. Do you understand?"

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

Ratchet lets out a soft squeak, cock twitching, growing so hard but unable to move, pressing against the confines, wanting to be played with wanting to be touched. He's about to move his hands down when the two toys reach down and grab them.

"Understand toy-to-be?" asks B-1374.

“Y-yeah...” he shudders, his hands helplessly and easily pulled back to the throbbing length’s, fingers moved to grip and caress the two squeaking cocks once again.

“Good toy-to-be. Take it easy. We have plenty of time for you to adjust and get to know yourself as a good toy. But for now, why don’t you enjoy this one’s other half. Their cock looks so cold and needs a little warming up, don’t you think?” it asks, fingers pressing on the back of Ratchet’s head, helping to guide him to look at the red feline toy’s cock.

The sleek red rocket before him, tantalizing and awe-inspiring like the fellow feline beside it. Ratchet lets out a soft mew, head guided towards the length, mouth opening up like a docking port, letting the new appendage slip into his hungry and eager mouth, tasting the subtly different flavored toy. The delightful pre-cum flowing onto his tongue, down into his throat, swallowing it down with a hungry slurp. The juices chipping away at those nagging feelings of “What if someone would sees this? What if people found out? Could ‘I’ really do this?” Each slurp, suckle, drink of the spurting cum that oozes out of the red toy with each squeezing milking hand motion that he gives, helps makes those dissenting thoughts become harder to recall, harder to realize, harder for him not to get hard at the situation and simply let himself sink deeper into the pits of his own hungering needs.

B-1374 caresses the back of Ratchet’s left ear, squeezing and folding it through the rubber, “That’s it. Take this one nice and easy, it doesn’t want you to get too deep into it too soon, as much as this one would like you too,” it mews, moaning softly, helping slide his length into the warm hungry mouth.

Ratchet slurps and drinks, running the uniquely shaped cock deeper into his mouth, along the roof of his mouth, feeling the splurt of pre-cum into the back of his throat, warming his mind further, opening it to the lusts, the barriers weakening ever further. His hands moving slower, awkwardly, until the toy’s take their free hands that aren’t on the back of his head, holding and gripping Ratchet’s hands, moving them up and down their lengths, helping him milk and tease the members there.

K-2373 says, “Don’t forget all those around you. Keep this one on edge. Have it be ready for you. You don’t want to miss out on this one’s seed, do you?”

Ratchet swallows a big gulp of the B-1374 flavor cock saliva down his throat, shivering in the delight, eyes widening some, almost taking the cock too deep into his mouth again, his gag reflexes kicking in for a second, coughing around the toy’s cock. B-1374 about to pull away when Ratchet stops, saying with the cock still in his mouth, “Guhd.”

The blue feline toy chuckles, “That excited to taste this one and get a mouth full of seed?” it asks.

He shudders again, groaning with the member in his mouth, feeling it start to vibrate in his mouth, caused by the feline toy’s purring, “Yesh,” he says, when he shoves the toy’s length into one side of his mouth, letting his cheeks bulge from the member, “*Wow it works like that... So those motions do work like that,*” he thinks, his member twitching, body trying to get his attention, scream at him that he should be paying attention to the one that really needs to get off... himself.

He struggles with the sensation, the ache furthering his lust, clouding his mind in a haze of delight, the promises of spending enough time with these toys and feeling their essence flood into him, was just too much for him to comprehend or question. It was simply a good thing, why question it? It's a chance that is now paying off in spades.

After several slurps and hungry swallows, hands constantly guided by the two toys, K-2373 leans over and licks across B-1374's face, "It's doing well, isn't it?"

"This one thinks so, for the first time, it's showing some natural aptitude to this. But that gag reflex... this one would really love to go all in, and let this toy-to-be really embrace the moment and feel without causing a problem."

K-2373 caresses Ratchet's head, pulling him off of B-1374's cock, and moving it back over to its own. The fennalope letting a squeaky meep of delight, the shift from disappointment of having taken its mouth off of one divine rod, returns with delight at the sight of him returning back to another. The toy guiding him back onto the length, "Take it easy now, but best to share that mouth of yours," it mews.

"Yesh," Ratchet replies, licking and suckling hard on its Maker-to-be's length, feeling eager and delighted at the sensation, "*This is some toy play we are doing,*" he thinks, mind not fully grasping the full depth of the situation, but at this moment he doesn't care.

B-1374 gives its Maker a pouty look, "Taking it off of this one?"

"You'll get plenty soon enough," K-2373 says with a wink, before adding, "This one knows exactly what to do about the little gag reflex. Give them the real toy experience to help them kick start them in the right direction."

"Oh?" it asks, raising an eye ridge which is shown only through the upward shift blindfold.

"You'll see, this one comes prepared," it says, holding Ratchet's head back just enough to prevent him from going too deep again.

The arousing delight that pulsates within his hungry mouth. The tantalizing satisfaction he receives from simply taking this toy, submitting himself to a higher being, an object, a play thing, a simple fuck toy...

"Toy is a fuck toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

The voice in the back of his mind compounds the moment, letting himself go in the here and now, letting the toy's control him, to the point that his hands are no longer under his own power. Simply providing the squeeze on the squeaky throbbing pleasure sticks, letting the toy's show him the ropes as the aroma of toy sex fills the room. And with each passing moment he drives himself deeper into the very earliest stages of becoming a toy. Time losing meaning for a moment, switching from one length to the other, giving each their due diligence and time, the toy's careful to keep their members at the very edge where his gag reflex would kick in. Coating the back of his throat with their corruptive essence that makes him all the eager to dive deeper into this pool of licentiousness.

The change in actions draws him out of the zone he found himself in. The two toys use their hands to guide his off of their lengths, letting them spring free. The aftertaste of both delicious members hanging on his tongue, lingering in the back of his mouth. His eyes are glazed but the translucent blue latex film for the hood's eyes hide the fact, "I-is it over already?" he squeaks softly, panting, body aching for more.

K-2373 chuckles, "Oh no lovely, this is not over by a long shot," it says, holding out its hand, "Time to get onto the bed."

"O-okay," he replies, taking the toy's hand feeling the strong grip it has, helping him back onto his feet which feel shaky and weak. The pleasure pounding lust coursing through his veins, thoughts on the two toys and what they have to offer. The secrets and delights, his unsatiated lust wanting to be fulfilled. He sits down on the bed, looking up at the black and blue feline toy.

"B-1743 can you get the bottle spray that is in the third desk drawer from the top? First row."

"Where is it?"

"In toy's office."

"Yes Maker," it replies, giving a bow, heading off.

Ratchet watches the display, looking at those bouncing cocks as they move, the sway hips. He bites his lip, squeaking softly, teeth dulled by the rubber. Visions of what just happened repeating in his mind, the voice speaking to him, into his soul. Hands drifting down, gently caressing his bulge, giving a soft squeaky squeeze, getting a few seconds to rub it before his suddenly stopped by K-2373 which grabs them.

"Oh no, you don't touch yourself toy-to-be. It's not your place to pleasure yourself."

"W-wha?" he lets out a soft squeaky meep, not resisting the toy, the collar picking up on the mental clues.

"Toys don't pleasure themselves."

"Toys don't need to cum."

"Toys derive pleasure from service."

"Toy doesn't self-indulge."

"Good toy's don't self-indulge."

"You are a good toy, aren't you?"

"Good toy's obey the Maker."

K-2373 continues that loving yet domineering feline smile, "Understand toy-to-be? No touching. There's no need for you to worry about that. Your concern is pleasing this one and it's partner, okay? Nothing else matters."

"N-nothing else matters? Okay I guess..."

K-2373 places a finger on its lips, "Toy-to-be, what did this one say about that?" it says forcing its finger into Ratchet's mouth, forcing him to suckle upon the digit, while it says, while hearing the phrase in the back of its mind, two speaking in tandem.

"There is no I."

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

“T-to...” Ratchet’s words trail off when B-1374 comes back yelling out.

“This one found it Maker. Good old fashion Toys-4-U gag be gone,” it says reading the little spray bottle that looks like a breath spray.

The toy’s words reach Ratchet’s ears, plucking a string in his mind, calling forth a memory of when he was trying to build up the nerve to explore himself and taste what he’d love to do, the advertisement with a sleek black and cyan female sergal toy clear in his mind, saying, “Are you tired of taking that foot long cock only to have yourself choking up a storm? Tired of choking down too many dicks and not being able to swallow? Do you really want to show your *man* just how much you can *really take*? Or did you want to win that beer chugging contest when you go to your local frat party? Well fear not anymore. We have the product for you! With a couple of sprays in the back of your throat those pesky little nerves that start your gag reflex are numbed and hushed away. Put to sleep like elephant tranquilizer used on a field mouse. For several hours you’ll be able to take a garden hose all the way down till it comes out the other end! Now doesn’t that sound wonderful!” Ratchet then recalls the quickly spoken background announcer that says super quickly.

“Please don’t swallow entire garden hoses when using this product. If you experience no gag reflex for over thirteen hours please contact your local physician and inform Toys-4-U immediately. For our other product gag-come-back.”

Ratchet swallows a lump forming in his throat, the connotations of what this means dawning upon him immediately, his focus broken on the approaching bottle by K-2373’s firm caressing hand on his cheeks, giving a slight squeeze.

“Say ahhhh, and let the future delights flow.”

“A-ahhhh,” he responds, helpless to fight against the toy, part of him not wanting to, reminded that he should be obeying the toy in the back of his mind. B-1374 spraying the liquid into the back of his throat with three hard pumps. It stings at first, his throat clenching before it’s quickly followed by a cooling sensation. A minty aftertaste following out seconds later.

“How many sprays should this one do?” B-1734 asks.

“Read the bottle,” K-2373 asks.

“It says one long spray or two short sprays.”

“Hmm, does it say anything about too many sprays?”

“It says you shouldn’t exceed the maximum of two sprays, otherwise it might last longer than the intended time.”

“Nothing to worry about then,” the blue cat toy says with a playful squeak.

Ratchet swallows a few times feeling a slight numbness in the back of his throat that at first is distracting but when he’s forced to turn his head by K-2373’s guiding hand, his thoughts on it slowly melt away.

“On your back, head over the edge of the bed. It’s time we test those holes of yours toy-to-be.”

Ratchet lets out a soft squeak, nodding, unsure what to say at this moment, climbing onto the bed, turning himself around, laying down onto the bed, his tail pushed between his legs, a big rubber covered fluff, right there while his head leans just over the bed, looking up at the two toys, which have their cocks gently sword playing with each other, “Like this?” he asks.

“Purrfect,” purrs K-2373 their members hanging over his head, pre-cum dripping onto his chin, letting him feel it before the toy climbs onto the bed, hands gently running across his front, massaging his chest and belly, caressing his hips while it swings itself between Ratchet’s legs, spreading them apart with its own.

Ratchet raises his head feeling the pre-cum slide down his chin and neck, head raising up just enough to see the black and blue cat toy towering over him. Hands now pressing on his lower belly, body exposed, the toy hiking its rump, angling its length down towards his tender virgin pucker. He gasps, watching the toy move down onto him when his head is grabbed from both sides, B-1374’s thumbs gently running across his jawline, smearing and spreading the pre-cum that already dripped onto him, making a loud squeak. The black and red feline toy lowering his head back down till his mouth is lined up to the toy’s cock.

“Now, let’s see if we got rid of that gag reflex,” B-1374 says, pressing its length against Ratchet’s lips, the fennalope only able to see the base of the throbbing shaft, and the cute white balls. Just knowing what is going to happen next makes him squirm, his cock twitching within its confines, hands gripping the bed sheets getting ready for the worse.

“Wait, wait,” says K-2373, holding up its head.

B-1374 stops with just the tip of the length in Ratchet’s mouth, just deep enough to let a slowly forming pool of the toy’s intoxicating inhibition destroying pre-cum to build up in the roof of his mouth.

“Let this one slip in first. It wants to gauge how the toy-to-be will react to you slipping in nice and deep,” it replies with a coy smile.

“Oh, alright, you’re the Maker after all,” it replies, the toy’s fingertips gently caress the top of Ratchet’s skull, the fingers brushing against the antlers while the thumbs still caress along his jawline, keeping his head nice and still, the member resting on those rubber clad lips.

“First time?” K-2373 asks, pressing its cock tip against Ratchet’s blue rubber covered pucker. The toy’s pre-cum splurts onto the hole making it nice and slick, the toy’s head pressing a bit harder, spreading the hole open just a little, making sure just the tip slips into him, making sure he feels himself being spread.

He clenches on the toy’s cock, gasping, squeaking, grunting, holding down, legs spread wide, feeling so exposed, member pressing so hard against the bondage, reminding him just how much his body *wants* this. A fantasy comes to life without the need for begging, pleading, or trading away anything that he knows of. A miracle of a moment, “Yusss” he replies, unable to say the words fully due to the cock still partially in his mouth building that pull of pre in the roof.

Blood flowing to his head, vision locked on those white balls that will soon come closer, that red length that will soon disappear into the warm opening of his mouth.

“This one will take you nice and slow, and go knotless for now,” K-2373 says with a mew.

Ratchet tensing being reminded that there is even a *knot* ready to pop into him. He tenses feeling the slick rubber member push into him, spreading his insides further, wider, expanding his pucker. He tenses, grunts, feeling the pressure around his ring, the pushing away of flesh within his sensitive insides, that have only experienced simple toys up to this point. Simple toys, dildos, plugs, a vibrating egg, all were barely enough to prepare him for this experience. Stretched him just enough that his ring would not break but expand around the protruding member that pushes up and into his body, the cock head sliding across the insides, which he clenches down around it before relaxing, fighting his instincts to let it slide in deeper before giving another wanting squeeze.

“That’s it... yes... good toy-to-be. You’re so tight, so eager, you’ve practiced a bit haven’t you?” it asks, feeling a sudden clench around its cock, giving the toy its answer before Ratchet could even say a word about it.

His body gives away his secrets. The strange warming sensation of being filled from behind, welcoming, yet different from what is experienced from a simple solid object. It twitches, spurts, warms his innards, drawing his pleasure higher, the cock head pressing against his prostate, hitting the hot button that makes him jerk his hips up in the air before they are grabbed and pushed back down, the toy continuing to slide into him, spreading him wider and wider, to his furthest extent he’s ever had, till suddenly there is a bump, a large thick knot pressing against his pucker, the pleasure invasion stopping at the true point of no return...

B-1374, “Can this one slip into toy-to-be now?”

K-2373 chuckles, “This one doesn’t know, can you?” it asks with a soft mew.

B-1374 puffs its cheeks a little, “May this one now Maker?”

“Yes, you may,” it replies.

Ratchet’s vision is locked on the toy in front of him, feeling his head gripped and held, used like a simple object to slip his cock into him. Ratchet’s tongue is pressed up against the base of his mouth the top of the cock head pushing its way through, eventually his rubber covered tongue slips free, tasting the full length as it goes in deeper and deeper. He breathes deeply nose whistling as he clenches hard on the cock within him. The other feline toy holding his hips down while gently massaging his thighs, control and love all in one move.

The member pushes in deeper, closer to the point of gagging. The white balls grow closer and more focused on it, the blur caused by his astigmata is nowhere near as intense as the blur overcoming him. He swallows down, a rush of the inhibition fluids flowing down into him, into his system while his rear absorbs the arousing concoction being drip fed into his body, all bubbling and building within his body, panting heavily, the red cock about to push to the back of his throat, into the gag zone.

He clenches harder, ready to experience his body to reject the gifts from heaven and earth that is afforded to him when the length simply slides through, deeper, filling his throat, expanding it. He squeezes and swallows down the length of the balls tapping against his nose with a soft squeak, the aroma of the toy overpowering even some of his suit's own vanilla scented latex smell.

"Feels good to this one," says B-1374 with a smile, holding Ratchet's head nice and firm, fingers gripping the base of his antlers, massaging his head, while also using it as part of a light brace as the toy uses his entire head as a handle and a hole to fuck.

Ratchet clenches down on the cock in his rear harder, suckling hard on the member in his mouth, toes curling, fingers clenching, body squirming the cock blocking air his body starting to scream for a bit of air, yet his body wanting that member to go even deeper, but before it gets too frightening the toy pulse out leaving half of its cock in his mouth, allowing the air flow freely again and for him to catch on his breath.

"Don't do that for too long. The toy-to-be is new and needs air still," K-2373 warns.

"This one knows Maker, it only did it for a few seconds," it replies.

"A few seconds? That was a few seconds? It felt so much longer than that," he thinks. Was time moving that slow? How could things go so slow yet be going so fast. Here he is on his back sandwiched between two toys that are spit roasting him on the bed. Without his glasses he's unable to see perfectly but he certainly can feel, his other senses compensating, making it all feel more alive and delight, burning the moment into his mind, never to be forgotten.

K-2373 leans forward, hands caressing and playing across Ratchet's chest. The further the toy leans the more the fennalope feels the cock within his rear move and shift, toying with his pleased rear further without even having to pull the cock out to slam it back in, "Let's start to have some fun with this one and have a good release before we do something a bit more... sensual and tight?" it asks, leaning close, the two toys giving one passionate rubbery kiss.

Their tongues play and twist with each other, their hands remaining on the toy-to-be below them. B-1374's cock pushes in deeper into Ratchet's mouth, head held firm, unable to twist, turn away, used like a simple fuck hole while it takes a moment to kiss its Maker, pushing Ratchet even lower on the totem pole of the toy to toy-to-be relationship.

Though he could not see, he can certainly feel it, imagining it in his mind's eye, hearing the whispers of the collar, moaning deeply, taking a deep breath before the cock got too deep into him, letting him let them savor and enjoy the moment. A good object-to-be letting those toys that are literally and figuratively above it to have their moment without disturbing them. All without him even fully realizing that is what he's doing. In the here and now it's more of a delightful kink button being pushed... nay smashed into oblivious.

The toy's break their kiss, "This one thinks that's a lovely idea Maker," B-1374 replies, the two toys pulling away from each other. It holds firmer on Ratchet's head, gripping it nice and firm as it bucks its hips sliding it length in and out of his mouth, balls smacking against his lips again and again. The member grinding against the fennalope's tongue and the back of his

throat. Pushing in seemingly deeper each time, moving in rhythmic fashion that Ratchet soon must learn in order to breath accordingly.

And learn he does. His body under the control of the two toys. His actions, his state of being all under their power. His very life breath dictated by the toy's actions, driving him deeper into a wild state of lust and delight. And then there is K-2373 that is behind him. Keeping his legs spread, exposing himself further. His round bulge not even touched, his trapped member begging for a fraction of this action, straining against its confines, but any time he tries to move his hands down to touch himself the blue feline toy rushes in to stop him, pinning the hands down to the bed.

"Bad toy-to-be. No touching yourself," K-2373 says, giving a firm hard thrust into Ratchet's body, the cock bouncing off his hole, spreading it wider just enough to remind him just how big the toy is.

He's unable to say anything, mouth too full of a cock that is constantly sliding in and out of his warm hungry hole. He tries to nod instinctively but his head is held still, leaving him helpless to respond to the toy, while the collar whispers in his head.

"Toy doesn't need to self-pleasure."

"Toy doesn't need release."

"Good toys are pleased by their serve."

"You are a good toy."

B-1374 says, "This one felt like a toy-to-be trying to nod. It understands Maker," it replies.

K-2373 gives another solid firm thrust into Ratchet's rear, the knot being only a third taken in before it relaxes again, "That's good to hear. This one wouldn't want to jump the knot too soon," it says, hands releasing Ratchet's, returning to the rubbing and massaging of the toy-to-be's belly and hips, caressing and massaging their rubber clad body, reminding them just how covered they are in the latex they secretly so loved yet never got to experience till this moment.

The rhythmic thrusts into Ratchet's rear. Spreading him over and over again, his prostate pressed into then grinded along the entire length, pushing and massaging his internal hot button, making his cock twitch, ache, dribble pre within the cock sleeve, making him feel all the more of just how needy and pent up he's becoming. Body starting to crave release, wanting it, feeling it. Never before has he desired such a good fuck from a good fuck. The sensation of having that flow, the breaking down of a barrier, his mind focused on it, pulling away from his mental defenses on the constantly whispering voice in his mind. Grunting, moaning, squeaking, its a constant stream of noises, scents, and sensations that some have no word that could describe to the fullest.

The pace between the toys steadily increase. When? At what pace? How quick or slow? Ratchet couldn't tell all he knew was his breathing grew faster, quicker deeper, trying to keep pace with them, legs wrapping around K-2373, trying to push the toy into him, a moment of forcefulness that didn't come from dominance but pure desperation to have a release. His body working on its own but the toy was too power, too strong, too controlling to let a moment of its

commanding presence go, and then with a slam, but not hard enough to pop the knot in, but B-1374 does enough to go very deep, flooding Ratchet's throat with his inhibition decimating seed. While the blue feline floods his tight rear with smooth blue cream of endless arousal that will seep into him, pushing him to the very limits of what an arousal could be. Days... weeks, perhaps months of being pent up all suddenly happening in an instant, bubbling over into his mind, a being of endless wanting lust, unable to find release, yet loving it all just the same.

The two toys pant, more for show for Ratchet, who drinks down the toy essence. B-1374 slowly pulls out, letting a few pulses of jizz flow into the roof of Ratchet's mouth, a pool of delightful sin that he's become addicted to. The member eventually fully pulling out, clean, shiny, balls hazy in the fennalope's field of vision, caused by his lack of glasses rather than being hazy of mind.

K-2373 gives several firm thrusts, helping him milk its length of every drop of seed that it has flooded into him, "That's it toy-to-be, take it. Enjoy it. Love it. How was that so far?" it asks, rubbing his lower belly, keeping the member two thirds of the way in his body, the toy's blue eyes glowing a soft domineering blue.

Ratchet takes a moment to fully catch his breath, heart pounding, body aching. He swears he can feel the toy's afterglow, that pulsates and flows into him, a lovely feeling, yet his own body is screaming for the same, keeping him wanting to go a bit longer. Just long enough so he can reach it. His mind locked on the thought of reaching this goal, but when K-2373 speaks to him he can't help but answer, "Mind blowing..." he squeaks.

"Oh, we haven't gotten the real mind blowing stuff yet," it chuckles, reaching down, behind Ratchet's back, helping him sit up, face to face with the toy.

He grunts, feeling his weight now pressing down onto the toy's length, but before it gets more than half an inch down, the toy holds him up. Showing a strength hidden to him till this moment, "W-wha? More? How," he says with a pant.

"You'll see. This one has others that want to meet you toy-to-be, but we aren't done yet. We still have a few more hours of play."

"H-hours?!" he exclaims, squeezing down on the toy's length.

It chuckles, "It appears you still have plenty of spunk in you," it says, thinking, "*Toy can just hear Maker making a comment about that...*" its hands gently caressing Ratchet, lifting him up an inch, twisting him around on its length with a moan before sitting him back down, adjusting themselves till they are on the edge of the bed.

"Oh my gosh... fuck that feels..." he shudders, looking at the blur of the black, white and red feline toy in front of him, their cock still throbbing and twitching despite their recent release.

K-2373 whispers into his ear, "It will only get better. Relax and enjoy yourself, toy-to-be," it says, licking across the rubber covered inner ear.

He shudders and moans, sliding further down onto the toy's length, rear pressing down onto the knot, spreading his hole a little. B-1374 mews softly, moving in closer, their cock throbbing and twitching, pressing up against Ratchet's bulge. The throbbing aching length

pushing against his own, the sudden extra pressure that is caused by another wanting eager cock, doubling the desire and need of his trapped appendage, “Oh fuck...”

“That you are,” B-1374 says, pressing a little harder, giving a firm thrust, its chest pressing up against ratchet while it leans over to kiss its Maker, “How do they feel Maker?”

“Wonderful and tight, this one thinks they will do just fine,” it says bucking up into Ratchet, spreading him a little more, moving its hips to force Ratchet’s to press harder against the other toy’s red throbbing rocket.

“This one is glad to hear it,” it replies, nuzzling and licking across its Maker’s face.

K-2373 returns the favor, starting to rhythmically thrust back into Ratchet’s well taken and lubricated hole. The toy’s juices slide down its length, making each squeaky thrust louder, smoother, all the more tantalizing as the angle of attack within the fennalope’s body has shifted but is no less pleasant.

The pleasure builds within him, enhanced but the pressure from the other length. His rear feeling so delightful and wonderful yet strained. Each bounce against that knot is another heart skipping moment, another squeal of pleasure escaping their rubber clad lips. He doesn’t care that he can’t see the toys clearly, because of how well he can feel them between them.

Bounce, bounce, bounce, squeak, squeak, squeak, moan, thrust, life broken down into simple things. Pressed between two toys passionately bound to each other, sharing his body between him. Time ticking away, having no meaning, its simply a constant stream of pleasure that puts him always on the edge but never over. Never over... never over... and then...

The bouncing goes harder and harder, wider and wider as Ratchet’s rear spreads before squeezing back up, sliding all the way till just the toy’s cock head is in his rear. B-1374 an expert from its time as a toy keeps pace, grinding itself up along Ratchet’s null bulge. Grinding itself harder and harder, adding to the downward thrust that any moment could bring him over the edge of popping down onto the toy’s knot.

“Do you think you can go with no hands?” K-2373 says with a playful mew tease, thrusting up into Ratchet.

“Oh, please yes,” Ratchet moans.

The cat toy chuckles leaning in, whispering into its ear that is soon followed by a slow sensual lick, “This one wasn’t referring to you.”

B-1374 mews softly, “This one thinks it can Maker it’s so close.”

“Then you can cum when this one does again,” it replies with a wink.

Ratchet mews at the realization that the toys are planning to keep him all locked up within his rubber bound chastity. A thought that he felt could send him over the edge yet despite his best efforts, grinding up against the red toy cock, it didn’t come.

But what does is K-2373 when it slides Ratchet all the way down onto its cock, no longer preventing the weight of the toy-to-be from crashing down onto its knot, spreading his hole quick, slick, and with a loud squeaky pop.

Ratchet’s eyes go wide, feeling the aching throb of his hole spread so wide, mind not even catching the sensation of the point of no return. First it was out of him and now the next

moment within, spreading his insides wide with an ease he wasn't aware his body could do. The knot pressuring down onto his prostate, pressing that hot button that makes his length twitch and squirm. A rush of warmth onto him... did he cum? Eyes widening looking down as if he's to expect to see his own length out gushing out... but no.

The warmth he feels is of B-1374 gushing itself over onto his null bulge. The hot streams of translucent rubber red toy cum spraying onto his lap, running down and around the bulge, riveting along the sides. The toy gasps and moans in delight, while more of the blue toy's seed is flooded into him.

"Oh, that feels good," B-1374 says, letting out a pleasant mew.

"This one is pleased, though this does mean one thing though," K-2373 says with a fiendish cat grin, gently rubbing Ratchet's chest, while keeping him pinned onto his length.

"What's that?" he asks, giving out an inquisitive feline purr.

"You're going to have to clean that up. We can't leave this toy-to-be a total mess before we take it to the others.

B-1374 huffs, "You tricked this one."

"Did it? Did it really?" it asks with a toyish grin.

"This one will get back at you Maker."

"You are free to do so. But before you begin, how about we help this one focus on the delights of what they are. Without their glasses their vision is a little blurry and we don't want to distract too much now, do we?"

"Wha?" Ratchet responds, clenching down onto K-2373's length, looking over to the toy, which smiles back at it.

"You'll see... well won't see... damn it this one got a little bit of Maker in there," it remarks.

"Maker, a lot of Maker got in you. It's heard the story," B-1374 says, going over to the white box, pulling out a black cloth blindfold in one hand, and Ratchet's glasses in the other, "Should this one put these somewhere?"

"Keep the glasses somewhere safe. They'll be needed for a while but not today."

"Yes Maker," it says, putting the glasses back into the box, walking over in front of them, with the black cloth blindfolded.

Ratchet shudders, squeezing tightly onto K-2373's length, clenching nice and hard, his heart racing eyes locked on the blindfold, watching its blur get closer and closer till it makes touch down with his face. His vision gone, only a faint light seeping through while the blindfolded is wrapped around his head, once, then twice, further delving him into darkness, the blindfold tied tight but not too tight around his head, leaving him even more helpless to the two toys.

"There we go."

"Very nice tie," K-2373 compliments.

"If there is one thing this one knows well, it's blind folds."

It chuckles, "This one can't fault you on that," it says.

Ratchet hears the toys around him, hands reaching back to hold onto K-2373. Unsure what else to do, his legs being spread open by the very same toy, exposing him to B-1374, the sounds of the toy's movements, squeaks, getting him going even faster, harder, member twitching, forced to listen onto each move, unsure when the first move will come.

Suddenly a pressure runs across his nudge, a long dragging squeak, the click toy juices on his null bulge is now being licked away, pressing down on the curves of the null, making sure the dripping toy juices are pulled up with each firm lap into the toy's awaiting mouth, happy to drink down its own corruptive juices to little effect to its own, already a perfectly crafted toy with little inhibitions.

"Can't you feel it toy to be? Can't you sense it? How wonderful it is to be something so pure and wonderful as us?" K-2373 whispers into Ratchet's ear.

"This kind of play is nothing I have ever expected before... It's wonderful."

On cue without skipping a beat his train of thought is derailed, the mistake unspoken corrected within his mind, *"There is no I."*

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

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

Ratchet mews, panting happily, gasping when the null bulge is squeezed again, the round end suckled by the other toy. Each lick and movement of a laser beam focuses for him, with the only time it's drawn away is when he's reminded, he's still sitting on a thick fat knot from the other feline toy. But the fact his mind can get away from that fact and focus on the toy's quick laps, long laps across his throbbing aching bulge.

His member gets a fraction of a percent of the pressure, of the pleasure, but it's far more than he's expecting and the limited means to do anything, forced to just take it, makes even this little amount be an explosion of ecstasy that he's just now beginning to enjoy and comprehend that it's even possible to feel this good and not be sent over the edge.

He bites his lower lip, mewling, moaning, feeling himself get all cleaned up, "S-so m-more?" he asks moments after the last lick has left his white bulge shiny and clean.

"More? What an eager toy-to-be. You'll get plenty more. You have another hour with us and then we have a toy this one thinks is just aching to enjoy you," it says with a chuckle.

"Huh?" he lets out squeak, clenching nice and hard around the toy's length when he's lifted off of with a loud pop, feeling some of the toy's essence leak out of his rear, causing him to moan out even louder.

"Don't worry toy, we'll make sure you're nice and prepared for them," it says, continuing to have their fun, keeping the blind fold on the toy-to-be, making him feel everything done to him, having him beg for more, enjoying the pleasure, arousal growing hands constantly made to be kept away from his aching throbbing crotch. When it's all said and done though, Ratchet can barely stand on his own two feet. The two feline toys holding him both arms, which not only keep him on his feet but prevent him from using his hands to touch the raging arousal inferno that is between his legs.

He's guided forward into the darkness. Each step frightening, panic inducing, expecting to run into something with the next step, but he doesn't. There's a moment pause, a click, a door opening, "You're doing so well toy-to-be, and this one would love to be with you for the whole process, but it has work to do. This one hopes you understand. But it hand-picked these next toys that will give you the most wonderful time you ever had."

"I-I don't know how much more I can't stand," he says with a pant.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, toy-to-be, after all we given you? You insist on speaking incorrectly? Bad toy," K-2373 says.

The toy's words echoing in his mind, sending shivers down his spine, the collar whispering the correcting phrases to him. He hears another door open, echoes of other sounds of life down from somewhere. He looks in that direction before being ushered into another room. Moved somewhere in the room, taking steps losing track of where he is.

"Now stand here toy and the other one will be here shortly; do you think you can do that?"

"Y-yes..." he replies.

"Good toy-to-be," K-2373 says, giving him a soft kiss on the lips, petting him on the head, "Stay there."

"O-okay," he replies, hearing the toys walk away, his hands about to move to his crotch when he hears.

"And don't touch yourself!"

Ratchet stiffens, "Y-yes!" he squeaks, the toys departing the door closing, leaving him in darkness and silence. Faint glow of lights around him tell him he's in a room with lights on. The smell of latex... leather, metal fill his nostrils. Some cleaning of fabrics like freshly done laundry, "*Where am I?*" he shudders when the collar corrects, causing him to let out a soft squeak.

After some time, standing in a sea of nothingness afraid to move an inch from his spot his ears twitch, hearing the door open, someone else maybe? Or was it one or both of the other toys coming into the room.

"Oh my, is this the one toy was informed about?" it asks, the toy moving smoothly, soft squeaks heard from its body, making Ratchet look in their direction a soft jingle is heard past the muffling effect of the hood around the fennalope's head.

"Ah... I was told to be here by the other two toys. Can I take the blind fold off?" he asks, moving one hand up to touch the blindfold, the other to try to caress and reach his twitching, throbbing aching needy member that's trapped within the sleek cushioned bondage.

Suddenly Ratchet feels his wrists grabbed by the D rings, pulling and tugging away his hands, the strength of the person easily overpowering them, the smell of their latex growing stronger. His body shudders the collar reminding him not to use those simple pronouns that will over time lose all meaning but for now they are ingrained in him stubborn to let go, but the collar is just as if not more so, whispering.

"Toy doesn't pleasure itself."

“Toy doesn’t need release.”

“Toy is self-pleasure-sacrificing in its service to its users.”

“Toy loves the cock.”

“No, no. Don’t touch. Relax. No need to do anything. This one is in charge, and it will guide you.”

“C-can you remove my blindfold?” Ratchet stammers.

He hears a chuckle, the teasing voice responds, moving in close, the pressure of the person’s chest, the possible toy’s chest against his own, the heat of his breath blowing across the rubber face, “And why would this one do that? Ruin the surprise? Ruin the fun? It’ll be good to leave you in the dark for just a little while. Let you really wonder what’s going on. Make you rely on this one. Help you get into the right poses. Perhaps start you off with a few stretches,” it says with a soft teasing voice.

Ratchet pants, trying to move against the toy’s grip, hearing the squeak against his wrist. The warm grip, the hot breath blowing across his face, the warmth coming off their body, heating up their latex suit, making him feel how close the person is.

“Trust this one. It knows what’s best for you,” it says, gently pushing him back.

He stumbles back, shivering, stepping back into the unknown, but the unknown force in front of him. Knowing that there is someone there, but who? What? The back of his foot hits something soft. He tenses, unsure what to make of it. Hands guide back and to the sides of his body, pressing against the soft cushion, forcing his body to align something hard, “*Am I about to be chained to a wall?*” he thinks, moaning, hearing the collar speak into his mind, repeating those lovely words.

The soft cushions press against the back of his arms and wrists. There’s a soft jingle, shifting of weight, then a click. His ear twitches, the pressure around his right wrist is removed. He tries to move it, feeling a sudden tug, preventing him from moving his wrist more than a quarter of an inch, “Wha?” he asks, tugging at it, feeling his limb unable to move.

“And there’s that one, just a few more points to go...” it says.

Ratchet pants, feeling the soft cushioned wall against his back, tail slipping free behind swaying... “*Not a wall... okay not a wall,*” he thinks, trying to picture in his mind just what he’s being attached to. Another point of contact along his upper arm, holding him firmer in place.

The hands of this person run across his thigh, spreading his leg, moving it to align with the soft cushion against him, another tug, another click, another part of his limb unable to move, “*A bondage rack. That’s what this is,*” he thinks, picturing a black and red bondage rack in his mind, much like the ones he’s seen in the Toys-4-U website and on the pods. He swallows a lump in his throat shuddering, “F-free me?” he asks.

There’s a soft tsk, tsk, tsk, a gentle squeak, “Silly toy-to-be. Keep that up, this one will have to do a lot more than what it has planned... and it has a lot planned,” it says, forcing Ratchet’s leg into position, locking the thighs into the spot and then the ankles.

Suddenly there’s a pressure along his crotch, a tongue spreading across the bulge, teasing his length held within the bondage, “Oh my gosh...” he moans, tugging at his constraints,

finding himself completely unable to move, standing with his legs spread a foot apart, arms at his sides.

“Ah how delightful, the constraints are working perfectly,” it chuckles, a soft squeak heard by the bound up fennalope, “Now that this is settled...” it says, the squeaks in front of him.

He breathes deeply looking in the direction of the noise, suddenly pressure pressing against his lips, a warm tongue slipping into his mouth, twisting and turning across his rubber clad tongue, tugging and pulling at it, the kiss growing deeper, the warmth and pressure of the person against his own. Pressure running down his sides, pressing along his sides, slowly the kiss breaks, warm strands across his lips, air cooling his lips, softly saying to him, “Wonderful.”

Blood pumping through his veins, body tensing, twitching, squeaking, soft jingle of the constraints that lock him in place. Unsure what is going to happen next, left there, heart pounding, hairs trying to raise, but are compressed against the latex that envelopes his body. What is to happen next? Where did the toy go? Is it a toy or someone in a suit just like himself? A jingle? A squeak? His ears twitch, head turning toward the noise, trying to follow the person. There’s more jingling.

“Let this one get your arms into position first,” it says, suddenly a tension from the elbow down gives way, giving some limited movement. Then more jingle and more tension, his arm now able to move. It jingles and jerks in set motions. Arm held and guided, placed in front of him, before there’s another jingle, jerk a tug, arm locked into place.

“What are you doing?” he asks, arm trying to move, feeling it under his chin, knuckles rising to stroke his chin. He shudders, hearing the probably toy speak.

“Why ruin the surprise, but it has a bunch of lovely ideas with you, but it is very eager to feel how wonderful you are from the inside... out,” it replies.

Suddenly pressure runs along his chest, a gentle squeeze of the rubber covered nipple, a breath of hot air blowing into his ear holes of his suit, tickling the fur underneath. More jingling metal noises, one part then the next part his arm moves free. He tries to move it on his own but the device he’s attached to makes it feel all janky and the toy quickly puts an end to his movements, moving the arm right underneath the other, crossing them, locking them back into place, arms stuff.

“Now get ready for a wild ride, this one is sure it will be one to excite and get your blood pumping,” it says.

Ratchet gasps, unsure what is going to happen next, trying to listen to the person’s rubber suit, the squeaking, their subtle movements but it is hard with the constant whispering of the collar in the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

A jingle of metal, a sudden release of tension and a press along his back side. WOOSH, falling forward, falling! FALLING! Dink, jingle, jerk, wobble, head bouncing against the soft

headrest, feeling himself about to tumble forward and over. Whatever he's attached to about to tip over, but then wobbles back into place.

"Oh my gosh..." he pants heavily, heart ready to leap up through his throat, his body leaning forward, perpendicular to the ground, feet still firmly planted on it, forming a sidewise L shape.

"Careful there," says the toy, steadying the wobble.

He takes a deep breath, relaxing, closing his eyes, though there is really no change, there's still nothing but darkness that surrounds him. A firm rubber hand grips his tail, squeezing the rubber plush within that contains his fluff. There's a strap of pressure, a jingle of chains, something is being put around his tail. He can feel it and then, it's tugged up, exposing his rear, a click and a strain, something is taught keeping him from lowering his tail anymore.

"There we go, this one wanted that in place before it completed your look," it says, soft squeaks and jingles, the patter of the toy's feet on the ground, his head closer now to hear them, a hand presses against Ratchet's chest, holding him, while more jingling is heard from behind, before the tension suddenly gives way, allowing his body to be lowered, all the way down to the ground, arms resting on the soft carpet surface, butt fully hiked in the air, head resting on his arms, "Almost done," it says.

His chest rises and falls, butt clenching, still feeling a bit of the toy's essence in his rear, keeping that arousal burning as hot as the sun. But his eagerness and delights will only burn hotter when he hears that jingle, "*What is going to happen next?*" tension released in one leg, spreading his right leg pulled out, forced to remain straight, moving like it's on a hinge, then locked into place. His body shifts and tilts to the one side at an odd angle.

"Getting there. Doing such a good job, toy."

He feels a hand smack against his rear, the sound of latex against latex rings out in the room, along with a soft moan escaping his lips. His other leg swung out, returning balance to his position, butt a little lower but still hiked in the air. The soft sting felt by the hit, soon replaced by a smooth tender squeaky rub.

Fear and anticipation fills his mind. His cock twitches and aches within the bulge, feeling it should be hanging free, throbbing out in the cool air but all of that was denied. Denied all his freedom to see, to move, to feel relaxed. Everything is controlled, guided, by this unknown force. Could be multiple people with one talking or just them, "*I wonder if...*" his mind trails, hearing the collar's soothing voice of K-2373 speaking into his mind.

"*There is no I.*"

"*There is no me.*"

"*There is no myself.*"

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

"*Oh fuck me... this feels so hot. What a reward for doing such a good job... I want to do a good job again,*" he thinks, the collar repeating the phrases, blood rushing to his head, making him feel each beat of his heart in his ears. His rubber cheeks spread apart, a gently pressure

pressing against them, running along the insides, with a soft pressure at the base near his tensing and relaxing hole.

“Oh my, aren’t you so eager? How delightful. This one if it could be tickled pink, it would be with excitement,” it chuckles with a squeak, giving Ratchet’s butt a firm squeeze.

The sound of latex squeaking fills the room, the warmth of the toy’s hands against his rear, the slight throb, the twitch, the grinding pressure between his cheek cavity, running along his hole, which aches to be filled once more. Body craving for it, knowing exactly what this is, trained from the hours of use K-2373 and B-1374.

Up and down the length grinds against him, feeling a twitch, a cool dribble against the base of his tail, something adding, building, growing, but what? Anticipation? Fear? Anxiety? Or something else? His body is no longer virgin, but to an experienced toy, he’s simply a novice in a world of pros, “*Could there be more here? Are they even lined up ready to use me?*” he shudders, the collar trying to correct his very thoughts.

The pressure against his rear is pulled away, only his cheeks are spread by the hands, gently kneading hands, grip and massage his rear, mind being drawn to the sensation, everything else is a dull void that forces him to think and feel at this one moment. He clenches his cheeks, knowing that any moment that he’s going to be penetrated again. Be taken by this person? This toy? He doesn’t know. How big even is he? He tries to think about it, the moments not long passed but forever ago in his mind, trying to construct the length that was against him.

“*It didn’t feel too long... but was it really? Girthy perhaps? Maybe? Not sure, but I bet it will feel good in me,*” he thinks, his thoughts soon to be confirmed. There’s a sound of a click and a whir, “*What was that noise?*” he thinks when a round pressure is against his clenched butt. His pucker, pushed open slightly, a twitch, throb, splurt. Warm liquid covering his hole, the sensation bleeding through the latex, squeaking, the member pushing in nice and slow.

“Easy now, this one doesn’t want to break you too hard just yet. Not till you get a good few fillings, like the twink twinkie that you are,” it chuckles, sliding in the first inch, then the second, running the cock along his prostate, making the contained member twitch.

All these sensations flood into his mind, so focused on it. His toes curl, hands clench, body tugging at the constraints that keep him in this ass up pose but finds any effort he makes against it is for naught, “Such a tight ass. This one will have to thank Maker for this opportunity when it gets the chance. It’s glad they got over the lube bucket incident...” it says, slipping in deeper.

Ratchet shudders, trying to arch his back, but the constraints prevent him from doing so. He squeezes the length, getting a full idea of it. With each inch pushed into him, the picture of the cock tugging against his internal, crushing his hot button, while further building up the round phallic pleasure rod now sinking ever deeper into him. Then pressing against his pucker... a knot.

“*Another knot... another knot... ohhh yes...*” he thinks, squeezing, milking the cock length, drawing the pre-cum from the cock into his body. The toy’s pre-cum has a special effect on his body. Unlike K-2373 which upped his arousal and B-1374 which lowered his inhibitions

till they were non-existent. Every drop of pre flowing into him made those voices in the collar all the more alluring. Made whatever the toy around him *suggested* all the more right. Not a direct subversion of his own thoughts, still able to resist and say no, but his suggestively steadily going through the roof. If there was a kernel of desire to try something, a bit of doubt that would make him agree with what is being told to him. It would grow and blossom into a tree and then sprawl out into a rainforest. But for now, it's a small sprout, steadily being watered by the toy's cock that is pounding into his tight rear.

“Oh my gosh... oh my gosh,” Ratchet moans, feeling the thrusts into him, the loud squeaks, the balls smacking against his taint. The toy leans over, reaching around with his hands, gently caressing his chest. His mind's eye is picturing another fennalope just like himself, taking his rear. Black with hot pink highlights perhaps? Yeah, that feels hot. Their cock pushes into him, harder and harder. He clenched, squeezed, milked his way further into the depths of those sweet voices that sounded all the better.

“Toy doesn't touch itself.”

“Toy doesn't pleasure itself.”

“Toy's service to others is self-pleasuring.”

“Toy doesn't masturbate.”

“Only bad toys touch themselves.”

“Toy never wants to be a bad toy.”

“Toy never wants to pleasure itself.”

“Toy has no desire to climax, unless it's for others' enjoyment.”

“Toy doesn't cum unless commanded to.”

“Toy doesn't climax unless commanded to.”

“Toy is a fuck toy. Eager to fuck.”

“Toy's holes are for others.”

“Toy's climax is for others.”

“Toy has no need to cum.”

“Toy desire to be a good toy.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“Toy needs to be a good toy.”

“Good toys don't climax unless told to.”

“Good toys never need to cum.”

“Good toys ache to be taken and used.”

“Good toys obey.”

“You are a good toy.”

Ratchet luls himself into a relaxed state. Moaning, mewling, squeaking, panting hard. His body tugging at the constraints. Such heavy bounds keeping him place, his rear used and abused by this toy. Used like the object that he is going to be. Yet deep down part of him realizes it, knows it, but he doesn't recognize it just yet, it's too early. Right now, the bliss and

pleasure of it is rear being filled, taken, the toy juices sinking into his body, steadily opening him up further, adding sunlight to the blossoming forest of a toy that he'll become.

Right now though, all Ratchet can think about is how good it feels to be taken. For who or whatever is on top of him to thrust into his rear again and again. Pushing deeper, the knot pressing against his hole, spreading it, causing sparks of memory, the fennalope in his mind that's taking his hole changes into the black and blue feline K-2373. The only knot he's taken, the only thing his mind can create that can justify this feeling. His only experience, the flash of a feline toy under the constant stream of the fennalope toy that's taking him. The perfect lover just like himself...

He hears the toy over him panting, moaning, grunting, balls smacking into him, knot ready to pop. The toy is ready to flood him with what will be one of many loads of sweet, delicious warming gizz that will be just tossing fuel to the fire, gasoline to the flames.

A loud squeaky pop, a deafening moan, a quick dull throb of pain, Ratchet's anal ring spread out and around the knot as it is forced into him. Hot toy juices flowing deep within his body, sinking into him, working its way through his system, starting to work their magic on his body and mind.

"Oh my gosh..." he pants heavily, tugging at the constraints, head pressed against his arms, body held perfectly in place while wave after wave of toy seed is pulled into him. He can feel the essence flow, till it fades away, going deep within him, cultivating those moments. His rear milks and squeezes, taking in the juices, flooding into him deeper and deeper, pounded into their body and form. Their member twitching need, aching to be free, but loving the embrace of the bondage.

In Ratchet's mind, he pictures himself, butt up so high, taken by this person, the perfect fennalope that he's made in his mind. The warmth of their cock filling their body. The cock twitching within him, the knot? Do fennalopes have knots? Well, he has never met another one before... could be just him. Not a thought was spoken or translated into words for him to think about, simply a feeling in the far depths of his mind, that formed and went away, while the hypnotic voice continued its mantra into the deepest parts of his subconscious, which steadily became more appealing with each drop of cum from this person being pushed into him. Heaven.

He pants heavily, feeling the length in him, squeezing around that knot, hands gliding across his sides, teasing him, the soft muffled squeaks he can hear fills his ears. The warmth of their body. Focusing simply on what he can obtain, while left in total darkness. Thump, thump, thump. Blood flowing to his head, really able to *feel* the beat of his heart. The excitement going through him. Tensing, feeling like he's done a workout when in reality, he is completely trapped in his bondage, attached to some contraption.

"Hmm, that was good for this one, it hopes it was good for you too," says the voice that comes from the imagined fennalope.

"G-good," he responds, barely able to make the words form and with much effort make them go from his mind to the world around him. Exhausted from his previous gang bang from

the two wonderful toys, this was like a gentle cruise. But a cruise where he gets his ass taken by the sexiest stranger he's never seen.

"Wonderful," the voice replies.

The hands continue to caress his sides, squeaking loudly, trailing along his back, gently running along two points around his shoulder blades, "Yes, this one thinks those here would be good, that is in the works isn't it? Here..." the voice says, the hands moving down his body, caressing the hips, "And here, right?"

"W-what?" he moans, shivering, that length, that twitching cock still within him, gentle tugs from the toy stretch the hole a little but just as a playful reminder that it is lodged *deeply* inside of him, ready to expand his hole at a moment's notice.

"Oh..." it chuckles, playful, devious, conniving, yet there's underlying tones of care that lessen the blow of sheer terror that what the toy is about to say would have caused, "You'll find out soon enough."

Ratchet tenses, squeezing the cock within him, making that voice moan out and then pull out with a loud pop, causing him to shudder, and gasp. Breathing heavily the rubber mouth whistling as his hole aches, closing back down to its original size, but the throb, and delight felt from being taken so harshly and wonderfully. "*I never knew I had this in me... till I did,*" he thinks. The collar around his neck feeds him the hypnotic voice, correcting him on his improper use of his words. Funneling into his sexual delight and tension that he's feeling inside his mind, and in the world around him with the pent-up ache of his member.

"Now precious material. This one thinks that it's been given such a special task, to work with you. Feed you. You look so famished. This one does wonder if a mistake was made, letting you be left in a room, alone with this one," it says, chuckling again.

Ratchet gasps, wondering, unsure what's going to happen next. The soft squeaks caused by this toy, or perhaps rubber clad person is difficult to discern at times. Left in the cool room, feeling the air all around him, till suddenly the pressure and warmth of the person touching them, gives him only the vaguest of thoughts of where he actually is. After all, he could be on the other side pretending to touch the other simply to play with his mind. What is real? What's just in his mind? He struggles to make sense of his limited information, making him focus on every touch, every sound, sense of smell hindered by the heavily latex scented air, making this devious fennalope teaser even harder to locate.

"Now, let's get you set up for something you'll be very accustomed to for your new position," the voice says, another devious chuckle, hands caressing along the sides, feeling the pressure of both of them, was the person in front of them? Or behind?

Suddenly noise from behind. The mental image of the fennalope changes from possibly being in front of him to behind, the lewd display of his well-used and full ass in the air, imagining just how it looks in his mind, feeding into his aching lust, unable to find that sweet release. Metallic noise, then one knee free, then the other, his butt drops, a moan escapes his lips, his back still stiff, unable to bend, but his legs become free to move, he's about to make a

move, an attempt at some kind of freedom, or try to remove the blindfold, to see this perfect fennalope that has been taking him so ravenously.

“Don’t move toy-to-be. This one needs you to get you into a new position, so relax and let this happen.”

“O-okay,” he replies, tensing slightly then relaxing, “*Why did this... I just go with it?*” he thinks, mind a little hazy, the lust adding a blanket and filter to every thought. Headspace wanting to go with the sex, body craving the sex, wishing for some kind of climax, but his hands left away from his bound nudge body, his trapped member twitching, aching, feeling so good.

“Good toy-to-be,” the voice says, butt dropped, knees bending, another click and a loosening around the base of his feet, able to move and adjust, feet squeak and slide across the ground that feels harder than the floor by his head. Knees touch the ground, butt only slightly hiked, “Time to get you up... not that way, you dirty minded toy-to-be. But don’t you worry,” the voice says, feeling a hand caress along the back of his head, moving all the way down his back, fingers dancing along his spine, other hand, grabbing his chest, “You’re very free to have a dirty mind as long as everything else remains in clean working order,” it chuckles.

He’s lifted, hips straightening out, another click then a jerk, tightening and locking of his position. Legs still a little spread, but now he’s kneeling. Yes, the pressure on his knees, nothing terrible, just simply kneeling. A weird feeling given that his arms are raised against his chin, locked there. Like some lego toy that’s been reposed but left the hands in the previous way.

“Now, now, what to do with these,” the voice says.

“*These? What are these that he? It? Is referring too?*” he wonders. The lack of information adds to the tension, making it feel all the more real and delightful. That dash of fear to the sexual tension, the perfect brew to blow his mind out of the water and into a sizzling heat of the sexual frying pan, that’s been cooked up for him.

Another click, a lost in tension around the shoulders and arm, left arm moves, shifting so the hand doesn’t hit him in the face, but re-adjusted to be put on the back of his head. Ratchet’s hand gently massages and rubs his head, getting a little itch that he didn’t know it was there till he had the opportunity to deal with it. Much better, the soft squeaking, and rubbing against his head, while the other arm was put under the same process. Both hands pressing against his head, elbows out, posed like some kind of hostage.

“There we go,” the voice says, hand gently rubbing his face, rubbing under his chin, the smell of this person’s latex reaching his nose, a sweet tangy delight.

Ratchet pictures them leaning down, teasing and rubbing their face, this cute fennalope of his dreams all before him. The perfect reality made real only in his mind, pushing away any questioning of thoughts of what he’s wrong about who this is. Those were unimportant now. Only the fun and love of this moment does.

“One moment toy-to-be, let this one just check to make sure everything is in place then we can have a little bit of fun,” the voice says. Leaving Ratchet completely in the dark as to what will happen next, but a few ideas across his mind.

“Oh my gosh, this is so hot. I love it so much. How could this be as good as I imagined?” he wonders, tensing, moaning, grunting trying to fight against the constraints so he can hump the air, wanting to reach down to give that bulge a delightful squeeze.

“Such an eager toy-to-be,” says the voice, a soft squeak noise in front of Ratchet, guessing that he’s standing, moving around him, soft jingles of metal, tugs at the constraints that hold him in place.

He groans, shivering in delight, knowing he can’t move, yet the more he wanted to move, and couldn’t, the higher his pleasure and delight. The loss of control and power, to have it stripped from him... Words couldn’t describe how liberated he feels at this moment. To be simply there to enjoy the moment, and let all other things fall to the wayside.

“This one hopes you enjoy this. After all it bets you are so famished that you need a little something to keep you going,” the voice says.

He breathes in deeply, licking his lips, *“Something with food. I am a little hungry, now that I think about it. Is this sexy person going to feed me as I am helpless? Why is that so hot?!”* he thinks, mind stopping the collar, trying to gently, yet firmly correct his one glaring error.

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

A rush of excitement moves through him, his cock pushes against the rubber cushion, a struggle that has one clear end result, a complete lock out of his ability to get hard. Yet still, knowing the fact his body will lose, his body fights anyway, and it makes it all the hotter, all the more delightful, the moment building up when something warm presses against his lips.

It feels slick, tastes a little salty with a hint of something else? Wasabi? No... but maybe? His rubber covered tongue reaches out, feeling the tip push into his mouth, lips going around, ready to drag in whatever he’s been fed, *“It does feel slick at the end, and its flared a little...ohh...”*

The thoughts form in his head, the person’s twitching, throbbing member is being pushed into his mouth. The realization makes him tense, squeezing his butt cheeks, mouth puckering around the tongue, tongue going down along the underside, trying to explore and test if his hypothesis is correct on just what is being pushed into him. Perhaps it’s a dildo rather than a cock? Or a mouth plug? There are possibilities, but then a warm fluid is squirted into the top of his mouth and onto the back of his throat and tongue. Hypothesis tested and confirmed, science really does work.

The cock remains there at the mouth entrance, just dripping pre-cum into the hungry mouth, flowing down onto the tongue which licks and teases the length, doing what he ‘thinks’ will work best. Ideas of what he’s seen in pornographic movies, the internet, and pictures. His overall inexperience trying to be covered up by years of secondhand source material. He suckles the tip, tonguing the front, feeling the head flare a little bit.

“You are eager. This one will feed you. Toys-to-be still need food after all to help them grow into the proper toy they are to be,” the voice explains, hands reaching out to grab the top of Ratchet’s head.

Those fingers, trailing along the head, gripping the sides, holding him firm, preventing him from turning or moving his head at all. He’s completely overpowered by the one holding him. Gripping the base of his antlers, using them as a way to add leverage for what he’s about to do.

Ratchet swallows, saliva building in his mouth, his body knows what’s about to come before he does. The mouthwatering experience, the delicious meal to be fed directly to him, still not knowing the corruption and temporary effects it will bring, to help tenderize his mind so it can be fully molded properly later.

“Let’s hope you have a good gag reflex, if not, you’re going to get it now,” chuckles the toy.

Ratchet’s eyes go wide, “*Wait... am I still under tha...*” his mind is cut off from that thought, the cock sliding down his mouth running across his tongue, into the back of his throat. Hands tugging at the constraints, clenching down, ready to experience that gag reflex, body ready to have it but as luck has it, he’s still under the gag-be-gone spray. He relaxes, feeling the length slide down into his throat. Nostrils whistling, breathing heavily in it. He moans, suckling the full length of the dick, the knot bumping against his lips.

“Good toy-to-be,” it moans, holding onto the base of Ratchet’s antlers with his fingers, holding most of his head still, some free fingers run across the side of his head, along his rubber clad ears. The toy pounding into the warm inviting mouth over and over, letting the pre-cum flow, feeding the hungry toy-to-be, with the juices that will help him become what it ought to be.

With a piston motion the length sides in and out of Ratchet’s mouth. His head unable to follow, bob with it. He’s held there firm, another layer of bondage put over him. His cock twitches, waiting to rise up when the cock slides into his hungry maw. Breathing gets heavier, quicker, deeper. Moans are blocked by a delightful pleasure rod, slipping into his mouth.

Each squeaky bounce of the toy’s knot against his lips, pushing in past, mouth widening to accompany it for just a few seconds, going hard enough to feel the gentlest of traps of some balls against his chin. Or was it that? Or something else? If anything at all. His mind picturing that most perfect fennalope taking him, looking down at him with a loving wanting domineering smile. That cute sleek muzzle, that bushy rubber tail behind it. How wonderful of a moment is this to happen to a simple person like himself? All just thoughts, feelings, without words, just there to be experienced, mind wandering about the scenario. How delightful.

The toy moans, shuddering, flooding his mouth with the toy’s juices, forcing it down his mouth, letting him drink up every last drop, “Such a good toy-to-be, and already trained on that gag reflex? Perfect. This one will be sure to give that throat of yours a very good workout,” it says, continuing to pump fluids into Ratchet’s mouth, that he’s all too happy to drink. Not wanting to lose a single drop, letting it go down his throat, warming his belly, letting the corruption of what it is doing to him spread and become a part of him for the next twenty-four

plus hours. Letting the suggestively of the collar, and those around him sink in. To feel what a good idea it is to be a toy, but not any toy, but a good toy.

“How about three more of these and we’ll get you into a pose that this one just *knows* you will be aching to enjoy,” it says, the voice dripping with teasing undertone. And though blindfolded, Ratchet could just feel the devious smile coming across the person’s face. Picturing that fennalope in his mind, toying with him. Making him think of what is there next, forgetting that his mouth is to be filled three times more over before he even gets there.

Panting, body aching in delight, cock twitching even harder. Ratchet has never felt so exhausted from having to do nothing. Simply because he could do nothing as the toy filled his mouth several times more, feeding him the ‘food’ he needs to keep going.

He shudders, pants, hearing the familiar click and jingle of metal, his knees and ankles able to move and bend again, but only to lift himself up. Standing once more, posing like some kind of rock star with his hands behind his head, chest out. His entire body is then lifted, turned, but for what purpose.

“This will do. Toy thinks you need to be able to get a good idea of everything when you can see again,” it says. The promise of being able to see again makes his heart race. Never before has a simple gesture meant so much to him. Yet part of him feels a tug, that sadness of goodbye. From the experience he’s grown to love more than ever before of being blindfolded.

More jingle, body wobbling, feeling the person’s hands across his arms, unlocking his right hand, moving it down toward his crotch feeling it move close to his bulge, his cock twitching, aching, ready to rise up to meet his hand, knowing what personal delights it could bring, the rubber cushion straining, squeaking, bulge throbbing as hard as his dick. Then his arms and wrist are locked into place.

“Ahh perfect, this just screams this one,” it says. A moment later, a hand caresses Ratchet’s head, untying the blindfold, letting it slip free.

“Ah!” Ratchet exclaims, squinting the lights blinding him for a few seconds longer, preventing him from taking in the smooth flat rubbery face of his captor, a toy that he’s never seen before. The toy’s soft blue eyes and rubber hair are the first things that come into view. The toy is so close that it blocks the rest of the world around them. Their black rubber body has fading blue and white marks around their shoulders, arms and hands, from the knees down with curving watery markings. An exotic feel with their noseless look.

Like all the other toy’s Ratchet has seen, this one is no exception with the cuffs and collar around their ankles and wrists. The blue cuff with black band, with delightful glowing lettering that says “Fuck Toy” on the cuffs while the collar has a golden leash point with a matching half sprocket tag that reads D-5373. The reality of the sexy and cute fennalope that has been taking him this whole time has been shattered, but it’s been replaced by the equally as sexy and delightful toy. His eyes wander down to the twitching throbbing light blue cock between the toy’s legs, the delightful knot and curves, “*I really got the color wrong of that cock. Got the shape right though,*” he thinks.

The rest of the room comes into view. Expecting some extreme bondage room, yet instead is greeted to a simple, elegant bedroom with a canopy bed in the center, large enough to have three or four people be on it with room to spare. The entire room is set up to look like a generic sleeping room of someone's home.

Then came the realization that Ratchet can see himself. At first it's a passing glance out of the corner of his eye, then as he looks turning his head to the left of him is the full bodied mirror that reveals exactly why he's not been able to move, and a full view of his sleek rubber clad self, "Th-that's me?" he shudders, seeing the sleek rubber body, the tight squeeze of it around his form and the silver aluminum posing stand that he's attached to. With full joints lining along anchor points. He sees the tight locking mechanisms that keep each limb in place wherever the toy before him desires.

His current pose, evil and delightful in its construction. His hand so close to his bulge, the obvious twitch of his member. The sight of it being so close to him, he couldn't help but want to touch it. His fingers reach out from the point in the stands, trying to touch it. His hips jerk forward but they too are held in place by a belt... wait a belt?

"W-hen did that get on there?" he asks.

"What did what get on where?"

"My hips."

"Your belt? Oh this one put it on you as it was stuffing your cute ass toy-to-be. This one was in charge of making sure it fit just right, and is putting it to good use," it says with a teasing grin.

"O-oh..." he says, fingers trying to reach out, touch his bulge. His cock strains as hard as it can, shifting a little. Did his member shift? Did he manage to get in touch with it? Will he be able to do even more? Just a little more stimulation, a little more pressure and perhaps he can edge himself over into the realm of a climax, just a little more. The very tips of his fingers press about the bulge. The latex covering his hands make it nearly impossible for him to feel the shift, but the slight friction caused... "*So close,*" he thinks, fingers wiggling.

Cock twitch, pressing, pushing, vibrations caused by the micro touches, his member responding to it with delight. A forlorn hope of something to come of it... to cum at all, how delightful it would be. He never thought of himself as being that sexual in the first place, to look for a climax, to masturbate, but now? He couldn't get his mind off of it. The delight to feel something so great and grand.

"How does this pose look? Looks good huh? This one thought so," it says, walking around him, hands gently teasing along his body, looking over to him, "This one thinks it will call this pose, a climax too far. Or just short of the peek. Hard to decide, you know? Though not nearly as hard as you... well if you are able to be hard in there? Are you?" it asks with that fiendish grin that Ratchet imagined the toy to have. Another thing his imagination got right about this sexy toy before him.

Ratchet grunts, panting, "Never been so hard in my life... but it's all locked away, the rubber bulge, keeping me locked up. I'm not up but I feel so hard," he says with a pant, tensing, squeaking, "I... I just said that, didn't I?"

D-5373 smiles, gently rubbing along Ratchet's chest, playing with the rubber covered nipples, gently caressing them, squeezing them hard enough to push past the fur, and touch Ratchet's real ones, adding to the pleasure and delight, "Yes you did toy-to-be. Isn't it good to be honest? Honest with yourself?" it asks, the toy's cock rubbing along Ratchet's thigh, a constant reminder that it can be used on him at any moment.

"Feels good?" he responds, unsure of himself, but at the same time truer words have never slipped from his mouth before. A tingle ran down his spine, the collar spoke into his mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"That is what this one thought," it responds, moving its cock in between Ratchet's bulge and his hand, blocking the connection, grinding his length against the hand, pushing his fingers back so the Fenelope can't touch the bulge. Leaving his cock for wanting all the more.

"W-what are you?" he moans, panting, gently caressing the toy's length, feeling how twitching, throbbing delightful it is against his fingers, wishing that it was his own length right there right now.

"This one? It's a toy of course."

"I can see that, but species? Never saw."

"Oh, this one is a pre-approved new unique species created through its Maker, and Maker's Maker, who was gracious enough to allow this one to reach its full potential as a delightful toy unit."

"Which is?"

"This one is modeled after the rare Tiniking species."

"I never heard of it. Must be very rare. I know a bit about being a rare species... hybrid here."

"Are you now? This one thought you looked rather unique and oh so cute," it says, moving in close, licking across Ratchet's lips, giving him a passionate kiss, tongue swirling in Ratchet's mouth, "That explains Maker's decision to utilize this one. One unique species deserves another," it says, after breaking the kiss.

"I-I suppose," Ratchet says, shuddering, the toy pulling away, allowing his fingers to once again ever so gently grace along his bulge, which if anything more makes the situation worse, not better.

"This one can suppose a lot of things, but it will take one thing as a fact," it says moving behind the fenelope, hands gently caressing their thighs.

"Which is?"

"It will be inside you before you can respond to this sentence," it says, shoving itself back up into Ratchet's body.

A moan escapes his lips, the words of the toy rang true, before he could even process what was being said. Firmly taken, held tightly against the toy, which didn't mind there is a metal pose ball skeleton attached to Ratchet. It still pressed itself closer, humped, and teased the becoming toy, giving little rest, no quarter, so it can continue to push in deeper the pleasure of what is happening to him, and further feeding him the toy juices needed him to be.

Taken, teased, this pose lasted a fair longer, purposely done to drive him even closer to that wanting edge that he's been so eager to experience. He pants even harder, faster, grunting, unable to get around his current position, until it is changed once again.

"It's best to keep changing things up, otherwise it will get rather stale and boring, and who wants *boring* now?" D-toy asks, fiddling and playing with the pose ball stand, lowering Ratchet back down into a knew pose, one where he's on all fours, butt slightly hiked, legs spread, making him completely exposed to the toy that's licking across his muzzle.

"Such a good toy-to-be. But we'll make you even better, but first... this one wants to do something. It's been on its mind for a while, and now is as good of a time as any so do it."

"Do what?" Ratchet asks, knowing there is nothing he can do to stop the toy from doing whatever it wants with him, but his curiosity is overwhelming, but its still a fraction of a percent of his desire to fuck, to be taken, to reach a climax. The broken inhibitions and constant lust not lost upon him as he became ever so suggestable to the toy's and more importantly the collar's words.

"Relax, this one will take good care of you. Just stay there and let it do its thing."

"Okay," he replies, gulping, feeling an odd urge to wiggle his hips, but the ball constraints prevent this thought from ever reaching past a passing fancy, an impossible dream right now. To be able to move on his own. To not be held in place like a simple objectified mannequin. Though the current idea of it and the situation is far hotter than he ever thought it could be, and he's not complaining by any means.

"Hmm... no, no this isn't right."

"What isn't right?" he asks, heart starting to beat faster.

"This pose. It's just so... *boring*, don't you think? It's boring isn't it?"

"I-I suppose so? I am not experienced at being a pose ball."

The toy stands up, walking around Ratchet, "There has to be something else with this, something toy is missing," it says, sitting on Ratchet's back, placing one foot up on its upper thigh, leaning forward, thinking, "Come on, there has to be something better than just this. Come on! What's up with this one not coming up with an idea... wait a second. Up, that's it!" it says with a squeaky snap of its fingers.

"What's it?" Ratchet asks.

"You'll see," it says, unlocking the hints around his hips and shoulder, "All this one needs to do is flip the situation around and we'll be good," it says, flipping Ratchet onto his back, arms and legs behind him, reverse crab walking position, legs spread, body exposed, throbbing twitching bulge right there, ready to be used and teased with. The sudden move made a similar position feel all the more exposed, heightening tension.

“Oh my gosh,” he pants, swallowing a lump in his throat, still tasting some of that toy’s aftertaste lingering on his tongue.

“Much better! Now this one has a real thinking chair to use, to figure what to do next with you,” the toy says, moving to sit right on Ratchet’s bulge.

The bound up fennalope moans, grinding wanting to buck his hips, feeling that toy’s butt press down onto the bulge, squeezing his length easing him further, yet giving not enough to find release, only building up the pressure that is damming behind his locked up length.

“Oh my gosh... please let me have release,” he begs, looking up at the toy, which looks down at him, facing him, cock still in view, twitching, but the toy runs its fingers along its own chin, reaching down to gently pet his head.

“Hush now toy-to-be. The real toy is thinking of what to do next with you. You can’t tell it what to do,” it replies, giving Ratchet’s nose a little love tap.

He squeaks, tensing, moaning, squirming in his bondage, feeling the weight of the toy’s words more than the weight of its body on his aching covered and nullified crotch, “*Below a toy?*” he thinks, while replying, “Y-yes...” The realization that he’s submitting to a toy like this toys and teases with his mind, the collar only exacerbating the problem in the most delicious of ways.

After several minutes of thinking, the toy grinding its butt against the nudge, keeping the fennalope on edge, the toy’s eyes light up, snapping its fingers, “This one has another brilliant idea!” it says in delight, sliding its body purposely back and between Ratchet’s legs, grinding itself, cock and all against the bulge.

He moans, watching the toy pull away, squirming, throbbing, aching, needy. His thoughts a bit simpler, as his desire to fuck grows ever stronger, mind placed in a haze that is just soaking up the desires his body has always had within him, becoming a constant throb in his mind like his member is constantly throbbing, held in a sea of rubber bondage delights.

“You are going to be doing so many sex acts, that perhaps something a little different is in order, don’t you think?”

“Y-yeah, something different in order,” Ratchet replies, grunting, panting.

“How about this then?” it asks, leaning down, giving the bulge a long-wet lick from the base all the way across the front to the tip.

He shudders, curling his toes, wiggling, panting, feeling the soft pressure of rubber along his length giving him a fraction of what he would feel if his cock was free, but given how bound his length is, and how needy it is, he already feels like he’d do anything just for another one of those licks.

And another came, this one painting across off to the right, while the one that followed that was a bit to the left. Hoping from one side to the other, the toy licks across the entire bulge making it glisten in the light, “There we go, just getting it ready.”

“Ready?” Ratchet asks, wanting to know the answer but fearfully excited of what is to come next.

“To do this,” it replies, pressing its lips across the bulge, and blowing air hard, to raspberry Ratchet’s bound crotch, sending vibrations into it, right into the needy member, a dreadful tease that is never going to be enough to get off, but is plenty damn enough to keep Ratchet on the edge begging for more.

The toy continues, watching Ratchet squirm, feeling him try to press harder to get more, listening to the sweet moans and whistling pants he’s given, expressing more in body language than in formable words of just how delightful and teasing this situation is. The toy smirks, continuing to toy with him, play with him, mate with him. Give him a dozen more poses over the next several hours.

“This has been fun,” says D-5373, looking over the toy, gently caressing their head, thumb pressing into the rubber to massage the real deal behind it, making the fennalope moan and shudder in delight, “But it's time for this one to go and leave you to the next team. But once you’re free again, always hit this one up, it will enjoy you any time,” it says with a wink.

“Y-you’re leaving?” he asks, wiggling against the bondage that keeps him in his current pose.

“Of course, toy has done its job like any good toy would like to be. Like this one knows you want to be, toy-to-be. But even for us toys, all good things must come to an end sometime.”

“B-but...”

“Oh, this one has a lovely butt, thank you,” it says with a wink, moving toward the door.

“You are going to leave me in this pose?!” he squeaks, forcing the soft exhausted ‘yell’ he could muster.

“Yup!” he says with a chuckle, looking back at Ratchet, who is sitting on the bed, in a thinking man pose, “See you again later!” it sings, exiting the room.

“What am I going to do now?” Ratchet huffs, feeling a shiver of delight, tensing against the pose ball stand bondage, “Well at least I’m in the pose to think about this situation. It’s so lovely but... Hmm it is so nice. Best job I’ve ever had...” he says with a soft panting, wanting to reach down, only to touch himself...

“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”

“Good toys get pleasure from servicing others.”

“Toys don’t need to climax.”

“You are a good toy.”

Ratchet takes a moment to think, *“The collar. This voice. It’s K-2373’s voice. It’s rather soothing. Nice. This is all to help me just enjoy myself? This is a toy store anyway right? They are really thanking me hard for the work I did? How sweet of them. But perhaps I should go home maybe? Or get some sleep. I’ve been up for a while, and working hard. And I need to fix those other pods still...”*

His train of thought is broken by a click, the door opening, popping out of the door is a toy that leaps in with a rambunctious energy, “Hello toy-to-be! It is we, the best toys to ensure you are having a wonderful time!” exclaims a sleek white rubber toy with orange yellow

markings and hair. The toy has orange cuffs with a blank band with matching colored fuck toy text. From here his blurred vision makes it impossible to read the tag that says, "S-4375."

"H-hello?" he asks, wiggling, tail swaying, unable to move, but looking at the toy.

"Oh, don't get up on our account. This one will let you think there," it says, with a soft mew.

"You could help this one with the equipment," says another toy, a sleek black body with purple and blue stripes, white bellied anthropomorphic feline toy. The toy's long pink hair fades to blue at the ends. Their cuffs and collar are pink with a black band with matching pink lettering. On their golden tag is their designation, X-4375.

Despite Ratchet's blurred version, there are two things that he can see that catches his attention. The first is a large black duffel bag that is as long as the toy that is holding it is tall. The other has clear hot pink matching handles on their hips and when it turns to the other toy, he sees another set on their back, "*So hot*," he thinks.

"This one knows you can handle it," it says with a playful wink, sauntering over to Ratchet, "And look how D-5373 left this toy-to-be. All held up and bonded up, using our pose stand system without permission? That toy never changes," says S-toy.

"We could heat them up and mold them into a different shape. That would change them a lot," X-toy says with a sly grin, placing the bag on the bed, which bounces and squeaks from the weight.

Ratchet helplessly eyes the bag, seeing the two toys look over him, full of lust and wonder, what the two toys have in store for him. The thoughts of what happened not that long ago but seeming forever after all that has occurred, raising the sexual tension he's feeling. Building up the moment, panting heavily, watching the toy's cocks twitch and ache in the cool air, knowing they are soon going to be used on him. He can only imagine the taste of them in the recesses of his mind.

"True, and the irony of it is not lost on this one, but first let's get this one toy-to-be out of this stand, and let them stretch a little," says S-toy working to unlock ratchet from his current bondage. The sudden restraints are removed, feeling the sudden freedom to be a little frightening, unsure, after such a period of time of having it all done for him, but he quickly recovers.

"T-thank you. And more toys? I'm not sure how much I can take. I need to get rest to be able to fix the other pods tomorrow," he squeaks softly, gently rubbing his hands together with a squeak, feeling an urge to touch his bulge, hands subtly moving closer to it till the white and orange toy gently grabs his wrists.

"You've done such a good job so far. No need to worry about that till it needs to be worried about, okay? Stretch, relax, and.." the toy says, reaching over to X-toy, grabbing something that is hanging off their handle, "This one believes this is yours," it says handing him his glasses.

“My glasses? Thank you. It’s good to see clearly again,” he squeaks, placing them on his head, feeling the glasses bend a little against the suit, the tightness lost due to the rubber’s protection, and muting his senses, but at least now he’s able to see clearly once again.

“Welcome. We’ll be careful not to break them.”

X-4375 says, “This one does find them cute too. Why don’t you lay down on the bed, while this one gets the tools out. It has so many products it wants to show you. Get your opinion on them,” it says with a giddy squeak, unzipping the bag.

The sound of the zipper being pulled sends shivers through Ratchet’s spine. His body is given a moment to relax and move about, but the request to lay on the bed. Something about it felt too good to ignore. He does as he is told, laying on it, belly first, butt a little hiked. Already feeling a desire to be taken from behind by the toys, while curious attention is put toward that black bag and what’s coming out of it.

“First we have a wonderful selection of toys, that we’ll be trying out on you,” it says, slowly pulling out various dildos and butt plugs of various sizes. Each one a little more exotic and erotic than the last, “Now you’ll have to just tell this one which ones really hit your buttons as we work on you. It is going to have so much fun with you,” it says, the toys lined up like weaponry for an action movie.

“You get to have fun with all the toys, but this one is here to make sure that this lovely toys-to-be true potential as a gay fuck toy comes out and blossoms like a beautiful flower,” says S-toy, the toy’s cock twitching to its own words. It moves toward Ratchet’s head gently petting him, “This one just knows you are going to love everything we are going to do.”

“What are you going to do?” he asks, looking at the toy, watching that twitching flesh colored cock, beads of translucent orange rubber pre-cum lingers on the cock tip. He eyes it, feeling a slight hunger build within him, licking his rubber lips that are still wet with the previous toy cum lubricant, the flavor of which lingers on even now.

“Have a lot of fun with that cute mouth and ass of yours,” S-toy explains.

“And this one will have so much fun testing out our products, but first let’s get you a little geared up and test out those cuffs of yours,” says X-toy.

“My cuffs have been well tested.”

“Never hurts to be rigorous with the tests,” it explains.

“It’s to see how high quality our products are you see,” S-toy explains, sitting on its own feet, legs apart, cock hovering over ratchet’s head, “Arms behind your back please, toy-to-be.”

Ratchet looks up at the toy, that loving feline smile, coy, yet full of secrets. But the words from the toy bounced in its head, like the whispers from the collar. Why would he refuse this toy? He’s been having so much fun already. Go along with the suggestion. What’s the worst that could happen? He slips his arms behind his back, in a reverse U pattern, helped along by X-toy that adjusts the positioning. It uses a black leather strap to attach to Ratchet’s upper arm cuffs, locking and forcing his arms better into position.

“This will only take a moment and the real fun can begin,” says X-toy, tugging on the constraint, testing the bondage before wrapping a soft double arm slave around Ratchet’s arms.

Tightening them up with a series of belts, one after another, before connecting it with a strap from the belt bands to the middle of the strap that is holding his arms, locking them further into place.

Ratchet watches helplessly as his arms are bound, squirming like a worm, he tries to see what the toy is doing, feeling the tight embrace, feeling how soft the cushion is which is heavily muted by the rubber. The toy behind him tests the constraints, giving them a nice firm tug before smacking him on the butt with a rubbery smack. "Eeee!" he squeaks, feeling the hands linger on his behind, gently kneading and spreading his cheeks.

"That's such a cute squeal you made," says S-5373, cock moving closer, the toy's legs putting blinders on the fennalope, "This one can't wait to have you enjoy it. But before you get too distracted..." it says, gently running a finger across Ratchet's ear, thumb caressing the inside, giving a little tease, "It thinks it should let its fellow toy have some fun with your rear. What did you have in mind first?" it asks looking at the black and purple toy.

"Toy was thinking of trying out either the pump," it says, putting a hot pink anal plug pump right onto Ratchet's back, letting him get a vague idea of the feel and the size of the plug.

He lifts his head, trying to get a view, back arching, straining, only seeing bits of the plug with the large tube and pump it is attached to.

"That seems kind of too traditional for this, don't you think? Not every day we get to play with a toy-to-be like this. And only this one is able to give it exactly what it needs to reach the potential of what a toy is."

"This one knows, the last dose has been given to A-6371. This poor toy-to-be. It's not sure if it will be able to walk once they are done with them."

"W-what?" Ratchet asks, squirming butt tensing, tail giving a playful flick.

"This is why this one thought the pump would of been a good way to prepare it," it explains, giving the pump a few pumps, the hiss of air heard, the stretching of latex, followed by a long drawn out hiss as it lets the air out, "See what this one means?"

S-toy gently caresses and pets Ratchet's head, "This one does, but again its so boring. Don't we have something a bit livelier for you to use?"

"Well... this one does have the locator."

"Ohhh the locator? That's a good one. This one suggests that one."

Ratchet lets out a soft meep, "T-the locator?" he asks, already knowing what toy that is, excited and fearful that it's going to be used on him.

"You don't know about the locator?" asks X-toy with a giggle, "That settles it, this one will use that on them then," it says.

Ratchet tenses, "Oh my gosh..." he says squirming, wiggling a bit, the toy behind him lifting his rump up into the air.

"Keep that cute butt up, spread those legs."

"Y-yes..." he squeaks, doing as he's told, finding it so hard to resist the sexy toy behind him. Trying to look but now it's impossible to see what it's doing. The pump butt plug that was put onto his back rolling down his body, stopping at the small of his back.

“X-4375, you should have had taken this toy off of it before having them raise their butt,” it says, taking the pump, putting it off to the side.

“Sorry, this one is a little excited that it can get some toys to test on them. Get some nice feedback before they get too deep in the toy process.”

“We have to remain professional about this. Customer service is important.”

“It is, but this toy-to-be, won’t be a customer for long,” X-toy says with a soft singing in their voice.

“W-what?” Ratchet responds then moans softly, hearing the collar speak.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“Good toys obey.”

The simple phrases pull him back into a state of euphoria, body aching, wanting, needing to enjoy more, the toy’s hands gently run across his head more, caressing, holding, pressing his face closer to the toy’s twitching shaft and smooth white rubber balls, “You’ll see toy-to-be, very soon. Or should this way say... to feel,” chuckles S-toy, it looks over to its fellow toy, “Perhaps a demonstration and explanation of how it works? Hmm?”

“What a lovely idea, this one will use the ostrich?”

“Ostrich?!” exclaims Ratchet, his butt tensing, mind running through the thought of the massive egg pushing into his rear, spreading him to his limits and far beyond, *“I can’t take that! That’s far too big!”*

“On this mostly virgin ass? This one thinks it’s a bit too much. How about the...”

Ratchet feels a sense of relief, thinking, *“Please pick the chicken. Please pick the chicken.”*

“The jumbo goose. A bit big, but not too big,” S-toy suggests.

“This one supposes that it can work,” it says, ruffling through the bag, finding the item, a large white goose egg with a wire at the end, “But this one is going to set it at max.”

“Max?!” he exclaims, tensing, feeling a shiver rush down his spine.

“Relax, it won’t be like that all the time,” says X-4375, rubbing its own length with a squeak, squeezing out pre-cum, gently rubbing it along the egg, feeling it vibrate against its length, “Ohh that feels so good.”

“How about you cum love, so you can get that egg all lubricated. Don’t want this poor toy-to-be left wanting for too long.”

X-toy shudders and moans, hot sticky seed shoots out, flowing across the egg, some of the spurts, shooting up hitting across Ratchet’s aching used hole. The warm juices seeping through the fennalope’s body, his body tensing, panting heavily, “Oh my gosh...”

The toy rubs out all the seed, massaging it across the egg, “Using toy’s trigger. This one will get you back for that,” it says with a playful wink.

“This one would expect nothing less,” it replies, giving a playful wink.

“Wonderful,” it replies, X-toy pushes the toy against Ratchet’s eager rear. The sleek egg pushing against the opening, spreading it wider and wider, the gentle vibrations, helping it slide in. The toy using its thumb to press at the tip and deeper into it.

Ratchet moans, squirming, “Oh my gosh...” it mutters, thinking in the back of its mind, “*This high vibration isn’t as high as I’d thought.*” He grunts, the egg spreading his hole wider than it has before sliding in completely, the soft vibrations pressing against his prostate, making his cock vibrate along with it, pressing against the rubber, adding to his pleasure, making his member become ‘tickled’ adding to the edging of his body.

“Now, to turn on the locator,” says X-toy with a sly grin that Ratchet can’t see. The sleek black and pink toy grabs the magic wand. It flicks on the wand and there’s a sudden boost in vibrations of the egg within Ratchet’s body.

“Oh my gosh!” he exclaims, squeezing the egg, the vibrations pressing harder against his prostate.

“Now let’s start far away and work our way closer. The farthest the wand is from the egg, the lower the vibration is for the wand and the egg, but the closer it gets...” X-toy says moving the wand closer to Ratchet, the egg speeding up, causing him to squirm and wiggle his rump. He pants louder, toes curling, hands clenching into fists.

“Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, this is how I imagined,” he moans, the wand moving away from his rump, going to the base of his head, feeling the wand’s vibration moving through the latex, a soft tender vibration.

“Seems you have a lovely reaction to it. Wonderful, enjoying yourself?”

“Y-yes...” he pants, toes wiggling.

“Good, now S-5373, why don’t you start yourself off and this one will work to tease them.

“No, no, go ahead, do a bit more teasing, get them worked up before they’ll be used by this one to fully coast them along.”

The toy continues to rub the wand along Ratchet’s back in small circles, the vibrations increasing and decreasing in tune with the circles of both the wand and the egg, “You really want this one to tease this toy-to-be for a while longer?”

“We both know it won’t be a while, but this one knows how much you wanted to test out some of the toys, test this one out. And then we’ll get going.”

“Oh, alright, cum,” it says the toy moving the wand up, watching its fellow toy climax, shooting hot sticky streams of orange colored toy seed onto the magic wand, which the toy happily moves up and down the toy’s length. Some of the seed landing onto Ratchet’s head.

“Now that’s not fair. This one thought you’d do that when this one was giving the toy-to-be a mouth full.”

“Oh that would be so cliché’, this one thought this is a much better idea,” X-toy replies, moving the cum covered wand to in front of Ratchet’s mouth, “Now toy-to-be, why don’t you clean this a bit before it uses it more on you.”

He squeezes the egg harder, letting out a soft squeak, unable to manage the words before licking across the wand, tasting the toy's seed, having a strange orange-creamsicle flavor to it. The wonderful toy juices, seeping into Ratchet's body. This seed is special, unique to this store that caters to having gay toy units. Though open to sex of all genders, the specialization is male, and this is no exception. The seed breaks down the barriers between sexuality, making this toy-to-be more open to the possibility to other forms of sex, but at the same time it will find that kernel of Ratchet's homosexuality and ramp it up to an eleven. Feeding it, fostering it, helping it grow, so he can become the best gay toy possible.

At the moment though, it won't show much of anything in Ratchet's personality, being as gay as he already is. But it opens that window of possibility that may possibly never be closed as its locked into place. The fennalope locked in its task, licking across the wand, feeling the vibrations move across the tongue, into his body, sensing the double whammy he's experiencing, driving him even more wild in lustful pent-up need.

"That's it, good, very good," it replies, moving the wand across his lips, making sure he gets every drop there, before pulling the wand away.

S-toy meanwhile continues to pet and caress his head, "This one hopes you enjoyed your preview, for you are getting a lot more soon," it says, looking over to its fellow toy unit, watching it continue to tease the toy-to-be.

The wand moves across Ratchet's back, going along the strap that helps keep his arms up, letting the increasing vibrations move through him, before running it slowly up and along his sides. The fennalope pants and wiggles trying to squirm his way from it but is held helplessly between the other toy's thighs, making it impossible for him to get away. The wand moves under his body, along his nipples, where X-toy presses the wand against them, letting the vibrations move through the suit and into him.

"Oh my gosh!" he grunts, trying to do something with his butt wiggling, ready to drop down but a pair of hands from the other toy keep him up, helpless to lower it. Helpless to move against these toys, as the wand moves up and along his chests, pressing one nipple and then the other again and again, making sure they are equally teased.

Ratchet bites his lower lip, the pleasure increasing but the worst is yet to cum and he knows it. The wand moves down the center of his body, feeling it grow in intensity, closer toward his null bulge and then... it's there/. The egg in his rear and the wand are near maximum, he can hear and feel them revving up. The sensations reverberate through his body, the wand pressing harder against his cock.

His member strapped and well-padded in its prison can feel the vibration from the egg, feeding his member from the inside, pushing against the base of his member, throughout its length that try as it might, it never gets hard. While from the other end, in perfect harmony the wand pushes down against the rubber, sending the vibrations all across his length and against his underside. If there was something that could send him over the edge, this had to be it.

His hips press down on the wand, wanting to edge out that last bit needed to put him over the edge, yet as he feels the building damn, getting ready to burst, S-toy says, “Don’t cum toy-to-be, you don’t want to ruin the moment now,” it explains.

The dripping spigot has been tightened. His member soaking up in his own drippy lust, yet now no matter what he feels he can’t get over the edge. He was so close but now feels farther away than ever. Something about those words, being told not to cum. It resonates within him, and it drives him wild with ever growing frustration.

Ratchet looks up at the feline, with pleading eyes, yet all he gets back in return is a gentle pet, “Good toy-to-be. Now this one can start to use you like the toy you ought to be,” it replies, picking Ratchet up by the chest, hands holding him nice and firm, lining up his head with his cock, lowering it down onto his length, “Suck toy, and be good about it,” it states.

Ratchet’s eyes shift from the toy to its member, realizing that he’s completely helpless to these toys. The wand continuing to tease him, drive him into a pent-up lustful state, feeling an eagerness to play and serve the toy in front of him, perhaps in a vain hope that it will be pleased enough to let him cum, or perhaps the fact he’s on edge for this long and this much is a reward enough as it is.

His mouth wraps around the throbbing member. The delightful flavor returns to him, soothing him, but also adding fuel to the fire. His tongue runs across the cock, enjoying the sleek underside, the squirm of cum that was still hidden in the length, drawing more of it out.

“Cum,” says X-4375 with a coy grin on its face, the words in the back of Ratchet’s mind are a vague hope that it’s for him, but he knows deep down it’s not, which is only confirmed when a stream of hot sticky, delicious seed is flooded into his mouth.

S-5373 grunts and mews, guiding Ratchet’s body quickly up and down his length, forcing the fennalope’s head to follow suit, “That’s no fair! This one wasn’t expecting that one. Cum!” it says in retaliation.

X-4375 shudders and moans, streams of hot purple toy juices gush out of its length spraying along Ratchet’s thighs, feeling the warmth flow across his rubber clad body, while he continues to drink down the most delicious seed he’s had. Though admittingly his list of flavor seeds he’s tried is for a moment rather short.

“That’s fair, this one deserved that one. But where’s the fun if you expect it when it gives the command to you?” it says with a playful wink.

“This one knows, and it was a good one. At least this toy-to-be can rate this one’s seed.”

“Always a fan of your flavor, aren’t you?”

“It’s the best after all.”

“This one thinks its own taste pretty good.”

“Second only to this one.”

It sighs, “Sure, cum along and give this one that word again.”

Gulp after gulp he takes down the seed, another wave, another tease by one toy to another. Such fiendish delights that and Ratchet couldn’t help but left wanting more. The wand continues to tease him between his legs, his head going up and down, drinking down the toy

juices, letting them affect him further, the desire for cock somehow growing even higher. A blissful euphoria being thrown at him, headfirst in a sea of unexplainable delights. His toes curling, he takes it all down, mouth tightly suckling the cock, the rubber covering his tongue doing little to mute the flavor of the concoction that he's drinking. The only thing that could be said at this moment is that he's simply trying not to let any of it slip away, which it unfortunately does, coating the toy's entire length all the way down to the base, and along the balls, coating them like a pair of ice cream balls being slathered with an orange syrup.

"Let's have you get that little bit down there toy-to-be," says S-5373, pushing Ratchet's head down onto his cock by simply lowering his body down, but as that length reaches the back of his throat, his gag reflex kicks in. Quickly the toy pulls back, giving him a moment to breathe and catch himself.

"Are you okay?" both toys ask, the wand placed down as both take an immediate concern over him.

"Y-yeah... that's back," he mutters softly, part of him already wanting them to continue, gag reflex be damned.

"Hmm, this one supposes that gag-be-gone has worn off. Has it been that long since this material has started to be prepared?" S-toy asks, looking over to its partner.

"Maker did say it used it but warned if you recall that it probably would be worn off by now. It's been several hours even with how big of a dose it got."

"This one recalls, but with how big it got, it thought it would still be fine."

"Clearly not."

"This one apologizes toy-to-be. This one will be more careful about that in the fut--"

"Cum," X-toy commands, the toy's cock spasming and shooting seed up and against Ratchet's face.

"Come on! This one was trying to be a good toy and give good customer service."

"You were, but this one can see even from here how hungry it is for more. And you were denying it with your words."

"Hmm, this one supposes, but no more of that or this one will really cum and get you back."

X-toy shudders, mewling, shooting more seed out of its length, and onto the wand and a bit more onto Ratchet's body, "Okay, okay, truce, truce. We can't keep this up."

"We both know we can, but we have a job to do. A fun job, but a job nonetheless."

"Yeah, we do," says X-toy, grabbing the wand, pressing it up against Ratchet's bulge again, "We have so many toys to test, and so little time. Only a couple of hours."

Ratchet's eyes go wide, "W-wha..." the words are cut off, his body is lowered back down onto the toy's length, back to the delicious suckling of the toy's member. Up and down, up and down, taking in the seed that was still trapped inside of the shaft, before eventually he'll be fed with more. Again, and again. The egg switched out with other toys. Hours pass before the final break occurs. Ratchet's body aching, and wanting, his rear throbbing with pleasures and delights. The ringing of the eggs and vibrators that were used upon him, still ringing in his

mind, tickling his rear, twitching his cock, making him lay there wanting for more, yet knowing there is so little he can do.

His arms now tied to the bed posts, legs spread, unable to move in a spread-eagle fashion. The toys have assaulted his rear, taking turns with the front and the back, allowing him to take in and savor the other toy's juices, while they competed and constantly asked him which one of them tasted better in his opinion. Truth be told they both tasted wonderful, and he couldn't decide. His mind is already too tired to simply make such a delicious decision. His body is working on fumes, yet he's being pressed on. Continuing to soak in every single bit of this.

As he lays there bound to the bed, the toys have their butts together, a large purple dildo is pressed between them, two ways. He watched them slip it in with ease, the base of their cocks, tied together by a double cock, cock ring, that's holding them at the base. Their rubber balls are touching, so very delightfully gay.

The members push into his mouth, their combined motions let them push and puff his cheeks open. The two squeaky pleasure rods, driving deep into his mouth, stopping just a hair short of activating his gag reflex. In and out they piston raising their hips together, lowering them down.

"One two, one two, one two," they say, keeping the pace with the other, their tails wrapped together, enjoying the loving embrace the toys are giving to the other, the dildos lodged deep in their rears adding to the perfect piston unison as they go up and down into Ratchet's hungry mouth, that no matter how much cock he's taken, there's always room for more, just like jello.

With the flow of seed comes from both toys, their lengths slamming down into his mouth, tongue flowing and licking between them, cheeks bulging, unable to get a perfect seal around the members as he slurps and takes them in. Ratchet breathes heavily through his nostrils, whistling at the speed and intensity of the breaths. So many firsts for him in such a short period of time. So many toys that were on his wish list were used upon him. His mind was too battered to fully realize that ALL the toys used on him this day were on his wish list.

With that final climax between the two toys, the swirl of seed flowing into him, the burst of flavor from both of them, they slowly pull back, letting their members drip down onto his lips. Ratchet swallows down the toy juice, licking his lips with a rubber squeak. His audible vocal squeak soon following, "Wonderful," he muses.

"Now this one thinks this is the best flavor, both of us together," says X-toy.

"This one can't disagree with you there," S-toy replies, the two toys, working to disconnect themselves from the other, taking a good minute and a half to do so, leaving Ratchet to look up at the sexy toys, left waiting and wondering what is going to happen next.

"Time does fly when you're having fun," says the orange and white feline toy.

"It does, which is why time always flies around here," X-toy replies with a playful smirk.

"True, true," it says, slowly pulling the dildo out from both of them, the two toys taking a moment to clean up Ratchet's body and cum soaked body. Polishing him up, while also cleaning

the many well used toys that were on the bed. Leaving everything mostly the way it was, except for Ratchet, who remains still bound to the bed.

“This one thinks we’ll leave you like this to relax. Give you a little break before the next toy breaks you in,” says X-toy with a playful wink.

S-toy chuckles, “Don’t frighten the toy-to-be, or in this case would it excite it? Toy-to-be, are you excited?” it asks.

Ratchet can only respond with a soft needy squeaky moan.

“This one thinks that’s exciting,” S-toy says.

“Maybe just needy?” X-toy suggests.

“Perhaps, but not our place. We’ll be seeing you around, toy-to-be. Keep up the good work,” says S-5373.

“This one had a wonderful time, and it knows you will fit in here just fine. Molded to perfection,” it says, giving the bulge a firm playful squeeze.

Ratchet moans uncontrollably, body aching, wanting, toes curling, tugging at the constraints that are locked to his ankle and wrists cuffs. Barely able to formulate any words, and clearly too tired to make it a reality, his mind drowning in the lust, unable to come up for air and make sense of it all.

“Bye,” they say teasingly, toyingly, exiting the room. Ratchet barely even registers they have left, leaving him to relax and take a moment to collect what little thoughts he still has in his head. Whatever hasn’t been taken over by the sheer amount of pent-up sex he’s had. He’s gone from virgin to a practical pro within hours. His ass has farmed up so much experience that he’s amazed himself that he could go so long without completely breaking. Or has he? That collar continues to sing into the back of his mind, never slowing down, nor speeding up. A simple constant and a reminder of what he is.

“Toy is a toy.”

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

Such sweet words tease of the mind, liberated from the constraints of society, and the best and last toy is to come, ready to take him and bring him to the next level. The door will open sometime later. Was it a minute? Two? Fifteen? Who is to say, there is no more rhyme or reason in Ratchet’s mind. Only the drive for more sex, body starting to ache and wanting a break yet also begging nay, screaming for that climax he so desperately wants.

That same toy that Ratchet saw when he entered the store. A-6371 enters the room. The black rubber toy with a white belly, and markings of pink, along the tail, hands, face, with matching color cuffs and that unique donut shaped tag that has their designation on it. Its

massive thick foot long pink cock is out and about, throbbing, eager to show Ratchet a good time.

“This one hopes you weren’t loosened up too much, but they did save some of the best for last, toy-to-be,” it says, Ratchet turning his head to look at the toy approach. Moving toward him like a god, almost Maker-like in fashion, and with each step, his breath quickened, his lust went up another level that he didn’t think possible. Eyes locked on that massive cock, with only one clear idea of what is going to happen next. That this sexy toy is about to take him, and hard.

Ratchet watches the toy get closer. Anticipation builds within him. Body and mind constantly pushed to a new high, breaking boundaries, but now what will this toy break? He shudders, watching the toy climb onto the bed, the cock bouncing with each movement. Eyes drawn to it, heart throbbing as much as the cock before him. The bed creaks, the weight of the toy coming over him, climbing onto his bound body. He tugs on the constraints, the cuffs jingle, his glasses still on his nose, able to survive this onslaught that has been pushed upon him.

“First, lets have you get a nice taste of this one. Get you really pleased with this rubber clad body of yours. Let you feel what is to come before it comes, how does that sound toy-to-be?” A6371 asks, reaching over, gently caressing his head.

“Ahhh...” he squeaks, panting heavily, already moving on fumes, but he just manages to say the words, “G-good?” squeaking it.

“That’s good toy, and don’t you worry, this one is an expert, so leave it to toy on how to treat you well,” it says, grabbing Ratchet’s head by the antlers, a nice firm grip.

He gasps, heart ready to leap out of his chest, feeling the roots of his antlers move his head, a hard grip around them. All the other toys have merely caressed them, held them at the base, but now this toy is holding them like a handlebar, “Ohh my g-gosh,” he moans out, cock twitching within his sheathed bondage, pressing as hard as it can but all for naught. Its rubbery tomb is too strong, too embracing, caressing and holding his junk so perfectly that it's like a rubber chastity device of endless delights.

The thick cock runs across Ratchet’s face, the smooth rubber length squeaks against his rubber clad muzzle, the warmth of it seeping in, the weight of it against him, the toy’s butt pressing down onto his chest, the member moving into position as his head is moved into position, “Ready for a lovely time?” the toy asks, smiling happily down at him.

“Y-yeah...” he squeaks, shuddering in delight, pleasure rising, heart pounding, body aching, tired, yet so needy, only still able to remain awake due to the sexual high he’s kept in. He can’t fathom how this could grow any higher but he’ll soon discover how. The member pushes past his lips, along his tongue, filling his mouth, the massive member pushing in till it taps at the very edge of where his gag reflex begins.

“Ah there it is,” says A-toy, holding Ratchet’s antlers nice and firm.

He suckles upon the cock, feeling the pre-cum dribble down his throat, and with each suckle, each drink, something feels strange, different. It tingles down his spine, spreading through his body.

“This one will really help you get that gag reflex down just a little bit with a few quick thrusts,” it says, thrusting deep into Ratchet’s mouth.

The fennalope’s eyes go wide, the cock going down, shooting hot sticky streams of juices down his throat, before pulling back a half a second later, before his gag reflex could full kick in. His body twitches, squeaking, tugging at the constraints, body left exposed, his nostrils flaring breathing in deeply, “How was that? Try to nod against my grip if it was okay, or shake if it was a bit too much.”

Ratchet gulps, taking down more of that corruptive seed, which has one of the most devious effects of all. With each slurp, and each gulp his body becomes more sensitive. Up to the fact that if it wasn’t for the suit surrounding him he may have lost his mind due to the sheer amount of pleasure he’s receiving, but it is all for one particular purpose. Is to make the latex suit surrounding him to equalize the sensitivity making him feel as if he wasn’t wearing a suit at all and that his rubber suit is a second skin.

In reality he’s still wearing a suit, but the sensitivity of his body will grow to such a level that it will feel like to him that he’s not wearing anything at all, it will take a few more slurps and suckles to get his sensitivity hyper enough to reach this level. For now it's simple enjoyment and steadily increasing delights, which will steadily make his bound and aching length be brought to that edge, but any time he might even feel he’ll get close, the collar will whisper, pulling him from the precipice of his climax, back to the right side of his endless edging.

“Good toys don’t cum.”

“You are a good toy.”

“You don’t cum.”

“Good toys don’t need to cum.”

Those words bounce in his mind, adding to the pleasure, everything feeling so good, making him lose himself for a moment till the toy repeats itself, “If this one went too far, try to shake your head. If you are fine, nod, toy-to-be.”

Ratchet stiffens tugging on the constraints swallowing the tip of the dick a bit more, “*Oh my gosh. It’s making me try to respond that way? But I can’t. It’s gripping my head so firm that I... I...*” he squeaks and blushes the rubber suit hiding the fact, but he still gives the answer, trying to nod but his head is held firm, unable to move.

The toy grins, forcing Ratchet’s head back onto his cock, his member thrusting deep into this throat with another quick sudden pierce, going so fast in and out that the gag reflex didn’t have enough time to register, but was certainly enough to release more of that corruptive pre-cum right down into the fennalope’s body, “That’s very good toy-to-be,” it moans in delight.

Ratchet swallows it down, another wave of delight, increasing pleasure, the pressure of the toy over him growing, the warmth of his body felt, the grind of his butt against his chest, the slight vibrations caused by the twitch of the toy’s cock. The twitch of his own, his member feeling so on edge, so needy, ready to blow, ready to feel that wonderful release but it is not to be true. The toy continues to slip in and out of his mouth, letting his cock feed a slow and steady dribble of juices into him.

A-6371 moans in delight, hands gripping and rubbing those antlers, letting the pressure of its grip feed down into the toy in training. His member on occasion shoving hard into the toy-to-be's mouth unleashing a quick load of seed that furthered along the sensitivity and pleasuring delights that Ratchet is suffering under, further building up the castle of delights that he's entrenched into.

"That's it. Just let it happen. Don't worry about anything else but what this one is doing to that tight mouth of yours. Don't think about how it will take that sweet ass of yours next. Now how sensitive that prostate is going to be once more of its juices have taken an effect over you," it says with another quick firm thrust, going so fast and out that Ratchet's eyes bulge a little.

"Did it just hilt all the way into me? No... that's not possible I'd certainly have gagged. My body feels like it does want to though," he thinks, not sure just what happened, or was it purely skill from the toy, his mind being lost in the lust, held so tightly against his will by his very own antlers, or just his mental exhaustion creeping in. It's difficult to tell, the lines between it all blurring as more of the delicious pre-cum and occasional squirts of seed flow into his. Swallowing another pleasuring load that proliferates through his body, heightening his sexual senses to the next level.

"There we go, just a bit more, and this one will check out how well your rear has been trained for this one. It did let the others know it was taking up the rear in this congo line of toys," it says with a playful wink, pulling its cock out of Ratchet's mouth, giving his muzzle a playful cock slap against his muzzle, making it squeak.

Ratchet lets out a vocal squeak, feeling the weight of the length press up against his muzzle, his eyes are on it, watching its very move, twitch, throb, dribble of pre-cum, licking his lips, body wanting more, but also curious where the toy is going to go next, watching it pull away, sliding down his body with long out squeak, pressing his bulge with the toy's butt in the process.

He tugs at the constraints, a constant reminder of his current place, the grip on his antlers gone but the lingering feeling of it remains. His hips press against the toy trying to edge out more pleasure from it, and his rubber null bulge. Watching as the toy slides off the pressure reducing, leaving his member simply throbbing in its position growing even harder like the vibrations increasing when the locator wand grew close when the toy's cock simply rested upon his nudge, the weight of it, pressing down.

"Been having a wonderful time? Can you imagine in just a few more hours it will all be over?"

Ratchet lets out a whine, body humping up against the bed trying to grind himself against that cock but all in vain.

"Yes this one knows, its dreadful," it says reaching over to gently rub Ratchet's latex covered chest, giving the nipples a playful rub, "But don't you worry, this one will be sure to make our moments together count and be unforgettable," it says, giving another soft and gently massaging rub of ratchet's bulging null.

“Oh...” he groans, shuddering, toes curling, tail swishing squeakily between the toy’s legs, “So good,” he pants, trying to grind himself against the bulge, the toy pulling away.

“Not yet toy-to-be, but you will get more pleasure there soon enough. But you haven’t had enough of its wonderful toy juices, don’t you think? Don’t you want more?” it asks, the toy pulling its hands back, running across Ratchet’s body, giving the bulge a nice firm squeeze.

He moans, grunting, cock twitching, feeling the rubber press along his member on all sides, becoming ever more sensitive yet so tightly bound and held that it can just edge closer but never pushing over the top.

“This one thinks that is a yes, wouldn’t you agree?” it asks, the toy’s rubbery hands gently caresses along its length. The toy moaning softly, hand running across its lips, suckling them, toying with itself, the member squeezed, oozing out a little bit of pre-cum out from the tip, gently massaging across the tip, making it glisten.

Ratchet looks at the toy, panting, smelling the sweet rubber scent. He clenches his rump, body aching to have that cock back within him, yet knowing just how big it is compared to anything he’s taken... excitement and fear mixing into the concoction in his mind, heart throbbing as hard as his cock, eyes locked on the sleek amazing toy, its domineering form hanging over him, giving a playful grin at him.

“This one hopes you are ready toy-to-be. How many inches will you take? Six? Seven? All twelve? How many do you think you’ll take?” it asks, moving its cock out of view, but soon its pressing against Ratchet’s tight rubber pucker.

Despite all the toys and all the play and cock he has take, there is something about this particular one that seems girthier than the others. His rear is still so tight, and ready to squeeze down on that length. The pressure pushing at his hole, making him shudder in delight, rear trying to pull away in a vain attempt to delay the inevitable, to deny himself the pleasure he’s about to receive, “G-gentle...” he squeaks.

The toy continues to smile, hands caressing Ratchet’s thighs with a nice firm rub, squeaking and squeezing it, playing with his hips, holding the toy-to-be with a firm grasp, fingers gently caressing along the rubber clad fennalope’s hips, the toy leaning in over him, pushing itself into that tight hole, spreading him wide, feeling that pucker squeeze against the cock head but soon it pops in due it’s very lubricated tip, the pleasure pre-cum now soaking into the toy-to-be from the other end, “Ahh yes, that is very tight. Amazing how you can keep that up after all the other toys. This one is impressed,” it says with a wink.

Ratchet can only reply with a few gurgled moans, mind drifting away, eyes widening, arching his back, squeezing that cock head that is pushing into him. Bit by bit, feeling every inch of that length that manages to get pushed in past his pucker, squeezing against his prostate that feels more sensitive than ever before. The pressure against it, causing his cock to ooze and dribble pre-cum into its own surrounding, stewing in his own juices, allowing the length to simply slide across the rubber, helpless to do anything but to simply exist there as a bound-up pleasure rod under a layer of thick rubber.

“That’s the first inch,” it moans, looking down at the squirming toy-to-be. Eyes glazed over, hidden behind the rubber film, nothing of the organic person underneath is visible except that wonderful throat when they moan just right.

It holds firmer onto Ratchet’s thighs, pushing its length in a bit more, the cock tip squirting more pre-cum, keeping its length nice and lubricated, a loud drawn-out squeak is heard as the member goes ever deeper.

Ratchet feels his insides being pushed, and tugged, pleasure building and going deeper. His rear takes the cock with a hunger that he’s always known he’s had, but yet he already feels his body may have bitten off more than it can chew. The toy is firm yet gentle to him. He grunts, and milks the member, body twitching, throbbing, aching, wanting. It's hard to fathom just the level of pleasure he’s feeling and yet it continues to grow. With each spurt of the toy’s delicious jizz that is pushed into his body, the sensitivity rises.

“Oh gosh... good. Good. so good.” he thinks, barely able to formulate all the words. Recognizing what is happening, swimming in the ocean of sexual delights, drowning in it, letting everything else get washed away, the one beacon that keeps his focus is the collar that constantly drones away in the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

The sweet voice, controlling, domineering, so suggestive. So difficult to ignore even if he wanted to. He holds onto the voice, using it as a raft, to keep him afloat in this constant torrent of sexual desire. Letting him guide him farther away from shore, the cock slips in a little deeper, the pressure growing, pleasure rising, ass clenching harder. He feels the penetration, ears twitching within the rubber bondage.

“Five inches. Getting there, almost halfway,” the toy grunts, the toy pulling back a little thrusting back into Ratchet who moans and gasps, body shifting, squeaking, cock dribbling more pre-cum, the toy’s own and Ratchet’s.

Constant endless pleasure assaulting him, the rhythmic thrusts push deeper into the fennalope. The butt squeaking, limbs tensing against the constraints, completely helpless, unable to move, only able to watch the toy tower over him, pushing deeper and deeper. Each thrust, presses into the depth of his rear, adding a new layer of newfound pleasure that will leave him only wanting more. To take more of the toy within him. His cock twitches at the thought, and again when the cock pushes in deeper.

A-6371 pants and groans, “So very tight. So wonderful. You are wonderful,” it says pushing in deeper, “That’s six inches, halfway there,” it says looking down at him, watching each squirm, shudder, shiver. The bulge between his legs, twitching ever so slightly the barely visible bulge within the bulge, showing the exact location of his cock, that is straining so hard and helpless yet yearning to be free while soaking up its own bondage, finding no better fate for such a pleasure stick.

The toy pulls out its own pleasure rod, tugging at Ratchet's insides, pressing down on his prostate, spreading his rear more constantly and wider than the other toys. Really letting him know that he is being *taken* by this toy. The anticipation, the heart pounding pure exhaustion as the toy thrusts itself back into him, going just a bit deeper than previously. His hole well lubricated by the corruptive pre-cum the toy constantly leaks into his ass, making sure it's as slick as it can be, while upping the ante on this game of sex. Could he hold onto himself? Or will he fold under the toy. Another firm thrust, his body jerks, the resistance in his ass increasing, the toy speaking over him, drawing his attention for just a moment away from the cock deeply thrust into his ass, "Seven inches, past the halfway point."

Ratchet's eyes bulge, his mind if it could formulate words at this point would say, "*Just halfway? Only that much? Oh my gosh! I've taken that much!*" but his mind is just a blank pleasure slate, taking in the cock, not thinking of anything of the situation, simply enjoying himself, wanting it all, finding his lust somehow insatiable yet too much for him to contain and control. Wanting it to end yet never stop. Another thrust, another little bit into him.

A-toy shudders, gushing toy seed into him, further reaching the point where the fennalope's body's sensitivity will peak, making the rubber suit seem like it's nothing at all around him. What does that say about his exposed prostate, his fleshy throat and rear? Heavenly delights like no other.

Ratchet swears he can climax from the anal stimulation alone. In fact, he should. The thrust of the toy into his rear is the best sex he's ever felt. This entire experience is the best sex he has ever had, and being his overall first, it's a dangerous high bar for him to have set for himself. But he didn't care, he wanted to cum. He wanted to rest. He wanted to sleep. All these forces competing within him, but the lust has a strong head start and power that leaves the others in the dust. No matter how extreme his exhaustion is, the bodily desire to keep this moment going fuels him to burn hotter and continue.

Another firm thrust, the resistance within Ratchet's ass growing, becoming ever more difficult to penetrate any deeper. The toy groans, moans, grinding himself against Ratchet's body, rubbing its chest against his, getting over the fennalope, holding his sides, rubbing them with a squeak, looking into Ratchet's eyes, "That's eight inches. Might be hard pressed to get nine but let's see if we can do it together," it says, leaning in kiss him on the lips, tongue pushing into his mouth, coiling and playing with his, the toy tilting its head and Ratchet's so their lips can run across each other, the moment growing more passionate. The firm thrust into the toy-to-be's rear felt between them, moan pushed from one mouth into the other.

A-toy's tongue licks across the roof of Ratchet's mouth, one hand reaching around to grasp and hold him close to itself, while the other goes to the back of their head, embracing them, making the kiss go even deeper than the toy's cock is within him.

Another firm thrust, another jerk of pleasure, a twitch of an aching cock, Ratchet's own and the toy's that is kept deep within him. So much ecstasy at this moment, how could this all be true? Is this just a fantasy? Or did he just hit his head while working on the pods and this is now

some coma induced pleasure his mind has created as he lays somewhere in bed, unable to move in an unconscious state. If this is a dream, he already feels he never wants to wake up from it.

Another thrust, another moan, another clench of his ass, which is flooded with toy cum, the height of his pleasure finally being achieved not from stimulation but the max that the hypersensitivity toy cum can create. His body is at its limits. Unsure how long or how much time has passed before the kiss is broken the toy pulling itself to a kneeling position, giving a few more good hard thrusts into his ass, before pulling out, leaving Ratchet with an aching need to be taken again, to be as full like that and more.

“This one doesn’t want to break you that hard, but nine is the most you can take. This one will be sure to test you out later, but you are a very promising toy-to-be,” it says, gently caressing and rubbing Ratchet’s belly, “And that only took a good hour or two to really get done? Time is flying isn’t it.”

Ratchet simply moans, clenching his ass, nodding and mumbling incoherent words, unable to create logical sentences, his mind in a state of being completely fried from the sexual overstimulation.

“How about we do something a bit different, this one is sure you’ll like it,” says A-6371, reaching over to unhook the constraints on Ratchet’s ankles.

The fennalope moans, his muscles tense and sore, from being held in that position for so long, but it was an ache that felt so good, but nowhere near as good as his aching contained crotch. He wants to touch it so bad, but feels like he shouldn’t. Resisting the urge even though he physically can’t right now.

Ratchet watches the toy in a lucid like state, not fully comprehending everything that is happening but loving it just the same. His legs are pushed together, the toy holding his legs together nice and tight, the rings jingling.

“Want to see a trick? This one has a magician’s touch,” it says, grabbing the two D rings on Ratchet’s ankles, “Now look at these two separate rings? And now watch this,” it says pressing its fingers together against the rings, rubbing them and like magic he locks the two rings into each other making it impossible for him to pull his legs apart, “Amazing, yes?”

Feeling another layer of bondage placed over him, all he can do is faintly nod and moan.

“Let this one do it with your thighs next, and then it will show you what a good hidden hole you can make.”

“Huh?” he manages to respond, curious, seeing and feeling his thigh rings locked into place with no discernable way to unlock him. His thighs tightly pressed together, more so when A-6371 grabs his hips, pushing them nice and tight.

“Are you ready toy-to-be?” it asks looking past his legs, staring right into him.

Helplessly he nods.

“Here we go,” it replies, pressing its cock length between Ratchet’s tightly squeezed thighs, right up against his bulge, pressing through the hole his legs make, riding along the bulge, which act similar to a prostate at this point, being a bundle of nerves that will stimulate him yet somehow not bring him release.

The toy grins happily, brushing some rubber hair away from its vision, “This one knew you’d love it,” it says pounding away at the hole, squeaking loudly. The toy’s massive cock pressing down, riding along, pressing down hard on Ratchet’s bulge, the closest he’ll ever get to frotting, yet he doesn’t know it yet.

His toes curl, legs twitching, tugging at the constraints trying to pull his legs a part not because he wants to make this moment to end, but because he simply can’t handle the amount of bliss he’s receiving. So much of a good thing, the toy’s balls smacking along his thighs, the thick member pushing past his legs, squeaking loudly, pleasure obtained from the weight and force of the cock moving against his null bulge. When will this constant parade of pleasure end?

Harder, faster, squeakier. Pounding away, the toy moans, adding to the moment. Ratchet feels his crotch constantly squeezed and teased, pressed down by a more massive cock, teasing his heavily buried juice-soaked member. So much pleasure is contained in such a small body, that it can’t be contained. Escaping with moans and gasps, body quivering. Pleasure rising, heavier pounds, harder thrusts.

Suddenly the cock spasms jutting out hot sticky ropes of seed across Ratchet’s bulge and along his belly, letting it flow and soak into his rubber covered body. The warmth of the seed slowly fading into the cool room. Ratchet pants heavily, while the toy seems to not miss a beat already working to build up a second delightful climax.

Ratchet looks at the toy with pleading eyes, which are hidden by the hood, his glasses still on his nose, defiantly resisting the head motions and jerks, staying put to allow Ratchet to see all that is transpiring before him.

“We still have a few rounds of this toy-to-be, but this one will know you will love it,” it says.

Ratchet lets out a soft non-latex squeak, but the squeaks of their constant love making will continue, hours more will pass. His body licked clean by the toy, removed from his bondage, leaving the rubber clad fennalope laying on the bed utterly exhausted, but still left in a constant afterglow of delight, despite a wanting need to fuck and reach his own climax.

“This one has to go, but don’t you worry, Maker will be here soon to take care of you,” A-6371 says, nuzzling and kissing Ratchet on the lips, giving his butt a lift and a playful smack, making Ratchet moan in delight, “Later.”

Ratchet lies there totally incapable of moving, the desire to sleep starting to make ground in the war of bodily needs. He lays there, feeling the aching desire to be taken again, one that the lovely toy has left him. Never before has one had so much yet still left with so much unfilled or better put a new desire to be filled like never before.

He’s left in the room alone for a minute, but to him, it felt so much longer than that. Time slowed, the actual pause between sex, bringing that weight upon his eyes that needed to sleep, the exhaustion of his currently unchained body, feeling the free movement once again, which at this point almost felt foreign to him.

The door opens, too tired to lift his head he simply turns it to the side to see a familiar face, K-2373, the toy that has been called Maker by all those around him, yet the words never

fully sink in. The feline toy smiles at him, walking in, sauntering teasing steps, cock out and throbbing, bouncing up and down, almost hypnotic in nature. The toy's voice has never once left the back of his mind thanks to the collar.

"Hello toy-to-be, did you enjoy yourself?" it asks, reaching down to gently grab the D ring on Ratchet's collar, using it to pull him into a sitting position.

"Uhhh... eahhh," Ratchet responds, a yawn escaping his lips, hands about to reach down to touch himself, feeling some strength to do so, but as easy as batting a fly the feline toy stops him, and grabs the hands.

"That's good, but you must remember. Good toys don't touch themselves. You want to be a good toy, don't you?" he asks, pulling Ratchet up onto his feet.

"Uhh eahh," he replies, hearing those sweet words in the back of his mind.

"Toy wants to be a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Good toys listen to Maker."

"Good toys follow Maker."

"Good toys obey Maker."

"K-2373 is toy's Maker."

The words so logical yet the underlying meaning behind them lost to the tire addled mind of the exhausted fennalope. He looks up at the toy, feeling it pull him close to it. The sweet smell of rubber tingles his nose, the warmth of the toy, pressing up against his latex clad covered body, feeling the feline's hands caress around his body, a sensual, loving touch.

K-2373 holds him against its body, the toy softly purring, "You've done well toy-to-be. But now it's your time to rest. Hold onto this one's hand and it will take you to your place of rest. Good thing you did such a good job working, or we might not have had a spot open for you. Isn't that wonderful of what a good toy you are going to be?" it asks with a soft purr.

Ratchet's legs feel soft and wobbly, body aching, member twitching. He leans heavily on the toy, "ahhhh," he says with a pant, squeaking softly in body and voice. Tail swaying, hands weakly gripping the toy, leaning heavily on it feeling he might topple over at any moment.

The feline toy holds his hand, gently squeezing them, while wrapping its other hand around him, "Come, let's get you to your place of rest. Where you can simply relax and gain your strength as tomorrow you have to resume your work. Even a toy-to-be has to keep up its work ethic and duty," it explains, gently holding him, moving him out of the room, the door creaking, their bodies squeaking against one another.

Ratchet is completely dependent on the toy to guide him down the hallway. The store is quiet, no customers are about, the lights are a bit dimmer, with about a third of them turned off. Unable to know what time it is, there is no clock, nor is he drawn close enough to the door to see what outside looks like.

His hearing is muffled enough to not hear the soft squeaks of toys working throughout the store. Cleaning the floors, washing the windows, restocking and arranging the shelves for the next day's displays and deals. A few toys on display, in heavy bondage gear, squirming and

moaning, simply being there for hours on end. He's too tired to notice and admire them, his entire world for the moment is locked on the feline toy, the Maker toy, leading him across the store back toward the molding rooms.

"So tired," Ratchet squeaks, tail swishing back and forth, pressing up against the toy.

It smiles at him, "Don't worry. You'll get plenty of relaxation soon," it says, pressing the keypad buttons, unlocking the door, leading him into the hallway.

"Okay..." he says, feeling as if he can collapse at any moment from sheer exhaustion. No longer being constantly teased the sexual high ebbing a little, letting exhaustion take the lead.

K-2373 gently rubs Ratchet's back, holding him close, purring happily, leading him down the hallway, their bodies squeaking, echoing down, bringing him closer to the toy molding rooms. It unlocks the door, looking down at the cute femboy, knowing that his relaxation will be the most unique he'll ever experience, and that there'll be thirty of them, leaving him the most perfect toy he can be.

Entering the keycode, the beeps echoing down the hall, it opens the doors, some of the pods are open, one is closed with someone inside, enjoying the bliss of what's happening. Thick tubes attached to the mold, press into the toy's mouth and rear. Their length is obvious within the mold, every inch being perfectly sculpted.

Ratchet stumbles forward, unable to fully move on his own, enjoying the warmth and touch of the feline toy across his body. He's not even realizing he's moving to the very same mold he repaired earlier today. Stepping up the platform, the cool metal against his feet, felt through the rubber as if it wasn't even there. He looks at the hard translucent plastic mold. A shiver running down his spine, part of him knows what's to come yet too tired to comprehend it completely.

"Ready toy-to-be for your first stint in the mold?" it asks sweetly, gently rubbing his sides, moving him toward the mold, turning him around back to it.

"Ahhh?" he grumbles, gently squeaking vocally and physically. Gently he slides into the back, tail filling out the back of the mold, not seeing the micro lines that are built into the mold that will eventually form the base of the toy's rubber hair. For now though Ratchet simply feels the hard mold, his body fitting in the back like a glove.

"Relax toy-to-be. This one will take care of everything, and don't you worry, the rubber will take care of you. Let you continue on when you feel like you won't. Breath it in, and all will become clear," says K-2373, pushing him into the mold.

Ratchet feels his body relax, body aching, twitching, growing closer to the state of release, yet so far away. Body leaning back into the mold, that is angled a little back. Just enough to let him relax in the mold, unable to do anything but rest into it. Every inch of his body from his backside on is a seemingly perfect mold of his body.

"There you go, toy-to-be. Relax now, this one is going to make sure everything is taken care of and that you're going to be very busy when you get out. Don't slip into a deep slumber, but this one thinks you will find it hard to sleep," it says leaning in close, pushing Ratchet fully

into the mold, making sure the back half fits as perfectly as possible. The toy gently rubbing his chest, squeaking softly, "Relax, enjoy yourself."

Ratchet moans, tail twitching within the hard mold, pressing up against the rubber walls of the suit. He pants, body tensing, squeaking, moaning, cock twitching, feeling his length remain wanting to get hard but is constantly denied. He looks at the toy, unable to do anything but watch, enjoying the half mold against him. There's something about it that's soothing and embracing, holding him there, the perfect contours of his body laid into the mold. Allows him to relax further, he lets out a soft squeaky moan.

K-2373 purrs happily, his cock tip presses up against Ratchet's bulge, pressing down onto his bound cock, the toy moving in close to give its toy-to-be a long wet passionate kiss, its tongue sliding into their mouth.

He shudders, moaning, feeling the pressure of the toy's cock on his bulge, making his member twitch, a small reminder of just how horny he is, but then the kiss. That sweet kiss pushing into his mouth, coiling with his latex clad tongue. He looks into the toy's glowing blue eyes, drawn into them, feeling safe, content, yet so very aroused.

The toy pulls away from him, gently reaching down to give a firm playful squeeze against the bulge, "Good toy," it says to him, taking his glasses off his nose, walking down the platform to a computer console, "Just lay there and let this one do the rest," it says typing into the console, putting Ratchet's glasses nearby.

There's a soft hiss, a whirl of gears and hydraulics. Ratchet looks up, hearing the results of his hard work the front of the mold moves down over on top of him. The mold pushes against his body, locking him into his location. He pants heavily feeling the tight hard mold all around him, locking him in place in a bondage that feels that's perfectly made for him. He squeaks and pants through the front of the mold, heart racing, a little bit of his exhaustion being from the sudden constraints, his body wanting to get free, but it's so tight that any small adjustments he was off the mold pushes him into it, which locks all around him, making impossible to move even a millimeter.

It's strange, Ratchet's vision is blurry to begin with but the hard mold adds a filter across his vision, making a blurred haze that prevents any details to be seen through the mold. Only the black, blue and white outline of the toy is able to be discerned. The world muffled around him, nearly impossible to hear anything now. But he feels a small vibration from above, watching a long thick tube sliding down in front of him, "*W-what's that for?*" He manages to put the thoughts into words.

"*Toy is a good toy,*" the collar replies in the back of his mind, sending shivers through him. He tenses clenching his butt cheeks, one of the few movements he's able to do within the mold. The toy approaches again, the blur making him as good as blind, perhaps worse, getting the vaguest idea of something is happening. The toy moving past him, unable to turn his head, unable to see what it's going to do next.

K-2373 purrs happily, reaching for the first latex tube that has a long phallic dildo pump attached to it, designed to slip into the back of the mold and lock into place. The toy purrs

happily, “This is a fun part. Trust this one, it knows. And you’ll love it after the initial discomfort,” it says, slipping the toy right into Ratchet’s eager but now well used rear.

Ratchet moans within the mold. Unable to do anything but let the dildo push into his rear, spreading his hole. He shudders, gasping, feeling the cool air fill his lungs while the new toy pushes into his rear, spreading him, filling him, then twisted and locked into place. His rear milks the dildo, wanting it, hungering for it, enjoying the sensation of being full again.

The blur moves back in front of him. It reaches for and grabs the other tube hanging in front of him. His eyes follow the tube, wanting to watch it like a cat seeing a string. Unable to move his head, he simply waits patiently for what comes next. The tube is pushed into the mold, spreading his mouth open, pushing his tongue down. He suckles upon it with a newfound tick. The dildo stops just short of his gag reflex. He breathes down the tube, his lifeline for his survival, a vibration soon surrounding him, causing him to moan into the tube.

The air from the mold is being sucked out, his body and the suit moves and shifts perfectly filling out what is left in the mold, the rubber pushed into the small hidden strands of hair that will form. But Ratchet doesn’t feel that subtle change, the big thing is what little movement he has is now completely taken from him, being forced to fill out the mold. A reverse of expectations, the mold not pushing him to fit the mold, but his body is pushed to fill the mold.

He breathes deeper, chest barely able to move, quick shallow breaths. His cock caressed and held perfectly and the front of the mold doing the same to his null bulge. He swallows down built-up saliva not noticing that warm black rubber is filling the rear tube, pushing up into his rear, filling him.

Another gasp, a deep suckle on the tube, heart pounding the warm mold filling his rear, flowing into his body cycling through behind him. Then the blur tube in front of him tints blue. Something is rushing toward him. The scent of latex reaching his nostrils through his mouth. He knows it’s coming. It slides down his throat. He swallows, swallows. His lungs began to burn, ache. His body throbbing, unable to do anything. The desire to breathe grows, trying to resist, trying to fight but then as he’s pushed to his edge he breathes in the rubber, body twitching and convulsing, gag reflex kicking in, body wanting to push the rubber out but then a few moments later... it becomes soothing.

His lungs breathing in and out, in and out the rubber filling yet providing the air he needs. Something about the latex allows him to keep going, to push forward, the panic attacking flowing out of him with each rubber breath. Steadily his body calms. The blur of the toy in front of him watching, monitoring him. It walks over to the nearby console, Ratchet only able to see him out of the corner of his vision, his body unable to do anything.

K-2373 checks the console, “Good, good, everything is working like it should. Maker has really done a good job perfecting this. And this one knows it’s just as good as it is,” it says, checking the toy-to-be’s vitals. It looks over to the mold, “See you in eight hours. This one is sure you will enjoy your rest,” it says blowing a kiss, walking off.

Ratchet watches the blur leave, leaving him with nothing else. Unable to move, so he simply relaxes. He’s unable to see anything, an unchanging scenario of other molds not being

used, no one walking by. A stale unchanging landscape, nothing to draw his attention. Unable to hear anything, left in total silence, which leaves his mind to focus on the one thing that he can 'hear' in the back of his head, seeping into his thoughts.

"Toy is a fuck toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is eager to obey."

"Toy pleases users."

"Toy desires to be fucked."

"Good toys don't cum."

"You are a good toy."

"You are a fuck object."

"You want to please Maker."

"You want to obey Maker."

"K-2373 is your Maker."

"Toy doesn't think nor say I."

"Toy doesn't think nor say me."

"Toy doesn't think nor say myself."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy thinks and says, this one, it, itself, toy."

The words spoken so forcefully were so deep. That Ratchet can't help but focus on them. The only stimulation he's getting outside of the constant warm filling sensation he's getting from the rubber that is being pumped through his body, providing him exactly what his body needs. Allowing it to recuperate and recover from the long sex session. While keeping him awake, his mind slowly tries to cleanse itself like it would during sleep, letting the hours pass one after the other, energy slowly returning, mind's haze lifting yet, being drawn into and focused on those lovely words that repeat themselves. That is dynamic, and changing to whatever thought pops into his head, all to encourage one important fact. That this toy-to-be is working to be a toy.

Hours would pass, one after another, the perfect droning of the toy programming seeping into Ratchet's mind. On a rare occasion his daze is brought out by suddenly seeing movement. Is it the toy? The one that put him in here? No, the colored blur is not the same. It's some other toy.

Then suddenly out of nowhere, black, white, blue? Ratchet's heart skipped a beat, *"Is it time? Is it time for me to get out of the mold?"* he thinks with excitement. The drugs that were pumped through him with the toys still lingering in his system. It will take several more hours till the next day for the effects to begin to fully wear off. Suckle, suckle, suckle, rump squeezing and milking the dildos that are lodged into his mouth, and in his rear, rubber flowing in and out of his body, feeding him all he needs.

The movement ends by the computer console. His eyes are trying to view the blur, the lovely outline. Excitement building within him. His body feels so good so aroused, his cock twitching within the rubber, having become more accustomed to the constant need and throb of it

within the null bulge that is perfectly caressed and held by the mold, “*What is the toy doing?*” he thinks, when there is a click and a soft hiss. Air rushes into the mold, the tension that holds him in place lessens ever so slightly. He feels the cool air run across the suit, cooling his body. He closes his eyes gurgling his moan, the flow of rubber ending, slowly, steadily his body feels the urge to breathe.

The blur approaches, grabbing the tube in front of him, twisting and unlocking the tube in his mouth. The dildo pulls out, his tongue licking across it swallowing a little bit more rubber, his body feels full, no hunger, no pain, energy has returned. He gasps for air, pleased to feel the coolness flow into his lungs, the rubber fading away into his body. A warmth and delight fills him in such a way that it's rather soothing like he's waking up from a dream yet he knows he hasn't fallen asleep yet.

Ratchet pants, licking his lips, sucking the air through the hole. The toy moving behind him, sudden twist and change, moving the toy within his rump. Another deep gasping moan, ass clenching down onto nothing, trying to keep the rubber within him, his body already feeling a need to be filled again.

A moment later passes a blur of a toy moves back in front of him, walking over to the control console. Then another click, and the pressure in front of him is released, the pod lifts up and off of him, the rubber faintly sticking to the front of the mold, tugging across his chest, mouth and most importantly his null bulge. He moans softly, squeaking, gasping feeling his crotch toyed with, his member pulled ever so slightly with the mold, a constant throbbing reminder of his current state.

His vision is still blurry but far better than the mold gave. He pants, squeaking, looking to K-2373, now knowing that it is indeed the toy, the Maker toy, he feels an arousal jump within him, kept so high that he isn't sure how he's keeping focus, and able to resist this urge to have that wonderful toy cock within him.

“Hello toy-to-be,” the feline cat says with a soft purr, “This one hopes you had a good rest.”

Ratchet shivers, watching the cat toy reach over gently fondle his crotch, giving a soft playful squeaky squeeze. He moans softly, letting out a soft squeak that is drowned out by the sound of rubber grinding against rubber. The cat toy leans over, giving him a soft and tender kiss him on the lips. He tenses more, his back sliding across the back of the mold, becoming loser within the half of the mold.

“Come toy-to-be, you have work to do,” it says, gently caressing and grabbing the toy by the smooth rubber nudge. Its thumb gently runs across the bulge giving a firm grip of it, causing the cock within to twitch, feeling the rubber grind and press along the needy appendage.

Ratchet shudders, waking from the touch, moaning, squeaking verbally and physically, feeling the toy tugging him out of the mold. His tail feels a little stuck to the back of the mold, but only a little bit of effort is required to escape the mold's hold completely. The sensation of being able to move is rather liberating. Cool air around the rubber covered body, the suit itself feels to be sticking a little bit to his body, moving with his motions, the latex feels so thin that at

this moment he thinks he's not even wearing it. But when he looks down at himself, seeing the sleek black, white and blue rubber clad fennalope body he has. He knows that it's not a dream, how could it be a dream? He feels he hasn't slept yet, but yet he's not as tired as he was when he went in the mold.

"How is this possible? Is this part of the job or the thank you? It feels so good. It kept calling me toy-to-be yesterday, didn't it? Does that mean that it wants me to be..." he mentally shudders hearing the collar whisper into his mind.

"Toy is a toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

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

"Oh my gosh..." he shudders, mind brought back to K-2373 staring at the toy, looking at the feminish smile, cute and lovely, hearing a squeak coming between his legs, the toy cupping and massaging it through the rubber, reminding him just how lustful he still is, the desire to climax strong, he clenches his hands.

"Relax toy-toy-be. You have a lot of work to do, and special work just for you. Isn't it wonderful? You get to fulfill your purpose in every way," the feline toy purrs, pulling him by the bulge off the platform.

"W-wha?" he asks with a soft squeak. Each step felt nice, his body squeaks, feeling the shifting rubber all across his body, clinging tight to his fur, his skin, feeling a little stuck to him but still so clearly separate. The rubber transfers the temperature around him, feeling the cool ground against his paw pads. Each step felt refreshing, physical shivers through him, the sounds of the molds, the smell of the latex, all of it refreshing but that hand on his genitals, squeezing, massaging keeping him focused on the toy before him, eyes locked onto that loving rubber toy smile.

"You have work to do, don't you? It's going to take a few more days, you said, to fix all the pods?" K-2373 asks, thumb pressing onto the null bulge, massaging the trapped cock within, making the needy member twitch in desire, further weakening the fennalope, making him focus on it.

"W-well, I-I... yes, a lot of work. I must be behind on it too. After all that fun..." he says biting his lip, thinking on the work that needs to be done but its temporarily derailed when the toy places a finger on his lips.

"Toy-to-be. This one knows you should know by now. The sweet voice of its, singing in the back of your mind, guiding you. There is no me."

"There is no me," the collar whispers in the back of Ratchet's mind, making him shiver.

"There is no I."

"There is no I."

“There is no myself.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

Try to work on it. This one does appreciate your understanding on the matter. It won't punish you for the first few days on it, toy-to-be. But best be mindful? Hmm?” it purrs, its thumb grinding against Ratchet's bulge, before releasing.

“Y-yeah...” he replies with a soft squeak, rubbing his legs together looking down to see his bulge, heart racing, arousal throbbing within that smooth crotch. Knowing that under this latex he's completely naked, yet in a way even with the latex on he feels like it is so.

“Good toy-to-be. Why don't you just think on that as you work. You have a long day and you have to catch up after all that fun you had over the past twenty-four some odd hours.”

“Have to catch up. Got it. Where should I start?” he asks, feeling himself tense, his rear squeezing, feeling a desire to be filled back there. A gentle distraction, yet nothing he feels he can't overcome, wanting to do what this toy says. Feeling this urge in his gut to please it, unsure why, but knowing it will be a good thing.

“G-2371 shall be able to help you with that,” it says looking over its shoulder the sleek black rubber and orange feline toy with a white heart shaped mark on its chest.

The toy lets out a soft purr, squeaking softly, tail flicking, its black and orange cuffs, showing off so nicely, “Of course Maker. This one will make sure this one will keep the toy-to-be very busy with its duties. Another pod is breaking down and we need to fix it right away!”

K-2373 smiles, “Perfect,” it responds with a soft purr, “Will you be a *good toy* and do as it says? Can you do that for this one?” it asks, thumb gently rubbing along the bulge.

Ratchet gently shivers, gently grinding against the toy's hand, “Y-yes!” he squeaks physically and vocally, letting out a meep when the feline puts his glasses back onto his face, returning his clear vision, “Oh... thanks.”

“Welcome,” The feline leans in and gently kisses the toy-to-be, “Wonderful. Be good now. This one has other work to do. This one always has something going on, running this wonderful store. Now do your party to make sure everything runs smoothly.”

“Y-yes, of course, I-I shall do my best.”

The feline simply smiles, “This one is sure by the end of the day you might start speaking appropriately for one of your station and purpose,” it says, gently patting Ratchet on the head.

“O-okay?” he responds with a soft squeak, he flicks his tail, tensing, watching the feline toy walk away. With each step, the toy's hips sway, and with it, Ratchet feels something strange and odd. A longing? Sadness? Arousal? Awe? A combination of all of the above? But his attention is soon shifted by G-2371, who moved in and gently licks across his rubber clad ear, feeling it twitch within its contained latex.

“Come toy-to-be, you have a lot of work to do. And this one thinks it will takes little bit of time to get used to everything,” it says, gently caressing Ratchet's back, pushing him toward

the the far back and right of the room, “The pumps on this pod are in need of work, there is a break in the sealing mechanisms. Please take a look at it,” it says with a soft purr.

“Of course, I will get right on it,” he says, looking up at the machinations that hang overhead, “I should check up there, most of the pumps are up there, aren’t they?”

“The latex pumps, the air pumps are down below. This one will have you look up there once the mobile scissor platform isn’t in use.”

“What’s it being used for?” he asks, looking at the toy curiously.

“It’s going to be used. We have another but it’s indeed of repair.”

“Oh, let this one fix it.”

“Such an eager toy-to-be, really wanting to get to it, but one thing at a time. Maker wanted you to fix up this pod first,” it says.

“Okay,” he replies walking up to the platform, seeing there is currently no hard plastic mold on it. The slot where to place the mold is empty, noticing the automatic gripping devices and the tubes that are related to the vacuum pumps. It leans down, squeaking, raising its butt and tail, feeling a desire in the back of its mind, something about this position feels... nice, “*No must focus,*” he thinks, getting a closer look, “Rubber seal looks a little worn, but it will need to look at what’s underneath the hood to know what needs fixing,” he says, reaching for a tool when he discovers there’s nothing.

“Something wrong?” the toy asks, and the moment the words leave its mouth the realization hits it, “Ohhh.”

Ratchet blushes, the rubber hiding the fact, he gently rubs the back of his head with a squeak, body shivering, cock twitching, arousal there, but his mind tries to focus on work, the thing he needs to do, “*Focus, I’m a professional,*” he says, shuddering hearing the voice speaking the back of its mind.

“*There is no I.*”

“*There is no me.*”

“*There is no myself.*”

“*There is only this one, it, itself, toy.*”

He softly moans, feeling the voice caress the back of his mind, trying to embrace his thoughts, caress and push him toward that wonderful feeling, the sensation of being a toy, only his desire to do a good job to be a good... brings him out of the temporary lull in his train of thought, “Tools. Need tools to work on this.”

The toy gently blushes, “Apologies, this one knew it was forgetting something. Maker isn’t in charge of the maintenance and didn’t think about your maintenance belt. We had it made while you were away but then it forgot to go get it. It shall be right back!” it says, rushing off.

“Okay... thanks, I appreciate it,” he replies, watching the toy run off, enjoying the sweet look of the toy’s ass, his hand about to touch himself when the collar speaks up within his mind breaking the constant toy mantra with something a little extra.

“*You want to be a good toy.*”

“*Good toys obey.*”

“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”

Good toys don’t need to cum.”

“Good toys wait till needed.”

“Wait till needed,” he says with a soft paint, squeaking pulling his hand away from the bulge only after gently touching it with his finger tips, not even enough to have his trapped length feel the pressure from it. His legs push harder on the bulge as he pulls them closed than his own hand did. His tail swishes, hands gently rubbing along his thighs, squeaking, *“I’m still wearing this suit. And I’m working in it? This is so wonderful yet... why? They keep calling me a toy-to-be. Does that mean...”*

There is a whir that draws his attention away. There are three toys moving with the scissor platform toward the platform he was at. Curiously draws him to the toys at work. Two toys are raised by the platform, up to the mold that is held up there.

“Ready for release!” says one of the toys.

“Got it,” says a third toy, typing by the computer console. There is a soft whir as the mold is released, the other two cute femboy toys grab the mold, placing it down onto the platform before lowering it to the ground. The toys then go over to the hard mold backside.

“Ready?” asks one of the toys.

“Ready!” says the pair of toys that look exactly alike with black and pink rubber.

The lead toy types into the computer console the mold is unhooked from the slot, the toys picking up the mold and placing it onto the platform.

“They are taking the molds... but why? Was that the only time that I was going to be put in it? How did I breathe now that I...” Ratchet thinks, his line of thinking ending when he feels a hand gently run across his back, causing him to jump and let out a squeak.

There’s a soft chuckle squeak, “Apologies, this one didn’t mean to startle you,” says A-3377, the sleek black and orange security toy that Ratchet recalls seeing earlier.

“It’s fine. I was just curious about what was going on,” he says with a soft vocal squeak.

“They are taking the molds to get adjusted.”

“Adjusted?” he asks, watching the toys cart the mold out of the room after a few minutes.

“Of course, each mold is used for a single day before it's adjusted.”

“Adjusted for what?” he asks curiously.

“This one thinks you will know that answer very intimately,” it says gently running its hand along Ratchet’s spine with a long drawn-out squeak.

He shudders, shivering, moaning softly, tail swishing bumping into the toy with a bouncy squeak, “O-oh? What do you mean?” he asks, looking at the toy.

“You know what this one means,” it says with a wink.

He swallows a lump in his throat, his body twitching, a tingle running down his spine, part of him knows what this mean, but other part of him, the conscious part doesn’t want to admit it, not yet at least, “Do you happen to know where the other toy went? It was getting my tools so I can get to work.”

“It should be back soon. Come, get back to your spot, and wait like a good toy till you are ready to do your job,” it says, gently pushing him back to his location.

“O-okay,” he says with a soft squeak, feeling the toy gently guide him back. He looks across the molding room, seeing the molds being taken from the mobile platform, taking through a pair of large doors that swing open with ease, *“I’m so curious what they are doing with those molds... but I should get to work. Need to work. If I do a good job perhaps, I’ll be rewarded again...”* he thinks, his mind wandering on the delight of what doing a good job can bring. Bubbling excitement on it, he stands on the platform.

The toy stands there with him, hands gently caressing his sides, softly squeaking, leaning in close, whispering into Ratchet’s ear, “You are doing fine. Simply relax and focus on what you need to do. Good toys focus on what is their duty.”

He squeaks, his butt clenching, getting a feeling that he might be taken by this toy at any moment. Their sensual touch across his rubber clad body. It feels as if the suit’s not there, naked before this toy. His hands twitch, wanting to reach down to rub that aching throbbing desire, but the moment his hands move toward that bulge, G-2371 returns.

“A-3377, what are you doing with that one?” it asks, the toy holding a sleek shiny black rubber belt with blue pouches and loops to place tools, which thankfully it’s all loaded up.

It smiles, “This one was making sure that this toy-to-be didn’t wander off. They got a little curious on the molds as they were being taken for modification.”

“Oh, it was now?” it asks, looking at Ratchet.

“W-was that bad?” he asks, feeling the eyes of the two toys upon him, memories of the double two gang up that he experienced with the other toys the previous day still very fresh in his mind, feeling that it might happen at any moment. His arousal and sexual tension build up, with each step G-toy takes towards him while A-toy presses itself against his back, holding him there, like a sexual hostage.

“No, this one doesn’t think so,” it says, taking the belt, wrapping it around his waist, adjusting the belt, “How does that feel?”

“G-good?” he asks, tail swishing, feeling the two toys so close to him, making him pant, heart racing, hearing the thumping of his heart in his ears, body ready to take these two toys. Feeling the growing desire to take these two toys, ready to serve and service. He shudders, watching G-toy run a finger across the belt, which causes it to bind and gently squeeze around his waist.

“How does that feel toy-to-be?” it asks, running a hand along Ratchet’s chest with a soft squeak.

He pants heavily, his tail swishes, bouncing against the toy behind him. He swallows a lump in his throat, feeling the weight of the belt on his chest, his tools there, pouches with various items that he could use. And a toolbox is nearby filled with even more tools he will need to do his work. The belt gently squeezes his waist, making him feel it, the attached feeling to the suit, yet nothing uncomfortable, “Fine,” he squeaks, feeling his face blush which is hidden by the latex.

“Perfect, now why don’t you get to work. There is a lot to do,” it replies, gently rubbing Ratchet’s bulge, “Got it, toy-to-be?”

“Y-yes!” he squeaks, nodding repeatedly, the toy behind him pulling away, realizing that he was feeling the toy’s length pressing against the small of his back this entire time, making him shiver down his spine, his member twitching within the latex chastity bulge.

“Good! First you will check the pumps here, then the gears on this pod, the six, and ninth pod, following that the pumps on pod twelve. There is also an issue with the mold clamps in pods two, three, and seven. They seem to be sticking a little. Got all that?”

Ratchet eeps softly, nodding, “Y-yes,” he says with a soft squeak, getting to work.

“If you need any help or forget what you are trying to do, just ask this one, it will be nearby, watching,” it says with a lewd and playful wink.

“I will,” he says with a soft squeak, feeling a small rush go through him. He gets to work, taking panels off, revealing the delicate inner workings of the platform, seeing the mechanisms that make some of the magic that he experienced less than an hour earlier. He gets to work, taking a part of the pumps, checking the gears, and parts. It takes him a little longer to do the job than normal. The rubber suit around him though keeps him cool, it's still a little numb compared to what he’s used to. The delicate touches required are muted, adding to the time needed to do the work, making the tedious job all the more tedious, making him listen to the collar that constantly speaks in the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy services.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Toy is an object.”

The constant droning of the voice, soothing, relaxing, delightful, yet never ending. It at times distracts him, slowing him further. He pushes the thoughts away, smacking himself in the muzzle, “Focus Ratchet. You need to focus. This is kinky and fun, but you have work to do. You must get your job done. Must do a good job. A very good job. I love to do a good job. I want to do a good job...” he says to himself, the collar whispering a slightly modified version in the back of his mind as he speaks it.

“Toy gets the job done.”

“Toy loves to do a good job.”

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy wants to do a good job.”

Constant work. Endless work. Taking apart equipment. Putting it back together. Cleaning some parts, replacing gears with others. Asking G-2371 for aid for replacement equipment as required. Nothing changes outside what the job he’s working on. One job to the next. Soft hum of machinery, air being sucked out from molds in the background. Two molds

are active, the toy inside simply staying within the sleek hard molds. Their colors slightly blurred by the hard plastic mold.

Ratchet looks at the molds, feeling a shiver run down his spine. He stares at them for a moment, knowing he knows how it feels, but... *“Did that really happen to me? Or did I just dream it?”* he thinks, looking at the flow of rubber into the toys. He groans panting, taking the wrench he has in his hand, gently rubbing the bulge between his legs. The cool metal pressing against the latex, transferring the temperature to his member, making his cock twitch, feeling the cool sensation with a second delay.

“Toy-to-be, what are you doing?” asks G-2371, hovering over him.

“Eeek!” he exclaims, fumbling with the wrench that clatters to the ground, with a loud metallic clang. A-3377 from its spot across the way looks in his direction, which he catches as he looks around, panting heavily, feeling his cheeks grow hot.

“Apologies, this one didn’t mean to startle you. You just appeared to be a bit distracted and not working.”

“A-ah... apologies. I was just...” he says trailing off noticing the other toy looking at him, adding to his sense of embarrassment. Slowly he reaches down to grab his dropped wrench.

“Just what?” it asks, with a soft squeak, moving in closer, getting over him, the toy, gently placing its hands on his shoulders, squeezing them, thumbs running across his shoulders.

“I-I... was just simply looking over the current issue and just thinking about that,” he replies nervously.

“Oh? Anything this one should know about?” it asks leaning in close, whispering, “Toy knows Maker is letting you slide on your speech, but it will feel so good to let it slip from your tongue, toy.”

Ratchet moans softly squeaking, “W-well, no, nothing too serious. If it was anything like I suggested the other day I’d definitely let you know,” he replies with a nod, tightly gripping his wrench, his cock twitching.

“Alright, keep up the good work!” it says, gently rubbing Ratchet on the head.

“T-thanks,” he replies with a soft squeak, looking at his work, getting back to it. His tails swishes with soft squeaks, the rubber embracing his body, transferring much of the sensation around him. He occasionally forgets he’s wearing a suit until something is about to slip from his hand, but his unpolished rubber gives him a powerful grip on his tools. One-hour blends into the next. Any time his mind may wander to try to please himself, the toy watching over him inquires what he’s doing, getting him back to work. Letting his mind focus on the task while the collar continues to speak, at times Ratchet even loses track that it’s even there, like listening to your favorite song on loop while doing work. Helping him focus and let the other distractions around him fade away.

While Ratchet gets back to work, focusing on what he needs to do, his Maker is currently very busy having a lot of tasks that it needs to focus on...

K-2373 squeaks softly, their cock relaxed at the moment as it looks up at several mannequin models that are dressed in sleek rubber femboy suits. One is an eastern dragon,

another is an alligator, the third is two versions of Mako sharks, one that has the head back fin design the other the back fin is on the back. It looks over the suits, tail swishing back and forth, the toy's length twitching, hardening ever so slightly enjoying the view of the suits, "These are looking very good. And they are able to help smooth out our users' look? There are also a few female users that want to express how wonderful and great it is to be a cute male. Helping smooth out the chest is important while keeping comfort," it says, feeling the suits.

"That's been easy enough. The main store's lab has that issue well worked out, and it makes our job easier on perfecting the femboy versions of the species," says N-7377, the sleek white, black and yellow anthropomorphic hound toy.

K-2373 turns from the mannequins to the group of five sleek rubber femboy toys, behind them is a laboratory with vats of rubber, vacuum seal molds, a half a dozen computer consoles, and various other research materials related to latex, silicon, half-built sex toys, designs, amongst other things.

Standing beside them is their toy other half Z-7377, the sleek anthropomorphic feline toy. It leans against its fellow toy unit, "This one does think it will be fun to design some new products outside of the main lab," it says with a soft squeak nuzzling against the other toy, "It will be so much fun to test out new products," it purrs.

Another toy, an anthropomorphic feline toy with white body and cyan color markings across its body, the toy has matching cuffs and collar, its silver clover tag has its designation of K-0375. The toy's soft cyan eyes look at its Maker with delight, "This one thinks it's wonderful that we are able to work on such products. Making such cute feminine male toys and suits? Fantastic!" it exclaims with a squeak, tail flicking excitedly.

"It's important we help expand the company and continue to make high quality products that are expected out of all of us. This one's Maker expects nothing less and we have a lot of trust put into us toys. It is giving us the job of working on this particular specialization, using our knowledge to make the products our customers not only want, but need to make their lives better. We are good toys working for our customers."

"Of course, Maker. We want to do well. And to show up at the female branch at the lesbian mega-store," it says with a sly grin, "We are the best toys!"

K-2373 mews softly, "We are all good toys. As long as users benefit from our competition, it's all good. But yes, we are the best toys," it says with a playful wink.

"Maker? This one has a question..." says a white, pink and black demonic looking toy. The same toy that brought the package earlier for Ratchet. The toy's spade tail flicks behind it, the toy's soft pink eyes look at its Maker then look down, its collar has the tag L-0375, "Since we are speaking about users, how did its product it designed work so far? It went through over a day of continuous testing use. And it hopes it went well," it inquires.

The feline toy smiles, moving closer to the toy, gently rubbing its hand along its head, the fellow toy leaning into the touch, "The high-quality material that we are using with the suit to make our future toy is going well. The rubber chastity has been working exactly as intended, and the high quality in the design and look is perfect. Of course if you want to check out the

mold adjustments to make sure they are going along with what this one has inquired with the suit. Please do after this meeting. Keeping up the quality assurance is important.”

“Thank you, Maker. This one will check into that. It is pleased that its current product is matching your desires and standards,” it says with a soft squeak, blushing a bit, feeling joy and delight that its Maker is pleased with its work, over washing the toy, sending shivers through it. Their length twitching, growing a little harder.

K-2373 reaches down and gently touches the toy’s length, the fingers dancing along the sleek rubber. The toy moans and shudders gently thrusting into the touch, “Such a good toy. Currently the toy-to-be is working in the molding rooms. Continuing their work while all pent up and needy. Desiring to fuck and be taken. This one is sure you can relate to that tormenting delight.”

“Hmm, yes Maker, this one does,” it says with a soft moan, grinding against its Maker’s paws.

There is a soft cough of a squeak, drawing the toy’s attention to the last toy researcher. A sleek grey and light grey leopard toy with unique red and black strap with the red lettering of fuck toy. The toy’s red tag has the designation of M-7373. Though what made this toy stand out from the others, was the pair of short jeans, and a sleek V cut shirt, but on top of that is a long flowing mad-scientist lab coat, with the front pocket having a bunch of small dildo shaped pens sticking out, “It is very important, but we what would make our lab stand out from the other two is if we manage to solve Maker’s Maker’s problem with expanding the abilities of the latex.

K-2373 pulls away from the other toy’s length, the finger gently caressing the member for just a second, it turns to its fellow toy, “Yes. Maker has been wanting to solve the issue. Being able to program some of the latex to form a sleek full bodied rubber suit around a user? That could build up and add upon so many other ideas.”

“We could use such latex to make toys even faster,” it replies.

“Maker doesn’t want to make toys faster. Using the same gentle and caressing love to make toys is something Maker wants to keep. This is more helping make suits for users to enjoy to help build that experience of being something else other than the bodies they were born in. To explore and express themselves in ways not yet known, and yes to help make new suit methods for high quality material to start the process of being made into perfect toys. But the issue is first getting the rubber to act in that way, to allow it, and make it safe. Safety is key here.”

“It is, unfortunately rubber is not very conductive and the stuff we use is very stubborn. Almost has a mind of its own if this one must say,” it replies, adjusting its lab coat.

“We have a lot of problems to work out of it. This one has noticed how... unique the latex is, but it helps make us lovely toys, so can’t say it’s that bad,” it replies with a soft mew.

“True, this one loves working with the material, and with high quality material to work with it, the results can be wonderful,” says L-0375, showing hints of worry, thinking about their suit and the material that is currently busily working away in the molding room.

“There’s a lot to work on. This one knows and is for sure a big thing we have to keep on. So much fun but a lot of work,” says K-2373, “And while we are all here and talking about

projects. This one is thinking of ways of helping this one's Maker better understands us gay toys. It's very open, but there are reasons why it put this one in charge. How is that project going?"

"Very well. It will still take a bit more time though," says L-toy.

"This one knows the colors and design of the toy will be perfect. Something that it knows you will enjoy Maker for your Maker," says N-toy.

"Wonderful but we aren't sure when that will happen, if it will but Maker is at least open on it, especially during a visit to the store."

"What, Maker's Maker is visiting the store again?" L-toy asks nervously.

"Nothing planned yet, but it does have a video call with it later today. Speaking of which, this one must get updated on the store, so it can prepare a good report for Maker. This meeting is adjourned for the time being. Good luck on your tasks, and remember, the customer comes first, even if they aren't always right. We toys are here for the users, to service them, and we will do our best."

"Yes Maker!" the toys exclaim.

K-2373 purrs happily, heading out of the lab to the elevator. It slinks in, riding up from the basement three floors down to ground level. It dings softly, the toy steps out, to the toy testing room hallway. The store is visible at the very end of the hallway. The door behind the toy closes. It looks over its shoulder, a sliding door moves over the elevator entrance, hiding it from view, making it look like a wall, "*Maker loves its secret passageways and elevators. This one should ask them one day about that,*" it thinks, heading onto the store floor, the smell of latex, leather, and cleanliness fills the air. The toys working the floor doing their best to make the store not assault the palette of those customers whose sense of smell is greater than the average.

"How did your meeting go, Maker?" asks B-1374 standing at the entrance the sleek black and red feline toy, with their unique red blindfold over their eyes, making them look blinded, ready for some bondage and sensory deprivation at any time.

"The ones with the R&D department went well. But we have more work to do, before the meeting with Maker."

"Normally you have weekly meetings with them, but you had one just the other day. Is everything alright?"

"Previous meeting was a more special one. This one will be more business."

"Who would have thought being a lovely toy Maker, would be so much work."

"But it's rewarding work. This one knows as much as it does, its Maker does more. And it doesn't have a lovely crew of toys as great as this one working at their store," K-2373 says with a smile.

"Thank you, Maker," B-1374 says with a smile, pulling out a clipboard with a pen and a small chain attached to the end to make sure it doesn't get lost, "Shall we begin?" it asks clicking the pen.

"Lead the way and tell this one how have sales been?"

"Sales are up by 0.69%"

“As sexy as that sounds, that is not a lot.”

“The economy is in a recession, so any growth this one thinks is a positive.”

“This one wasn’t thinking about the local economy... It gets so lost in what is happening within the store that it loses track of that sometimes.”

“That is why you have this one and the other toys to help you Maker,” B-toy says, guiding its Maker down the aisle toward the BDSM section, where leather gear hangs from various mannequin displays.

“How is the customer service satisfaction rating?”

“We don’t get a lot of surveys but most of what we’ve gotten has been positive, Maker.”

“And people are more inclined to say something when negative, this one will take that we are doing very well in that department, let X-toy and S-toy know they are appreciated and that this one will take some time later this month to reward them for their hard work given the circumstances.”

“Yes Maker, this one will schedule a bit of free time when possible.”

“Thank you, now what about this display? It’s still being worked on, but we have the initial parts in place,” says B-toy, guiding to the end cap display where two sleek rubber toys are currently held in restrictive teasing bondage.

The pair of rubber toys are anthropomorphic ‘goat monster’ toys are tightly bound together. The first a sleek black rubber toy with white rubber markings on their chest and butt in the shape of an upside-down heart. It’s cuffs and collar are grey with a black band with the elegant lettering of ‘fuck toy’ on them. Its collar has an upside-down green heart that has its designation K-8371. Their yellow rubber hair is braided that goes halfway down their diamond marked back. Their blue eyes look passionately into the other toy’s green eyes.

The second toy is a soft grey and matching white upside-down hearts. Their purple rubber hair is a crazed mess, their cuffs a black band with green outline with same color ‘fuck toy’ writing on the band. The toy’s collar has a red shaped upside-down heart with the designation K-8372 upon it.

The two toys are passionately kissing the other with a double-sided dildo just barely visible between their lips, stuffing their mouths keeping them locked in place. Their collars tied together by a double-sided leash. The toy’s rumps are hiked in the air as part of the display, arms tied behind their backs, using their cuffs. The toy’s legs are spread via a spread bar, their cocks out and twitching, the first toy dribbling green pre-cum while the other has a strange rainbow spiral of colors that drip into a sauce pan below them that is just now being placed by a toy working on the display.

B-toy looks over the checklist, “We are setting up the bondage is loving display for Sweet Heart day. The toys here are already set up to outline a big heart as you can see if you take a few steps back and stand here Maker,” it says motioning to stand in a spot.

K-2373 moves to the spot looking at the two bound wiggling toys, noticing they have strap-on egg vibrator set at the base of their lengths set at a slow setting, its ears twitch hearing the vibrations, “This one sees the outline, how lovely.”

“It’s facing toward the store entrance, so it is to draw the eye of patrons as they peruse our wares. It’s still being set up. There will be a sign that says ‘please touch the displays’ and it will note the unique flavored toy juices each toy leaks. Something that we can then inform our customers that we do carry products to make toy’s juices different flavors to fit the mood of our users. We’ll have a small side panel display of our more popular flavors on one side, and bondage gear on the other.”

“That does work, yes. Keep up the good work toys, this one is loving the display so far.”

“Thank you, Maker,” says B-toy while the other toy says.

“Thank you, Toy Master.”

K-2373 smiles, “Good toys. Continue, we are reworking the lubrication and dildo section.”

“What was wrong with the initial set up?” it asks, following B-toy down several aisles, “Also now that this one is thinking about it, is it a good idea to have the head of security all tied up in a display?”

“They get to keep an eye on the customers and there is a button they can press in the plug in their rump to call for aid if there is someone doing something. So, they are still doing their job, while giving them and their fellow paired toy a little bit of fun for a few weeks.”

“Excellent. Good to know that. Next time though let this one know about it.”

“But Maker, it did, you signed off on it last week.”

“It did? Oh, this one has been busier than it thought and didn’t notice. It should focus on that.”

“Maker you work yourself so hard. It’s good you took some time to relax while working on the new material.”

“It’s always a delight, and good to get a little time to work on such lovely objects. But back to the need to change the lubrication and dildo aisle?” it asks.

“Ah, ahem,” it says with a fake squeaky cough, “People would go straight to the dildo and not go past to see the lubricants. You think users would see the dildo they want and obtain some of high quality lubricants we sell, but they get all excited about the dildo they forget the lubricants, and we are hoping of switching it to be lubricant first and dildos second that lubricants will be on the customers’ minds when obtaining dildos so they can get both, and provide a more pleasurable and safer experience with our products.”

“Ahhh, this one sees. Sort of like when it did the dildo test on you a while back. The lubrication provides a good portion of the delight and use of our products. How long will it take to get the aisle fixed up?” it asks, as they reach the long aisle of lubricants and dildos, the shelves already adjusted, half of them empty while there are two toys busily working stocking the shelves with lubricants they have set up on carts.

“A few more hours, we started the project once the store closed but it took a lot more than this one anticipated.”

“Do we have any extra toys to assign to the project?”

“Not at the moment. Other projects need to be done before the warehouse arrives in three days.”

“It's amazing how we can have so many wonderful toys working here and yet not enough at the same time.”

“This one hears you, Maker. We could turn on the generic toys to ease that.”

“This one prefers just the prototype base toys in its store. Maker is similar in that, though it thinks it occasionally has the generic up and running for special sales for a more of a test buy and go experience.”

“You should bring that up with it then Maker. Learn from your fellow toy Maker.”

“This one shall, thanks B-1374. Now what else is going on?”

“There have been some more complaints about the road connection between the store and the main road. People aren't liking the slow driving gravel road. It's very bumpy.”

“Is it safe though? Any damage or crashes?”

“No, the road has been widened enough to give plenty of space, for those driving to and fro, but perhaps this one can suggest you bring it up to your Maker on it? That is in their realm of control.”

“This one will take note of it, thank you.”

“Of course, Maker. This one aims to please.”

K-2373 reaches out gently pets along B-toy's head, gently massaging and scratching behind the ears, “You have been,” the toy says, sensing the approximate time, “It's about lunch time. How about we take a little break? This one will have its meeting with Maker after that and it wants you there for it, helping this one keep focus on its task,” it says with a playful wink.

B-toy blushes, leaning against the touch, nuzzling into the hand, “Yes Maker!”

“Come, let's go back to this one's room where we can relax a bit before the meeting,” it says, leaning in giving its fellow toy a passionate kiss, both toy's hard rubber length's hardening at the same time, reaching up to also 'kiss'. The mouth kiss broke a strand of toy saliva beads between them, “Sounds good?”

B-toy moans softly nodding, reaching up to gently rub its Maker's chest, “This one full heartily agrees Maker, it loves it when you get excited on the store floor.”

K-2373 chuckles and squeakily nuzzles it, “This one is fully aware of what you try to do with this one on a daily basis,” it says with a playful wink.

It responds with a bashful yet coy smile, “This one knows and loves to see you squirm Maker,” it says with a playful lick, the two toys walking to the back of the store down the toy testing room hallway, to the very end to the last door on the left, which it unlocks with the secret keycode it knows. The door opens revealing its room with the lovely canopy bed with black rubber bed sheets, its office across the way with its kitchen further down. The sweet smell of freshly polished latex fills the room with a faint lingering aroma of a nicely cooked breakfast, perhaps something with apples, hard to tell at this point.

The two toys saunter over to the bed, climbing on, their rubber bodies squeaking and grinding, their members hard, throbbing, twitching, eager for any action there is to come. K-

2373's member grinds along B-1374's back, its hands wrap around to gently rub its chest, hand occasionally going down to caress and tease its member, "You are always a good toy," it says with a soft purr licking across B-toy's ear as they spoon.

"Thank you, Maker," it says leaning up, snuggling against its Maker as they roll the rubber bed sheets around them, turning into a rubber toy burrito.

K-2373 gently grinds and wraps its leg around B-1374 nuzzling and holding it closer against them, their throbbing lengths, a secondary concern as with any toy, it is not needed to be used in such a way to be good. It holds and cuddles up against its fellow toy. The two warm as a bug snug in a rug. Their bodies slowly squeak, feeling each other's warmth, loving the smooth sleek feel of the other, letting for the next thirty or so minutes the troubles of running the store fade away, and enjoy the lovely benefits of it. Ratchet is about to have a different set of benefits as he is about to enjoy his lunch...

Ratchet pants heavily, squeakily, moaning softly, trying to keep focus on his work, the voice of the collar in the back of his mind a constant reminder of what he is urged to become, what part of him wants to become but still so hesitant to commit, to be a good toy.

He sits back, panting heavily, squeaking as he tries to sneak his hands to the aching throbbing bulge between his legs, but then the sleek black and orange toy A-3377 comes up from behind, "And what are you doing taking a break?"

Ratchet lets out a squeaking eep, "Ahh... uhh... it's been several hours. I should take break. Otherwise, I'll do a poor job. And I'm getting... vaguely hungry," he says, thinking about it, realizing he's not as hungry as he thinks he should be, sort of like that light sensation of where one could eat but really doesn't have to. But before he can think of it, the toy in charge of him approaches, the sleek and rubber black and orange feline toy G-2371.

"What do we have going on here? Are you taking a break toy-to-be?" it asks, the toy's sleek and throbbing orange rubber length bouncing between its legs.

Ratchet eyes it for a moment, looking down, "I-I just need to take a break for lunch. Helps me working," he says, squirming as A-3377 grabs him from behind its hands gently caressing his front, "Eeep!" he exclaims.

G-toy lets out a soft mew, "Breaks are good, and you have been working so hard, perhaps we should reward you and feed you with something that will get you through the rest of your long shift, what do you say?" it asks, reaching over and gently running a rubbery finger across Ratchet's lips.

Ratchet pants, feeling the finger pressing against his lips, pushing past them and into his mouth, the finger sleek and rubbery running across his rubber covered tongue which feels better than what he thought it would be. The finger forces his tongue to coil around it, making him suckle on the digit. His sexual desire, throbbing length, pushing against his bulge, body wanting such delightful desires fulfilled, the delightful sexual toys before him, so hard to resist, his tongue coils around the digit, finding himself suckling on it eagerly.

“My, my, such an eager toy-to-be. Are you hungry for some hot dogs then? This one bets you’ll love a hotdog with some cream for lunch?” it asks, slowly pulling out the finger with a loud and audible pop.

“S-sure?” he responds, panting heavily, squirming as he’s lifted up and pulled into A-3377’s rubbery lap.

“Such a good toy-to-be, but how about you get a nice chair to sit down to relax and enjoy your meal? Hmm?” it asks with a nuzzle lick across Ratchet’s ear. The toy adjusts itself to place its length between Ratchet’s leg, the toy’s orange cock now pressing up against the smooth over white bulge that holds his own aching member hostage.

“I-I-I...” he squeaks softly feeling the member froth against his own, with only layers of latex and bondage across his length, body twitching and aching in delight, his rear tensing, squeaking and grinding against the toy that holds him in place, hands gently caressing his chest and belly, his body freezing up when A-3377 licks across his ear, gently biting the tip.

The toy suckles the tip for a moment longer, the toy’s teeth gently running across the flat sides of Ratchet’s rubber clad ear. The pressure upon his organic skin sending shivers down his spine, making him squeak and mew in delight, the toy’s tongue slithering across the back, licking the tip, whispering, “Stop using improper language toy-to-be. No I. No me. No myself,” it whispers, the collar saying the rest within the back of Ratchet’s mind.

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

The voice tingles Ratchet’s mind causing him to pant and moan. His body still on that arousal high that has never ebbed, but kept him holding there, making it so hard for him not to have his mind wonder on how hard it is. Straining his thoughts in dealing with his sexual drive and his desire to do a good job all the while having the sultry hypnotic voice in the back of his mind, aligning his thoughts, encouraging him to relax and give into a lovely way of thinking.

“Ahhh...” Ratchet responds, grinding against the toy, holding him so close, feeling the warmth of the object against him, moving through the rubber suit he’s encased in, “B-but...” he squeaks softly.

A-toy snickers, “No butts right now. But this thinks your mouth will do for its fellow toy unit, isn’t that right, G-2371?”

G-toy smirks, “Don’t tell this one what to do, but that mouth of this toy-to-be, does look very tempting,” it says reaching out and gently petting across Ratchet’s head, taking both sides of his head, the toy’s fingers caressing across his cheeks, “And this one thinks you are very hungry for a nice creamy hot dog, aren’t you toy-to-be?” it asks looking down at Ratchet.

He meeps his glasses slide a little down his rubber nose, staring up at the toy, seeing the twitching member before him, “Ahhh...” he responds, unable to bring himself to words just how much he’ll love it, his desires of what he wants them to do to him. His toes curl, his cock twitches, the bulge throbbing as much as the cock pressing up against it, if not more so.

“This one will take that as a yes then. Let’s put your built in handles to good use before you get some real ones,” it says with a coy feline smirk.

“W-what?!” Ratchet exclaims looking up at the toy, moaning when it feels G-2371 tightly gripping his antlers. The strength transferring to his head, his body becoming less under his control, the rubber objects around him making all the decisions, making him feel beneath him, adding the bubbling intoxication of his lust.

“This one is sure you’ll understand eventually,” says G-2371, thrusting his length into Ratchet’s mouth. His sleek dreamsicle running against Ratchet’s tongue filling his mouth, the cock sliding down tapping that edge of his gag reflex. The toy sensing it and pulling back just before it could be fully triggered, “Ahh, a lovely mouth. This one can begin to understand why you are such good material. Outside of your lovely skills,” it responds, panting in delight, its balls once in a blue moon giving a quick tap against Ratchet’s chin.

The fennalope tenses and moans, mouth full of delicious cock, the rubber flavor of the toy is reminiscent of his experiences of the previous day, yet uniquely its own. His eyes glossing over behind the rubber hood, pleasure filling him in a new way, while being pinned up against the other toy that continues to caress and hold him like a passionate lover.

Such dominance and care all rolled up into one. He grinds harder against that toy’s cock but then finds his legs forced apart, spread and kneeling by the toy behind him, keeping himself ‘seated’ on the toy yet in a perfect place to keep his head level with the other toy’s crotch, mouth bobbing up and down against the toy’s cock, which only the tip never leaves, making it difficult to try to turn his head away even if he could or want to. The tight grip of the toy over him, guides his head along that length, pounding harder, harder. Faster and faster. The sleek rubber member runs across his mouth, feeding a sensation that was within him.

The desire to suck some delicious cock. How could he not want to please these toys that are taking such good care of him? Thoughts secondary to the main event before him, but he happily does think, “*What a delight. What luck am I to have this. No one would believe me that this happened! This is wonderful!*” he thinks, taking the toy’s cock, mind drawn away from his thoughts when the balls smack against his chin, the toy’s length pushing past the point of his gag reflex before quickly pulling away before his body could fully react. But he feels it wanting to respond to that lengthy intrusion in a way that he doesn’t desire. He grunts heavily, body twitching part of him wanting to break free, but far larger part wanting to stay and enjoy, head going along with the thrusts, but kept in check by the top toy’s control.

A-3377 licks across the back of Ratchet’s head, whispering into his ear, “That’s right. Eat up. This one knows how hungry you are. Feed upon them so later you can have desert with this one,” it says, the toy’s length twitching. Ratchet looking down at the dripping orange member as eager to see him as he is to taste it. The toy’s hands continuously caress and massage his front, keeping him safe, secure, bound against it, leaving no escape except for this blissful existence.

G-2371 lets out a loud playful mew, reaching its climax, flooding Ratchet’s mouth with its tasty seed. The sweet flavor floods Ratchet’s cheeks which he happily suckles down, drinking down each drop, filling that subtle hunger that the Fenelope is feeling.

He grunts and moans, wanting, loving, enjoying. Taking in the toy's essence into his own, reminding him of the time he is in that pod. That did happen, did it? No time to think about it right now, there is a delicious cock for him to drain of every last drop. He's a hungry fennalope, eager for more. And feeling that cock twitch against his bulge, so close and near to his aching length, he very much knows there will soon be a second helping, but right now he's taking G-toy's length into his mouth. Drinking down the juices, enjoying the delights it has to offer, feeling the massaging rub of the toy's hand against the back of his head, releasing one antler from the toy's grip while keeping the other in place. Massaging the back of his head, petting him, comforting him while keeping a firm control over his actions as he moans away, suckling down the toy cock.

While Ratchet is enjoying his lunch and break, soon enough going to get a second, third and perhaps fourth helping between these two toys, getting that much needed rest from his constant work but not from their duties. K-2373 stretches from a squeak, giving B-1374 a nuzzle lick, "Time to get ready for the meeting, lovely fellow toy unit."

B-toy lets out a soft playful mew nuzzling back with a soft squeak, "Of course Maker. This one aims to please."

"Come, it wants you with it during the meeting," it says, gently caressing the toy's side, unrolling the covers.

"Yes Maker," B-toy says with a soft purr, feeling its Maker gently rub it along the chin, reaching down to caress its twitching throbbing red length, giving it a playful caress and tug along the tip.

"Good toy," it mews, guiding it across the room toward its office. It opens the door to the small rectangular room. The computer sits in the corner of the desk, facing toward its chair. A name plate says "K-2373 Toy Manager" The oak desk is spacious with some paper and pens nearby ready to be used. It guides and motions B-toy to the area under the desk.

The red and black feline toy mews softly, nodding, "Yes Maker."

"Good toy," it replies, watching its toy slip under the desk. It takes a seat pulling itself in, booting up the computer. Its length twitches and throbs, while its fellow toy unit 'eyes' it. The blindfolded toy has no problem gently reaching out and caressing its Maker's length, gently blowing cool air across it.

K-2373 lets out a soft mew its member twitching. It types in its username and password, connecting to the meeting, looking over itself in the video camera, making adjustments to make sure it looks as good as possible for the meeting, "Perhaps this one should have polished itself more before this."

B-toy gently caresses its Maker's balls, gently massaging them, "Relax Maker. You'll do fine," it says, giving the toy's cock tip a soft lick across the tip.

K-2373 mews softly, shuddering in delight, "This one likes to look well for the meeting. It's been given a great responsibility running this store and it wants to do good."

"You're doing more than good Maker, you're doing great," it says giving the cock a soft suckle, "Relax, you have all the data yes? You got this, you've done this many times before."

“Doesn’t always make it easy,” it replies as it notices another user has joined. It tenses a little then notices the designation of the one that joined, the head toy from the counterpart store from the lesbian female Toys-4-U megastore.

“Hello K-2373,” it says with a playful smile.

It smiles back into the camera, “Hello. This one hopes things are functioning well by you.”

“Things are going wonderful. Maker will be so pleased with our efforts.”

“Unfortunately, they will pale in comparison to the hard work this one and its toys have been doing with its store. Increased sales, improved customer service. Visits from Maker and its praises of its hard work are sure to be had, as we are a model example of how a great store can be run.”

The female toy squeaks softly adjusting itself, “All very important, though great in your eyes might simply be good for this one. High standards, and best service are all a must. It's difficult to please a woman and takes much effort to make sure they reach the complete fulfillment of our services.”

K-2373 mews softly, tensing a little, toes curling as B-1374 slips more of its Maker’s cock into its wanting hungry mouth, “We work long and hard for the pleasure and delights of our customer. They leave our stores satisfied. This one is sure that your customers are pleased with your service. Without a doubt. Maker has a discerning eye for high quality material but work here is not as easy as you believe, but we do our best and then some.”

“This one is very sure and only wishes good news from your store for Maker’s sake.”

“Which we do. This one has lucked out and gotten some of the best material for its store.”

“The best for what’s over by you perhaps, which is to say is not bad at all. But not all high-quality material is equal.”

“All quality material has its specialties. Maker learned that from this one, and knows it’s applied those lessons to you in your molding to make you as wonderful as you are.”

“Why thank you K-2373, it knows it couldn’t be as wonderful of a toy as it can be without those that came before it under Maker’s special touch.”

“It is very pleased and lucky to have gotten its time with Maker and honored by its decision to post us here at this marvelous store. It will be the best shining example of what Maker’s work can do.”

“The *best* you say?”

“Yes.”

“This one thinks that you shouldn’t be so confident about that. As good and wonderful your store is, it is difficult to surpass what’s happening at its store,” the toy replies.

K-2373 smirks, “Well that is yet to be seen!” it responds, its smirk tightening as B-toy deep dives his length, toes curling just as K-2003 joins the chat. The sleek black rubber cyan sergal toy smiles at the camera.

“Hi! This one apologies, it's a little tardy,” it says, breasts squeezed together with a loud squeak, “This one hopes neither of you lovely toys were waiting long?”

“No Maker!” exclaims the female toy.

“Of course, not Maker. We both were here for only a few minutes at best.”

“We like to be ready for you Maker,” the female toy responds.

“Well, that is just spiffy. Now let's start with the general reports,” it says looking down at some notes that are off screen, “Both stores are doing well, especially given the other local stores in our business and out aren't doing as well as us.”

“Thank you, Maker,” both toys say in unison, but K-2373 lets out a soft squeaky moan as B-1374 deep throats him at that moment.

“This one is lucky to have such good hard-working toys to help make the expansion of the company to three total megastores such a success,” K-2003 says, the toy moving and having the camera adjusted so its bust is mostly hidden to K-2373's video screen.

“Maker tries so hard to please everyone, including specialized toys like this one,” K-2373 thinks, the meeting progressing for nearly an hour. The toy's presenting their initiatives and ideas they are implementing to not only be cutting edge in customer service but any new products, “This one is to update that though no progress has been made on the liquid latex problem you presented us Maker, it is wanting to say we are sure we can get it handled. It is only a matter of time.”

The female toy adds in, “This one agrees. No problem is too big for us to handle.”

“This one does love hearing that. Anything else?” K-2003 asks with a big smile.

“It had one thing to bring up that slipped its mind during our last meeting Maker the other day.”

“Oh?” K-2003 inquires.

“A meeting the other day?” the female toy inquires.

“Maker and this one sometimes meet with this one about certain topics.”

“This one does it as required with all its lovely toys. It does its best to make sure you all get the attention you deserve.”

The female toy smiles, “Yes Maker, we appreciate your time given to us toys.”

“So, Maker, this one was thinking that with some toys there needs to be updates and adjustments, and it was thinking of perhaps finding ways to make that an even more pleasurable experience than it already is.”

“Oh? This one knows the warmth of molding is pleasant and nice.”

“Yes, but if we could make it climatically good? Why have it simply as pleasant when we could make the process of having a toy fit a new mold to help our customers be an even more rewarding experience? Taking such a step for a humble toy to change their chassis to better be of use, should be a very rewarding experience outside of user satisfaction it thinks.”

K-2003 rubs its chin, arms squeezing together to squeak its breasts that are outside of camera shot, “That is not a bad idea, and this one has a few ideas on how to make that work out.

Perhaps it could be tested sometime with your store and that one idea we spoke of during our last meeting.”

K-2373’s eyes light up, “Ohhh, you think Maker?”

“Of course, working out a few ideas at once can be a good thing. Sometimes. Though focusing is important, when given an opportunity to double task instead of delaying without undermining the results of the first idea should be taken into account, not only as a time saving measure but such unique opportunities should be taken, especially the risks of doing both or multiple compared to not are minimal or favoring the multiple increases the positives of the endeavor.”

The two toys take a moment to look at their Maker as it finishes its long line of thought, K-2373 breaking the silence that follows, “This one will take that as all is good to try?”

“Yup, though this one’s R&D team will contact yours on some particulars, but that is in due time. We’re still a bit away from implementing the idea. But yes, this one thinks so.”

“Excellent.”

“If nothing else, this meeting will be adjourned for now. It will send you emails three days ahead of time for the next scheduled meeting. If anything changes from then and there it will promptly inform you.”

“Thank you Maaaakkeerrrr,” K-2373 shudders, feeling a surge of the toy’s delightful toy seed gushing out and filling B-1374’s mouth. The toy’s hands squeaking against the desk.

“Doing alright there K-2373?” asks the female toy.

K-2373 blushes, “T-this one is fine.”

“Oh, this one knows they are fine. Probably having B-1374 giving them a blow job under the table again. Anyway, have a good week! Bye!” K-2003 says with a squeak leaving the call.

“W-wait when did Maker know?!” exclaims K-2373 with a deeper blush, B-1374 moaning softly on its Maker’s cock, giving the balls a playful squeeze.

The female toy chuckles, “Maker is very perceptive, even when it appears or pretends not to be. Farewell, and good luck with your store.”

“You too,” it replies, the call ending. It leans back into the chair with a soft pleasant sigh, “Did you have to make this one cum at the end of the meeting?” it asks looking down at B-toy.

The toy suckles the cock a moment longer, pulling out of its mouth with a soft squeaky pop, licking across the cock’s underside before responding, “You could have stopped yourself from climaxing if you wanted Maker. And it knows how tense you get when speaking with your Maker.”

K-2373 lets out a relaxed sigh, reaching down gently petting its fellow toy on the head, scratching behind its ears with a soft squeak. The toy nuzzles into its Maker’s hand with enjoyment licking and suckling some of the fingers when it manages to get them into its mouth, “Ahh... fair point. And you wanted to see toy squirm in front of Maker like that, didn’t you?”

It gives a coy grin, “Maybe,” it replies nuzzling into the hand again before giving the cock tip a squirm firm suckle, causing K-2373 to stiffen for a second before relaxing.

“Ah, whatever is this one going to do with you?” it asks with a soft mew.

“Enjoy all the time we can spend together, Maker.”

“Yeah... but time to get back to work. This one has much to do before it can check up on its current toy project.”

“Yes Maker,” it replies with a cock nuzzle letting its Maker pull away from the desk before slipping out the two toys getting right back to it.

Despite having such a hearty meal, Ratchet was just barely able to get back to work. Focusing on his job, fixing various equipment and checking over things. He lets out a soft squeaky sigh of relief, fixing a vacuum pump from one of the molds, “This should do it. Working as you want,” he says with glee, feeling a small rush of pleasure when G-toy says.

“Good job toy-to-be. This one is sure Maker is going to be very proud of your work.”

“R-really?” he asks, not even thinking to question the logic of what was just said to him.

“Yup,” it says leaning over gently, running a hand across the small of his back, “Let's see how it works, the new mold just finished and we'll test it out with this one.”

“Ah sure? What do I need to do?”

“Just sit back and watch, and if you see anything not working right, say something,” it says leaning up close to him.

He shudders feeling the soft warmth of the toy, mind still swimming of how it tasted in his mouth, how it felt so close to him, its grip around his antlers, the thoughts of which make his cock twitch, reminding him of just how fucking horny he is, and amazed and marveled at his will power to still be providing a good service and doing his job in spite of the throbbing arousal, “Okay,” he responds with a soft vocal and physical squeak.

“Good toy-to-be,” it replies, giving Ratchet's ear a soft lick, making him shudder and moan again. A pair of toys coming out from the room where the toy molds were taken earlier.

Ratchet watches curiously, seeing the back half of the mold taken from the mobile scissors platform. The hard clear plastic mold which blurs all light that passes through it is taken up the platform, slipped into the connection slot.

“A little bit to the left,” says G-toy looking at the display on the console.

“Got it!” the toys reply, moving it till the toy raises its hand.

“There we go, perfect,” it says, typing into the computer console, activating the locks securing the mold into place. It looks over to Ratchet, “Everything looks okay?”

Ratchet jumps a little, a little distracted by the cute femboy toys but he nods, “Yeah, everything looked fine.”

“Good,” it replies, the process repeated but this time using the scissor platform to raise the mold up into the equipment hanging overhead. The toy guides them to hooking the other half of the mold up into the ceiling. “Perfect,” it says the platform lowering, “Good job toys, how long till the next mold is ready?”

“About thirty minutes,” one of the toys responds.

“Good to know, toy-to-be?” G-toy asks, turning to him.

“Y-yes?” Ratchet asks, stiffening a little.

“Check out platform two. Double check everything. It wants it ready for the next mold.”

“O-okay,” he responds, “But I don’t think thirty minutes will be enough time to go through all of it.”

“Check the connections for now, last diagnostics we did ran fine. It was the mold you worked on the other day.”

“It was? Oh... I forgot that. Hard to keep focus sometimes.”

G-toy smirks, “Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it soon.”

“What?”

“Off to work toy-to-be,” it says, guiding him to the mold, getting him to work.

Ratchet is constantly busy, checking, doubling checking, triple checking some of the pods, while working to work on others, he feels as if he’s doing two days’ worth of work in one. Which isn’t far from the truth. He’s kept constantly busy working, his ‘lunch’ was the longest break he managed to get.

By the end of the day he is the definition of dead on his feet. The energy he had from stepping out of the mold is all but gone. He is barely able to keep himself from stumbling over while G-toy keeps him up, “No, no, can’t rest yet. Not till Maker is back.”

“Mo work? I don’t think I can do any more work today... can’t think, just... toy...” he mutters, the words escaping past his lips, pleasure tingling the back of his mind, the collar keeping up those delightful whispers.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy loves to obey.”

“Toy will work hard to be a good toy.”

The doors creak open, K-2373 steps through the doors with B-1374 right behind it, “Hello! How are this one’s lovelies doing?” it exclaims with delight, looking over to see Ratchet being helped up by G-toy and A-3377.

“Maker! Welcome back,” A-toy and G-toy say, helping take Ratchet over to it.

“Are you three having a little bit of fun there? Hmm?” it asks reaching over to gently lift Ratchet’s head, helping him look up into the toy’s softly glowing blue eyes.

“Ah... uh... well...” Ratchet squeaks, thinking back on his lunch which feels so far long ago yet still so recent in his mind.

K-2373 smirks, leaning in close, “Ohh, you were, weren’t you?” it asks, its face so close to Ratchet’s that he can feel the toy’s breath blowing across his lips as it speaks.

“Ahh...” Ratchet responds, unable to look away from the toy’s lovely glowing eyes, feeling his excitement increase with the toy so close to him, butt clenching clearly remembering the toy lodged deep within him, remembering the curves of the toy’s length and knot within him.

“This one hopes you got your work done first?”

“W-well...”

G-toy interrupts, “Toy-to-be, has done a wonderful job. But it had to stop for lunch and have a quick meal before continuing.”

“Did it now?” it asks looking over to G-toy.

“Yup, A-toy can confirm it.”

The sleek black and red toy responds, “Oh very. It's a very hard worker, and very hard working when it comes to all aspects of what you desire from us toys Maker. This one can attest to you with that.”

“Well, that is just very good to hear,” K-2373 responds, looking down back at Ratchet, leaning in close once more, “This one is very proud of you toy-to-be,” it runs its fingers across Ratchet's lips.

The fennalope moans softly, panting looking up at the domineering female toy.

“Already shaping up so well, but there is still much work to be done to get you into proper toy shape. Come, let's get you back in and relaxed, shall we?” it asks, the toy's fingers tracing down his body, along the toy-to-be's belly, till its fingers dance along the outline of his bulge, giving a soft playful squeeze.

He moans softly, grinding his hips against the toy's fingers, nodding softly, “S-sure.”

“Good, come toy-to-be,” it says, moving looking for the correct platform.

G-toy lets out a soft squeaky cough, “It's this one Maker.”

“Why not the same mold?”

“It wanted to test out the toy-to-be's work.”

“Hmm, okay, but you know we keep the platforms consistent.”

“Apologies Maker. Won't happen again.”

“Just ask this one next time, okay? You had a good reason and this one approves of the decision, but just let this one know in the future, to make things run smoothly. What if the wrong toy was put into the wrong mold?”

“R-right Maker. This one understands. Won't happen again.”

K-2373 reaches out to give the toy's orange length a playful fondle, “Good, this one is glad to hear it,” it says, letting go of the toy's cock, guiding Ratchet over to the very mold he checked over with the mold installation earlier today.

“C-can't I lay in a bed?” Ratchet asks.

“Toy, what did this one say about using that language?” it asks.

His collar initiates the whispers to gnaw at the back of his mind and sense of self, “*Toy is an object.*”

“*Toy is a thing.*”

“*Toy is a fuck toy.*”

“*There is no I.*”

“*There is no me.*”

“*There is no myself.*”

“*There is only this one, it, itself, toy.*”

Ratchet mews in delight moving up the steps, slipping back first into the mold, tail slipping in, feeling almost a perfect fit of his body, not noticing that the mold has more haired rubber placement for the rubber suit to grow into. He leans back, K-2373 pushing him fully into

the mold leaving only his front half. The tight grip of his container, feeling nice against his body, the slight incline helping him relax.

“This one knows one thing. These are the best moments you won’t soon forget. Its a delightful experience not to be replicated,” the black and blue feline toy explains, taking a step back, giving Ratchet’s nose a playful tap, grabbing his glasses from his face, before sauntering back over to the computer console, where he places the glasses to be kept safe during the molding.

Ratchet follows with his eyes, not wanting to turn his head and ruin the back of his head being perfectly held and caressed by the mold. His heart races, knowing what is to come, a little bit of anxiety, fear, yet excitement all balling up inside of him. Watching his Maker-to-be type into the computer console, the gears above whirring, the mold lowering down over his body, locking him into place, deafening him slightly and blurring his vision more than it already was without the glasses.

The hanging tubes lower before him, the one he can see and the one he ‘knows’ is there, adding to the clench in his rump he feels. Watching that wonderful sleek black and blue with hints of white rubber form approaching him, moving behind him, ready to feel the phallic push of the tube back into his wanting rear, which welcomes it like a cozy home to welcomes someone from work. It feels great upon entering and is a delight the longer it remains.

A twist and a click the tube is locked into place, a moan escapes from the front of the mold, mouth open, wanting to feed upon the latex, yet fearful of the sensations that it will bring that need to breath, and frightening moment, making everything last longer, drawing out his anxiety filled excitement. The tube is pushed into his mouth, widening it, making it fit the mold even better, tongue pressed down, feeling it press against the back of his throat at the very edge of his gag reflex.

A soft hum, air sucked out of the mold, binding him to the hard plastic container, making his body fit the mold, expanding and helping refine the rubber to make the hair that he will have once his molding is fully completed. His cock pressed up, cupped, squeezed by the rubber, encasing his cock so tightly, wonderfully it's hard to ignore. Total helplessness overcame him, taken by these wonderful toys, leaving him with no choice but to accept his fate, one he truly never wanted to resist in the first place. Even if he would never admit it to anyone, even himself.

The flow of warm rubber, black and silver-white flowing into him, white into his mouth, black into his rear, the warmth of it filling his behind while his body resists and gags on the latex again, but the transition to ‘breathing’ the latex is notably faster than before. Far from instant, but far from that sense of eternity that he had before. Drinking down the rubber deliciousness, being left unable to do anything but listen to the toy programing whispering in the back of his mind. Held in his mold, taking shape, getting the ‘relaxation’ he needed while never truly sleeping. Each moment he is awake and conscious for this even if his body is getting some kind of relaxation, he is not allowed to sleep. Not allowed to do anything but let his mind wander and wonder.

Wonder on how he let this come to past. Wonder on how much longer could he take of this before he is broken. To wonder if he wasn't even already broken. To wonder why he never thought such a thing was not possible or came to him before. To let his mind, wander into the depths of his own self, questioning who he is, and what he could becoming. To accept this reality that he is becoming a toy? Or just simply go along with his own self crafted delusion that is just thanks for doing a good job at the company and giving him a fun playful experience. Only time will tell.

And time does pass for Ratchet. A couple of days working in the molds, it has become child's play. The previous day, everything has been fixed, tested, and maintained in the molding areas. Simple busy work, but it was lovely, enjoying the time with the other toys, keeping him on edge in more than way one...

His eyes lock onto the blur of the one he knows so well. He would squirm if he could, but no, that's not possible. He doesn't even try, the tight embrace of the mold, the air sucked from it, his only existence attached to the rubber he's hungrily suckling down, drinking, breathing, letting it flow through him.

Air rushes back into the mold, the sensation of the latex feeling so tight against his body, there are moments he forgets that there is a difference between it and his body underneath. The air seeps in between the different stands of rubber of his steadily forming rubber hair. The cool air runs across his chest and back, sending soft shivers through him. The tubes are twisted and unlocked; the flow of rubber having already stopped.

He gasps for air, the need for it in the back of his mind a little less than before, or was that his mind? Having sucked on latex to survive for hours on end after so many days? It's hard to describe the feeling, or the soft twitch and throb of his length. It's been aching where it is, held within the tight rubber bondage, that even there too there are moments Ratchet forgets that his length is trapped there and is not nothing but a throbbing aching null bulge. He's reminded of it after the back tube is removed and the front of the mold is pulled off of him. The rubber along his entire front is tugged and pulled, including that cupped bulge of his.

He lets out a soft squeaky mew, mouth feeling a little sore for being open for so long, but his body and mind is strangely renewed after hours in the mold. Despite having not been able to sleep, to let his mind fully rest. That sweet succulent domineering feline toy voice in the back of his mind, whispering sweet delights, so hard to ignore but at the same time, so easy to forget its there, letting it massage and mold his thoughts, one step at a time.

His eyes almost seem to glow, the eyes moving a little more, the suit having grown more attached to him, becoming closer to who is. K-2373 monitors and looks over at him, hands running across his chest, feeling the warmth of his body, the steady merging of organic being and suit, taking another step closer to becoming the toy that he's meant to be, "Morning toy-to-be, how do you feel?" it asks with a soft mew, hands trailing across his nipples.

"G-good," he mews, watching the toy's hand move down, tickling his belly, down to his twitching bulge, his cock eager to feel someone move so close to touch it, reminding just how

endlessly on edge horny he is. He moans, arching his back which peels some of his body away from the back of the mold.

The toy Maker mews softly, smiling, fingers dancing across the bulge, “Wonderful, this one is pleased to hear it. Now step out of the mold, today is a big day for you.”

“It is?” he asks, feeling a tug on his bulge from the toy Maker-to-be, edging him to step out, breaking the tug of the back of the mold, letting his tail pop free from it. The strands of rubber hair becomes a little more defined, steadily becoming closer to the fur that’s still there, hidden underneath the rubber suit.

“Don’t you remember toy-to-be? We are having you do other things than your maintenance skills. As a toy that is to be working here, helping the customers, helping be the best *toy* you can be. You need to know more about the store, isn’t that right?”

“I-I-I...” Ratchet says, about to say more when K-2373 puts its finger on his lips, stopping his words in his track.

“Toy-to-be what did this one tell you about using improper language?”

“Toy needs to be a good toy.”

“Toy desires to be a good toy.”

“Toy wants to impress Maker.”

“Good toys don’t use I.”

“Good toys don’t use me.”

“Good toys don’t use myself.”

“Good toys use, this one, it, itself, toy.”

The voice causes him to shudder, moan, lips about to wrap around K-2373’s finger but is pulled away before his lips could grab it, “Now come toy-to-be. You have other work to do.”

“O-okay,” he responds with a soft squeak, following the toy before him without question, without issue. Something about it that is so soothing, and it's not just the fact that he hears its voice constantly whispering in the back of his head. Just something about how the toy moves, how it's so confident, yet so open and naked and unashamed of himself. He’s drawn to the toy like a moth to the flame.

“Good toy-to-be,” he responds, its fingertips squeaking and gently massaging the bulge, using it as a gentle guiding force to lead Ratchet out of the toy molding room.

Crossing the threshold felt weird to him, having been in the molding room for the past few days, haven’t seen the light of day or the darkness of night. Unsure if he’s been there for a few days or a week, all sense of time had been lost to him, only how many times he’s been in the mold between working. It’s strange though, now that he’s following K-2373 down the hallway leading toward the main store, there’s a realization that he’s not been doing anything but working and servicing the other toys...

“K-2373?” Ratchet asks, forcing the words out of his mouth, panting softly.

“Hmm?” it asks turning to him, stopping at the door that leads to the store proper.

“Why are we doing this? I should be working like you hired me to. This has been wonderful. Fantastic. Mind blowing. I-I... I... not sure how to put it all into words. I just feel

so... my mind is just... ah..." he says going off, stopping the moment the toy's lips touched his. He stiffens feeling the sensual kiss, the loving embrace and tease of his bulge below but feeling the love the toy is extruding out and the underlying control that just helps make him melt.

"It's early in the process toy-to-be. This one knows you aren't questioning or resisting what this one and other lovely toys have been calling you. You deep down know what is happening don't you?"

"Ah... well... uh..." he blushes, looking away, but then feeling the feline's fingers push his head back into view, looking into those lovely glowing eyes.

"No need to talk about it. Nor play dumb on it. Toy knows you know. You're a smart one. But like its Maker said. We are working to break down and knead your material into what it is meant to be. Having to break down what has been weighing you down, what has been enslaving you to the true freedom that you seek. To embrace who you are, deep inside. This one knows it is scary to accept it. To want what you feel is unattainable. But we are here to help. Relax. Enjoy. Love. Embrace yourself. In due time it will all fall into place, and you will be molded into perfection, toy-to-be."

"But what if..."

"No but whats here. The only butts here are for squeezing, humping and servicing just like yours," it says, reaching around giving them a soft tender squeeze, making Ratchet squeak vocally.

"Ahhh..."

"Now come toy-to-be. We have to work on some of your other skills. This one wants you to be well rounded like that bulge of yours," it says.

Ratchet follows the toy's eyes down to his bulge, making him blush even harder, but the rubber suit hides it, but he can feel it in the warmth in his cheeks, "O-okay," he responds, following it back out onto the store, expecting the lights to be bright but they are dimmed, a third of the normal lights are turned off. He looks around curiously, seeing a few toys busily cleaning the floors, stocking the shelves, in the distance he sees one wiping down the front windows, seeing sunlight outside, "The store is closed?"

"Yes, we are open sixteen hours a day."

"Right... strange thought it would be twenty-four hours."

"Even toys deserve a break, even if we are constantly working," it responds with a soft smile.

He mews softly, "I-I see."

"Hmm, soon this one thinks that bad habit of yours will break."

"H-habit?" he asks, when he then shudders, hearing the soft whisper of the collar in the back of his mind, grow a little louder, less so reminding him but more like instructing him on a fact that has become truer with each passing day.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy wants to be a good toy."

"Good toys don't say I."

“Good toys don’t say me.”

“Good toys don’t say myself.”

“Good toys say, this one, it, itself, toy.”

A soft mew escapes Ratchet’s lips, looking at K-2373 as it responds with a coy smile, “You know what this one means, It’s a hard one to break. It’s so ingrained in who you are, but not what you want to be. It’s alright. No need to be afraid of it. In fact, become liberated, disconnecting from one existence and connecting to another. But this one has confidence in you,” it says giving Ratchet’s bulge a soft teasing fondle, making him moan.

“Ah... oh...” he says, ears folding back a little, fighting against the rubber that is embracing him, caressing him. Making him feel more like who he is, hiding and pressing away what is becoming ever more distant from him, “W-what now?” he asks.

“Now you help in the warehouse. Today is truck day, and it’s a big one and we need help there. With nothing major left to fix, it’s about time you learn of these other aspects of the store.”

“T-that’s not part of my contract...”

“Come on dear, did you even *read* all of your contract?” it asks, the toy reaching the other side of the store, another door that reads “Employees Only” overhead. A locked metal door with a small window that shows a fraction of the stockroom on the other end.

“Ahh... well...” he responds with a blush, “Not all of it.”

“There you go,” it says, giving the bulge a playful squeeze, tugging him along after typing a key code to unlock the door.

The smell of leather and latex is somehow even stronger here than the store proper. Smooth concrete floors that are the cleanest than anything he’s seen before. Tall units with dozens of shelves store items for the store. The stockroom runs the entire breadth of the store with at least seven other toys moving about the room, doing various tasks.

Approaching them is a sleek anthropomorphic black rubber horse with a white belly and red highlights along their long latex furred tail. The toy’s soft blue eyes gaze into Ratchet’s before quickly going toward K-2373. It walks on red rubber hooves with cuffs and a collar of red outline and a black band. The toy’s collar tag is golden wings that has the designation A-1377. The toy’s hooves clip clopped across the concrete, reinforcing the equine characteristics of the toy. “Maker! This one is so pleased to see you. This one has kept everything working smoothly as well as polished rubber. It’s gone over the shipment’s manifesto, and it appears to this one that we’ll be a little short on three types of lubricants and coincidentally our...” it says but it quickly trails off when K-2373 holds up its hand.

“This one loves that you are being very on top of things. It loves that about you.”

“Awe... thank you Maker,” it replies with a hoof stomp and a soft nicker, “This one appreciates your words.”

“You deserve them,” it replies, moving up gently, running its fingers across the larger equine toy’s chest, “But we aren’t here to talk about that. We are here to talk about what we

discussed earlier, don't you remember, A-1377?" it asks curiously with a hint of soothing coy dominance in its voice.

The equine lets out a stomp and a soft whine, "But of course Maker. This one knows full well what you put it in charge of, and it will make sure that this toy-to-be standing beside you will be put to good use and work hard for you. It won't let you down."

"This one knows you won't," it says with a soft purr, tugging Ratchet closer with its other hand by the use of his bulge, "Now, toy-to-be. This one wants you to listen to this toy as if it was itself. Do you understand?"

Ratchet shudders in pleasure, panting softly, feeling his member twitch a little within that tight latex bondage that embraces everything there, the aching throb there a constant need and reminder, yet a delight to him, "Y-yes, I-I underside, I mean understand."

K-2373 smiles, "So close at starting to have it all come together. It is sure you will do wonderful, just keep focusing on your work and what you need to do to be as *good* as you can be," it purrs, leaning in giving Ratchet a soft kiss on the lips, pulling back slowly.

The fennalope meeps softly, letting out a squeak, feeling that hand pull away from his bulge, already wanting it to return, but knowing the impossibility of that request at this time, "Just listen, right?"

"Listen and *obey*, like a good toy," K-2373 says with a soft purr, "This one has other work to do, and make sure everything is in order for the coming day. It will be back later to pick you up when you are done. And it hopes to hear only glowing reviews of what a good job you've done here."

A-1377 says, "And don't you worry Maker, this one will be keeping a close eye on them to ensure they do well. It will make its report as accurate as it can."

"You don't have to make it that accurate. This one knows how particular with the details."

"The devil is in the details, Maker. It helps make everything run smoothly."

"And you do, good luck toy. And toy-to-be?"

Ratchet shivers, turning to it, "Y-yes?"

"This one knows you'll do good but try your best. Good toys always try their best."

"Ah...o-okay," he replies, panting softly, eyes wandering across the toy's body, watching its hips sway, tail following the path, leaving him there a second later through that security door.

A-1377 steps up closer behind Ratchet, making its size difference even more apparent, "Now... are you ready for being worked long and hard? Simply aching, panting work as this one thrusts you deep into the action?"

Ratchet meeps and squeaks, slowly turning around looking up at the large equine, with their smooth rubber features, hints of a femboy physique yet there is still a strength behind the horse, and the fascinating red rubber cock that he could just imagine it being used upon him like so many other toys before him. He swallows a lump in his throat, nodding, "Yes?" he asks with a hint of certainty.

“Excellent!” the toy exclaims with a hoof stomp, patting Ratchet on the back with a gentle yet forceful pat that almost knocks him over, “According to the approximate arrival of the truck, we have another four hours, thirty-seven minutes, give or take twenty or so seconds,” it says with a soft playful nicker, “We are going to get a huge shipment of bondage gear. Seems people are wanting to get tied down in ways outside of work,” it chuckles.

“Bondage?” he asks softly.

“Oh? Does this one hear interest in your voice?” it asks, leaning in close.

“Ah, well...”

“No testing the product though. Can’t get you all tied down when you have things to do, now can we?”

“N-no, we can’t,” he says with a soft blush, feeling the heat in his cheeks, feeling the toy gently caress his back, pushing him forward, “Come. It left this part of the warehouse just for you to work on. Maker wanted to get you some hands-on experience on knowing where these products are and where they go when the shipments arrive. Knowing what we have in stock is important so we can order the products we need for our customers. If we don’t have correct on hands, we don’t order the items we need, and then we can’t sell the customers the products they desire, giving them a sub-optimal experience. And we toys don’t want that now, do we?”

“N-no, that would be bad. I-I want to do a good job.”

“Good, good. Everything is organized already,” it says, guiding him toward the ‘front’ of the stockroom where there are dozens of thick storage shelves, as well as a large open area that has some empty spaces as well as big, tall boxes.

One of which that Ratchet recognizes as a bondage horse that is displayed on the side of the box. He pants softly, looking at it, his aroused mind picturing himself there. Tightly held, limbs held taught, his hands run across his cuffs, feeling the built in D-rings. He tenses a little, realizing that he has the cuffs there, “*A-always ready for the bondage. Just like an object. Ready to be used,*” he thinks, his attention suddenly broken when he’s given a large pad of paper attached to a clipboard and a pencil.

“Here you go.”

“What’s this?” he asks, grabbing the items, knocking him out of his moment of daydreaming.

“This is the current list of items we should have here. Toy wants you to go through and check if the counts are accurate.”

Ratchet gives a quick look over the first page, which is organized alphabetically and has a column of “current count” and another that says “actual count” Looking up at all the items, and through the pages, upon pages of items, weight of the task laid out before him becoming ever more obvious, “This will take a while.”

“Of course, it will.”

“Why is it in alphabetical order?”

“Best way to organize it.”

“Wouldn’t it be easier to have it organized by where the items are?” he asks, looking at the horse.

“Either system will take time to learn, like if it wasn’t in alphabetical order, the spread bars wouldn’t be easy to find now, would they be, when it comes to looking at our on hands?”

“I-I suppose, but what about the product on the store floor? Doesn’t that need to be checked for an actual correct on hand.”

“Oh, a smart lad. This one likes you already, and there’s another toy-to-be working on that. Don’t you worry. Many hands make for light loads.”

“Okay...,” he says looking up at all the products, noticing a ladder is nearby, already feeling he’s going to get to know that ladder very well while checking these items, “This is going to take a while to do and find the items.”

“You’ll get it in no time, and before you even know it. You’ll know where the Armbinder velvets are,” it says going over to the spot with ease, pulling them out, “There are there here by the way,” it says.

“Okay,” he squeaks softly.

“And where say the anal hooks are,” it explains walking across to another shelf several feet away, “Two of the Machiavelli type by the way,” it says sliding the item back, “Before you even know it.”

Ratchet surprised at the equine’s memory of the item locations, quickly checks the counts, seeing both are accurate, “Right, right. So then... I’ll just get to work?”

“That’s the plan. And don’t worry, this one will be nearby watching. If you need any help just ask.”

“Thanks, I’ll do my best.”

“This one is sure you will, it would like it done before the truck comes though. So, get to it!” it exclaims giving a foot stomp.

Ratchet lets out squeak, jumping at the stomp, and like a racer starting the race at the sound of the firing of a gun, he jumps to the action. The long hard tedious work of checking the list, finding the item, counting them once, twice sometimes depending on the number of items he has to go through.

He constantly hears the collar in the back of his mind, the gentle whispers and caressing his thoughts.

“*One,*” he thinks.

“*Toy is a good toy,*” the collar whispers.

“*Two, three, four.*”

“*There is no me.*”

“*Five.*”

“*There is no I.*”

“*Four... damn it lost count, I have to try again,*” Ratchet thinks, mumbling to himself, “Dang it.”

"There is no I," the collar reinforces, a gentle shiver runs down his spine, a soft pant, a gentle twitching throb, a desire running through him, never leaving, always wrapping around the back of his mind, to touch himself, to embrace the throb, to try to get off, his butt squeezes, a mental projection of being taken slowly from behind.

"Focus, need to focus," he mews softly, tail swishing, "Back to counting. Need to finish before the truck comes. I want to do good. I want to be..."

"There is no I."

He shudders softly, "Good, need to be good at this. Focus. Count."

"One, two, three."

"There is no myself."

"There is no... wait no, what number was I on again? Dang it!" he tenses, shaking his head, running his fingers across the bondage equipment, counting the individual shibari ropes of this one particular color and type.

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

"Back to counting. One. Two. three, four."

"Good toys obey."

"You desire to be good."

"Seven. Seven here. That's good," he thinks, feeling a tingle of delight and a slow burning growth of arousal within him. Body tenses, squeezing, the repetition in his mind. Repeating, repeating. Trapping along the back of his mind. Always wanting more. Harder and harder he grows yet soft as he remains within the smooth bulge. Wanting more. Panting heavily, hearing the voice, the sound of his Maker encouraging him to think what he wants all the more. Focus, focus, he has to focus, ignore the words, let them be, no matter how they become true even more. Panting, moaning, ignored, squeaking all around him, from himself, focus on his work, focus on the work, letting the voice sing to him, lovingly even more.

Checking the list, making sure its correct, a race against time. Have to focus, the knowing time is ticking away, the collar whispers to him, encouraging, helping, against that block in the back of his mind, making it weaken even more.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

Ratchet pants, *"There is only..."* he shakes his head, *"Eight, nine, okay looks like twelve are here..."*, his fingers run across the paper, on the third page, "Says there are eleven here. Let me recount in case I..."

"No I."

"Let's just see if this is correct," he mutters to himself, recounting, *"One, two, three."*

"Toy is a toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy thinks like a toy."

"Toy acts like a toy."

"Toy is what it is meant to be."

"No I's."

Ratchet huffs, moaning, "No me's?"

"No me's."

"No myself's."

Ratchet is rewarded with a rush of accomplishment and pleasure. His heart races, he looked down at his notepad, still so many more to go through, "Must do a good job. Must do a good job." he mutters to himself, redoubling his efforts. Time is ticking away. Constantly he pushes himself to continue the work, getting an idea of the system put in place when it comes to storage, able to find some of the like items faster, becoming more efficient at the job, understanding the subtle intuitiveness of the items, with more used items often being easier to reach, while keeping to the large bulky items to the very bottom. Safety and convenience are balanced as best as they can. But he can't admire the work, the skill, the tentativeness of how clean and well organized the stockroom is. He has to keep continuing, keep working.

"One, two, three, toy is... wait no, that's four, five, six," he thinks, finding it easier for him to keep focus and work while the collar is going strong in his mind. Unable to stop and truly think though. Simply using his brain power to count, which is less than real thinking, but mind-numbing work that anyone can do. Simple work that is constantly droning in his mind, the whispers of the collar are the outlier, the stimulation his mind needs to be able to keep focus on his task.

"Attention all toys. The truck is delayed by about five minutes. Which means the truck will be here in fifteen minutes. If you are unsure of what you have to do, as this one knows it's the first time for some of you wonderful toys. Come to this one in ten minutes to get instruction on what you need to do."

"Ten minutes? Ten more minutes to work? How many more needs to be done? Let's see..." his heart races, the desire not to fail, the wanting to do a good job, wanting to tell A-1377 that the job was done! On time even, six more items to count. Maybe perhaps with enough effort the job will be done in time. This is cutting it close. He scrambles to find the next item, "X bondage rack, that's easy, says there is only one here and it's bound to be big, so down below... Ah here it is," he mutters, checking around, making sure there is no hidden away one, or any that's misplaced, "Nope just one. Good."

"Good toy," the collar whispers.

Ratchet clenches his butt, rushing to the next item. That one was easy but the next one may not be so generous. He continues to work hard, soon enough as the minutes tick by, he is counting down the last item. A sort of zebra bondage item, aptly called the Zebra, "Six, seven, eight," he mutters, trying to help his focus by speaking the words, "Nine," he says, checking the numbers on the page. It says eight, another rare miscount, "Have to count again," he mews, heart pounding like he's run a marathon, panting, so close, time is ticking away.

He recounts, feeling the blood pounding in his ears, twitching in his length, eagerness to do good. Eagerness to achieve, he wants to it so bad can taste it, licking his lips with the rubber tongue that seems to taste more, move easier than it did the days prior but yet still just an extra layer that surrounds him, “Yes, there is only seven, right, its correct,” he mutters checking it off on the list.

“Okay Toys! Time to get ready for the truck, this one can hear them approach,” says A-1377. Ratchet’s ears twitch, hearing the hiss of the truck, the beeping of it coming back behind. Other toys that already know what to do unlock and pull up the large unloading storage area door, rolling it up.

Ratchet feels as if a mountain has been taken off of his shoulders. He rushes over to the equine toy with a bounce in his step, “Managed to finish the job before truck. Here is the list of everything. Almost all were in order, only caught like two items not correct in their counts.”

“Two? Hmm terrible, perhaps the counts on the store floor will adjust for that. But thank you toy-to-be. You’ve done very *good*. This one is proud of you,” says the equine toy, patting him on the head.

He lets out a soft squeak finding himself leaning into the pet, small rubber strands of hair being brushed, part of his mind filling in the sensation of fur being pet, or was it really there? It’s difficult to say but in the end it didn’t matter. It felt *good* to have done such a good job.

“*Toy is a good toy*,” the collar whispers, encouraging the sensation, feeding into it.

“What needs to be done now?” he asks, fidgeting a little bit, watching the equine toy quickly look over his work.

“Hmm, this all seems to be done well and good. Your job will be simple. For the first part of the truck you’ll help unload it. Once everything is unloaded, you’ll be in charge of putting the extra stock away, as other toys will already be rushing to put the in need to be filled items onto the shelves. Their overstock will be brought back here and then you’ll be putting that away. Understand?”

“Y-yes? Just help unload the truck and then that? Is that all?”

“Is that all? Why look at you, such an eager-to-be wanting to be helpful. Trust this one, that is plenty of work and that will keep you busy for the rest of the day.”

“Oh, okay,” he replies, the massive truck backing up into the spot, another toy is outside of the store, the warm air blowing in, across the rubber suited body. The first time Ratchet’s felt fresh air in what seems like forever. It feels nice, the warmth of the day flowing in, making him feel naked yet knowing he’s currently encased and hidden away within the rubber.

The truck stops and hisses, there is a thud of door closing. Moments later a toy, walking to the back of the truck, unlocking the back and with a heave of strength lifting the door up as it rolls up. A big human woman, a little bit on the overweight side, but there’s far more muscle than anything else for her turns and walks over to A-1377, “Why isn’t my favorite rubber toy horse here to greet me.”

The equine toy smiles letting out a soft nicker, “Afternoon Marcia, this one didn’t expect to see you here. Your name wasn’t on the manifesto.”

“It’s been a while since I’ve done this route, yeah. The previous driver at the last minute had a fit that he had to do it, so called in sick.”

“Ah, they were complaining about the trip here.”

“You got a nice wide road and that ain’t the issue, it’s the fact the darn roads aren’t paved. When is the local town going to pay for their paving? It’s just not right I tell ya.”

“This one heard that the company is preferring the road not to be paved, if this one is to be honest.”

“What? Get out of here. Why would this place not want the road paved? It just makes it all the harder to get here and make you think you’re out in the bum fuck of nowhere, doing crazy insidious things like in the movies.”

A-1377 chuckles and knickers giving a playful stomp, “We are just a bunch of toys working for the company, selling wonderful products like ourselves to customers.”

“You know in most context that is kind of fucked up, right?”

“Well, this one does enough a good fuck,” it says with a playful wink.

“Yeah, but isn’t this the gay branch?”

“It is. We specialize in it for the local gay community that is nearby.”

“The gay commune, yeah, I’ve been there. A bunch of nice folks, I tell you. So sweet and open. Rather pleasant.”

“We cater their needs but doesn’t mean we are excluding others from coming here. We get occasional female customers.”

“Good thing a lot of your toys that work on a he works just as well on a she,” she replies with a smirk.

“Isn’t that the truth,” the equine toy says with a chuckle, “But most toys here are designed with homosexual interests and pleasure. Specializing in that.”

“I hear. There’s a female version a couple of counties over I think?”

“A hundred and twelve miles away.”

“That far? Huh. I might go there and do some exploring.”

“You can explore here too. We have suits that can bring out the ‘man’ in you as it were,” the toy says with a playful smirk.

“Hmm, tempting, maybe one day. But we have this truck to unload, don’t we? It’s a big order.”

“It always is.”

“Isn’t that the truth,” she chuckles.

The entire time Ratchet listens onto the conversation, waiting eagerly to get going. Yet part of him knows... if he wants to escape what is happening, what he knows deep down, the little secret the company has. He could just run right now. Tell this truck driver. The equine toy isn’t paying attention to him. Never said not to say anything. It’s right there just within reach. All he has to do is take it... But the question in the back of his mind comes up.

But why would he do that? Why would he try to hinder and ruin this wonderful thing? Why would he want to stop something he’s desired for so long yet not realized till this very

moment. Being given a clear option to escape, to get out, to run for the hills and tell a story of how he escaped becoming a toy. He could make millions off of book deals, the publicity and all that could come with it. Live an easy life... but not the life he wants. The process may have been started without a verbal 'let's do this' but the continuation of it? That is *his* choice.

"*Good toy,*" the collar whispers into his mind, the blossoming of delights, his cock twitches, bulge shifts slightly, eyeing the truck driver get into the truck, setting up the rollers to cart the product down. Dollies and other carts are set up and put in place, ready to take the product and rush it onto the store floor as needed. The anticipation grows within him, the start of something new, something grand, simply working back here has been amazing even if he'd never would have wanted this job otherwise not in a million years. Working retail? Doing this chore of a job? He loves fixing things but at the moment, this is delightful. The delivery of the truck now begins. The roar of the metal rollers fills his ears, helping move the product down. Confused at first, but soon helped by A-1377 as to what product types go where. Helping him read the shipping labels on the product to help him discern where everything needs to go as its being delivered so that other toys part of the process can do their job. He's simply being a little cog wheel in the store's system.

One box, then another, and another, moving, shifting, squeaking, constantly doing the work that is mind numbingly boring yet necessary. Toys talk to each other about various happenings in the store, or experiences they've had with customers. Talking about lewd topics as if it was normal, or talking about seemingly normal things, but it all relates to one simple thing. Being a *good toy* working at the store, helping others, and being of service.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

Ratchet continues to work, feeling himself welcomed to join in, yet his desire to do good. To please this equine toy that he's just met has overcome him with such a fierce urge that it's hard to ignore, even if he wanted to. The safety and delight of being with these toys as they worked, made the job not so difficult, but still tedious. Droning on, next box. Rushing to the next one. Constantly at work. Panting, moaning, shifting in work, his need driving him deeper into the sweet thoughts that are molding his thoughts.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is a toy."

"There is no I."

"There is no..." he mutters, keeping to himself, listening to what the other toys are saying, speaking like the toys they are, "This one, it, itself, toy." Such sweet words, a sense of self, a certainty spoken by them, no, more than that, it's natural, not even a second thought.

More boxes to carry over. Panting, squeaking, body aching, bulge twitching, cock so tightly embraced by the rubber that it barely feels like it's barely struggling against the rubber, yet it still is. His crotch is so sensitive and distracting, to think he's this aroused around toys in public with someone else here? No time to think about that, more work to be done, more boxes to move, more products to unload from the truck.

“Toy obeys.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no...”

“Myself...” he mutters the words, hearing his Maker’s words speaking to him, deeper into his psyche, into his being, into his very soul. No time to think on it though, more work to be done, one hour passing, more work still, so much to unload even take the time to comprehend what’s happening. Keep up the good work, you must work hard. Must be a good...

Loading, working, unloading, working, tapping on the collar’s words, focusing on that one bit, that one truth, the fact of what he’s becoming, accepting it within himself, another step in many in what he’s becoming, in what he's embracing.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only...”

Ratchet swallows a lump in his throat. More work, words slipping from his lips as he keeps focus on his tasks, “There is no... There is no... there is only...” feeling the cusp of it there, ready to take it, embrace it, accept it, yet that wall in his mind. His uncertainty. Is this true for him? Is this what he’s going to do? Is this...

Other toys take products out to the store floor, eventually the truck is unloaded, carts are returned, new work being presented before him, more work to be had, but he takes a sweet moment to catch his breath, to mutter softly, feeling himself so utterly bored from the work yet so enthralled by it, “*There is no...*” his attention drawn to A-1377 as it signs some paperwork, handing original back to (cameo here).

“Here you go, everything is in order. Except for the two-missing product.”

“There’s always something missing, isn’t there?”

“We are working to improve it, but yes, it is troublesome when it does. This one would hate to have a customer leave empty handed because we just didn’t get it in,” it says with a soft squeaky neigh.

“Such care and thought for your customers, it’s sweet though admittedly odd to see a toy so into their work.”

“We’re very committed to being the best high-quality toys, providing high quality service to our customers. We love pleasing our users,” it responds with a soft nicker.

“I can certainly see that. If I get this route again, I’ll see you in a few days. Shall see.”

“Have a safe drive back (came).”

“Thank you, A-1377,” she says, waving him goodbye, closing the back of the truck once everything she is taking with, such as empty totes are put onto the truck.

“Toy aims to please.”

Ratchet mouths the words, not saying but feeling himself being so close, ‘Toy aims to please.’

His body feels as if it's on the edge of a climax, yet instead of a physical one, it's all mental. The pressure, the buildup, the collar whispering, *“Toy is a toy.”*

“Is a...”

“Here you go. This needs to be put away toy,” says a toy from the store floor, “Keep up the good work,” it smiles at him, before taking another cart of items to take onto the store floor to put up.

“But it is not a...” he stops in his tracks, gripping the cart in his rubber clad hands, “But it...” he shudders, “There is no... but it is... it? Did it just say it?” he asks himself, feeling a soft tingle down his spine, cock twitching, butt clenching.

“Toy is a good toy. Repeat.” the collar whispers, with emphasis, detecting the breaking.

“T-toy is a good toy,” Ratchet says, feeling a near climatic bliss rush through him, a pleasuring high that makes him moan, but before he can full take advantage of it, A-1377 comes up from behind him.

“Toy-to-be, are you alright? You’ve been standing there for nearly a minute now.”

“Ah... no, no. Everything is fine. This one was jus...” he trails off, feeling the words escape his lips, the sense of who is... what he is, just saying the words, realizing it, but what’s worse. What made him stop speaking at that moment was not that he was horrified by what he said. Perhaps a little shocked, but what really got him was... how good and wonderful it felt. It simply felt... right.

“Just what?” it asks, the pony toy standing over him tall and proud.

“Just that it was... collecting its thoughts, yes. Sorry, it just took a moment. But since you are here... where do these items go? This isn’t bondage.”

“Ah, the extra dildos and lubricants. Those are right down over here, let this one show you. And good on you for asking, never be shy about asking about such things. We are all here to help each other. And you’re new to this, you’ll get the hang of it soon.”

“R-right, thank you,” he replies, following the equine toy to the location where he needs to put the items away, “Now remember to put them in their proper place. If you aren’t sure where they go. Feel free to ask.”

“Got it, this one understands,” he responds, letting the speech roll off his tongue, seeing the equine smile at his acceptance.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Very good toy.”

“Toy is eager to be good.”

He shudders, getting back to work, slowly putting away the overstock, constantly working the hours going by, the phrase in his mind growing more accepting to the depths of his psyche now that he’s let the words in, feeling them, embracing them. Keeping his focus he speaks the words out just a little bit, humming to them at times like listening to a song, or a jingle you can’t get out of your head.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy serves.”

“Toy obeys.”

“This one is a good toy.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself...” he says to himself, feeling so good to let it go, a weight lifted from him, but also now something so much more is pressing in him, a bubbling constant desire, but at the moment his words are cut off by A-1377.

“Toy-to-be?” the equine says, approaching him.

“Ah, yes?” he replies, jumping a little, turning to them.

“It’s time.”

“Time?” he asks, with a soft mew, then catching a lovely sight. K-2373 standing beside A-1377.

K-2373 speaks up with a soft mew, “Time to go and get some rest. This one has heard about how good you are doing and it’s very proud of what a *good* toy you’ve been.”

Ratchet shudders, nodding a little, “Thank you. It is pleasing to have done so well,” it says, the pleasure spike from his words not as high as it was before as with each passing of the phrase, it becomes ever more normalized, simply a part of who he is, but the impact remains.

“Is that so?” K-2373 says, its feeling smile growing upon hearing the words that escape your lips, ears twitching, “This one is so very pleased to *hear* you say that toy-to-be.”

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy wishes to please its owner.”

“Toy wishes to please its Maker.”

“Toy’s Maker is K-2373.”

“Good toys please Maker.”

Ratchet lets out a soft squeaky mew, looking Maker-to-be’s wonderful softly glowing blue eyes, moving in closer, feeling comfort from it, strength from it, a wonder that he can’t explain, but also something he doesn’t think about. It simply is. Like how he simply became a toy. And is enjoying it, “Thank you. I-this one is pleased that you are pleased.”:

K-2373 gently caresses Ratchet’s head, “Wonderful, and relax. You’ll get better at it. As it becomes more natural and truer to your inner self that you’ve had within you all along. Come, follow. It’s time for your molding toy-to-be.”

“Yes,” he replies with a soft squeak, following it out of the warehouse. Looking back over his shoulder at A-1377, amazed that it can keep going, not even tired from all the work, but then the door closes behind them and his attention is pulled back forward. The store lights are dimmed, toys are working on the floor, stocking, cleaning up, preparing things for the next day. “T-toy has been in there the entire day?”

“Yes, time does fly when you are having fun, doesn’t it?”

“Ah... well...” he responds, feeling a little weird, “Surprised to work so long.”

“It gets easier with each passing day. Soon enough you’ll feel not an ounce of tiredness over several days, but that is still in the future. We have much more to work with you on. To mold you into a proper toy, toy-to-be.”

“Oh... ah, okay,” he replies, nodding along, feeling strange at how *normal* this conversation is coming off. They move across the store, admiring the cohesiveness of the entire operation. Wondering if any of these toys are like him? Or were like him? Were all toys like this? Thoughts that existed in his mind but not coming to the surface swirled in the back of his mind, behind the collar that whispers the soft sweet toy programing into his mind.

Like clockwork, they reach the other end of the store, unlocking the security door, going through the hallways, unlocking the next that says “Toy Molding Room” over the top. So obvious what it means, yet so far off on what anyone would come to the conclusion to if they just happened to see the sign. The purest sense of ‘hiding in plain sight’ would come to mind, if Ratchet wasn’t so transfixed on his future Maker... or at this point of time his actual Maker, who was simply not done working on him.

The coolness of the floor against his feet, the soft squeaks and heavy scent of latex in the air. The pods he’s worked so hard to get working as efficiently as possible. Knowing their innerworkings and what they end up doing to others let alone him specifically. A sense of pride fills him, knowing he’s done a *good* job.

“Toy, do you want to do it or prefer to have this one to guide you?” K-2373 asks as it walks over to the computer console, fingers typing into the screen the mold all ready for Ratchet to slip in.

He looks up at the mold, knowing what it's doing, another restless night, totally locked up, helpless, throbbing, aching, aroused, his butt clenches at the thought, knowing it’s coming, “Well... it...” he stammers, feeling anxiousness overcome him.

Then it melts away, K-2373’s fingers running across Ratchet’s spine, making him squeak physically and vocally, the tension within him melting away like butter put into a microwave. The feline toy smiles, leaning up close, the tip of the toy’s cock gently touching Ratchet’s butt, which adds just a hint of sexual tension into its moves, “This one understands. How intimidating it can be. The idea of it all. Realization? Would make some run off screaming even if they wanted it,” it says, licking across Ratchet’s ear.

The fennalope can swear he can almost feel it and have the rubber around his lobe twitch... wait no that isn’t possible, oh my gosh it feels so good! The thought melted away before it could even fully form, “Ah...”

“Come toy-to-be, many more to go,” it says gently moving its hands to Ratchet’s butt, pushing him forward up the steps toward the molding pod.

Without being told he turns around to face K-2373, seeing that loving smile, those sensual softly glowing blue eyes, the cuffs to match. The collar with that golden Tri-force that has its designation on it. For a brief moment he thinks what his will be, but when the feline toy places its hand on his chest, gently pushing him into the mold, all that fades away. He slips back

into it, taking the adjustments into the near perfect molding of his body. The anticipation of what is to come, terrifying at first, but now becoming ever more wanting and delightful... It's a scary thought.

That hard plastic mold, cupping his entire body, his form outlined, feeling the back half of him barely having any movement, yes locked on K-2373 as it walks toward the computer console, each step building the anticipation. Just when the toy reaches the console, looking up at him, about to hit the button that will lock him back into the mold, something happens, "M-maker?" he asks, shuddering as the words come out of his mouth.

K-2373 smiles, "Yes toy-to-be?"

"Why?"

It tilts its head, "Why what?"

"Why me-this one? Why make it a toy? It never did anything for it. Never asked for it. Never said it wanted it. Never begged for it. Even now this is something that... It barely considers this reality. Like this is some sort of dream."

K-2373 mulls over the words for a moment, "It is a dream in a way. A dream coming true. Part of it is because of who you are. What you are. The material that makes you who you are. That can't be simply defined but can be understood. You're high-quality material because of all of what you just said and so much more."

"B-but how do you know? What if a mistake was made? What if..."

"Toy-to-be?"

"Y-yes?"

"Relax. This one has been doing this for a while. And had an excellent Maker to help this one in becoming better. One can't fret over a mistake. Only fret over not learning from it. And this one and even its own Maker, learned a lot with each toy molded. This one knows it's Maker learned so much from it, and from it. Hmm has to be a better way to say that in the future... This one thinks it just had a Maker moment there," it chuckles.

"Maker moment?"

"When you meet this one's Maker and it is sure you will, you'll know what it means. But for now, you've worked hard, toy. Time to relax and enjoy your time off as you get molded to make your inside match your outside," it says hitting the last button executing the sequence to lower the other half of the mold on top of Ratchet.

The fennelope lets out a soft squeak feeling the hard plastic push and guide his body into the mold cavity, locking him perfectly into place. Panting, tensing, groaning, feeling his crotch caressed and bulged, member twitching a little. The embracing plastic, the muffling of the world around him to leave him only able to hear the collar and his own thoughts, processing the events of the day, further strengthening his embracing of his toy-hood.

"Toy is a good toy."

The blur of his Maker, coming up toward him, the tentacle tubes hanging in front of him, and well aware of the other behind him outside of view.

"Toy obeys."

K-2373 grabbing the tube, guiding it over into his mouth.

He tries to widen it more, wanting, accepting it as it pushes into him, mouth suckling it eagerly, breathing through it.

"Toy loves to be of service."

The tube twist locks into place. His Maker, moving behind him, grabbing the next tube, pushing it into his wanting rear, the time is coming so close, it twists, locks, rump squeezing the plug, prostate teased, stimulation increases.

"Toy loves to fuck."

Such whispers into his mind, the air sucked out of the molding, body forced to fit the contours of it. More rubber pushed into the hair molds, increasing his rubber fur look just a hair more. Body completely unable to move now, his bondage complete, the rubber is soon to arrive.

"Toy is an object."

The blur of his Maker walks away. The anticipation rising again, knowing what it is about to do, to start the molding process. The black rubber moving down, the darkening of the tube making it obvious to him. The latex flowing down onto his tongue, down into his mouth and throat, filling him, need to breath rising.

"Toy is a fuck toy."

The warmth of the rubber in his rear, feeling good, desirable, feeding into him, his constant sexual high becoming that much more normalized, and easier to handle, yet so hard for him not wanting to be hard. Cock trapped in that rubber prison, caressed, cushioned, squeezed, becoming a little more part of the bulge.

"Toy is made to pleasure others."

The rubber flowing down into his lungs providing him the 'air' he needs, soon normalizing, a little faster than before. The tension fading, body relaxing, letting the flow swirl through him, the rubber come into him, yet somehow out. A constant torrent of delightful warmth that washes over him and his mind, allowing him to focus on the important things.

"Toy doesn't need to cum."

"Toy doesn't need to pleasure itself."

"Toy doesn't need to climax."

"Climax of others is all that toy needs."

Left to the mold, his mind, the collar. Body shifting and changing more. Another day is complete, and in a few scant eight hours, the process will begin all over again. The toy working for the company, servicing the company, doing what his Maker wants of him. Not complete yet, still many more days of molding to go. And to think, this is just the first week. What will the other weeks bring to him? To this toy-to-be? And how will he progress toward becoming the toy he knows he is becoming? As always, time will tell.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy wants to be the best toy possible."

"Toy loves to be of service."

“Good toys want to service.”

“Good toys are at the ready to be used.”

“Good toys are used when they are ready.”

The says slipping into the back of Ratchet’s mind. The lust never ending, never subsiding, but becoming ever more manageable. Each time he gets out of the mold the suit feels tighter, better, less like a second skin and more like he’s actual skin. Yet there’s a change that has been occurring with each passing molding, one that he can’t get over, his mind drawn to it from time to time yet he never touches it, a good toy doesn’t touch itself, after all...

Popping out of the mold on that first day, really looking back at it, thinking on it, while stuck in the mold right now, just pondering things, to get an idea of what is becoming of himself. Having accepted this surreal reality... that tight rubber cage that kept his cock in a form of chastity, unable to get hard, no matter how hard it tried to press against that sweet embracing latex, making that bulge inflate and deflate every so often. The latex embraced the member, holding it, separated between the sensitive rod and the wonderful rubber, but it felt more stuck to the bulge after that first day, and that feeling would only grow into those next.

Those next days, as those sweet words spoke to his head, into the toy-to-be’s mind. Becoming just a constant reminder of what he is. The line between cock and bulge grew ever more blurred. A member twitches here one day, he could feel the entire length shift, and swim in its own juices, but perhaps now there is little less separation.

The pleasure shifts subtly with each of those days, the core of your cock, length. Teased by each touch of the latex, moving upward, outward, like a seed growing to reach the surface. Each day you feel a little more naked, a bit like his aching throbbing bits are visible to the world. The bulge, subtle, rounded, a delightful nudge that is oval in shape, a good area of where a cock should be and then some. The sensitivity growing in not only the heightened level of delight yet also in the area. More of the bulge feels like a zone of pleasure. The deep center of his lust remains there, but growing, sprouting outwards, feels a bit more with each molding, as the smooth bulge is pressed over.

The degree of separation between Ratchet and the toy he is becoming is less than ever. A thick core of the null, where the cock is, or perhaps was. It’s hard to tell, for its now a bleeding pleasure zone. It aches, it throbs, but it spreads out like waves on the water to the rest of the bulge, and only the bulge. Like a needy muscle, wanting to be massaged. The pressure of the mold feels more like his own length is being touched by the mold, and the pressure down onto the core of the null is icing on this sex cake. There can be lines of where he thinks his cock is still perhaps? But it’s so hard to tell that he has to really focus on it to really reaffirm he has it, if it’s not something in his mind, imagining something. It’s that hard to tell, and given how hard he always is, there is no way of knowing.

All he knows outside of how much he wants to be a *good toy*, is how good the null feels when *others* touch it. These passing days working, keeping busy, it was hard not to wonder if even this felt better than having his cock out and throbbing. The cool air around his nudge felt nice. The closing of his legs to put pressure on it, is just mind melting good. The bashfulness of

surprising people with nothing there, yet knowing, he can't be touched like that. Not yet. No, only Maker has, and maker has... he knows what is coming. It's soon. He feels as if his internal clock has improved, and the time when Maker comes to release him from his rest and molding is close.

Perhaps this is why he is thinking about his null bulge. Knowing the routine that K-2373 has put into testing his body, making sure everything is in order. The standards of quality are important and are to never be forgotten. That blur of light blue, white and black. It is Maker, exciting growing.

"Maker!" Ratchet thinks, a twitch within his body, but he's unable to move, suckling down on the phallic device in his mouth, squeezing the one in his rear. The warm rubber that flows in and out of him, helping him feel soothed and relaxed. Wondrous delights that are exemplified in his molding. The sudden flow of rubber stopping, anticipation growing, like a child about to get presents for Christmas, just have to wait patiently a little bit longer. The soft hiss of air rushing back into the molds, a few moments later. The cool refreshing air, opening him up to the world. The blur of his Maker, approaching, grabbing the first feeding tube, twisting it, unlocking it, pulling it away. Ratchet gasping for air out of instinct, and less out of need, and then followed by a moan when the one in his rear is pulled out.

K-2373 walks away again, moving to the computer console, typing away to initiate the next step of removing the toy-to-be from the mold, walking back to him as the program initiates.

The front of the mold clicks, unlocking and pulling away. The sensation of the latex peeling away from his latex, teasing his body, moaning softly the embrace and cupping of his smooth bulge felt as its teased one last time before fully feeling the cool air across it, making him shudder, twitch, eyes looking to his Maker. Vision is clearer than ever but there's still that subtle blur that bothers his head without corrective lenses.

"How are you feeling today toy-to-be?" the feline toy asks with a soft purr, reaching out to gently rub Ratchet's chest.

He gasps, feeling a twitch deep within his bulge, "Well..." he says with a soft squeak.

"How's the vision?" it asks, the toy's hands moving up along Ratchet's body, feeling the warmth he gives off, fingertips gently playing around with his nipples.

"A little blurry still Maker," he says, with a soft mew.

"Try these on then," it says, placing a pair of spectacles on his face, "Better?"

"A little too good Maker."

"Ah, overestimated we did," it replies, pulling the glasses off, switching them like a magic trick within his hands with an identical pair of glasses, placing them on his nose, "How about these?"

Ratchet blinks a few times getting himself adjusted, "Perfect Maker."

"Good. A surprise Maker knew exactly what one you'd need at this point. Experience it supposes," K-2373 remarks.

"What do you mean Maker?" Ratchet asks.

“You don’t mind that toy-to-be, that is something between toy Makers,” it says leaning in close, giving Ratchet’s nose a squeaky kiss.

He mews softly with a soft squeak, “Okay Maker, this one understands.”

It smiles, giving him another soft kiss on the nose, “Good toy-to-be. Now, let's check how well your loins are doing,” it says, moving down, gently blowing across Ratchet’s rubber body, the toy watching him twitch, its fingertips tracing along the curves of Ratchet’s body, “Good, good,” it purrs softly.

Ratchet shivers, tugging a little bit out of the mold, the soft tug of the forming rubber fur showing up along his ears which twitch and move like they are his natural form. Air rushing into the back of the mold, but all eyes are on his Maker, watching it blow across his body, and down across the sensitive bulge, “Ready?” it asks, the words ringing out into his mind, the collar seemingly to respond to the words to encourage him.

“A good toy is always ready for its Maker.”

“A good toy is ready when it's meant to be ready.”

“You are a good toy, ready for Maker.”

“Y-yes Maker,” he squeaks, eyes unable to take off of Maker’s face, watching those lips pucker, moist wind blowing across his bulge, sensitive tease, that internal twitch of what remains of his length, the throb and pulse of the bulge of what IS his length.

“Good toy-to-be,” it says, cupping Ratchet’s bulge, feeling the line between the bulge and the rest of the toy body, that thin razor line between what feels ‘normal’ and what is sensitive, a delight to be touched, and caressed, even the sides of the bulge feel the same delight across the entire surface, like rubbing along the entire shaft of an ultra-needy cock. It feels so good yet not nearly enough to get off, only bringing it closer to that edge that it knows it’s toy-to-be knows all too well.

Ratchet bucks his hips but only moves a little, loosening further from the mold, the toy’s hands keeping him from moving more, his subtle movements tug him out the mold, more cool air blowing across his rubber skin. Heart throbbing within his chest, butterflies building up in his gut, twitch, throb of his bulge, watching that feline tongue slither out of his Maker’s mouth and along the entire length of the bulge from the base to the top. A slow squeaky lick, pressing down on the bulge, teasing the bulge core where his cock or what left of it is...

K-2373 senses and feel the pressure and the push back of Ratchet’s bulge against its sensitive tongue. Feeling that twitching core of its toy-to-be’s cock, feeling how its transitioning into the bulge, monitoring the sensitivity of the bulge itself and how the toy-to-be is responding to it, *“It feels to be coming along nicely, but this one needs to be sure, quality is important,”* it thinks, the toy’s thumbs running along the bulge, pressing down upon it, pushing a bulge up against the toy’s tongue as its lips suckle upon it, drawing it into its mouth, feeling and sensing how a perfect null bulge should be and what it is.

Ratchet shudders, mewling, squeaking, panting, toes curling, hands fisting as the pleasure rocks through him. Such heavenly delights, he never thought could be achieved with nothing but a smooth crotch, yet he feels a desire for more, like this is only a small piece of the entire

pleasure puzzle. The sensation of needing to be filled once again, was that it? Or simply a lingering delight from being in the mold.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy serves.”

Several more tender long licks and suckles along the bulge, the toy’s head following the pace of its thumbs rolling up the bulge. The process repeats a few times till K-2373 is satisfied it got the results it required. Leaving Ratchet a panting eager, horny lustful toy, as it knows it will always be, “Very good toy-to-be,” it says, cupping the bulge with one hand, fingers coiling along the base of the bulge, getting a grip on the sensitive piece of latex, pulling and luring Ratchet out of the mold, giving one last looking inspection of the growing rubber fur that the mold is helping to craft, “And another week this one thinks your rubber fur will all be in place. Getting your hairs to slip into the mold correctly is a challenge, but we’ve fixed those problems already,” it says with a smirk.

Ratchet lets out a soft moan, following his Maker out of the mold, going at his Maker’s pace, enjoying the tender control and feel of the toy’s hands on his most sensitive area, “Does this mean this one is ready to be used by customers?”

K-2373 gently rubs its thumb across the bulge, making a long drawn-out squeak, watching, monitoring the toy-to-be’s reaction, “No toy, not yet. This one knows you are eager to be of use, and at the end of the week you’ll do your routine maintenance of the pod mechanisms. You’ve fixed things up so well for that, there isn’t much extra work for you to do, except the basic store cleaning duties. Today you’ll be working on the toy testing rooms, making sure they remain clean. We just finished the remodeling of three rooms to go with a few new product releases. Dragon dungeon for the bondage gear. Sex on the beach for the new swimwear, and underwater kink play. And last but not least, Kink escape room, our first room where we have to sell tickets for a bondage experience. A little suggestion this one made a few months ago. It’s tickled pink that Maker is letting this one test that idea,” it says, leaning in to give the toy with a soft rubbery kiss on the lips.

Ratchet lets out a soft mew and squeak, “That’s wonderful to hear Maker. It will do its best to help,” it says, following the feline toy out of the toy molding room, and down the hallway, letting the gentle caress of his bulge help guide him forward.

“This one knows you will. Keeping the toy testing rooms clean and doing it quickly is very important. New rooms are often a hot topic, and we can get lines of people who want to test them and some of our products. Not only keeping the room open as often as possible for customers, but clean and safe for their use. It’s one of the most important, even if it is the most thankless job when it comes to customers.”

Ratchet gives an affirmative nod, “This one understands Maker. And is pleased to be of service in such a way. It doesn’t look for thanks, only to do its best as a good toy should.”

K-2373 smiles, gently kneading Ratchet’s crotch causing it to softly squeak and the toy-to-be to tense, “Wonderful. And in a few more days you’ll be able to service customers directly. But until then you understand that you aren’t to be servicing any customers, only serving them.”

Ratchet regains his composure just as they exit the hallway onto the main store floor, “Shall unit check up on the rooms first?”

“Not yet, toy. The store isn’t open for another hour, and they’ve already been cleaned and prepared for the day. This one wants you to start the first hour and a half with basic store maintenance. Check the automatic doors, check around if there is anything that could use a little fixing that might have been overlooked. After that, monitor the rooms, and clean any after use. You’re assigned as the first to clean up this day.”

“First clean up Maker? Meaning it is the first toy to clean up any room, and other toys clean up any rooms that become free if it's still cleaning the first?”

“That is correct. Remember to do your best to be quick but being thorough is key. A customer’s health is primary.”

“Yes Maker,” he replies with a soft squeaky mew, feeling his Maker’s hand pull away from his sensitive loins, watching that cute feline smile, that soft bounce of its blue cock as it moves.

“Good toy-to-be. And remember if you ever need help, find a toy and they will provide assistance. We work together as a team.”

“Of course, Maker, this one understands, and is ready to get to work!”

“Perfect, at this point it trusts that you know what to do.”

“It does Maker.”

“And remember once the store opens and we are in public.”

“Call you Master, or Toy Master,” he says, feeling a rush of excitement through his body upon uttering those words.

K-2373 smiles, “Once again perfect. Keep up the good work,” it says, giving him a soft squeaky kiss before sauntering off, to do its own much needed work.

Ratchet tenses, feeling the twitch within his smooth bulge, the excitement of the new day, getting straight to work. Checking various bits of equipment, a cash register draw was sticking during the daily before the store opening check, a simple fix that required some lubricant. The store opens up with the same small initial rush of people who want to try something new, exciting.

When Ratchet came to the store and first started to work here, there is that hidden expectation that this is a simple sex shop. Sure, living sex toys serving you, working the store is anything but ‘simple’ but the idea you go in, get what you want for yourself and those you want to be intimate about and go, but there is much more than that. There is something the store gives that is not sold but given, an experience like no other. Something that is hinted at the smaller stores but helps make the long trip to the larger stores all the more worth it.

And one of those many experiences is the sex rooms of course, but there is more than just that, a welcoming comfort with the underlying sexual nature of the place. It’s not hidden at all but respected, and it doesn’t take long for a promiscuous dragon wanting to test the dragon dungeon, coming out of the room rather satisfied with a sleek purple rubber femboy dragon toy

that is very well used, but showing signs it took time to clean some of itself out so it wouldn't leave the toy testing room a mess.

"It's now this one's turn to shine," it thinks, walking down the hall, ears twitching, hearing the sounds of a few other rooms being used by other eager patrons and toys eager to please. It enters the dungeon room, closing and locking the door behind it, it turns around to see a medieval styled sex dungeon. Each item is meant to mimic the looks of a tortious device but chained up to be of sex and pleasure. The iron maiden is full of soft nub vibrating dildos instead of spikes and so on and so forth. Hanging on the walls, there are dildo spears, whips, lubricants and so forth, and in the corner is a golden 'soft metal' aka metallic looking cushioned coins where one can comfortably enjoy fucking on a pile of gold and there is where the dragon and the toy really enjoyed themselves. Coins are covered in copious amounts of seed and toy fluids, several are scattered across the floor which look like stone but give a quarter of an inch of soft cushion, making sex on the floor equally as comfortable as any bed.

"This one can see where cleaning these coins is going to take some time," it mutters, taking another moment to take stock of the room before going to a wall at the far end that looks plain and with nothing hanging upon it. With a push forward and a slide, it reveals a hidden sliding door that opens up to a large stockpile of cleaning supplies. A steam cleaner, a hot bath machine to wash the coins, a dryer system, disinfectants of all kinds, and UV light and luminal items, to make sure that the clean is very thorough. There's also a shoot to slide down used items that need a longer cleaning, as well as a dozen or so replacements of various items that are found in the room that won't be cleaned quickly, but easier to grab a fresh replacement and have the cleaning crew on the floor below clean those items to be brought back up here.

"Good thing this one is prepared to do a good job for Maker," it says, getting to work, using the luminal to get an idea of just where the fun actually took place then sweeping up the coins, putting them through the cleaner, steam cleaning the entire room, disinfecting every item, just to be on the safe side, before checking the lubricants, making sure there is enough there for at least the next three customer sets, before giving the room the all clear. Putting the cleaning supplies away, sliding the door back into position, which becomes smooth and hidden from the customer, then unlocking the door, exiting the room, giving the clear notice that it's ready to be used, and taking not long to go to another room that is in need of cleaning.

The cycle gets renewed time and time again, and as the store gets busier, the pressure to do well and be productive grows. Constant work, constant focus, cleaning thoroughly, listening to the sweet song that is sung in the back of his head.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy works hard to please Maker."

"Pleasing Maker is wonderful."

"Pleasing Maker is great."

"Toy's Maker is K-2373."

The words at moments could be distracting, getting lost into them as it works, tail swishing happily, using the cleaners to great effect, its hands shining brighter than the rest of its

body but then it hears a whistle that snaps it out of its cleaning montage, while cleaning the dragon dungeon for the fourth time today, “Well that’s a sweet toy ass. I was curious about the rooms, but I wasn’t expecting to have a toy in here ready to be used,” says an anthropomorphic black furred fruit bat. His brown eyes locked onto the toy’s butt while he is on all fours scrubbing the floor. His big ears larger than his head have matching rainbow piercings along the outer portion of his ear. A leather collar around his neck with a golden bat tag on the front that simply reads “Vam”

Ratchet tenses, thinking, *“This one forgot to lock the door in its haste! Relax, you can handle it toy, just take it slow and respectfully.”* He gets up just as the bat, dressed in surprisingly dapper for the place he is in, steps in deeper into the room, closing the door behind him. “Hello. This one is currently being cleaned and not ready for customer use. It apologies for the inconvenience.”

He strides into the room, approaching the toy admiring him more, “Is that so? Then perhaps another room could better fit my needs as I enjoy such a sweet and delectable toy as yourself.”

Ratchet blushes, feeling a tingle rush through him, enjoying the compliment, but quickly regains himself, “Again, this one must apologize but this one’s duty is to clean the rooms and is currently not available for customer use.”

“Not available? How can something not be available to someone like myself,” he says, ears twitching his bunched up pink bat nose sniffing the air as he licks his fangs with delight, “I simply must enjoy such a unique toy as yourself. I have not seen one like you and therefore I must partake in the delights you have to offer.”

“A-ah...” he says with a soft audible vocal squeak, “It is not ready for customer interactions at this time.”

“If it’s because you are cleaning. Wash up and be ready to service me then. I can wait... For a little while.”

“That’s the thing sir... uh what’s your name good sir?” he asks.

“For the evening you may simply call me Vam,” he responds, his words spoken with force yet an elegance and confidence that is hard to ignore, a drip of allure to them that tingle the senses.

“Sir Vam. This one is not ready for any customer use for several days. Its duties for the entire duration of the store hours is to keep these room clean for patron use. It is sure there are plenty of other toys at our fine establishment that could tickle your fancy.”

Vam’s pleasant smile instantly fades upon hearing his words, “I am not here to look for some other random toys. You’ve caught my eye and I intend to have you. I spend good money here and I am owed some compensation for my store loyalty. Or does Toys-4-U not care about such things?” he asks with annoyance in his voice, ears twitching, nostrils flaring.

Ratchet swallows a lump in his throat, “A-ah, no not at all. This one doesn’t want to displease you Sir Vam, but it is under strict orders from those above it that it is not to be used for

any such pleasurable experiences for customers just yet. It needs a bit more time for that. It does apologize for the..." he says when his words are cut off.

"This is unacceptable! Someone of my station can't simply be held to the same rules as others. I am to have you. You speak as if you have not been taken by another person, is that true?"

"Y-yes Sir Vam. That is true. This one has not been used by any user."

"Then I shall be your first. I demand it! And I will not wait!" he exclaims, getting right up on the toy, pushing him back up against the exterior of the iron maiden.

"Sorry Sir Vam but it can't be used just yet. It does apologize..." he says his words growing ever softer, lips quivering, bulge twitching, the thought of being taken fills him with a mixed sensation. On one hand he wants it... wants it more than anything except... that his Maker told him not to, and that he's not ready and that little bit is more important than his own wanting aching throbbing desires.

Vam grips Ratchet's bulge and gives it a firm squeeze, "You are made to be fucked toy. I am not to have my desires denied by a simple object. I will enjoy your sweet, peached ass," he states when the door swings open and stepping inside is B-1374.

"Hello?" the blind folded black and red toy asks, looking in Ratchet's direction, who feels a sense of relief that another toy has arrived.

The bat looks over to the toy dismissively, "I am about to enjoy a toy. I demand to have privacy. You shouldn't just barge in here like that."

Ratchet is at a loss for words, his body quivering against the bat, seeing the thin membrane wings that are attached to his arms, his clothes designed to work around his unique nature.

B-1374 saunters over to them, "Now, now. This one knows that this toy here is currently not able to service users at this time. Its current duty is to clean this room, and seeing this room is not yet cleaned, it can't allow you in good faith for your own health and safety to enjoy any toy let alone this toy in this room right now."

Vam pulls away from Ratchet, turning his full attention to the other toy, "How can you, a simple toy tell me what kind of fun I can or can't have? Do you know who I am? I am Vam Dra Von Koola Pire the third. And this was my land that I sold to Toys-4-U to get this store built."

B-toy keeps its loving smile, "Yes K-2373 is very aware of your contributions and what you've done to make this store a reality. And as the one who runs this particular store, it would like to personally talk to you about this misunderstanding and how to reach a more agreeable arrangement."

He eyes the toy, "And how do you happen to know of this misunderstanding so quickly? Let alone K-2373?"

"Toys that aren't ready for customer use are kept an eye on, for the safety of our customers."

"Are you telling me this toy is dangerous?"

“No, not exactly. But this one thinks it would be better explained by someone of the highest position we have at the store for someone as important as yourself, wouldn’t you say?”

Vam pulls his hand away from Ratchet’s bulging twitching latex crotch, “I suppose that will suffice, but someone of my station should not be treated in such a lowly way. How could you put something before me that *I* can’t have? Do you know how absurd that is?”

“This one can understand your frustrations, but if you don’t mind please follow this one, and hopefully we can come to an agreeable end?”

He huffs, “I don’t kind of end that is agreeable if I don’t get to have that toy’s end,” he states, motioning to Ratchet.

“We’ll work something out. Please come this way,” it says, giving a bow, hand gesture motion out of the room.

With a bat squeak he proceeds, eyeing Ratchet as he exits the room.

“Thank you,” Ratchet responds softly.

“Not a problem, let us completed toys handle this. Finish cleaning the room and continuing doing your task as assigned to you.”

Ratchet nods, feeling a pit form in his stomach, “This one will,” he responds, thinking, *“Toy wonders what it could have done better. If B-1374 didn’t come in, it would have been sunk. And then it would have disobeyed Maker and could have been used before it allowed to, and get behind on the room cleaning... and the room wouldn’t have been clean for him to use too! That’s another big no no!”* The concern swells up within him but for now he gets back to work, watching the feline toy exit the room.

Vam looks to the toy arms crossed, showing off at the tips of each of his bat wings are matching rainbow piercings that go along with his ears, “Well then, which way do we go?” he asks with a huff.

“Not very far Mr. Von Koola Pire the third. The manager’s office and private room that only a select few ever get to see is this way,” it says, motioning further down the hall.

“A select few? And I haven’t been there yet?” he asks with a huff.

“It’s hard to prepare for such an important person as yourself. Even now we are under qualified to give you the proper treatment you surely desire but we will do our best on short notice,” it explains, leading the bat down the hall to the very last door on the left. B-1374 entering the keycode to unlock the door, stepping inside and holding the door open for him, “After you good sir.”

“At least there is *some* understanding of my importance,” he states, walking into the room, seeing K-2373’s large living space. The office to the left, the large black rubber sheet canopy bed with the multiple feline pillows, each a different color of the rainbow at the head of the bed, and deeper still a kitchen, dining room area. But the bat’s attention is drawn to the black, blue and white feline toy leaning against the bedpost, its blue knotted cock out and hard.

The feline toy Maker mews, “Hello Mr. Von Koola Pire the third. This one sees you are doing well. We haven’t spoken since the grand opening over a year ago.”

“Ah, yes,” he clears his throat, “It’s been too long for a good greeting. Which makes the reason for our meeting to be more an insult to injury,” he states, crossing his arms, wings running across his front.

“We here at Toys-4-U value every customer.”

“But I am no mere customer,” he states.

“Yes, you are a big supporter of the company, and K-2003 has entrusted this one with this store, a mutual binding between us and the wonderful community that your family has helped establish here.”

“Nearly a hundred years ago.”

“Shall be a hundred in just under two years. Time flies, doesn’t it?”

Vam stands toe to toe with the toy, his bulging pants touching K-2373’s length, “Don’t change the subject on me toy. What are you going to do about the denial of services that I rightfully owe?”

The feline toy smiles, looking over to B-1374 giving the toy a nod. The red and black feline nods back in kind, silently slinking off. K-2373 looks into Vam’s eyes, “Such sexual frustrations are well understood. And this one assures you that this is not our intent. The denial is simply a quality assurance that everyone deserves, especially one such as yourself.”

Vam eyes him, huffing, nostrils flaring, “Explain.”

We are testing new technologies with that particular toy unit. New bulge technology and specialty of using its rear in service to users and giving a cumless climax. It’s a complicated measure, but we are working on smoothing out the wrinkles in the technology.”

“How can a bulge be an issue? How can that be complicated with a toy?”

“You’d be surprised, and we don’t do simple, we make the extraordinary out of a simple idea. But your safety and most pleasurable experience that we can give you is always of the utmost importance and deserving of the best.”

“Well, I do deserve the best,” he says with a fanged grin.

“And the best you shall have. The toy is still being worked on, building up its ability to complete tasks and be proactive enough to function to the standard that Toys-4-U toys are known for. Would you want to enjoy an inferior product of, as you put it, someone of your station?”

Vam takes a moment of pause, “I can see your point, but you can’t have such a unique toy present before me that I just can’t have. A promise of which you can’t keep.”

K-2373 reaches out and gently runs its hands across Vam’s chest, “This one can understand that frustration, and this one means to make amends.”

“For one when that toy is ready, I get to be the first to enjoy it.”

“Of course, this one thought that was self-evident,” it says with a soft squeak, hands running down across the bat’s body, hands slipping down to start to unbutton the bat’s pants, slipping them down to reveal the bat’s twitching throbbing pinkish flesh, “But it thinks you want something a bit shinier, a nice surprise to show off your gleaming person, don’t you think?” it asks, the toy gently gripping the bat’s cock, its fingers gently running across the bat’s sensitive flesh.

Vam shudders, nostrils flaring, cock head flaring as he bucks into the toy's slick smooth hands, "I do like to be sparkling, but what could a toy know of it? You are a thing, an object, a play thing for someone like *me* to enjoy."

"Exactly. This one is a toy. An object, a plaything. Designed and made for *your* enjoyment. What else would understand your likes and loves except a toy, who's job is to..." it asks, the toy wrapping its mouth around the bat's cock, slipping it into his mouth, bobbing his head up and down in so slender long slurps before slipping the cock out of its mouth with a loud audible pop, "please."

Vam swallows a lump in his throat, deep breaths keeping him calm, bucking against the toy's mouth as pre-cum dribbles into the hungry maw, enjoying the rough yet smooth sensation of a feline toy along his length, "F-fair point," he says, voice cracking a little.

The door from the toy testing room opens up, B-1374 coming in with a bucket in its hands, "Got it Toy Master," it says, with a hint of glee in its voice.

K-2373 gives another long head bob on the bat's length, "Perfect," it looks up at the bat, "Are you ready to shine?"

He looks down at the toy then over to B-toy, noticing what the toy has in its hands, "Liquid latex? That causes issues with my fur, you know. Last thing I want is to have it tugging across my body and a pain to remove."

"Ah, yes, but this is something new, based on the sleek design of the latex we use for our suits. Something that has been in the works for a while, not public yet, but this one thinks you'll enjoy it, yes?"

"Testing products on me now?" he asks, staring down the feline.

"None of the sort my dear Vam," he says with a soft purr.

B-toy standing beside them, reaching around to run its hands across the vest the bat is wearing, "If you don't mind, this one needs to undress you, so it can make you shine," it purrs.

"This one is sure you won't mind," K-2373 adds, giving the cock another long soft suckle.

"I-I will allow this," he huffs, grunting, cock witching, enjoying the feel of the two toys around him, his concerns slipping into the back of his mind, letting his naked black furred body revealed to the two fine toys, enjoying the feel of the smooth rubber across him, the length twitching, aching, arousal building up within his mind.

K-2373 nods to B-1374, knowing the bat is ready for the next step of its plan. While gently suckling the bat's length keeping the user nicely placated while B-toy, places the bucket of black rubber paint, placing it beside them.

"Shall we begin?" B-1374 asks with a feline toyish grin.

K-2373 nods, while still suckling off the bat. The toy's plan to fix this one problem is now underway, all the while Ratchet is left working in the sex rooms, constantly cleaning, working, wondering in the back of its mind if it could do better, be a better toy, and then...

The store starts its closing and the process of doing a deep cleaning of the rooms and restocking all the supplies has begun, and it's at this time K-2373 approaches him, "Hello toy-to-

be, how goes the deep cleaning of the dragon dungeon?" it asks looking over the room, noticing the shine and polish being put in, while Ratchet uses a steam cleaner.

Ratchet tenses a little, turning to the toy Maker, "Maker! How was your day?"

The feline toy smirks, walking over to Ratchet, running its hands down across his chest with a soft squeak, "Answer my question first toy-to-be."

Ratchet squeaks softly, "Sorry Maker. This one has been doing well. Making sure everything is clean and ready to be used the next day."

"Good, good. And to answer your question, this one is doing just fine. It managed to deal with Mr. Von Koola Pire the third easy enough. Though a situation like this does happen from time to time, you should have remembered to close and lock the door behind you to try to mitigate such a thing from happening."

Ratchet's ears lower, feeling a pit in his stomach, "Sorry Maker. This one just got such into a routine doing the cleaning that it slipped its mind to lock the door behind it when it's cleaning the room."

"It happens. No toy is perfect. And this is why we spend such a long time on making toys like yourself. To try to help you become the very best toy that you can be."

"Thank you, Maker, but this one can't see how you could make a mistake."

K-2373 smiles, "This one can, and it has on occasion. If its own Maker is any indication, it will make many more. This one knows that that toy certainly has."

"What do you mean Maker?"

"This one is saying that no toy is perfect and working to understand and improve upon any mistakes is what we desire, rather than striving to make zero mistakes, an impossibility. Just know you are doing great and in time you'll do even better."

"Thank you, Maker. It is a lot of work, but very fulfilling."

"You'll get even more fulfillment once you are ready to service customers."

Ratchet blushes, feeling the pulse within his bulge, the twitch of what remains of his cock not yet merged into that sensitive zone between his legs, "Y-yes Maker," he says with a soft squeak, following his Maker out of the dragon dungeon, letting the one sin charge of the night cleaning to pick up where he has left off. The moment of pause makes him realize just how tired he also is from the constant work.

He feels the toy's hand across his crotch, guiding him, moving him through the mostly empty store, toys are busy getting things stocked up, cleaned, and ready for when the store opens again many hours later, "It must be stressful Maker, to be constantly working so hard as you do."

"It's a wonderful delight to be of service. It has its ups and downs, in all its various forms of the word," K-2373 says with a sly smirk, "But it's not just this one, but all toys working hard for those who work even harder. Who aren't toys that easily tire when we toys do not."

"This one sees Maker... and it is sorry that it gave you that issue with that nice bat fellow. This one could see how frustrated he was that he couldn't have this one. Though it is surprising, B-1734 came so quickly when things started to get so heated."

“Ah, well you see there are some customers who have a history. And those customers can on occasion get very demanding. When we see them in the store, we let toys know of it so they can be of better service to those particular users that are at times harder to please for one reason or another. We here at Toys-4-U want all our users to be pleased and enjoy their time here. To relax, as we don’t know what’s going on with them outside of these walls. So, we do what we can to be of service. And when we have toys that are inexperienced as yourself. We have some of our best customer service toys at the ready to give support. B-1374 is the very best we have and is often in the toy test room area. So, it is natural that they would catch the issue quickly and provide assistance.”

“Oh, toy understands. Yes, that makes much more sense. This one has been thinking though Maker and is curious about a few things.”

K-2373 gently caresses Ratchet’s bulge making him moan, the two of them about to reach the door that leads to the hallway to the pods, “And what is that toy?”

“How many toys like itself work here to provide such wonderful assistance?”

“A good amount, many of which you will get to know if not all of them in time.”

“That is nice Maker. Once this one is finished it would love to meet every toy here. This one is not sure how often a new toy like this one is finished, or if there is anything special about it but...”

“Toy-to-be, every toy is special. There is a reason why you were selected with your fine quality material to be molded into the toy you are becoming,” it says, reaching the door, typing into the keypad to unlock the door with whir and a click.

“This one has no doubt, Maker. After all you are the one who takes the time and effort to make us into fine quality toys that Toys-4-U is known for, and customers deserve.”

“Are you trying to gain my favor for something toy-to-be?” it asks, teasing Ratchet along, each step bringing them closer to the molding pods and a respite for the weary Ratchet.

“Not a favor at all Maker. You’ve done a great one by picking toy to become such a wonderful object. It couldn’t be happier with it. It was just thinking if there is ever a time when toys aren’t working to have a get together, so it could meet and better get to know its fellow toy units when time is appropriate. With so many hard-working toys it could scarcely believe that every toy is busy all the times. Even with the need of charging.”

“You’re always thinking toy-to-be. It likes that. Your idea about the gears has been submitted and currently checked over by this one’s Maker and its crew. It’ll know about the results of those soon enough.”

“That’s wonderful Maker, but then you are saying that there is no toy meet-n-greet sometime? This one would love to take a moment and enjoy every toy here,” it says with excitement, the doors opening up to the toy molding room.

“Unfortunately there isn’t a set place for toys just meet n greet each other, unless the charge rooms would count but those are normally for... wait a moment, wait a moment...” K-2373 says, thoughts bouncing within its rubbery head, the toy still guiding Ratchet over to his molding pod.

“What if there was such a place?” it asks, typing into the computer console to get the pod ready for Ratchet.

“For a toy meet n greet?”

“Yes, to have occasions held there. User and toy alike. This one knows what a toy duty is, but building a community with the users that come here. To have a kinky party perhaps or shindig.”

“Shindig?”

“Ah... this one thinks toy’s Maker rubbed off on it there. But this idea... it could be something, Yes. It would need to plan it out and get approval from its Maker to make such a change to the store itself, but that could be something. Like a toy restaurant... well not a restaurant that would be a bit much it thinks, but a small eatery place. Like big stores have. It’s a bit of a trip to come here, having a place for customers to sit and eat, have a coffee like a...”

“A cafe’ Maker?’ Ratchet asks, putting its glasses on the computer console then slipping on its own to the back half of the mold, fitting into it, the rubber stand slipping into and drawn into their specific molding slots within the mold, willingly, perhaps eagerly accepting the next night of molding, excitement building up within him, while a different kind of excitement fills the feline toy.

K-2373’s eyes light up at the suggestion, “Yes! That sounds like a great idea. This one should have thought of it itself. But what kind of cafe? There are so many different kinds, from the foreign, to the local, to the chive, and hip to the cozy. And then would this be an addition to the store? A remodel of a section? If a remodel where? And then this one needs to get permission to undertake something like this.”

“Permission Maker?” Ratchet asks curiously, leaning fully into the pod, ready to accept the other half of it over him.

“It’s complicated toy, something you don’t need to worry about. Let this one worry about the bigger things. Your concern is becoming the best toy you can be, alright?”

“Yes Maker, this one understands.”

“That’s a good toy,” it says, hitting the execute button on the computer console, the front of the mold, coming down over Ratchet, locking him back into that wonderful hard plastic mold. The front coming over the toy-to-be, locking into place, mouth held open, rear ready to receive its daily dose of latex.

Ratchet’s world is blurred, the tentacles now dangling from the ceiling, only the one destined for his mouth in view. He watches the black, white and blue blur of his Maker grab and caress the tentacle guiding the phallic end into the front of the mold, into his mouth, filling his cheeks, twist locking into place. A welcoming sensation and sight, his rear tensing, ready to feel himself be filled again, body longing for it, the pleasures it will bring to him.

His Maker’s words have become quite prophetic, this was a time of joy that he loved each and every day, the break between one session of work for his Maker to the next, becoming more of the perfected toy that he knew he is being molded into. Unable to move, unable to do

anything except take in the dildo that is pushed into his rear, pressing against his prostate, a hot button of pleasure, making his bulge twitch against the mold that is perfect cupping it.

A push, a twist, a moan that is muffled by the dildo in his mouth, tongue licking across the phallic device, enjoying the flavor, his phallic slick tongue moving with the near full motion of his tongue unhindered by a suit as they are already nearly one. The blur of his Maker returning to his field of view, the toy eyeing the glasses on the computer console.

K-2373 sighs softly, "If that one didn't help, it would forget it had those. Good job toy, it will remember to thank you for helping this one with that," it mutters to itself, starting the molding process for the day.

The machinery hums, air is sucked out of the mold, shifting Ratchet's body slightly. Warm rubber flows down the tubes, which he takes easily, suckling it down with zero hesitation or problem, while his rear is filled with the same warming rubber, black while his mouth is filled with white dreamy liquid. Deafened once again, practically blinded, left to remain in the mold, it's a time of relaxation, self-reflection, listening to the sweet voice of his Maker in his head, helping guide him, so accustomed to them now, he wonders how he could have ever existed without them.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"Toy is designed for pleasure."

"Toy doesn't need to pleasure itself."

"Service is its own pleasure."

"Good toys obey."

"Good toys serve."

"Good toys love to fuck when needed."

"Good toys never need to touch themselves."

"The wait is as good as the release."

"Toy is a fuck toy."

Dynamically changing, repeating, hypnotic, yet never growing stale, with over a hundred if not more phrases for Ratchet to listen into, he loves every moment of it, K-2373 leaving its newest toy in the making to another day of wonderful molding, there is a thought that fills its head, outside of its own sweet that helps program toy into being a good toy.

"Toy is a good toy," it says in K-2373's mind while it thinks.

"Toy needs to call its Maker. The sooner it can get approval for the project the better. But then it needs to be ready to answer Maker's questions on it. Maker is always inquisitive. Perhaps it's better if toy just gets a proposal ready for the next toy meeting?"

"Toy obeys its Maker."

K-2373 walks out of the toy molding room, thinking out the possible locations this cafe could be, *"Getting the questions answered that toy knows Maker will have would be a good idea. It can't rush this. Good things don't need to be rushed."*

“Toy serves its Maker.”

The feline toy steps back onto the store floor seeing the other toys already hard at work, getting the store ready for the next day, which is still hours away, the security guards that keep an eye on the store grounds outside and by the glass doors, visible via their flashlights even from the toy’s location, *“This one will need help on this. A meeting with some of the other toys will help. It could never do this alone. Something Maker taught this one well on.”*

“Toy’s Maker is K-2003.”

K-2373 gets a look of determination on its face, “Time to have a light night meeting to hash out the ideas, B-1374! This one needs you!” it exclaims, the toy’s voice echoing out through the store.

The sleek black and red feline toy rushes over to K-2373 within a short period of time, “Yes Maker?” it asks with a hint of concern in its voice, “What’s wrong? You rarely call this one like this.”

“This one needs a store meeting with the top fellow toy units of the store. R&D, customer service, toy security, any toy that has over a year of experience at the store. It wants their input on a new idea and prepares a presentation for its Maker by the next weekly toy manager meeting. Do you think you can do that for this one?”

The blind looking toy smiles, its cock twitching, with excitement at the thought that it can be of service to its Maker, and partner toy, “With pleasure Maker. Where shall we have the meeting?”

“Two hours, this one’s bedroom. It’ll make a dinner affair out of it.”

“Cooking for all those toys, Maker?”

K-2373 smirks, “Of course, it will help present its idea better.”

B-toy gives a curious look but then smiles, “Yes Maker. It will get everything in order as you prepare a meal for us lucky toys.”

“Thank you, this one can always count on you.”

“You can always count on all of us, Maker, after all you made us.”

K-2373 smiles, “Yeah... this one guesses it did,” it says, heading back to its place, getting ready for a meeting and a meal for a nice addition for the store.

It took a few days of planning, preparation. K-2373’s bed chambers have been adjusted to have store floor plans, a model of what it is planning with the other toys. The cameras used to make advertisements are now used to stream the presentation. It was a rush to get the project ready in time for the meeting with its Maker, K-2003, but with the help and dedication of its fellow toy units it managed.

The toy gleams in its polish, the black parts of its body shining so brightly that its a mirror-like finish. A few other toys stay out of view, manning the cameras, one being a sleek light grey bellied dark grey leopard toy, with black cuffs with a red band, the lettering in a matching red that reads like all the other toys “Fuck Toy”. Its red tag on its collar reads, M-7373. It has a sly smirk, looking over to the visibly nervous Maker. It adjusts a few cameras, making sure it is all to perfect.

“Just a few minutes and we’ll be ready to proceed,” K-2373 states, checking over itself and the meticulous set up displays on the bed, “We should have set up a better meeting area.”

B-1374 polishes the toy’s back, “Relax Maker. You can do this. And you know that K-2003 doesn’t have filming down in the lab areas, which would have been the best, yes, but respecting Maker’s Maker’s desires is important.”

It lets out a soft relaxing mew, purring contently enjoying the soft polishing along its back. Feeling the cloth move down along its back, toward its tail base making it hike its tail, length twitch, “Yes, but it has never suggested this big of a change before. Maker’s stores are very important to it, and...”

“And your Maker picked you to open the first store outside of its own, didn’t it?”

“It did, but it's not the only one, the other store opened a week after this one’s own, the female version of our kind.”

“But yours is still first, and your Maker trusts you on the company’s expansion, which you’ve done a lot with. Making so many fine toys,” it says, the toy stops polishing K-2373’s back, hands moving around to give it a hug from behind, the cloth gently rubbing and polishing his already polished chest, “You’ll do just fine. This one and others will be here if you ever need help.”

K-2373 leans back against B-toy, “Thank you. You always know what to say,” it says with a soft mew.

“Made by the best.”

“Out of the best material,” it replies, nuzzling and giving its fellow toy unit a soft tender kiss before B-1374 slinks away with a squeak.

“You got this,” it says with a smirk, before giving the toy’s butt a loud audible smack.

It tenses, moaning softly, watching its partner toy saunter over behind the larger computer monitor, the computer pulled into the room from the office, the toy checking over everything, rump swaying teasingly, “Everything here is working. Ready Maker?” it asks.

K-2373 gains a level of resolve, nodding, “Ready.”

“Booting it up, connecting to the chat, meeting should start soon. You got this,” it says, giving a thumbs up, slinking away out of the view of the cameras.

“Right this one has this. It didn’t think it would be so nervous,” it remarks, adjusting itself, but then it freezes the moment it hears the voice of its Maker.

“You have a desire to do well and want to please. That concern causes you to be a nervous toy. Don’t worry about it, it's natural and it appreciates the efforts you go through to help this one and the company,” K-2003 says, the sleek black and cyan sergal toy showing on the screen. The toy just as well polished with a mirror-like shine as its fellow toy. The softly glowing cyan eyes seem to stare right into it. The camera angled just to show the toy’s collar and head, cutting out its breasts from view, but it can hear the soft squeak and rub of its breasts together by its arms, a unique quirk of it as the sergal toy awaits to hear what its fellow toy has to say.

“M-maker. This one wasn’t expecting you to be online already? Were you waiting for this one?”

“This one managed to get here just a few minutes ago. It’s still a few minutes till it’s time. If you need the time, take it. This one can wait.”

“This one is ready. It can begin.”

“Wonderful! This one is ready to hear your oral presentation. It’s rather exciting, knowing what a good tongue you have there.”

K-2373 takes a deep breath, more of a habit than a necessity, “Customer satisfaction is very important for us in Toys-4-U, and we’ve come up with a way to add a little bit of delight to our megastores. Since all of our stores are located in the countryside away from everything, that being able to have a little something to eat and drink within our establishment after a long drive would be rather refreshing. And we thought here at our store based on feedback from its toys that a cafe would be a fine balance between providing a service and an experience at our megastore.”

K-2003 nods sagely, claws gently rubbing its chin with a squeak, not saying a word, as it intently listens to every word its fellow toy has to say.

K-2373 swallows a small lump in its throat, “*You can do this. You are a good toy. And Maker will be pleased just with the effort. Keep going,*” it thinks, walking over to the bed where the layout of the store and proposed section and model of the cafe, “Now this is just the initial idea, but if you can see here…” it says, looking to M-7373, which adjusts the camera to follow then look at the display.

“Oh, look at the little miniatures! That’s so cute,” K-2003 exclaims.

The Maker’s words derail K-2373’s train of thought for just a few seconds, its hand recoiling slightly before pressing forward, “Y-yes. We have a lot of qualified toys here that have different skill sets that came into use for putting this all together. It didn’t want to model the main store floor, utilizing our valuable space for the cafe. Instead, we thought that if we took this area here. Which is sometimes used as a backup storage area, a small personal fitting room, and this big empty room here put on the blueprints as ‘games’ that will give us ample space to have the full cafe. The wiring, and storage of foodstuffs can all be handled in this area. It would take a few weeks to remodel the store to make the addition. We also have a lot of toys here, who could do the remodeling in company to cut down on costs. What do you think Maker?” it asks. A few moments of silence pass with only the soft sounds of rubber coming from the audio. Each moment passing builds the weight the feline toy feels. It looks over to B-1374 which mouths the words.

“You did great,” giving a thumbs up in the process. Alleviating some of the weight it feels.

“This one has a few questions,” K-2003 says, breaking the silence.

“Yes Maker?” it responds, attention snapping back to it.

“Caring food stuffs has its own set of regulations. Have you checked with the local and state and federal laws for user food consumption?”

K-2373 feels a small pit in its stomach, “N-no Maker.”

“That would be something this one would need to handle. And then have to deal with food inspectors. Keeping the main sections of the store separate from any possible food areas, would have to be very strict. Wouldn’t want a user to know any of our company secrets by happenstance, but we have to follow the laws, and having to balance that so we don’t hide any food products in any area not related to the service is paramount. Do you have a plan to ensure that?”

“Ah, no Maker, but we can work that out first if you desire before any construction would begin.”

“Speaking of construction, you mentioned company toys to do the project?”

“Yes Maker,” it says proudly.

“This one’s company does work with local construction businesses to provide them with work and has a few trusted construction companies it works with. And to meet up with local ordinances, this one will have to also see if your area is zoned to have food items. If not it would have to either get a special permit to allow something like this. Have you checked up on that? The ordinances?”

“N-no Maker, this one didn’t think of that...”

“Hmmm,” K-2003 responds, moving to try to get a better view of the project as if it would help, its tag showing brightly in the screen, “And to keep with regulation and ordinances, it will need to hire an out of store supervisor. If we are to do this, but that shouldn’t be a huge problem, it supposes.”

“Ah yes, Maker, this one doesn’t think it would be.”

“And the areas you want to use. How will we do any cross-store games. The areas you picked it uses for poker games and providing some personal touch to what we do,” K-2003 says, looking at K-2373 seemingly in the eye from the screen, “What about that?”

“Ah, well, this one didn’t think about that. We don’t use those rooms much at all here Maker. And so they are empty space not being utilized.”

“This one sees... That may not be a huge deal it supposes, and workarounds can be handled. But what about the employees? A cafe probably would need five to seven people of this size to function during all open store hours, and if you include weekends, that ups it to ten or so. Part time employees. It is very difficult for many to drive to and fro from the job, so having local accommodations is required. It would put a strain on the rooms up above but if this one recalls that could be enough space.”

“Ah... well... Maker, you see this one was going to have us toys work at the cafe.”

“This one loves to cook, and it knows you do too. But private toy cooking is far different than having it done publicly. There is a huge stigma on sex objects making food that we’d have to deal with. Now as much...” K-2003 says, while K-2373 squirms a little on the spotlight but the toy Maker’s words are cut off by another toy.

“Now listen here you,” M-7373 states, walking into full view of the cameras, turning to face K-2003.

K-2373 looks at it in surprise, “M-7373, what are you doing?”

“Maker, let this one handle this part,” it says, somewhat shoving its Maker out of view.

“We put a lot of thought and effort into this project and many of us toys are overjoyed at the thought of providing a service for our users. They come here hungry for more than just sex. Many times, have this one heard about how they wished they brought a drink, or heard a stomach rumble. It is not our fault that you decided to put our stores so far out of the way from other common conveniences that our users need. We came out with an excellent idea how to provide that service that your decision has denied our users. And you can’t be so harsh on K-2373 that is the best Maker there is. And you should be more grateful to have such great toys like it to be helping you on your problems,” it states with a sternness and huff.

K-2373 stands there, mortified, unsure what to say at this turn of events.

K-2003’s smile doesn’t fade, not interrupting, waiting till there is a pause in M-toy is saying, “Are you finished it asks, its gaze unwavering.

“Yeah, this one thinks it is.”

The sergal toy’s eyes shift to K-2373 making that weight feeling return to it, “K-2373, what toy is this one?”

“That’s M-7373, a lovely toy that can get very passionate about being of service and...”

“This one is the one who will be in charge of the cafe when it is built,” M-7373 adds in, making K-2373 tense and lower its head a little.

“Yes, it is.”

“This one sees. First, M-7373 it appreciates your passion. But please in the future do not interrupt another when they are speaking, regardless of how passionate you are about it. Well unless it’s for a good reason it supposes. And to you it probably felt like a good reason at this moment... But anyway. This one was going to say that as much as this one loves this idea. And it does. There are a lot of kinks to work out in the project.”

“Really Maker?” K-2373 asks, eyes lighting up.

“Yes. It knows there is a lot of nuances in running a business that this one has had to learn on the fly. So for you to overlook all of these things, doesn’t surprise this one. It is questions that it must ask, as it will be questions asked to this one as it submits the paperwork for its approval. And this will take a lot of work as a testing ground for this idea.”

The weight from K-2373’s chest lifts, “Right Maker. And what about toys running the cafe? It would cut down on costs.”

“Hmmm, could do a hybrid of toys and non-toys. It depends on the local economy. They are in need of jobs, aren’t they?”

“Ah, a little.”

“We can work something out, that’s for sure. But if you have toys so eager and willing to be of service that without thinking they come to your aid. How could this one not be touched with such dedication? Being proactive and taking those chances even if it might fail or be difficult, is all part of being a Toys-4-U toy. And you’ve just shown this one how correct this one was on making you a toy Maker. Keep up the good work.’

“T-thank you Maker,” K-2373 says with a soft mew.

“It will check over a few things over the next several days. It hopes by the weekend it can let you know if you can start the remodeling process. If so, it will hope to have a supervisor there to make sure everything remains to code. Ship supplies to you to keep the rest of the store clean while the construction happens. And a lot of extra polish and cleaner. For toys will get dusty and dirty.”

“Thank you, Maker. It won’t let you down.”

“It knows you won’t. For you try with every bit of yourself and you make this one proud. In a few days we’ll have our normal manager meeting. It hopes to see you there.”

“Of course, Maker.”

“Now excuse this one it must... oh one more thing.”

“What is it Maker?”

“This one will have to be there for the opening ceremony.”

“Of course, this one wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Perfect. Good luck, this one has some calls to make,” it says with a big toothy grin, the call ending.

K-2373 takes a step back to relax, “That was more stressful than this one thought it was going to be.”

B-1374 saunters over to it, hands gently caressing the feline’s chest, “You did great and this one is proud to have you as its Maker.”

“Thank you,” it responds with a smile and a nuzzle kiss, before turning to face M-7373, “Now you. Jumping out like that and talking to its Maker like that?”

“That was your Maker, Maker?” it inquires.

“Yes. CEO and owner of Toys-4-U,” it explains.

“That toy? Hmm, this one can’t see how they run the company, but they did the right thing and listened to you Maker.”

K-2373 sighs, “K-2003 listened to all of us. It deals with far more than this one does and is grateful for the work that it does. But you did provide a compelling argument to it on having all of you lovelies work at the cafe. This one wasn’t sure what to say to convince Maker otherwise.”

“It’s what any toy would do for their Maker. Come to your aid when you need it the most.”

“Thanks. But now this one has to get back to work. Do you two have the clean up? Its current toy-to-be needs to get out and please a very important customer.”

“We got it Maker,” B-toy responds.

“Of course, leave it to this one, it can handle a simple task such as this,” M-toy adds.

“Good,” replies, slinking out of the room into the toy testing room hallway. Sounds of the store already up and running are heard coming down the hall, and as it passes the door to the new dragon dungeon room it hears a ring of a phone.

K-2373 huffs, "*Phones aren't allowed in the toy testing rooms... but it will let it slide this time,*" it thinks then catching some of the conversation.

"Of course, this is he. You caught me at a bad time. I am a little hung up at the moment... what you want me to do what? ... Why ask someone of my station for such a simple task... yeah... yeah... well if you put it that way. I'll see what I can do."

K-2373 ears twitch, "*Is that what it thinks it is?*" it wonders, heading to the store floor, seeing the morning hustle and bustle, greeting and waving to customers and toy alike, heading to the one eagerly awaiting toy-to-be that grows closer to completion with each passing day...

"Toy works hard to be a good toy."

"Toy does what it can to be a good toy."

"Good toys think how to please."

"Good toys are proactive in the needs of their users."

"Good toys are diligent and thoughtful to others."

"The reward of good service is in itself a pleasuring delight."

"Good toys are objects."

"You are a fuck thing."

"Good toys are a fuck toy."

"You are a good fuck toy."

The thoughts weave through Ratchet's mind. It's hard to know if they are his thoughts are the collars, but in the end it didn't matter. His own internal voice, or that of his wonderful Maker, it mattered not. Only working on becoming this ideal good toy to the best of his ability is what did.

The passing days cleaning and making sure everything is safe for users are behind him, and he knows it. Those last few days have only made the twitching and throb of his bulge all the better. The melting away of what could be his length into the mass of rubber is a surreal experience. Like a stick of butter melting away into even more butter, cooling, smoothing, all sensitive and combined to be bigger zone of arousing pleasure than ever before. A twitch, an ache, goes deep into his loins yet the bulge is all that is there. A sweet delight that makes him feel even more in line with the rule. A heart throb delight, want, need. A dedication to service like no other, giving his all, his essence, his future to it. The significance of knowing that this... this is the new part of him, forever and ever.

Likewise, his desire to reach down and simply feel the bulge melted away over this time. There was a moment of curiosity to just *know* what it feels like, but that little voice in his head was overrun away by another, stronger, more prominent voice.

"Good toys don't touch themselves."

"Only toys told to touch themselves do."

"No need to touch itself."

"You are a good toy eager to please others. Not itself."

Less twitching ache to move his hands down below, it was simple, an accustomed aching feel and desire. Squeezing the plug in his rear, feeling the warm rubber flow in and out of his

behind, in and out of his mouth, slurping down the length. It's a wonderful delight, letting himself simply think, *"How could this one be so lucky? This one has to do well to please Maker. It put so much time and effort into this one. It will do its best!"*

Then comes that familiar black, white and blue blur. The approach of his Maker, making his rump tense, mouth suckle harder. Body positively responding his Maker's mere presence. Then comes those familiar sensations. The slow and stop of the flow of warm rubber into him, the click and a hiss as air rushes back into the mold, the cool sensation of the molding room. Twist, turn, pull tug, the gasp of air into his lungs, the soft moan and pull of the withdrawal of the plug in his rear, which has retained its plump tightness despite how many times its been filled in this wonderful pod. The pull, and tug of the front of his body as the upper half of the mold rises up. Ears twitching hearing the smooth running of the gears up above, informing him that everything is running as they should be, filling him with a level of pride of a job well done. Then his eyes meet, looking at his Maker. That softly glowing blue eyes, that feline smirk, what confidence that is seen in his face, "M-morning Maker," he mews with a soft vocal squeak.

K-2373 reaches up and gently touches Ratchet's chest, feeling the toy-to-be's warm body, the seek perfection, noting the continued mold of the toy's rubber fur, but its fingers are currently busy feeling the rest of the toy's body, tracing along the toy-to-be's form, moving down to the crotch, feeling the bulge, "Morning Toy-to-be. Rest well?"

Ratchet shudders, bucking into his Maker's hand, feeling the impressions pushed into his bulge, little blossoms of pleasure flowing down into his crotch, tingling up into his body, a real hot button being pressed by the toy. It bucks up, pressing against the hand, rump tensing, pulling out of the mold a little more with a schlunk.

K-2373 feels the tense, the responsiveness, fingers curling and sliding across the bulge, getting a stronger grip to tease the toy-to-be out of the mold, "That's it toy-to-be. You're doing great," it says, giving a little tug.

Like the hand of God Ratchet is pulled from the mold, helpless to resist. Pleasure and delight filling him, "Oh my gosh," he shudders, feeling the tug of the back of the mold against his body, slipping out fully. Stiffening a bit while K-2373's hands gently run across the rubber fur.

"Everything is coming along nicely. Fur is not complete yet, but that is to be expected. But its well on track to be done by the time you're done. But with this..." the feline says with a smirk, fingers pianoing across the bulge, causing Ratchet to moan and gasp, "This feels done, and with it you are ready to be tested by customers."

"R-really?" he responds, eyes lighting up. The toy-to-be, able to see clearly now, the blur of its poor vision molding away into perfection, much like himself.

"Yes, and this one has a very important customer to be your first. You already know him. A certain noble bat," it explains, feeling Ratchet stiffen up.

"H-him?" he asks with a gulp.

"Yes. We promised him that you'd be first taken by him, and we aim to keep it."

“This one will try its best. It hopes it can please them. He felt like he has high standards.”

“Which is why they wanted you so badly. They could see your quality as a toy. And now you get a chance to *show* your quality as a toy to them.”

He swallows a lump in his throat, “Yes Maker, this one understands,” he responds, feeling a weight hang over his head, following his Maker off the platform.

“Come, he’s already waiting,” it explains tugging him along.

“A-already?” he asks with a soft squeak.

“Mr. Von Koola Pire the third is a very insistent customer and an asset to the company, so we must take precautions that their particular needs are met.”

“And this one is going to be up to pleasing them? Someone of such importance?”

“Every customer is equally important, and we strive to give them the experience they all deserve. Just some come with extra precautions. And if you are to ask this one, which you are. You are very ready for them. Be yourself. The lovely toy this one knows you are. And you will do marvelously. But just to be sure, ask him and all customers to fill out the written survey that will be in the rooms that you will be servicing. They’ll be added into a drawing to win a free Toys-4-U gift card. Do you think you can do that for this one?” it asks, playing with Ratchet’s bulge as it speaks.

The toy-to-be squeaks softly, with a soft moan, “Y-yes Maker, this one knows it can,” it replies with some confidence,

“Good toy,” it responds.

Ratchet feels a humbling delight move through him as he follows it out onto the store floor, taking note the store is open and bustling. Eagerly he follows his Maker back to the toy testing rooms, leading him to the dragon hoard bondage room.

“Here we are toy. Now you know what to do. Go get them,” K-2373 says unlocking the door, smacking Ratchet on the butt, pushing him through.

“Yes Toy Master!” he responds, stepping through to the clean and well-polished dragon hoard bondage room. Designed to look like a kinky bondage dragon’s room with medieval visage complete with a set of ‘golden’ coins that one can fuck over. Thoughts of the difficulty to clean those coins fill his mind when he hears a throat clearing.

“There you are. I can’t believe I’ve waited this long for you,” huffs Vam, arms across his body, blocking his front from Ratchet’s view.

The toy-to-be looks at the cute slender anthropomorphic bat, noticing that his bat wings are painted in a thin layer of black polished rubber, that shine and shimmer in the room’s light, “Greetings Sir, this one apologies for being late. But it's here to be of service to you,” he says with a respectful squeaky bow, hiking his butt up, his fluffy rubber tail swaying, eyes not leaving the bat but kept lowered.

Vam smirks, showing off his bat fangs, “That is what I like to see, on the floor before me, like the good fuck object that you are!” he exclaims, spreading his wings, showing off his pseudo naked form. But that his body is wearing a clear thin layer of clear smooth plastic that shows off

his naked body underneath, but exposed between his legs is his aching twitching length. Giving a naked look without actually being so.

“Yes sir,” Ratchet replies, getting onto all fours and crawling over to him, looking up at the bat, who kept the smug grin.

“Refer to me as your lord, or lordship.”

“Yes, this one’s lord.”

“Say my lord, it pleases me more.”

Ratchet swallows a lump in his throat, forcing the word ‘my’ out, a taboo feeling, like swearing needlessly in front of someone, breaking an unspoken but understood rule, yet given the circumstances... “Yes, my lord,” he replies, feeling an ease of fear of his own reaction to it, *“Perhaps it's okay to say that when a user makes that request...”*

“On your belly toy, hold your legs and feet up as high as you can,” he commands.

“Yes, my lord,” he replies, pulling his arms and legs back, feeling the bat, putting his foot on his back, grabbing his wrists, locking them to each other.

“Good toy. You left me frustrated for nearly a week. No one leaves *me* frustrated for a week without consequences,” he states, grabbing the toy’s legs forcing them back and over his own body, locking the ankles together and then to his wrists, using the cuffs to hogtie him.

“Apologies my Lord. This one didn’t mean to, but it is free to be used now,” Ratchet responds with a soft moan, its limbs stretched in a way that his organic self would have found it difficult and rather straining to pull off, but now they are loose, limber, easy to make the move, while feeling mildly pleasant and comfortable, though what made it really enjoyable was while on his belly his crotch is pressed into the floor and left exposed, making his toes curl a little.

“You better apologize,” he says with a click, throwing a bondage rope up and over a support beam designed for it, “And I should have had you do this part...”

“Apologies my Lord, do you want this one to be untied and do it?”

“No I do not. I’m not going to do something twice,” he states, looping the ropes through the cuffs, sliding down the ankles, wrists, upper arms and thighs.

Ratchet can’t see much of what the bat is doing, left squirming and exposed. Nothing to do but wait, feeling the slide of the rope through the rings, sliding along his smooth latex body. Hearing the jingle and soft squeak as the bat moves over him, pulling his limbs closer together as he weaves the rope into place, “Thank you my Lord for using this one.”

“I haven’t used you yet,” he states, clicking a bit more, locking the rope parts together, having weaved the web that only pulls Ratchet’s limbs closer together when the bat pulls on the rope that lifts him up into the air.

Each tug upwards, pulls tighter on Ratchet’s limbs, rubbing his body, which swung in the air, a little more with each pull, rising up higher and higher, past head height of his bat partner. He moans softly, grunting, the cool air brushing against his exposed aching, throbbing crotch. He looks down at the bat, who looks up at him with a smirk, pulling and tugging on the rope till he’s just the right height.

“Perfect,” he clicks in delight, ears twitching.

“Perfect my lord?” he inquires, squirming, swinging there helplessly.

“The right height for me,” he says in a condescending tone.

Ratchet hides a look of confusion to the bat’s words, wanting to say, but simply thinking, “*But how could you use this one from down there?*” and instead the toy responds, “Excellent work my Lord, this one is totally helpless and of service to your desires. No other greater user such as yourself will ever use this one,” it says, thinking moments afterwards, “*This one might have gone a bit ham on that, no one could...*”

The bat smirks, “Yes, I know. I am the very best you will have. It will be all downhill from here, so enjoy it while you can toy. Enjoy your first and *best* fuck you’ll ever get. Just hope you can give me a fraction of the joy that I’ll be giving you, you simple fuck thing.”

“Yes, my Lord!” it responds, wiggling in its bondage, “*Wow that did work. Who’d have thunk it,*” he thinks.

“Much better,” he says looking up at the helpless dangling toy.

“My Lord, this one would like to be of service. How can it be if it's stuck up there.”

“Simple toy. One of my standing can have you wherever I want, however I want,” he explains with a soft click, giving a toothy fang grin, leaping up, and with a few powerful flaps and an acrobatic feat that would make a Olympic gymnast gasp in surprise, he’s upside down, feet clinging onto the pole overhead that is already holding Ratchet up in the air.

There is a soft creak, and rattle from the force of the maneuver, Ratchet letting out a squeak, realizing that the bat is now hanging upside down right behind him, hip in perfect position to take advantage, “*He has some strong feet,*” he thinks.

“There we are, my perfect hanging fruit, easy for me to enjoy,” states Vam, licking his teeth, hands firmly gripping Ratchet’s sides, moving closer so that his cock tip presses against his rear.

“Eep,” he says, feeling the bat’s claws along his sides, feeling the rubber covered wings running across parts of his thighs, looking down to the ground below him, down past his smooth body and bulge, seeing the bat getting ready to pound him from his upside-down hanging position.

“Now to enjoy you... nice and slow, that first penetration is all *mine,*” he says, slipping into the fennalope’s tight rear. The slick pinkish cock pushing past the toy-to-be’s pucker, sliding into that sensitive rear, running across his prostate nice and slow, grinding against the internal hot button, that makes the toy melt.

While he hears the bat’s moans, he melts feeling the length push into him. It’s different than the simple plugs that filled his rear, flooding his body with latex night after night. This was sensual, delightful, full of meaning and use. The push on his prostate makes his bulge twitch and throb, aching, reminding him of his endless need that resides between his loins. Looking around so clearly but held like this it’s a wonder that his... “*This one’s glasses! Where are toy’s glasses?!*” he thinks, squeezing and milking Vam’s length, not seeing them on the ground, “*Did this one forget them?*” it stiffens a bit, feeling truly naked now without them, but it presses on, milking the user’s cock.

“Fuck yes. Such a tight and sweet as. Perfect for someone like me,” says Vam, body creaking and squeaking with his attire and latex. His hips smack against Ratchet’s butt, bouncing off the smooth latex, balls smacking against the lowest parts of the toy-to-be’s bulge, adding an extra little bit of delight, making him squirm further while being taken so completely, helplessly.

“You are so wonderful my Lord. And so very big. Toy is honored to be first taken by one such as you,” he says, body swinging from the ropes, being used like the perfect fuck thing, with no agency except how much ecstasy that he can give the bat with his squeezing, and moaning.

“Moan for me toy. Declare how wonderful and big your Lordship is,” he exclaims, squeaking louder himself, letting out chitters and clicks of delights, pounding harder, faster, eager to fill this toy with his first load, his pent-up nature showing through. Instincts overcoming that high and might facade that he puts on for all those around him, becoming nothing more than a lustful bat wanting to fuck as natural of a pose as he can, upside down with a thing of his choosing.

“Its only going to be downhill for this one now my Lord. It will never experience such a masterful mating by anyone except if you grace this toy with your presence again in the future,” Ratchet calls out, feeling the bat’s cock twitch and throb even harder, the sensation that... *“He’s getting off from compliments. This user has a praise kink.”*

“Yes, yes. I am wonderful and the very best,” he clicks, feeling himself on edge, about to blow.

“This one could never imagine anyone with a lovely, shaped cock and such a unique and overpowering presence as you my Lord,” he says, adding his words of praise with tight squeezing milks of the bat’s cock, that is leaking copious amounts of pre-cum, making his rear slicker and easier to be taken. And as he says the words ‘overpowering presence’ is when he feels Vam unable to contain himself.

The bat lets out a loud click and chirp of pleasure, gasping for air, feet tightly squeezing the beam overhead as he spews his hot sticky load upside down into the hogtied toy. Wave after wave of pleasure flows through him as he floods the toy’s rear with his hot sticky essence.

Slowly, steadily the bat pulls out, panting, his length still a little hard as he looks over the toy, smacking it on the ass, “Not bad for your first use toy!” he exclaims.

“Thank you, my Lord, you were wonderful!” he exclaims.

“Yes, I am,” he replies, his cock twitching, growing harder. He pulls himself up climbing across the beam, and lowering himself down over to Ratchet’s head, the bat licking across Ratchet’s ear, “And I have more to give to you toy. I waited way too long to be satisfied with a single fuck. You’ll be singing my praises for quite a...” he licks across Ratchet’s long ear, “While.”

The fennalope shudders, letting out a soft squeak, “What a glorious day this is for this simple toy my Lord, to be given such fine attention by one so far above it.”

Vam's length twitches, "Yes, of course, and you will be giving a fine taste of your betters," he continues to climb across the beam, turning around, hanging by his feet upside down in front of him, the bat's cock now perfectly positioned in front of him, seeing the balls laying on top of the bat's twitching cock.

"Thank you, my Lord," he replies, opening his mouth like any good toy would.

"Yes, you should be thanking me and as much as I love to hear you speak about my greatness, I have graciously decided to put your mouth to even better use."

"Thank you, my Lo,..." Ratchet's words are cut off when Vam reaches over to the top of his head, and slams it onto Vam's twitching throbbing gooey cum covered cock.

With a firm suckle, and moan of pleasure he suckles down the member, feeling the bat's wings run across the sides of his face as he must reach from underneath to hold onto the Fennalope's antlers.

"Ah, that's a wonderful sound. The moans of those enjoying my beauty," he says, starting to piston his hips against Ratchet's hungry face. The bat's balls smack Ratchet's nose, allowing him to smell the strong aching arousal this fellow has, along with the lavender scented oils that he used in his last bath.

A song suddenly starts to play, catching both of them off guard, and while the toy-to-be hungry suckles the cock, the bat barely slowing down, while releasing the fennalope's antlers, Vam remarks, "Who in the fuck is calling me now? First it's one call and now another?" he huffs, unsealing a rubber pocket hidden in the rubber painted bat wings, pulling out a smartphone from it, "Who is it? I'm busy," he grunts.

"Smartphone? Those aren't allowed in here. But toy can't say anything right now, its mouth is rather... full," he thinks, tongue coiling around the bat's length, slurping and tasting the throbbing flesh as he's already suckled down any cum that was glazing his member and trapped within.

"Oh, mayor Wiggler. I should have known you'd contact me right away," he replies with a withheld grunt, still fucking Ratchet, moving one hand back over to the fennalope's antlers to get a better grip and thrust into him.

"My time is valuable so I'll make this quick. There'll be a cafe proposal in the Silverwood area. It would be best if that was approved quickly."

The toy-to-be helplessly listens, ears twitching, *"Cafe?"* he thinks, tongue snaking around the bat's member, his focus nearly a hundred percent on the bat's pleasure, perhaps 96 percent in reality.

"Yes, that's the Toys-4-U area. No, it'll be within the building. I don't know when you're going to get the proposal but do what you can to do it quickly. Last thing you want is to be known to hinder progress within the town during an economic downturn."

Squeak, squeak, drool, moan, thrust, slap, slap, slap, the toy constantly working on the bat, helping him build up his load, tensing the member twitch and throb within his mouth, steadily building up another.

Vam sighs, "What was that sound? Nothing you have to bother yourself with. Now get to work. It's what the people voted you in for," he states, hanging up the phone, "Such greatness such as I. Always in need of those underneath," he remarks, pocketing his phone, resuming his thrusts into him, "Wish I had you blind folded and deafened. That would have been nice..." he grunts, cock twitching, pleasure building and after several minutes of fucking he blows his load into the fennalope's mouth.

A flood of delicious seed slides down along Ratchet's tongue. Suckling and milking the cock, he takes it all in, happy to taste the essence, the purest form of gratitude a toy could get from a job well done. The proof is in the pudding, though in this case, the cum of the user. And the toy would not have to fear, as there will be a lot more to cum.

When all said and done, there was almost an hour of constant sex, leaving the bat exhausted, but ever so delighted, Ratchet left bound and helpless manages to say, "Feel free to fill out this one's customer survey card. So that this one may improve itself in the future. You'll also be entered into a drawing to get a free gift card."

Vam, cleaning himself off with a cloth remarks, "I am not some low born person in need of a gift card..." he says, then walking over to the place to fill out the review, "I suppose having my guidance in how to make the toys here better would be a worthy gift to give to this place," he mutters, filling out the survey, placing the paper on a nearby table, and leaving there, exiting, "Till we meet again," says Vam, walking out.

"Goodbye my Lord," he replies, left bound, upside down, hanging, blind folded, with a pumped-up dildo left in his rear, that was given a few too many pumps for any normal person to handle. The purple pump and tube dangling below.

Vam waves, crossing his arms to hide his 'naked' form with his latex painted bat wings, leaving Ratchet to hang there for only a few minutes when K-2373 comes into the room.

The feline smiles, looking over the room, "Good thing this one checked in on you. He has a habit of leaving toys hanging like this," it explains, closing the door behind it, sauntering over to him.

"Greetings Maker. This one hopes it did well."

"This one thinks you did but it doesn't know the particulars yet."

"He filled out the survey, though this one is not sure where he put it."

"He did? Well, he never does that," K-2373 says, looking around, noticing the piece of paper. It grabs it, giving it a read while untying Ratchet, letting him rest back onto the ground, unblinding folding him, "You've done very well toy."

"Thank you, Maker. It's all thanks to you," Ratchet replies, stretching, getting back onto its feet, no worse for wear despite the length of bondage that he was in.

"The only complaint he had was he had to climb back down to put a blind fold, gag and a plug into you during the session."

"Apologies Maker. There was little this one could do about it. It's not like it has it on itself in case it's needed."

K-2373 pets him on the head, a sly grin coming across his face, “That’s okay toy, this one has an idea to fix that in the future.”

“You do Maker?”

“Get cleaned up, this one will get some adjustments done to your work belt. That way wherever you go, even while doing maintenance, you can be of better service.”

Ratchet’s eyes light up, “That sounds wonderful Maker!”

“It does, and before this one forgets again,” K-2373 says, pulling out Ratchet’s glasses that are nothing more than cut pieces of glass, that only make it look like the toy needs them to see, putting them on the toy’s nose.

“So that’s what happened. We forgot them on the computer console again,” it says with a soft squeak ears folding, “Sorry about that Maker, it should have been remembered.”

“It’s alright, were in a rush. Now, get yourself cleaned up; you are needed on the floor. Helping customers, but first there is a sticking register that it wants you to look into it.”

“Got it Maker!” Ratchet responds with excitement, pleased to be of service and to serve. The first full day of being a full-service toy has only just begun...

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy services.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy works to help the company.”

“Toy works to please its owner.”

“Toy’s owner is K-2373.”

“Toy works to please its Maker.”

“Toy’s Maker is K-2373.”

The basic thoughts of the toy-to-be. The basic thoughts of a toy. So common, so self-evident at this point that the voice has become a part of the toy’s mind, its subconscious, even when hearing it, it's not listening. It's just there. Helping those little moments that may arrive, helping it keep its mind clear, of course the toy-to-be, Ratchet is not complete yet, isn't he? Despite feeling so perfectly done. Each day working his third week, servicing customers, getting the feedback on how well its doing, how it can improve. All the while its taken over and over, suckling down, cleaning, serving, servicing, all without a climax.

Throb, ache, twitch, the bulge he has seems to be more of a fact of his existence than anything negative. It’s nice and delightful, almost strange that he never had it like this in the first place. But now things were a bit different. The week trials of service were over, and now the ‘free’ week was upon him. Many possibilities were laid bare as the only thing that was really ‘needed’ at this point was the finishing touches on his rubber fur. Each day that became fuller, more luxurious, wonderful, the smoothness still there within every strand, but to have a type of fur again is a delight that is hard to describe. Perhaps like getting a head shaven and now to have it all return again, silky smooth, the finest and cleanest you’ve ever had.

Right now, though, he’s right where he should be, in the pod, being molded, suckling, squeezing, body aching, growing eager. Feeling for the time when his Maker would return.

There is no internal clock, it's simply a feeling, a very good feeling as there is that wonderful black, white and blue blur.

"Maker is here! Now this one can continue to be a wonderful toy for it. This one will do so good. And today this week is going to be unique and special... And then? This one can be complete, it's so excited!" Ratchet thinks.

The process of getting out of the mold, a simple procedure, done almost two dozen times at this point. So close to perfect, so close to being done yet still so far. Can't rush, can't rush, must wait. When that mold raises up, tugging at his body, revealing the sleek rubber form, the white belly, the blues and blacks of his body. The fennalope turned into a wonderful toy. How could he not be proud of Maker's work?

"Morning Maker," he moans, letting out a soft squeak, enjoying the fresh cooling air around him. The feline Maker boy toy, lets out a soft purr, running its hands along his chest.

"Morning toy-to-be. Are you ready for this week of proving yourself to be the best toy you can be?" K-2373 inquires, already knowing the answer, but that matters not. The verbal admittance, and acceptance of it, is a key component of being a good toy.

"Yes Maker, this one is ready," he replies, shivering at his Maker's touch. His sleek body, aching and eager with unbridled energy to be of use, to be of service.

The feline toy leans up against its becoming toy, hands caressing the smooth body, feeling the sleek rubber, hearing the squeak, hand reaching down to gently fondle and press on the bulge, feeling the tender give, yet feeling firm, like squeezing a shaft at some times when the toy-to-be is really excited. Or perhaps more like a stress ball when not very excited. With the firm squeeze the soft squish turns into a firm squishing throb, "Very eager toy-to-be. And this week will be very special. A history making moment," it says pulling back, tugging at the toy-to-be's collar to pull him out of the mold, feeling the tug of the hard plastic mold.

Ratchet moans softly, enjoying the tender touches, the wonderful squeezing, feeling his Maker's hands feel up his perfecting form, the brush of his rubber latex fur around his ears and head, the squeeze of his smooth bulge, the sensations that wonders that come from it. A soft squeaking moan escapes his lips, "Yes Maker. And what will this one be doing? To make History?"

K-2373 smiles, purring, guiding the toy-to-be off the platform, "Yes. This one's Maker approved some remodeling, and it's already begun. You will be there to help with the process. Your skills at a maintenance toy will come in handy."

"Thank you, Maker. This one will be a very good handyman... uh, handy toy actually would be better, this one thinks."

K-2373 chuckles, "You sound like this one's Maker with that one."

"Oh Maker?"

"This one will explain later, for now you have work to do and if you do a good job, and this one thinks you will. This one has some thoughts bouncing around in its own mind,"

"You do?" it asks, Ratchet's hips swaying, tail fluffed and moving along with the movements.

“This one does but it will leave that as a little tease for now, right?” it asks with a playful little wink.

“Y-yes Maker!” it responds with a squeak, walking onto the store floor. Already noticing a hint of something different in the air. A hum of power tools and construction with soft squeaks, a polyethylene sheet separates the construction area from the rest of the store.

“You will be working there. Please talk to the foreman who is in charge of making sure the remodeling stays to code. They have the plans for how we want the future coffee shop to be like. Do you think you can handle that?”

Ratchet stiffens his resolve, “Of course Toy Master, this one will be able to do that without issue.”

“Good, this one knew you could,” it responds, giving the toy’s butt a firm spank on the butt.

The toy-to-be stiffens, letting out a soft squeaky meep, feeling pleasure rush through him, heading off toward the construction zone.

“Oh toy... two things,” says K-2373.

He stops dead in his tracks, turning around, pivoting on his foot with a squeak, “Yes?”

K-2373 pulls out from its hands like a magician two items. The first is his glasses, the second is his tool belt, “We almost forgot these.”

“Toy Master, how did you hide those? You're as naked as this one is.”

K-2373 smirks, “This one has its ways, walking over to Ratchet, handing him the items.

“Thank you, this one will do its best,” it replies, putting the glasses on, even though they do nothing for him now. Getting the tool belt attached, with its new extra lewd attachment of a dildo that can be used on it or others in a moment’s notice, but everything else is legit tools for the job... with perhaps a hidden remote controlled vibrating egg.

“This one knows you will,” it responds, watching Ratchet walk off. The toy turns looking over to B-1374, hidden in a nearby aisle just out of sight, giving a thumbs up to it. The feline toy smirks to the red, white and black fellow feline toy unit, “You saved this one’s butt back there.”

“Does this mean this one gets to have it tonight?”

“Of course, and every night,” it says with a mew, walking off with its toy while Ratchet moves past the plastic sheet.

“Woa, woa, hold it right there fella. This here is a construction zone. Did you not read the sign?” says a rather busty anthropomorphic female bull shark. Dressed in jean overalls, a yellow construction helmet on her head. Her black eyes are a little off putting, but sometimes show up in shark families, showing their ancient heritage.

“Ah, this one is here to help with the remodeling.”

“You are? You know when I was told that I was going to watch over a bunch of sex toys to make sure the work they do sticks up to code I thought this was some joke, being the only woman in town that lives here, but dye my blue skin white and call me a great white shark, the mayor wasn’t lying.”

Ratchet tilts his head letting out a soft mew, "Only woman in town?"

"What? Did ya not hear? This is a gay commune. Why this here store serves men who fancy men."

"This one knows but didn't think you were the only girl in town."

"Outside of town there are plenty, but in town? I run the local construction business."

"Odd to set it up here."

"I gotta a brother who is very effeminate as it were. Nothing wrong with that, but he's very... soft when it comes to being determined. And a bit wet behind the ears when it comes to the world. I got to keep an eye on him ya know? Wait, why am I telling a toy this," she says with a soft sigh, "You toys are very sociable. Rather amusing. If my brother knew I were 'ere he'd want to work for me. As lovely as that sounds. Never mix business and family."

"Ah Miss... um... this one didn't catch your name."

"Call me Razor," she says with a big toothy grin.

"Okay Miss, Razor. This one was just going to say that it didn't inquire about that. Only that it's here to help with the work."

"Ah, and 'ere me running my big yap off. Well. What skills do you have 'ere?"

"This one is very proficient in maintenance, so it is good with electrical equipment."

"A toy electrician? Well, I guess that will be a good job. Being made of rubber and all."

Ratchet chuckles, "Yeah."

"Well then, let's put you to work, yeah?"

"Of course, Miss Razor!" Ratchet exclaims.

"Just Razor. No need to be so formal 'ere."

"Oh, got it, sorry," it responds with a squeak.

"No need. Just help get to work. I'll tell ya what to do."

"Yes Razor," Ratchet remarks, getting work along with several other toys already put to work. Razor checking over everyone's work like a supervisor but also giving a helping hand to make sure everything progresses. But it takes time. It's slow and hard work, needing to be done to perfection. Even with tireless toys it's a job that will take a few weeks to do right. But then every toy knows good quality takes time, and not one toy disagrees with that sentiment.

Even as the week is up, Ratchet is eager to get back to work, but as it's taken out of the mold, caressed and teased, pulled away from the molding pod platform, onto the store floor, the sounds of construction already underway for the day, it is tugged in a different direction, toward the toy testing rooms.

The toy-to-be lets out a soft curious squeak, tail all fluffy and rubbery sways curiously, "Toy Master, is this one not working over there today?" he asks, looking in the direction of the construction for just a moment, adjusting his glasses, following his Maker without slowing down.

"You'll be working over there, yes, but not yet. Do you know what today is toy?"

"Wednesday?"

K-2373 smirked, "Yes but the final day of your molding. Today you get completed."

Ratchet's eyes light up, "Really? Already? Time sure flew by. It thought it was still a while away."

"This one knows what you mean, its own molding felt like a dream. Going so fast yet seemingly going on forever. It will never forget it, and neither will you, but regardless we must finish, come toy-to-soon-be," it responds, fingers gently caressing that firm bulge, leading it down the toy testing room hallway, all the way to the back to the last door on the left.

With each step Ratchet's excitement grew in more ways than one. The door opened, revealing the Maker's personal quarters. The sleek black latex bed with feline pillows, the color of the rainbow, soft and rubbery, shining and made to perfection. The cameras are set up all around it, giving a filmed angle from every direction. The door closing behind them, he speaks up, "Maker, what's with all the cameras?"

"On occasion we use them for advertising. This one's Maker does that often when showing off new toy designs. But what this one likes to do is film a toys-to-be first climax and last climax before becoming a fully completed toy," it explains, hand gently caressing under Ratchet's chin.

He lets out a soft squeak, chin squeaking from the touch, body shuddering in delight, knowing what this means, his crotch twitches, the bulge knowing what this all means, "But Maker... this one has a lovely bulge, it doesn't climax."

"Toy-to-be. Listen to when this one speaks. Did this one say anything about cumming? You're a toy type that doesn't do that. But a climax? Well, that is a different matter, isn't it? Now get on the bed so the three of us can begin."

"T-three?" he asks, seeing B-1374 step out from behind a bunch of cameras.

"It's all set up Maker. Now we can romp to our hearts content," B-toy says with a toying tone of voice, the sleek black, red and white feline toy moving into full view, their red cock twitching and throbbing in the cool air, "This one is very eager to help its fellow toy unit experience its first toy based climax," it says making a head motion as if it winks at him, yet with the red blindfold that's always on him, it's impossible to tell.

Ratchet feels a rush of excitement, face warming up, crotch stiffening, the bulge growing tight, was it a sensation from the time he had a bound cock or is this natural for his bulge nature? Impossible to know for sure, but what he does know is the love and delight he's about to feel, moving closer to the bed with the two toys beside him.

K-2373 runs its hand across the small of Ratchet's back, pushing him onto the bed with a soft squeak, "Before we have you climax, why don't we have you warm up a bit?" it asks with a feline smug grin.

Ratchet lets out a soft meep falling onto the bed with ease, on his back looking up at the two toys that move side by side, their lengths hard, throbbing, gently touching the other as they wrap an arm around the other, "Yes Maker. This one hasn't serviced anyone in a week, it would enjoy warming up," he says with a soft squeak, spreading out before the two toys, panting a little, showing visible excitement for what is to come.

“A wonderful idea Maker, and this one has an idea how to get them all hot and bothered,” B-toy says with a grin.

K-2373 looks over to it, “Oh, you do now?”

“Yes, you see first we...” it says, whispering into K-2373’s ear, then purposely being louder saying, “And then we...” whispering more till finally it says loudly, “And finally we’ll end it with.”

Ratchet watches with growing anticipation, his bulge aching, throbbing with want and needy. He can feel it within every bit of his latex form that this is going to be another wonderful time. Eyes fluttering, watching the subtle movements and expressions of the two toys. Seeing those sparks of surprise and excitement in his Maker’s eyes. Wanting to say something, to ask what is to come, to know what is being planned. Yet he knows better. To just be told what is to happen, is not nearly as fun as to show what is happening. Show not tell. It’s more than for writing stories.

K-2373 and B-1374 move in over Ratchet, their cocks rubbing against the other with a soft squeak, the lovely colors of blue and red, contrasting the other, yet also complimenting so perfectly. They gently run their inner hand along the other’s length, teasing one another, letting the colored pre-cum dribble on their cock tips, dripping down onto Ratchet’s bulge, letting him feel the warmth, making him quiver, legs being spread as the two toys move in between them.

They don’t say anything as their outer hand reaches out and push him down onto the bed, which creaks under their weight. They pin him down, the pairs of lovely eyes looking into his, his gaze breaking to see what they are going to do with those two throbbing lengths of toy tools of the trade.

“*Are they going to just double take this one?*” he thinks, wanting to say something, but can’t, or maybe won’t. Not wanting to ruin the moment. He licks his rubbery lips, making them glisten with his toy fluids, body tensing, watching the two cocks move down and be placed on either side of his bulge.

A three-way frotting... close to it, his bulge is contained between the two lengths, feeling them twitch and throb along his aching throbbing mound of sensitive rubber. They slide and grind against the bulge. The two cocks bending around the bulge, making a vague heart shape which he can feel. The toy’s fingers run across the other’s length, teasing them, allowing the twitching members to be felt against Ratchet’s body, but their thumbs run across and push down the aching bulge, feeling how firm it's becoming with each passing moment.

B-1374 licks and kisses K-2373 on the cheek, “See, this one told you it would work out,” it says, its thumb reaching up to rub the kissing cock heads, getting slick in the mixture of toy juices only to bring it down across Ratchet’s bulge, making it ever slicker, allowing the rubbing across the aching bundle of sensitive rubber.

The toy-to-be feels the building delight within his loins. A dam that has been built greater than any other. Holding back an entire ocean of wanton desires, lust. He never thought himself that sexual in the first place. Perhaps that is why he has a bulge now between his legs instead of a raging hard cock like his Maker and fellow toy. So much about the process that led

to this moment that happens in the background, not known to him, but glimmers of it shown through in these moments.

The loving teasing tender care of the two toys over him, taking him sweetly, rubbing and grinding, pressing their cocks together to ‘pinch’ his bulge on either side. They rub and grind, their balls touching and rubbing along the base of the toy-to-be’s own. The touch of balls making his bulge quiver and pulse with energy, like sparking a match to a fire. Making it burn ever hotter.

Ratchet tries to arch his hips, but the toy’s hands and their cocks keep him down. Raising his back but he remains pinned against the toy’s touch as they move in closer, the two nuzzling and kissing his face, making him let out a squeak and moan.

“Such a lovely toy. So close to being finished, and getting closer to that climax, can you feel it?” K-2373 asks, moving in closer, whispering into his ear.

“This one can feel it,” says B-1374, “That build up is so close. Your want is so great. Your desire to be a *good toy* is unhindered. Such lovely material. This one has watched with our Maker how you’ve come along. You’re a perfect addition to our collection of toys,” it says, whispering into Ratchet’s other ear.

He takes a deep breath, ears twitching, the warm breaths of the two toys gently rustling his rubber fur, seeing each toy looking at the other over him, past him. Their eyes telling each other something that he cannot read. Not to mention his constant distracting of the two cocks still grinding against his bulge.

They take a deep breath, slowly blowing along his inner ear. The two blowing in unison, teasing, sending shivers down his spine of wondrous delight, distracting him from his next move. The toy’s tongues gently lick across the insides, moving up steadily toward the tip. The twin tongues snake along the ear canal, moving towards his own wet dream, the sensitive tips of the ears.

The tongues curl at the very tip, followed by a soft blow of air across the wet area, making it feel cool, soothing, a sexual tease like none other. One was almost too much for Ratchet to bear when someone played with his ears, but with two?

He gasps, moans, eyes going wide when the lips of both toys grip the tip of his ears, their tongues playing with the caught ear flap, moving it back and forth quickly, suckling like the tip of a cock, taking more of the tender rubber fennalope’s ears into their hungry toy mouths. So hard to resist but want even more. Toes curling, hands gripping the bed, squeezing the back rubber bed sheets making them squeak loudly before he bites his lower lip just to try to contain some monicom bit of restraint before his Maker but failing terribly so.

All to K-2373’s plan. Firm thrusts by it and B-toy keep the toy on the edge, building up the pleasure, suckling the ears, bending them, gently biting them, giving the rubber toy flesh a little squeeze, feeling the bounce. The toy’s thumbs pushing down onto the bulge, feeling up the firmness, gauging just how ‘eager’ the toy is, wanting it to simmer for a bit longer.

Simmer the toy-to-be does, he helplessly takes it all, hips pushing up against the other two toys, but they keep him down. Their lengths continue the grind, squeeze, outlining his

sensitive bulge, while the double suckling of his ears continue. Their chests pressing down on his shoulders, freeing their hands to run down along his sides, feeling every curve and contour of his frame. Their thrusts push him down deeper into the bed, sinking into the sea of black latex bed sheets.

“Oh my gosh...” he moans, toes curling, eyes closing so he can cut out any distracting that will take away from the focus of the toying delight that he’s being subjected to. Another firm thrust by the two toys that work in perfect synchronization. Ratchet’s bulge being pressured even more from three sides, condensing and building the pleasure, putting pressure on that dam that has kept him unable to obtain a climax all this time.

Another thrust, followed by a moment longer of suckling of his ear tips before they are licked down across his ear canal, the toy’s tongues snaking across the inside of the canal moving toward his head, licking across his cheeks. His eyes shoot open seeing the toys faces squished against the other as they lick and nibble his face. Stopping as they lick across his lips, doing it in unison at first but then each taking a turn on lip sticking his lips with their saliva.

Letting the sensation and warmth of the toys sink in, K-2373 and B-1374 strike, pouncing on those lips, giving a passionate three-way kiss, letting their tongues coil around each other as they move into Ratchet’s mouth, pushing their dominance over him.

Happily, his tongue reached out to meet them, becoming overcome and intertwined like three snakes in a matting orgy. Soon he finds himself suckling on them, his body and mind overwhelmed with pleasuring delights that are reminiscent of the time he first came here, which feels so long ago. But now he’s able to keep up with the euphoria that comes with it. Thinking clearly, he continues to squeeze the bed sheets, showing the expression of giving into the other two toys. Letting this moment ride for a bit longer before sliding his hands around the two toys, fingers caressing their thighs, giving them a half hug, head pressing up to make the kiss deeper, coming to meet them.

K-2373 and B-1374 give another firm thrust against Ratchet’s crotch, pulling back slowly, breaking the kiss, letting the tinted colored saliva bead between the lips till they eventually break. They stand tall cocks crossing each other looking down at the nearly completed toy. K-2373 says, “Good toy-to-be. Now before we fill you, why don’t you prepare us?”

Ratchet tenses, letting out a soft squeak, “Y-yes Maker,” he replies getting up, laying across the bed so his head is level with the two throbbing toy tools, “With pleasure,” he adds, hands gently caressing the lengths, feeling their twitch and warmth within his hands.

B-1374 nuzzles and kisses K-2373, “Thanks for letting this one enjoy this moment with you Maker.”

“Welcome. This one couldn’t imagine spending this time with another wonderful toy such as yourself.”

“All your toys are wonderful Maker.”

“This one can only do so much,” it responds, placing a hand on Ratchet’s head, gently petting his head, thumb rolling across his ears, running across the base of his antlers, while the

toy-to-be is busily licking across the underside of its cock, “The material makes all the difference.”

“Please, you’re just saying that,” B-1374 responds, smacking its Maker’s ass, the thrust caused by it, causing Ratchet to take an inch of the blue length into his mouth.

Ratchet suckles the sudden cock tip, one hand caressing and fondling Maker’s length, while the other teases and massages the red member of B-toy, keeping it ready and eager for when it will receive the same treatment.

K-2373 moans softly, “Its true. The material selection process is the most important step for any toy Maker. It takes time, effort, to find the right material for the toy to be made that all other toys of that type will be based on. But enough about that. We have a toy to finish,” it says, kissing B-toy on the lips, slipping its tongue into it.

B-toy responds with a similar tongue twisting response, both keeping an eye on Ratchet who is in their place, before the two fellow toys, licking and suckling the one member it can, getting it nice and slick with his toy mouth juices.

Ratchet’s tongue caresses along the length, feeling ever contour, sensing every twitch, enjoying the flavor of the member, taking it all the way down, lips kissing the knot once, twice, thrice, before he dives himself all the way down, mouth expanding around it, the cock slipping down his throat, squeezing and milking the member while soaking it in his salvia. With no need to breath, there is nothing to slow him down to let the toy rubber member soak in the lubricant, before popping out, showing it to glisten in the light.

Then came B-toy’s cock. The red cock twitching in anticipation, knowing what is to come. Pre-cum dribbling at the tip. Ratchet licks across the underside of the member, starting at the base, working his way up to the tip, fingers, dancing around the balls, giving them a few tender squeaking squeezes before he takes the length into his mouth.

His tongue plays with the tip, tasting the toy’s pre-cum, accepting it into his mouth, making it slide side to side along his lips before sliding his head further down the length. He lets out a soft squeak feeling a second hand caress his head, rubbing and petting him, making him feel so good as the cock slips deeper into his mouth, down his throat. A warm sensation in his body, not attached to a sexual drive. A simple warm welcoming happiness that flows through him, that floats above the torrenting sea of ecstasy that he’s drowning himself in.

“Hmm, do you think that’s enough B-toy?” K-2373 asks.

“This one thinks so, should we have it to get the toys then and prepare for their grand climax?” it suggests with a sly smirk.

“This one thinks so,” it says, gently patting Ratchet on this head, “That’s enough. Reach under the blue pillow at the head of the bed. There are some toys that will be used to bring us together so you may reach your climax.”

Ratchet pulls his head back, salvia beading from his lips to B-toy’s cock, “Yes Maker,” it responds, breaking the connection. Pulling away from the toys, reaching under the pillow, pulling out a rather large and long box. It opens it, revealing a purple gel double sided dildo with

two knots near the base, along with vibrating cock rings that are paired together with micro link chains.

“Lubricate both ends of the dildo for us. We’ll be bringing ourselves together, and then you can figure what to do with those vibrating cock rings,” says K-2373, climbing onto the bed with its fellow toy, sitting beside each other, watching Ratchet’s face blush.

“Ahh...” he looks at the big dildo, “Yes Maker,” he lets out squeak, taking the tip of one end of the dildo, slipping it into his mouth. Inch by inch it slides down his mouth, the dildo larger than the toy’s cocks he just took. He feels his mouth spread, throat pierced, bulging down as he takes only one side of the dildo. Stopping just the knot at the base, tongue slipping out from his lips to lick across the end.

“Come on toy, you can take the knot, a quick in and out. This one knows you can stretch to take it,” B-1374 says with a sly smirk.

“Come on, let’s see what you can do,” K-2373 encourages, keeping itself pressed up against its fellow toy, cocks gently rubbing along the other, while they keep themselves hands free, holding onto each other while they wait for the near completed toy to finish.

Ratchet huffs, grabbing the dildo with both hands, pushing it into his mouth which stretches and spreads till it the knot pops into his mouth, lips curling around the end, lips bulging, feeling the second knot pressing up against his lips.

“Good toy-to-be, now do the other end.”

He responds with a blush, grabbing the dildo by the knot, and pulling the one end of the dildo out of his mouth with a loud pop, feeling the pressure of the length pull away from his throat, the last bit slipping out of his mouth as he pants, more for show and a vague desire that he ‘should’ be panting after taking such a massive length. He spins the dildo around and repeats the process. His gaze locked on the two eagerly awaiting toys, which move into position, laying on their backs, butts facing the other, giving just enough space to take the dildo that will be between them.

Finishing soaking the dildo in his mouth lubricants, he comes over to them. He places the toy between them, their puckers, twitch and ache, ready to take in the dildo. He helps guide both toys onto it. They moan as more of the dildo disappears between them, their legs wrapping around the other, using each other as leverage to pull themselves onto the toy, forcing past the knots that spread their rears, the point of no return being hit, forcing them close together. They arch their backs, hands gently caressing the rubber bed sheets as they look over to Ratchet, giving them the look of “You know what to do next.”

K-2373 and B-1374’s lengths throb and twitch next to each other, balls squished, and pressing up against the other. Ratchet, swallows a lump in his throat, taking the cock rings, slipping them down the cocks, pulling the twitching aching members closer together, flipping on the vibrations that make their cocks shake, and send pleasure through the toys.

His fingers tingle in anticipation, putting on each cock ring stopping at the spots that he feels is “right” to lock the cocks together, becoming all prepared for him to sit upon, “Like this?” he asks, putting the last rings around the heads of the cocks.

“Perfect. Now sit, and face the camera,” K-2373 says pointing to the lead camera of three that is facing the toy-to-be, ensuring that Ratchet will be facing perpendicular to the two bound toys that will be underneath him.

“Y-yes Maker,” he responds with a soft squeak, moving over them, he presses the tips of the cocks against his pucker. The moment they touch it, he feels the vibration send up into him, making him gasp. Slowly he lets his weight push down onto them, sinking deeper and deeper, letting the vibration build and bubble up through his body.

He arches his back moaning, legs about to close when the two toys hook his legs with one of their own, spreading him wider, exposing him more to the cameras, making him meep, and blush, hilding down onto the two lengths, feeling their unique distinct shapes within him. The other leg from each toy, wrap and hold closer together.

K-2373 and B-1374 express their extreme flexible nature, leaning forward to grab Ratchet’s butt from their side, their fingers teasing and rubbing his behind, and with great feat of strength, from both toy they rise him up, higher and higher till only the tips of their lengths are still within his tight hole before letting him slide back down.

Ratchet moans in delight, feeling spread and vibrated, his bulge twitching, aching, so firm. Faster they raise him, grabbing his butt tighter so they may pull him down, while they buck up in unison to help take the toy-to-be even harder.

“Now B-1374,” says K-2373, the toys using only one hand now to help with the raising and lowering of Ratchet’s body, their free hand sliding across Ratchet’s front to rub and massage the bulge.

The fennelope moans, arching his back, the massaging from his Maker and fellow toy across his sensitive bulge feeling wonderful. The pressure of his dammed-up delight grows. He pants louder, tail twitching, ears wiggling, his toes curling as everything is sped up while time itself feels to slow for him.

He feels every thrust, every rub, the pressure down onto his bulge, squeezing it down, running across the edges, along the center, fighting against the firmness. He felt like a pot, with the lid on, the fires under him growing hotter, the pressure of the bubbling liquid ecstasy growing within him, unsure when he couldn’t hold it back anymore, to explode in a wonderful moment of mind-blowing climax. When will it come to the point of his no return. After everything that has happened to him, could he?

“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”

“Good toys don’t need to cum.”

“Good toys don’t need to climax.”

“Good toys only cum when told to.”

“Good toys only climax when told to.”

K-2373 gauges the level of the toy-to-be’s pleasure. Watching a new height be reached with each thrust. Mind numbing pleasure that would have hobbled the material before it was molded into this perfectly crafted toy. Fulfilling its new role within the store and reaching a new

level of existence that his material demanded it to be. The look of pure delight on his face told it all. And then, it came, “Climax toy,” it commands.

Stop. Time lost meaning. This instant. It. Was. Perfect. The damn broken, the pot exploding. A wave of bliss coming over him, a torrent of delight, the ocean draining down to sea that it was when this all started that felt like eons ago. The unleashing of everything would have created a massive mess to any traditional toy, but Ratchet isn't traditional. All there was is the bulge twitching, throbbing, pulsating as if it was unleashing a torrent of cum, yet there was no cuming. Only the twitching and throbbing of the climax. The unleashing of the pleasure within him.

The feeling any toy felt when it grabbed a cock as it cummed, is the same feeling that K-2374 and B-1374 are feeling as they rub and massage Ratchet's bulge, letting the afterglow of the climax last as long as possible. So wonderful was this that the toy-to-be, didn't even notice that the two toys under him have unleashed their seed into him. The toy's cum fills his whole, filling him with their combined warmth, mixing with delight within him, slowly leaking out of his spread-out hole, the two cocks providing a less than perfect seal.

“Good toy-to-be,” K-2373 says, gently massaging the bulge a bit longer, keeping Ratchet hilted on their lengths.

Eyes wide, glazed over, ears folded back, hands back to keep himself propped up. Ratchet could not put to words what was just felt. What just happened. It's beyond comprehension... yet he could comprehend it all. Something that is black out pleasurable good, he remained awake for it all. He could handle it all. A perfect sculpture of pleasure, focused on others' needs with the rare occasion of bliss such as this as his reward, on top of the joy of serving others. What more could a toy want? None of this was thought by him, only felt. The last climax he'll ever feel before being completed. A sense of accomplishment of having gone this far. To have made it. To reach the finish line. He did it. Such a feeling of pride and delight felt familiar.

“Good toy-to-be, you are ready,” K-2373 says, slowly lifting Ratchet off them.

“Thank you, Maker,” he moans in response, his senses returning to him, laying on his back, rump squeezing, keeping any more of the toy essence from leaking out.

“We aren't done yet toy-to-be. We aren't going to leave with such a mess that needs to be cleaned.”

Ratchet sits up, blushing, seeing the two twitching cum covered cocks still vibrating and bound together, “R-right Maker. This one apologies.”

“It's alright toy. Now clean up before we go onto the next step.”

“Take your time,” remarks B-toy.

“This one will do a good job,” he replies, crawling back over to the two toys. It grabs the first cock ring, pulling up and off from the members. The toys moan as toy juices roll over the rings as it's pulled.

“Good toy, now clean it,” K-2373 says with a sly smirk.

“Got it Maker,” it replies, taking the ring into its mouth, tasting the toy’s cum mixture, feeling the vibration of the rings within its mouth. The toy giving a firm suckle, pulling it out of its mouth clean of all the toy cum, turning off the vibrators and then placing it back into the box.

Ring by ring the toy pulls unleashes the two cocks, suckling each ring pair clean leaving now two free cocks, and a pool of cum that has rolled down onto their thighs and balls. Starting with Maker’s cock, it sucks and bobs its head on the length, licking and cleaning the member, then switching over to B-toys.

The toys moan, holding onto each other with their legs, rumps squeezing the dildo that is still lodged within them. They shiver and arch their backs, feeling Ratchet’s tongue lick across their balls, their cocks rubbing on either side of the fennelope’s head while it hungrily laps the pool of cum left between them. With each sensual lick the toy’s rubber shines brighter. Each passing moment the mess that the toy has made is cleaned up, leaving only some on its cheeks, but at the moment its focus is doing a good job for its Maker and fellow toy.

K-2373 moans happily, “That’s it toy, very good. Now help us get off this dildo,” it says.

“Yes Maker,” it says, putting its hands on the other toy’s butts. With a firm push from it and the other toys, they pop off the dildo, slowly sliding away from each other revealing the gel dildo once again. The toys sit up and move in, giving a licking kiss on Ratchet’s cheeks, cleaning them of the seed that was on them.

With a soft squeak and blush he leans into the double tender kiss, feeling completely content between K-2373 and B-1374. Slowly they pull away, their hands gently caressing his side. B-toy grabs the dildo and puts it back into the box, “This one will get this all cleaned up Maker, while you two finish up.”

K-2373 smiles, “Thank you,” it replies, slipping off the bed with a squeak, grabbing Ratchet’s sprocket tag, softly tugging it, “Come toy-to-be. Time to finish up.”

“Y-yes Maker,” it replies with a soft squeak, slipping off the bed, following his Maker off the bed and deeper into the room, moving past the kitchen and dining table, toward another locked door.

“You ready?” it asks, unlocking the door.

“More than ready Maker. It was made for this.”

“Good toy-to-be,” it says, the door opening revealing a hallway. They move down it, the door auto locking behind it. To the right Ratchet is caught surprised by a small break room. There a guard is having lunch, but they walk forward a bit more to another room on the left. It unlocks the door, stepping inside, the lights flickering, revealing two silver phallic pods, with a computer console between them.

“What’s this Maker?” Ratchet asks, the door behind them closing.

“This is where you’ll get the last of your programing, and completion of your internal diagnostics as a toy. After this is complete, you’ll be sent to get your final touch ups, such as handles.”

“H-handles?” he responds with a squeak.

K-2373 looks over its shoulder, standing at the computer console, typing in a few things
“You wanted handles, didn’t you?”

“Y-yes Maker, this one would love handles.”

“This one thought so,” it says, hitting the enter key, the pod to the right opening, revealing a black latex insides, “Please step inside.”

“Yes Maker,” he says, feeling his excitement build. Not sexual, but a wanting anticipation, “*This is it. Toy is about to be a good toy. How wonderful is this?*” he thinks, stepping inside, facing outward.

“Comfy?”

“Yes Maker.”

“Good.” The pod hisses, closing around him. A moment later the pod inflates, locking him into place, and for the first time the pod is molding around him. A few moments later, once he’s totally bound, unable to move an inch, there is a familiar yet strange tingle that happens in the back of his neck, running up his spine and into his mind, as a synthetic voice speaks.

“New Hardware detected. Running diagnostics, one moment please....” sometime later it speaks again, *“Diagnostics complete. Error no core toy programing found. Running query. Query complete. Preparing to upload M-M Version 2.168.96. Running toy program now.”*

It gasps, “*What is that?*” it wonders, ears twitching, the toy reaches up to touch it, “Wait how can this one move?” it says, his vision catching a white light in the distance.” It’s drawn to it, unsure why but he walks toward the light that grows in size but not in luminosity, “What is Maker having this one do?” the toy asks, his voice disappearing into the void that surrounds him.

Soon it sees the mirror. A reflection of itself but not as it is now, but of what it was. The furry fennelope. That soft grey fur, the pink dyed hair, and his natural brown. The Sprocket painted fur, that adds to his feminine boy looks. The reflection moves the same way it does, perfect synchronization. The toy looks at itself, seeing it hasn’t changed, “How does this work?” it wonders, moving closer, touching the smooth glass which flash in a blinding light, shattering into countless pieces of light.

“Eeek!” it exclaims, its vision returning, seeing kneeling before it that same fennelope, bound and helpless. Arms tied behind his back, forced in a kneeling position, mouth gagged, which reads, “Doubt.”

On his right leg, there is another sign that reads “uncertainty.”

Left leg? “Fear”

And the chastity cage that is holding his length in check? “Judgment”

Ratchet feels the bondage, his aching body, eyes meeting with the toy standing before him. The perfect finished black, blue and white rubber sex toy that he’s become, and he knows it. There he can read on the toy’s collar, the sprocket tag of matching collars, reading the designation R-9375. He feels and sees what he sees. Feels and sees what the toy sees. A dichotomy that is lost on the toy that has only one perspective.

“What is this?” R-9375 asks curiously, crouching before its organic self.

Ratchet shudders, aches, drooling around the gag, panting heavily, nostrils flaring, seeing coming out of the void behind the toy sleek black, blue and white rubber tentacles.

“Toy look out behind you! Tentacles! Wait... is that a bad thing for a toy?” Ratchet thought, just as the tentacles coiled around R-toy, coiling around the legs and arms, lifting it up into the air.

“Oh my gosh...” R-9375 squeaks, legs spread, arms held out as a sleek black tentacle moves in front of it, the tip rubbing along its lips before slipping in, down its throat, while at the same time another blue tentacle runs across his tight rear, slipping deep into it, spreading it wide, and deep.

Ratchet shudders and gasps, squeezing down onto nothing, feeling the sensation that the toy is, and coming with it the flood of images, and knowledge. His length straining against the chastity as he is assaulted with all the toy is receiving, getting the last of the toy programming...

R-9375 shudders, squeezing, milking, suckling with perfection, keeping its focus while scenes are flooded into its mind. Ways to please different users, all of which are male. He’s getting perspectives and experiences from different toys, on different toys on different users. It’s happening so fast, that its hard to recognize them all but certain moments and times stand out. Some of these are from K-2373’s perspective. B-toy’s perspective and other toys that it has met during all this time. There are others it doesn’t recognize and know.

From places it's never been or sure that isn't at this particular store. A conglomerate of memories and experiences, and then there is one that stands out within its mind. A quick flash, yet lasts a few minutes, an experience of service that is a bit outside of all the others its seen and felt. Making it last longer in its mind despite it given equal measurement as all the others. One from K-2373’s perspective, sucking down a cyan cock, that with each slurp feels a building of arousal, nothing out of the ordinary, except its of a particular black rubber sergal toy.

More knowledge, techniques, are given to the toy, helping it expand its repertoire on how to please users, to be of service, help deal with different kinds of situations, all of which are useful, the process finishing after an unknowable amount of time that has passed. When the tentacles put the toy down, leaving the toy excited, full of energy, it sees Ratchet who is utterly exhausted. Of course, he was a little exhausted already but now, he seems to be barely holding on, about to collapse from delight and overstimulation.

He looks at the toy with begging and pleading eyes, wanting more, experiencing more, the lust of the moment is too much for him. Body aching, mind a swirl of thoughts and concerns yet more focused on the here and now, whatever that may be.

R-9375 approaches, crouching down before him, looking over him, “So very needy, this one should help. This one wants to help you,” it says, reaching out to touch him and in that moment Ratchet is captured within a bright light that blinds the toy, and the next thing it knows there are seemingly countless spheres all around it.

Curious it reaches down picking up one of the spheres, suddenly getting a flash, a young fennelope, young, afraid, looking down at a school. Heart pounding, “I don’t want to go,” he says with a soft squeak.

“Sweetie, you have to go. You don’t want to miss your first day of school, do you?” asks a sweet voiced anthropomorphic female jackalope.

“But what if the kids don’t like me?”

“That’s impossible.”

“Why?”

“You’re the best child a mother could ever want. They’d be lucky to have you as your friend.”

“You sure?”

“I know it. Now go and have fun.”

“Okay...” he replies, heading off, the memory ending.

K-2373 voice speaks with an omni-presence, “Pick one memory and place it in the basket. It will be the one we preserve for you. You can only pick one. So take your time and decide wisely,” it explains. A light appear a few feet away in front of it, revealing a strange machine one part has a basket that says ‘keep’ the other is just a funnel, “Do you understand?”

R-toy gulps, feeling the weight of the moment, “This one does.”

“Good luck. There is no rush. Pick the one that suits you the best.”

“Yes Maker,” it replies, sifting through memories. Experiencing a lifetime within mere moments. One memory at a time, some good, some bad, others bland and boring, a few better to be forgotten. It keeps a small pile of memories that make the first cut, second cut, third cut, while still trying to find one that is perfect... and then.

“I’m so proud of you honey, you did it,” says the antlerless brown and black furred female jackalope. She proceeds to give him several kisses on the cheeks, wrinkling his graduation uniform.

“Mom, please, not in front of my friends,” he says, squirming while those said friends chuckle off to the side.

“Leave the boy alone Mimi, he’s grown up,” says a male anthropomorphic white furred fennec.

“I can’t help it. I am proud of our little boy, being top of his class, getting a job at a big company like that?”

“Mom, I something I want to tell you...” he says, looking away for a moment, looking over to his father who gives him a subtle nod from behind her.

“What is it deary?”

“I decided to not take the job at S. Tech and start my own business.

She looks at him curiously, “Ratchet, when did you decide this?”

“About three weeks ago.”

“And you didn’t tell me or your Father?”

“I told Dad.”

She turns to face him, “Abel! You knew about this?”

He blushes letting out a soft squeak, “Ah... well he came to me about it. And I thought it would be best if he told you himself. It’s his life you know.”

“I don’t see why you had to keep it from me.”

Ratchet blushes, “Sorry Mom... I just didn’t want to disappoint you. You were telling all our neighbors and your friends about the job, and I didn’t want to make you sad.”

She huffs, “Deary. Something like that would never make me sad. You are taking a chance. I’m proud of you for doing so. Remember, if your father and I didn’t take a chance, you wouldn’t be here. So go ahead, take that chance. See where it leads you. I’m sure you’ll do great and make a name for yourself.”

“See, I told you she’d be okay with it,” says Abel.

“You were right,” Ratchet replies.

“See, a father knows best,” he replies.

“Let’s get a picture to remember this moment. And no matter what happens. Your father and I will always be proud of you,” she says, giving him a kiss.

“Mom... you’re embarrassing me.”

“Not as much as if I let your father get going.”

“You know I can do it,” he replies.

Ratchet lets out a soft huff, “Okay,” he says, giving up, the three going to get a graduation picture taken together.

R-9375’s eyes light up, “This one,” it says, with a certainty like no other.

“Are you sure?” K-2373 replies.

“This one couldn’t be surer in its entire existence.”

“Okay, put it in the basket, and we’ll continue.”

“Yes Maker,” it replies, placing the memory into the basket.

Moments later a synthetic voice says, “*Toy programming program terminated. Toy is now complete.*”

R-toy finds itself back into the tight black rubber pod, which after a few moments hisses and releases him, slowly opening, revealing K-2373 standing before it, “Welcome back toy. How are you feeling?”

R-9375 lets out a soft squeak, “This one feels good Maker, does this mean this one is complete?”

“Yes, it is toy. But now we’re going to get your final touches done. Come, come.”

“Yes Maker,” it says with a soft squeak, stepping out of the mold, feeling refreshed and perfect.

“Come toy,” it says, running its fingers along its chin.

“Yes Maker,” it responds with a soft squeak, following the feline toy out of the room, back down the hallway through its Maker’s living quarters, and into the toy testing room hallway where it reveals the secret elevator.

“This one can’t wait to get its handles.”

“This one knows, and it will have fun putting them on you,” it says with a playful wink, the elevator opening, the two stepping inside, going down to the toy labs a few floors underneath the store.

R-toy feels the growing anticipation and excitement, the doors opening revealing the lab where there are a half of dozen toys busily working with small vats of black liquid rubber. L-0375 mutters, the sleek black, white and pink toy with a spade tale, “Hmm that didn’t work, before noticing K-2373.”

“Maker, coming to check up on us toys?” it asks, all the toys turning to face it.

“No, no, just putting the final touches on this toy. Keep up the good work. We don’t want the other toy labs to undo us.”

“Of course, not maker,” it responds, getting back to work, while they head down the hallway into one room that has a few tools waiting there along with two pairs of solid blue handles.

“Onto the bondage rack, face away,” K-2373 says, pointing to the X rack that was off to the side.

It lets out a soft squeak, “Yes Maker,” going over to the rack with its Maker in toe. It shackles and binds the toy tightly to the rack, hooking up its cuffs to it.

“This one can’t have you moving while it adds the handles. It’s a very pleasurable experience.”

“Y-yes Maker,” it says, looking over its shoulder, at K-2373, which heads over to the table, grabbing the handles and a heating tool.

It warms up the device, while placing the handles on the toy’s back, checking and adjusting the position to sink them in, “Hmm,” as it then does the same to the hips, deciding where to sink them into the toy’s body, “Want back or hips first?” it asks, marking the spots on R-toy’s back with a marker.

“Back please,” it replies.

“Got it,” it says, putting all but one handle off to the side. The heating device now warmed up, K-2373 gently warms up the ends of the handles, making them a little soft, before placing the device on marked spots, warming up the toy’s latex.

It’s a strange warming sensation, not burning even as the rubber becomes soft and malleable. It sends shivers through the toy’s body, feeling the delight of the warmth flow through it, like sinking into a hot tub after working out in the cold all day. It’s rather refreshing, but then as the first handle is pushed into its body a spark of pleasure fills it. The rubber mixes with each other while inch after inch is sunk into the toy, building a firm base for the handle to merge into the toy itself.

With each inch, and mixing of rubber, a tingle comes over R-9375. The handle start to become a part of it as it’s melded into place. K-2373 working to merge and bind the rubber handle and the toy together till they are one.

It rubs the handle, putting the heating device down, letting the toy’s rubber cool, and with each rub and passing moment the sensitivity of the handles grow. A little numb at first, like a limb that has fallen asleep. Tingling and prickling all over the handle as it wakes up, and within several minutes the handle comes to full sensitivity, feeling much like its bulge being touched and caressed. The toy shudders, moaning, arching its back, “Feeling good?” K-2373 asks.

“Yes Maker,” it says with a soft pant.

“One down, three more to go.”

“Y-yes Maker,” it replies, in wanting anticipation, unable to move and wiggle much as the process is repeated again on its back. Sinking in that long thick rubber handle, the rubber mixing, merging, becoming part of it, the sensitivity rising higher and higher till it's on par with the other handle.

K-2373 puts the melting device down, gripping both handles, giving them a firm rub and squeeze, “How does that feel?”

“Very good Maker,” it moans.

The feline toy gives a firm tug, jerking the toy back, the bondage rack rattling in the process, while the fennelope toy moans, “Solid binding, perfect. Now for your hips,” it says, going to its place it marked, warming up the marked spots.

R-9375 watches its body warm up, becoming slick and gooey. Seeing the honey slow drip of the blue rubber handles, before they smooch and sink into its body. Deeper and deeper, lick a pair of dicks slipping into its rear. The new zone of pleasure building up within it, the cool air of the room becoming felt, the warmth of Maker's hands across the handles that are cool at first but steadily warm up as the toy connects with it, becoming one in the same, “Oh my gosh,” he squeaks, panting in delight, knowing the sensation will be repeated all over again on the other thigh.

“There we go,” K-2373 says, finishing the other handle, completing the sets. It puts the heating device off to the side, “Now to test how these handles work,” it says, reaching to grab the hip handles, giving them a firm squeeze. The toy squeezes and rings the handles.

“Oh my gosh!” exclaims R-toy, the warm grip of its Maker across the sensitive hard handle is such a delight that it doesn't care to describe it past “It feels wonderful.” The pleasure is not only the handles that are exposed but the pleasure goes down into the toy's body, feeling the deeply dug in handle into the rubber, which then slowly spreads outward through the rest of its body.

“Good, good. It looks like they are stable and sensitive, but let's see if they are durable,” K-2373 says with a fiendish grin, slipping its length underneath the toy's tail, pressing up against its pucker.

“Meep,” it responds, feeling the hard tug of its handles, three zones of pleasure being exploited at the same time. Its rear is spread by its Maker's perfect member, spreading its tight hole, while the pleasure of the handle tugging at its thighs allows its Maker to dive in even deeper, hitting those pleasure buttons.

K-2373 moans, cock twitching, the knot bouncing off the toy's tight rear. Its hands caressing and holding the handle, thumbs running across the outer corner of the handle, a hidden ‘hot button’ within the handle, while the index finger runs across the inner corner, showing the even ‘hotter button’ built into the handle.

Soft squeaky moans fill the room, the bondage rack shaking and jiggling under the force of the toy's thrusts. The handles are holding firm, allowing for the hardest and quickest

pounding that R-toy has ever experienced. The slick hole being filled over and over by the Maker's member, the knot popping in and out of the hole with ease, sending hot waves of pleasure through it.

Its toes curl, hands are clenched into fists, mouth open, panting in delight. Now triple the pleasure spots, double the pleasure of going out and in. Each pull and tug on the handle, spreading of the holistic pleasure given to the moment. The toy's mind can only wonder now what it feels like if someone gripped its back handles and shoved a cock into its hungry mouth. Such delights that it felt only a fraction of when someone gripped its handles is now given nice and easy access at any time.

With a loud mew, K-2373 climaxes into its completed toy, giving its first filling as a total toy. Hot sticky toy seed flooding into R-9375's body, the knot popping in, locking in the toy juices. The toys pant and moan, "How was that toy?" K-2373 inquires.

"Wonderful Maker," it responds, squeezing its Maker's cock.

"Perfect," it says with a soft purr, licking across the toy's back handle, licking along the underside, making the fennelope toy moan in delight.

"T-thank you Maker," it replies, helpless, letting Maker have its way with it, testing and toy its body, till it's had its fill, filling it.

R-9375 feels completed, providing service to its Maker, feeling a little sad when it's done, being unchained from the rack, letting the toy feel its movements and steps with the handle. Each move it has, reminds it subtle of its handles that are sticking out of its body, "Thank you Maker."

"Any time for such a good toy. But now you have to get back to work," K-2373 says with a firm butt smack.

R-toy moans, "Yes Maker," it says, following it out of the room, feeling its Maker's juices still within it, but it has been cleaned and prepped for the day. They get to the elevator, going back to the toy testing room hallway where B-1374 stands there with a coy smile.

"B-toy? What is it?" K-2373 asks.

"Maker, you forgot something."

"What did this one forget?"

"This," it says, pulling out R-9375's glasses.

"Oh my gosh, this one forgot about them."

"Yes... sorry," K-2373 says with a blush.

"Thank you B-1374," it says, taking the glasses, putting them back onto its nose where they belong.

"They are your charge now, don't lose them," B-toy says, then pulling out the tool belt, "And this too."

"This one won't... and that too," it says with a blush, grabbing the belt, putting it onto itself, running a finger across the belt, letting it meld into its body, perfecting the ensemble.

"Thank you B-toy, what will this one do without you?"

“This one doesn’t know, but how about you reward this one for its hard work?” it says with a sly smirk, leaning against the wall.

“After its meeting, then we can.”

“Oh okay, this one will be waiting,” it says, sneaking into K-2373’s room.

“You’re good toy?” K-2373 asks changing focus to R-toy.

“This one is Maker. Thank you.”

“Good, and one more thing.”

“Yes Maker?”

“You’ll be the head assistant to maintenance. So, you’ll be, head maintenance toy. You understand the responsibility of such a position?”

R-toy nods, “Yes Maker! This one won’t let you down!”

“This one knows you won’t. For now, help with the ongoing remodeling.”

“Yes Maker,” R-9375 says heading onto the store floor, where there is already a flutter of customers. It moves straight to the construction zone where Razor turns to face the sudden intrusion but relaxes when she sees it.

“There you are, where have ya been?” she asks.

“Sorry, this one was busy getting a few things completed.”

She looks over at him, “Made to look more like a slutty toy.”

“Y-yeah...” it responds with blush.

“Matter not to me. But we missed ya yesterday. We got a lot of work to be done ‘ere.”

“Of course, this one will work hard to finish this, much like this one is.”

Razor gives him a curious look, “Sure,” she remarks, getting back to work. The now completed toy is getting to its first real duty as a finished toy.