

The First Rena Toy: Grunt Work

Trapped within the tight mold. The hard plastic all around him, feeling his body tugged and pulled to fit the mold as all the air has been sucked from it. Bound and helpless, unable to see anything but a blur around them. The tight grip of the rubber around their bodies, their length bound within the suit, the pressure from the phallic tube pushing against it into a faux female sex. His rear filled with another, mouth with a third. Suckling down on the latex that flows in and out of him, filling him with a warmth he's never known before. Yet it is terrifying, how long has he been trapped here? Hours? Days? He doesn't know, time has lost all meaning since the sleek black and cyan rubber sergal K-2003 put him into this pod.

Occasionally there was some visual stimuli, another blur walking past him, but not that specific black and cyan blur of the sergal toy. Never before has he wanted to see someone or in this case a something so much before. Somehow though he's not slept a wink during this, and his time with the other toys kept him away he is feeling strangely refreshed. The haze of tiredness in his mind is slowly being lifted away as the unknown amount of time passes. All he can do is think, and wonder.

"How did I just let this happen?" he thinks.

The collar whispers into the back of his mind, *"There is no I."*

"Did I just let this happen to me?"

"There is no me."

"What am I to do with myself being locked up and all held in this mold in a rubber renamon suit?"

The collar responds, *"There is no myself."*

"Is this really some kind of dream perhaps? A wonderful sexual frightening dream where I am a..."

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

He would grunt if he could, sexual frustration at a constant high, muddling some of his thoughts. The pleasure of servicing, the thoughts swimming through his head of having a chance to becoming dominant. Toying with others... toying... He mentally shrugs it off. That endless speaking of the collar, caressing his thoughts. A constant weight and strain to keep them away, but yet there is a moment where he could question himself as to why he would? The sweet feminine voice that speaks to him. Sultry, dominant, yet loving. No malice in the words that are spoken to him. No discontent or thinking of him as something *lesser*. Even if its encouraging him think of himself as nothing but as a...

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Good toys service."

"Good toys service."

"Good toys are eager to do as they are told."

"You are an object."

"You are a thing."

"You are a fuck toy."

"Fuck toy obeys Maker."

"Fuck toys obey owner."

"Fuck toy's owner and Maker is K-2003."

His mind drifts in and out of focus, but never consciousness. Every moment is made known to him, every single second of it. Suckling, squeezing, milking, being pressed and pulled into the form. The suit feels so tight around his human form. Then suddenly, a black and cyan blur! Excitement fills him. It is as if he knows that something is going to change, but why? He doesn't question. The blur moves to the computer console, standing there. Doing... something.

The flow of rubber ends, the warmth begins to fade while there is a click and a hiss, air rushing back into the mold, the constant tug of the mold lessening slightly, body feeling stuck to the insides. Heart throbbing, cock aching, the blur approaches, twist and unlock the first tube around his mouth pulling it out with a schlunk. Cool air rushes in, breathing in deep the refreshing air. Lungs fill with them a stark difference from the rubber that was there, now faded away, feeling so alive once again.

Then next tube is pulled away from his crotch, the pressure against his cock removed, feeling a little better, with the final twist and pulled from his rear. He can't help but gasp and moan, his butt clenching already feeling how good it was to have something there. So strange, that he was never that into anal play before but now... he could begin to question himself. The mold clicks, the front pulls away, the latex tugs against his skin, the breasts jiggle a little as they are pulled from the mold, allowing him to see clearly again.

"Hello Toy-to-be? Did you enjoy your molding? This one has heard that the first day is always the most memorable of them all," it says, the sergal toy reaching up to gently caress and feel his faux breasts, feeling the rubber press and tug against his human chest. The rubber feels stuck against his skin, yet it doesn't feel bad. The line between the rubber suit and himself is there and clear just the line between is a little hazier than it was before.

"W-what? I'm just..." he trails off K-2003 leaning in close, the toy's clit hood seal broken, filling the air with its arousing aroma, which is making it all the harder for him to focus. The toy is so sexual, so arousing, so enticing yet the way it speaks and moves against him, it feels welcoming.

K-2003 places a finger on his lips, the toy's breasts press up against the rubber renamon suit breasts, "Relax toy-to-be. Just remember. No I."

The collar whispers in tune, the voice distinctly different than the toy's yet has the same hypnotic vibe as he looks up into the toy's softly glowing eyes, "*No I.*"

"No me."

"No me."

"No myself."

"No myself."

"Only this one, it, itself, toy."

“Only this one, it, itself, toy.”

“But need not worry about little slip ups like that Toy-to-be. This one knows you are well wanting and needing what is to come, but that takes time. All good things take time and patience in order to complete. Wouldn’t you agree? Hard work and perseverance is the key to success.”

“Yeah, suppose so...” replies Ross, trying to look away from the sergal, but it gently pulls his attention back to it. The toy’s hands gently move down toward his bulge, running along that subtle female slit that the suit has, sending shivers through him.

“Come toy-to-be, you can’t spend all your time in the molding pod. Only eight hours a day. A good period of rest for any high-quality material being molded into a fine quality toy.”

“Eight hours? It’s only been eight hours?” he mutters shifting and moving, the rubber peeling from the inside of the back half of the mold.

“Yes, doesn’t time fly when you are having fun?” it says with a soft gently squeaky rub of the human’s crotch, using the fingers to curl around where the ball sack is, palm of the hand pressing into the bulge, getting a nice *firm* grip, “Come toy-to-be, time to get to work,” it says pulling him out by the crotch.

“Wait what?” he asks with a soft moan, grunting, hips thrusting into the toy’s hand, body aching for the touch, shivering in delight, he pops his butt and tail from the mold, feeling the tug and pull of the tail against the back of his body the rubber just barely clinging to his skin, about to separate when the tail pops free, allowing him to easily to peel out of the mold, taking those first few steps, feeling the cool air around his rubber clad suit.

“What? Do you think you get to spend all your time in the mold? Ah what wonderful thoughts to just relax in it,” the toy says with a soft pleasant sigh, then turning its attention back to him, “But it’s good to get out, stretch your legs, and get that sleek step into step,” it says with a soft purr, curling its fingers to tug and pull him forward.

“Ah, well what about the deal we made with the game?” he asks, following K-2003 off the platform, and toward the doors that lead out of the toy molding room.

K-2003 doesn’t stop, keeping the human tugged along, looking at his sleek black, white and red rubber renamon toy outfit, “This one is keeping to it, remember? You lost to this one fair and square and now it gets to have its time with you.”

“How much time?” he asks, heart pounding.

“Toy thinks by the end of a month, it will be more than enough to get it all molded into shape. Don’t you think?”

“A month?!”

“Yes, quality takes time, and it is going to take your time on that. A solid month has been perfect for such work. But you don’t need to know about those little things as to why, all you need to do is experience it. But you want to know what is really important toy-to-be?”

“What?” he asks, walking through the doors, moving down the hallway, the toy’s hand literally gripping him by the balls.

“The first week is very important. It is where you really get into step and shape. This one does wonder how long it will take for you to slip into proper speech. So far that has been a bit random. One or two have already, some on the first day of the week, others a bit into it. Toy will be curious how long you’ll be! It’s going to be so exciting. It will help this one greatly.”

“Huh? What are you talking about?” he asks, sticking close to K-2003, moving out onto the store floor.

“This one is sure you know what it means, deep down. In the back of your mind, in your being, your soul. The door closed to you, slowly opening. Giving you a new sense of freedom. But all in due time sweet, lovely toy-to-be. You need to do some work to help keep your focus.”

“What kind of work? Are you trying to use me as a fuck toy?” he asks with a huff yet feeling a soft tingle down his spine. There is something about that idea, of fucking that feels too good to not toy with the idea in his mind.

“Toy loves to fuck,” the collar whispers.

“Just some stockroom work. There is a lot needed to be done there. This one is still looking for a toy that will work there full time. Perhaps you’ll fit that role?”

“That doesn’t sound like something I’d do,” he huffs, but then feels the squeeze around his crotch by the toy’s hand.

“Well then. This one is sure you’ll find a place here, but one thing at a time. It has a few toys that can keep an eye on you and keep you organized on your work. It knows working in the back away from customers is not the most glamorous of jobs, but it is a needed one.”

“What makes you think I’m just going to...” he trails off feeling those teasing fingers across his sensitive region, hearing the squeaks, following the toy to the other end of the store, barely paying attention to anything that is going around him, all eyes focused on the toy before him.

“Have you done anything but what this one asked of you?”

“Ah... well...” he trails off, trying to look away but that toy’s smile is too alluring to do so.

K-2003 stops in the middle of the store, pulling its hand away from his crotch, turning around, pivoting on its foot, leaning forward breasts squeezed together, butt hiked, “That is what this one thought. Come, follow this one,” it says with a hint of dominance in its voice. The toy waking ahead, hips now able to sway freely before him, tail brushing up against his side.

Without a word he follows the toy, body compelled to follow. He just felt this wanting need that he had to. He’s unsure why but whenever K-2003 speaks that desire to do what it asks of him grows each and every time it happens.

“Good toys obey.”

“Good toys obey their Maker.”

“You want to be a good toy.”

The collar whispering to him, edging him forward. His desire to fuck and climax is great yet the toy’s words carried a weight to them. He watches it type into the security keypad for the

door. Lights blink, a soft whir, the door unlocks, it turns the handle opening the door with a click, "Come, you'll be working here for the day."

"Sure, sure," he replies, walking into the stockroom of this megastore. Large shelving units are all lined up all over the place, a few toys working back here organizing and working. It looks like a normal stockroom with grey granite flooring. Open ceiling with lights hanging from the ceiling with a few fans keeping air circulation.

"G-2273! This one is need of you," yells K-2003, its voice echoing down the way, other toys stop what they are doing for a moment to look at them, before continuing what they are doing yet still looking at them.

All these eyes on him, he looks at them, these other toys, something about it, feels good, exhilarating, like it's wonderful yet at the same time it feels like he's being stripped down, naked before all these objects. To be embarrassed? By objects? How embarrassing. But then his attention was turned away from them to the approach of another sergal toy similar yet so very different than K-2003.

A deep blue color with bright orange highlights around its nipples, with thick rubber hair and softly glowing orange eyes. The toy has orange highlighted cuffs and collar with a matching blue band to its body. It's double bust were larger than K-2003's own. They moved with a bounce and squeak with each step, but what also bounced was their ribbed orange length. Hard, twitching, shining in its glory with a pair of plump balls that hide the sergal's female sex and its clitoral hood. It approaches with a happy bounce in its step that is comparable to the sergal toy standing before him.

"Maker! You need this one. Oh what a glorious day this is, how can this one be of service for you?" it asks.

Ross' eyes are drawn to the toy as it speaks, and he's surprised by how well it talks, given the fact the toy clearly has a mouth of the most sexual of variety. A vaginal maw, with a fully function tongue, clitoral hood in place of the tongue. Just how that is even a thing is making him be unable to look away.

"This one needs you to keep an eye on this one and keep it very busy on tasks around the stockroom so it can get in the step of being the wonderful toy that it knows it can be. It just needs to get its mind off of things and focus on what's important. Do you think you can do that for this one?" it asks, the black sergal toy reaching out, gently touching the other toy's muzzle, petting it along the face with a soft squeak.

The other toy lets out a soft moan, nuzzling into the hand, enjoying the touch to the point that it seems the toy might cream itself right then and there. The toy licking across the toy's finger with that bright orange clit hood tongue, coiling around the digit, the toy's finger slipping in, allowing the double-breasted toy to get a nice firm squeaky wet suckle, before it seems to reluctantly relinquish in order to respond, "But of course Maker. This one will be pleased to be given such a great responsibility. It will do its best to make sure that this toy-to-be gets the proper hard training that it needs to succeed."

“This one knew you’d be up for the challenge,” it says, looking over its shoulder noticing the human clad in the tight rubber renamon suit, noticing his unflinching stare, “Oh, do you like what you see? This one is still working on such a prototype for some of our toy units. It’s a very sexual design, this one knows, but some find it rather appealing. Was this something you were wanting toy-to-be? This one could make it happen if it is. It’s never too late to add a few more features. Though things like handles are always done last. It’s still debating of adding those to you. So sensual, so sexy, sensitive, though you are a switch, aren’t you?”

“Ah, yeah I am... wait what is this talk about handle and a fuck mouth? No sir, no fuck mouth for me.”

“Hmm... shall think on it. But you be a good toy, and listen to this one as if you were to listen to this one, okay?” K-2003 asks, turning to fully look at him, the toy leaning down slightly, butt hiked, breasts squeezed. Those lovely glowing eyes, drawing him in. “Please?” it asks sweetly, reaching out to gently rub his rubber renamon muzzle.

“Ahhh...”

“This one will take that as a yes,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“But...but...”

“Why yes, this one has a fine butt, thank you for noticing,” it says with a nod, turning around giving its butt a little wiggle with a soft squeak.

“What is not what I meant.”

“Oh you must mean your butt then,” it says, spinning around Ross, and giving his tush a firm kneading squeeze, “This one must say it is nice too. And will only get more shapely as the days go by.”

“W-what?!” he exclaims, moaning softly, his cock twitching, straining against the latex.

“Alas this one has things to do. Business things. As you know, this one is a very serious business toy,” it says with a nod. “Oh... wait you didn’t know, till now. At least now you know! Anyway, good luck G-2273, make this one proud! And you too toy-to-be. Keep those thoughts pure!” it says, exiting the stockroom, just as the other sergal toy says.

“This one will! Though Maker this one doesn’t...” the door closes, “Think you know what you mean by pure thoughts...” the toy says with a sigh, “Toy’s Maker is something else, wouldn’t you agree?”

Ross looks to the closed door, then back to the massive and thick dark blue and orange sergal toy, “Ahh... that is an understatement. How did I get myself into this...” he mutters, feeling a soft whisper in the back of his mind that makes his spine tingle.

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

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

“Toy-to-be, we’ll get you speaking right and proper like an Englishmen toy in no time.”

“I’m getting this like Maker like toy feeling all of a sudden...” Ross mutters, before being tugged by the hand, pulled forward deeper into the stockroom, “Now what to get you to do. Dildos? Bondage equipment? Dildos and bondage equipment?” the toy suggests pulling him deeper, “Or lubricants? Dildo and lubricants?”

“Ahhh...”

“There is a lot that could be organized. Maker is still getting the hang of organizing things back here, and this one is doing its best with what we have, a bunch of lovely toys, but there are places where things could be improved. But this one thinks its better as a display than hidden away in the back.”

“Uhhh...”

“Naw, that is too slick of a job. Oh! This one knows, cleaning supplies. Cleaning is boring, monotonous yet so very important. This one thinks that is the perfect job for a sultry renamon toy-to-be, trying to prove itself, what a *good* toy it can be.”

“Wait a moment here, how come am I...” he says, being pulled along helplessly toward a corner of the stockroom filled with all kinds of cleaning supplies, items to take care of leather, latex, microfiber clothes amongst other things. Dozens upon dozens of items that are in great need of organization as items are only haphazardly placed in a vague organization.

“We are working to improve the inventory system, and this is one area that is in dire need of help. What this one wants you to do, is check what stockroom on hands we have. And then organize these items however you see fit. But please organize them in a somewhat logical manner or this one will be forced to make you redo it.”

“Ahh but... but...”

“No buts. You’ll get this done. You may organize then do the counts, this one thinks that would make the most sense, don’t you think?”

“I-I suppose? You know you are talking a lot over me on this. Why am I given such a simple dementia job?” he huffs.

“A bit of pep and dominance in you. This one can see the potential in you. But right now you need to work. Remember what Maker said. To do what this one asks of you as if it were the Maker.”

“Toy obeys Maker.”

“Toy loves to be of use.”

“Toy loves to be used.”

“Toy wants to be used.”

The sudden voice speaking into his mind, throws Ross off his game, his mind drifting off for a second before G-2273 reaches up to caress and hold his rubber muzzle, making him focus up at it, “Come toy. You want to be a *good* toy don’t you?”

“Ahh.”

It smiles at him, “That is what this one thought. Come now, you can do it. Hop to it and get that butt working. That way Maker can be proud of it,” it says, giving that butt a firm rubber smack.

Ross lets out a soft moan, surprising himself at the reaction with the most subtle rump hike, the renamon tail bouncing with little to no control he has over it, “Okay, okay. I’ll get it done. And I’ll show you how to handle things,” he says with a huff.

“Excellent! This one is counting on you toy-to-be. Just focus on that task. And this one will be nearby at all times incase you need any help,” it says with a nod.

“I won’t need it,” he states, shivering feeling his cock twitch, a sexual delight at the thought of doing the job without the need of others? To take command of the situation? It’s hard to say at this moment, this mind swimming with thoughts that were sensual, sexual? Yet why? He shakes his head getting to work, starting to separate all the various items, starting the slow organization process.

“Who the heck tried to organize this? Were they blind? This is no way to put these cleaning supplies with latex and cleaning supplies for leather together. There is so different and...” he sighs, focusing on the work, hands constantly moving, mind focused on this simple task.

All the while the collar whispers, “*Toy is a good toy.*”

“*Toy obeys.*”

“*Toy services.*”

“*There is no I.*”

“*There is no me.*”

“*There is no myself.*”

The words echoing out, speaking with a hypnotic tone that draws him in ever deeper, slowly as he works he starts to hum a nonspecific tune, but it’s beat with that domineering female voice that continuously presses her dominance and control into his mind, scooting his thoughts to something more fitting for someone like him.

“These set of clothes should be here. There, that’s good. Like a good toy...” He shakes his head, rubbing the back of it a moment later, feeling the rubber against rubber, yet it’s so slick like it’s lubricated, but when he grips objects it’s a tight rubber grip. The smell of latex heavy on his breath, taste of it on his tongue, body shivering, arousal so high, hand reaching down to touch himself, feeling an arise from the words that snuck out of his mouth.

“What are you doing? Taking a break?” G-2273 asks, standing right behind Ross, causing him to jump in surprise, hands whipping away from his bulging crotch.

“Ahh, what?”

The sergal toy leans in closer, breasts pressing up against the back of his head and neck, hands gently caressing his sides, before reaching to run across his arms, pulling his hands further away from his crotch, “Good toys don’t take breaks till they need to. Focus on what you need to do. There’s a lot of work there left to do. You have what? Looks like a tenth of it done? Come on, get to it toy,” it says.

Ross suddenly feels a poke against the base of his tail, which makes him stiffen, thinking, “*Is it going to fuck me here? Right here? RIght now? So close to my body, so sexual? Taking me like I am some kind of fuck toy?*”

The thought that slips out into the ether of his mind, his cock twitches, reinforcing the delight of the thought of being a toy. He pants softly, hands moving back to the items yet to be organized, “N-no, not doing that. Just taking a moment to think how to organize this better. Is that so wrong?”

The sergal toy moves its head closer, Ross seeing the sly smile it produces, “Of course not. Remember if you need some help to keep focus. This one is here to help,” it says with a little lick across his cheek. The rubber mutes most of the sensation, but as the toy pulls away a small sense of relief with a dash of disappointment overtakes him, “Now get back to work, before this one smacks your butt...” it says with a but smack, “Even harder than it already does.”

Ross shudders, moaning, “Got it, this--” he cuts himself off almost saying the words, those delightful words that are pushing into his mind. Despite of that, he gets back to work, keeping his hands moving, trying to get his thoughts away from the constant sexual need that is building up within him. Nay the sexual mood that has always been there, a constant twitching, throbbing, aching desire that never leaves him, the constant throb, distraction, mind hard to focus, hard to resist the whispers.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no I,” mutters Ross, continuing to work, counting the current item, making sure the right number is supposed to be there, according to the paper spreadsheet that was given to him by G-2273 not too far into the organization period.

Those words escaping his lips felt so good, causing his cock to twitch, pleasure building, bubbling, his balls tingled, aching, feeling so heavy, yet so nice, perhaps it isn’t too bad to repeat that, to repeat what the collar whispers to him.

“There is no me.”

“There is no me,” he mutters, the pleasure rising again, cock twitching, “Fuck... I feel like I could cum from that.”

“There is no I,” the collar whispers, the pleasure dropping, leaving him wanting.

“There is no I,” he mutters, the pleasure returning but not to the level it was before. He focuses back to his work, what he needs to do... to be a good toy.

“There is no me.”

“There is no me,” he mutters, cock twitching again, butt tensing, panting, focusing harder on his work, trying to keep on track, becoming ever harder.

“There is no myself.”

“There is no myself,” he says, with a little more conviction, truth behind the words, feeling so good, so natural.

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

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy,” he says, closing his eyes, thinking on the words. He’s been at this task for hours, already he has most of it organized and partially counted. He opens his eyes again, looking at his work, feeling good at the progress.

“Toy is doing good. Toy wants to do good,” he mutters, slipping into the speech, the flow of the words feeling foreign yet natural, a bit like returning home after a long trip. With each spoken phrase, falling into sync with the speech the better he feels, the more pleasure he feels wonderful. His cock twitches, body aching, feeling wonderful.

“Toy is doing good. Toy shall do good. This one will be a good...” he moans, pushing himself forward, shaking his head, “Need to focus. Toy needs to focus. This one needs to focus!” he says, exclaiming a little, letting out a soft squeak, looking around to see if he can see anyone watching him, not noticing anyone, yet his sexual lust is fogging not only his mind but his perception.

G-2273 is there with a camera, filing the toy-to-be from a distance, able to record his speech readily enough. The toy’s butt sways side to side, cock bouncing. It looks at the renamon, enjoying its struggle, seeing it slowly sink deeper and deeper into becoming a toy. As it watches the display, it thinks, *“This one hopes Maker enjoys what it is doing. More data on how to improve making wonderful toys for it. This one is so pleased it could do this! That’s it lovely toy-to-be. Give into the collar. Embrace yourself. Accept yourself. No one is here to judge. It is wonderful to have you just be what you are. A good fuck toy.”*

Ross, continues to work, continues to drive himself deeper into the mantra, his mutterings coming into audible range from time to time, but more often than not he thinks the words, thinks the whispers spoken to him. Thinking less on what is being said and just allowing it to be. Accepting them, the tough human already giving into becoming a toy on the first day. Such eagerness of what he wanted to be, embracing what he should be, ought to be. It’s not something that can be easily explained but felt deep within him. The tough human, who would never let anyone know how much he wanted to be a rubber renamon. Who never show anyone that he had a submissive side. So much hidden away now coming to the surface, but none of that mattered right now. Right matters to Ross is getting this tedious job done and to listen to the words the collar speaks to him.

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy desires to be of service.”

“Toy will proactively work to be a good toy.”

“Good toys obey.”

“Good toys service.”

“Good toys love to fuck.”

“You are a good fuck toy.”