

Camping Partners: Steamy Springs

“It's okay everyone! We are safe!” exclaims Ryley, the mouse dog hybrid as he exits the cave along with his partner, Casey the grey fox, and the very promiscuous rubber sergal toy following in the rear. The wolf claps, relieved to see the trio, but when he notices that the turtle, rat and human weren't worried for an instant, he sheepishly stops.

The fox smiles, “Sorry if anyone was worried. We were doing a thorough job checking the place out. It's all good to explore in the morning.”

K-2003 tilts its head, the sleek sergal squeaks loudly as it leans forward, breasts squeezed together by its arm as it does so, “Why wait till the morning? We have several hours till dark. We set up camp. If everyone is willing and wanting, could we do it today?” it asks with a big teasing grin.

Ryley thinks, *“Is she trying to get us to go back in there now or reveal our secret?”*

Casey wonders, *“Oh god, the toy wants to reveal what we did to everyone.”*

While K-2003 thinks, *“It was so much fun in there. It would be a shame to tease everyone all night waiting.”*

The mouse-dog rubs the back of his head, “Well... you know, I guess we could if everyone feels they are rested up.”

The fox's tail swishes, thinking back about what happened not too long ago and that the people could... His member stiffens in his pants, the ring around the base of his member and balls, half of the chastity cage, the other half in his partner's pocket. It makes his sudden stiffy all the worse, throbbing, hoping no one can see through his hiker shorts, “But if we go now... what will we do tomorrow?”

Ryley catches the subtle hints from his lover, reading his movements like a well-read book, *“Awe that's so cute... Oh! I have an idea.”* He grins, “The local hot springs are only a two-and-a-half-hour hike away. We can take a nice dip in those tomorrow. How does that sound to everyone?”

“It's so cute how well they play off each other,” K-2003 thinks, “This one loves the idea,” says the toy as everyone else found themselves in agreement.

Ryley adjusts his slouch hat, “Alright. Gear up, listen to the two of us when it comes to safety, and don't wander from the group. Last thing I want is for anyone to get lost in there. That is why I didn't want anyone to come in and get lost thinking we were,” he says, looking over at the sergal toy.

“This one did hear it though,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“But I didn't call it with our walkie-talkies. And I said we'd call for help through these if needed,” he says, shaking the handheld device.

“Oh, sorry this one apologies for the misunderstanding,” it says, giving a very cordial squeaky lewd bow, butt hiked toward the cave to the dismay of the other hikers, who might have wanted a peek.

He sighs, "It's fine. Just be careful. Your safety as is with everyone is paramount. We would like everyone to have a fun time and be able to go home to tell all their friends about it."

"This one understands. It knows it's having some lovely memories to share," it says with a rump wiggle.

"Glad to hear it. Okay everyone, get your gear on, we'll enjoy some caves, and Casey will be your guide, going over the wonders of geology."

Casey tenses a little, "I shall do my best. Just don't expect perfection from me. As all geologists we have our faults."

The human chuckles at the pun.

"I was so sure that one would have landed..." he thinks, feeling the sergal's hand on his shoulder.

"This one believes in you. Faults or no, don't let a rocky start get you lode down," the toy says with an affirmative nod.

Casey and the human snickers, "Hey, you're really good at geology puns."

"Puns?" K-2003 responds, tilting its head to the side, ear twitching.

"Ah... never mind. Everyone we'll head in, in about ten minutes. If you have any questions, let me know. I'll be happy to answer them. And always watch your step, and tread carefully. And don't go past either me or Ryley."

The hiking party prepares and heads into the cave, Casey starts off by saying, "The mouth of the cave can also be called a yawning."

K-2003 pipes up, "Well when users yawn, they open their mouths wide and long, it wonders if it's related to that."

"...You know I never thought of it. That makes sense, though. Now as we enter, we can see one of the most common and yet most confusing features of a cave. Stalagmites and stalactites. Who can tell me the difference between the two?" The fox can tell the look on everyone's faces that common look of confusion of just which is which, bubbling between all their heads, except the sergal toy who is waving its hand like that one smart kid in class eager to tell the answer.

"K-2003? You seem confident in your answer."

"Stalactites are up top, because titties are on top like this one's," it shows off its breasts, "And Stalagmites are down on the ground going up, because where you don't want mites is down below," it says with an affirmative nod and a big toothy grin.

Everyone just stares at the toy for a moment before Casey breaks the silence, "That is not only correct but the oddest way I have heard anyone explain how to remember it. I was just going to say T for top and G for ground. But whatever works for you."

"Oh, that does make a lot of sense," it says, rubbing its chin with a loud squeak.

Ryley clears his throat, "Moving on. There are a few tight spots so be careful. We'll point them out as we get close."

Casey describes the wonders of the cave, going over the quarts, limestone, and even some marble bands as seen here. And if you ever want to enjoy a movie in the cave, there's even some cave popcorn right over here, made of gypsum."

K-2003 takes a look, "This one can't believe popcorn was dropped here and covered in stone over hundreds of years... fascinating."

"Ah... it's just shaped like popcorn. It's not made out of popcorn."

"Oh, that does make sense, though they should have been clearer about it."

Casey rubs the back of his head, "Clearer how?"

"Popcorn shaped cave formations."

"That is a little long to say."

"It supposes so," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Hey, what's this over here? It looks like a white slime," says the wolf, his light shining right on top of the mess that Casey and Ryley made.

"*Oh no, oh no, oh no,*" the fox thinks, his heart racing. The pressure in his loins building up, his length stiffening within seconds, "Oh, well that's just ah..." his cheeks warm up, his eyes gazing over at the sergal toy, which stands eerily glowing whenever the light isn't on her. The cuffs that read "Fuck toy" really standing out, "*She's going to rat us out... I just know it.*"

Ryley lets the moment of uncertainty hang in the air for just a moment before saying, "That's probably some cave slime. I wouldn't step in it. Just leave it be."

The wolf sniffs the area, "It smells like something else, like..." he sniffs more.

K-toy steps in, "Trust the experts. They are experts for a reason. They have no reason to lead you astray," it says with an affirmative nod, "*This one doesn't want to cause a bigger issue for them. They are so nice, but I know Casey doesn't want to get caught... as much as he likes the idea.*" It thinks look over to Casey, who is on the verge of perhaps having a round two in his pants, "Righty Casey?"

"R-right. Cave slime. Best leave it. You don't want to get it on your shoes and make your boots slippery."

Ryley follows up, "Safety first and foremost. Watch your step and move on."

The wolf huffs through his nostrils, "Alright... Not that I've smelled cave slime before anyway. How peculiar."

"It's fine, trust Casey. He knows his stuff. He often gets himself tied up in the field, don't you Casey?" he asks with a subtle wink.

The fox blushes a bit, grateful his fur covers it up, "Y-yeah. I can really get myself down and dirty in the ground," he lets out a nervous chuckle.

K-2003 smiles, "*What a lovely pair, teasing each other like they do,*" it thinks as they continue their cave exploring.

As Casey goes over a bit of the cave's history, formation, when it was discovered and some local folklore, Ryley sneaks his way over to the sergal toy, "So, um. You're really a toy?"

“Yup, one hundred percent genuine certified Toys-4-U toy, though, legally it's classified as a living rubber being, but to this one it's a toy through and through,” it explains, wiggling its rear.

He smirks, “You really like doing that.”

“Doing what?”

“Wiggling your butt that's what.”

“For some reason that reminds this one of a song... with what's and butts,” it says, rubbing its chin, the squeaks echoing through the cave, causing a few of the other hikers to give a curious glance at the toy and when they notice it's nothing special, they resume their attention on Casey's mini lecture.

“You're a lewd bundle of rubber, aren't you?”

“This one would think it depends on your definition of lewd.”

“Tell me... are you really made out of rubber?”

“Living rubber, latex, take your pick on definition, but this one is. Through and through.”

“Fascinating. I have never seen anything like that in nature.”

“Well, this one was made,” it says with a nod.

“I see... I do remember seeing your body suits on the website. Are they really like what they say? Self-sealing technology?”

“The press n seal? Yup, it's one of our earliest features. We have full body suits, latex suits. To make you look like a toy, play out being a toy. Even drone suits. Though we are looking into ways to improve our technology for a more *transformative* experience, but all in due time,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“That sounds great. I've been meaning to look more into.”

It leans in close, whispering, “We also have a wide array of chastity devices if you are interested.”

He smiles, looking at Casey, “That I know. The one, well... you saw.”

“Princess pink model, very popular.”

“Good eye.”

“This one is very observant.”

“*Why do I not believe you yet I do?*” the mouse dog thinks.

“Do you have an account on our website?”

“I do. We both do.”

“Are they separate or joint accounts?”

“J-joint accounts?”

“For couples that want to share their interests so their partners can give them surprises. It's all voluntary and either partner can cancel it when they desire, in case, if heaven forbid something goes sour. This one is always pleased to see people get together, bond, and find companionship.”

“That sounds lovely. Perhaps after we get married, we’ll do that. We just haven’t set a date yet.”

“Congratulations, this one is so pleased that you two have found each other and having a gay ol’ time.”

Ryley blushes a bit, “Well, yeah we are,” he replies, thinking in the back of his mind, “*I honestly can’t tell if she meant the first or second definition... or both.*”

“Toy hopes its nothing serious holding up the special day.”

“Casey wants to have a job before we tie the knot. I’m sure it’ll be soon.”

“This one wishes you both the best of luck.”

“Thanks. So, um, do you really sell toys like yourself?”

“Not exactly like this one, but others, yes. We sell many models and varieties. We customizable personality traits. The toy will grow and learn about you to be better able to fulfill your needs. It really helps to have an account with us, so we can better suggest the right personality traits to fit your needs. Please note that we may not have all personality traits for your desires. Please be patient with us as making unique toys does take time, but when a toy personality type that fits your needs is finished being created using the highest quality methods to make the highest quality toys, be rest assured we’ll notify you immediately so you can buy our toys at the highest quality prices.”

“She forgot to mention she’s a living advertisement too.”

“This one hopes that helps clarify a couple of things.”

“I think it does.”

“Your turn.”

“My turn?”

“Yup, this one would like to know more about you. As it said yesterday, its wanting to make some outdoorsy toys.”

“Are you trying to replace me with toys?”

“No, no, no. This one would never have toys replace users. Users are very important. No toy is a replacement for a user. But it's good to have toys that know what to do to be of help. Lighten the load.”

“Well, if you need to learn more about it. I’m an open book.”

“This one does appreciate it. But it’s not sure how to read you, where are the words?”

He blinks, “That was a turn of phrase.”

“Ah, this one knows what you mean, even though it is still not sure how a phrase is turntable,” it nods sagely.

“How about we focus on what you want to know once we get out of the caves. While you are here, enjoy what nature has to offer.”

“Sediment filled water?”

“Ah.... Just enjoy the view and watch your step.”

“This one will. And it will love to talk to the two of you, when free.”

“Sure, sounds fine to me.”

“Wonderful,” it responds, swaying its hips, catching the end of the lecture. The three of them meeting up together in the sergal’s massive tent, “This one is so pleased we can sit down and chat.”

Casey blushes, “Well... not like we have that much of a choice.”

The sergal toy tilts your head, “What do you mean? You could have said no and this one would have respected that.”

“Well, after what you saw us... um...” the fox, covers his face.

“You mean to have a tender loving moment with each other in the dark depths of a cavern, enthralled with the love of one another, expressing it with a tender intimate moment? What about that has anything to do with this one asking you two to have a nice chat with this one.”

“Well... I appreciate you not spilling the beans on what we did, so you have us over a barrel.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “But this one--”

Ryley cuts the toy off, “What my partner is trying to say is he thinks you’d blackmail us to do what you want or tell everyone we had sex in the caverns.”

“Oh, this one wouldn’t do that. Unless you wanted it to,” it says with a teasing grin.

Casey sighs in relief, “That’s good... wait what?”

“This one can certainly do that if that is something you’d want. It’s gauging that you like the *fear* of being caught, right?”

“Well, uh I do but...” he blushes more, “Wait how did I say that in front of something.”

“Fear not, you are only in front of your lover and this one is a toy. That is like being ashamed you said something lewd in front of your couch. And this one doubts you get embarrassed by that.”

Ryley leans in, giving his lover a hug, “You love it Casey, but not as much as I love you.”

He blushes, “I love you too Ryley,” he replies the two giving a little nuzzle smooch.

“Awe, that is what this one loves to see.”

“K-2003 is doing some research, and we are just helping, isn’t that right?”

The toy nods, “Very much so. It very much appreciates it.”

“I don’t know what else to say that hasn’t already been said. And it is late. We should get some rest if we want to get the hot springs then back to base camp in good time.”

Ryley looks at his watch, “I suppose you are right. K-2003. I do appreciate not telling others about what you say.”

“Not a problem, it’s more fun seeing Casey squirm, as it brings the most joy to the both of you. Therefore, by not telling the total amount of joy in the world has increased,” it says with a nod.

“That’s one way of putting it. We’d be happy to talk more tomorrow, okay?”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Casey sits there a bit awestruck, but a gentle tug by his partner pulls him back into reality, and out of the toy's tent.

"Have a good night!" it gleefully says, waving goodbye. The toy closing the tent behind it, "What a lovely pair." It pulls out its computer, connecting it to a satellite for its internet connection, "*Now to see if their material being molded will bring the most joy into the world. First to locate them on the website,*" it thinks, quickly finding them with a couple of keystrokes. "*Oh, their material does show promise. No mean comments on the forums. Casey even helped someone even though it was anonymous. That's sweet. Ryley too. Oh, that sounds like good advice. Helpful to people they'll never meet, know or get any benefit from. How selfless.*"

It takes a few hours going through that before shifting gears, "*That's all it can get from that, how about social connections... This one doesn't want to make the same mistake again.*"

The toy compiles information from their social media accounts, public information, and all sorts of behind the scenes, "This will take this one a while to go through, let's start with the basics," it mutters, finding a picture of the two of them with two other people. The first is of an anthropomorphic pink furred feline with blue highlights. Dressed in black gothic-like clothing, slightly effeminate clothing, especially the black and hot pink striped thigh high socks. He has his arm wrapped around Casey, giving him subtle bunny ears.

The other is an anthropomorphic grey rabbit with minty-green highlights. Dressed as if going to work in a computer lab, he's held close by Ryley, as if he's about to get a playful noogie from him. But the center of the picture is of Ryley and Casey expressing their close-knit bond with their friends.

"*Simon and Hase. Close friends, but it doesn't look like they've done much with each other over the last year or so. Life gets busy and in the way. But it doesn't look like there are any other major friend ties, let's move over to family,*" It thinks, after several hours of checking out their personal life, all the way to the morning hours, only stopping to do a quick meeting or two.

After that, everyone woke up, had their breakfast and then broke camp. Ryley took charge of this leg of the journey, talking about the wildlife and local customs when it came to the hot springs. Along with checking the temperature before jumping in, for as he put it, "Last thing you want to do is be like a lobster tossed into the hot pot."

K-2003 replies, "Don't worry this one is very melt resistant. It can check the temperatures for everyone."

"I would rather teach everyone how to check. It's not everyday we'll have you check the water for them."

"But are they going to go to these hot springs every day?"

"No, but it's good to know safety, regardless of how often it's done."

It nods, "It understands. It apologizes for getting in the way of your teaching."

"It's fine," he says, waving the toy's concerns away as he goes over the hot springs, clues to get an idea of temperature if you don't have a tool to measure it from a distance, and even so, never go into one quickly, "Last but certainly not least. Not to frighten anyone. Some

hotsprings do contain brain-eating bacteria, which is only accessible through the nose. So it is best to keep your head above water.”

The wolf nervously asks, “Do these contain them?”

“After many thorough tests by our local biologists, I can definitely say no, they do not. But best to remain safe and keep good habits. And remember to respect Mother Nature and try to leave the place as nice or better than you left it.”

The hot springs were beautiful. Two distinct watering holes with rocks around the water’s edge. The water is clear and inviting with all the unique geological formations that warm water brings with it, “Find a spot, enjoy yourself, clothing is optional here. But please respect everyone here. If you need us Casey and I will be up there overlooking all of you. Just give us a yell and we’ll be right there,” the mouse-dog explains. The campers barely heed Ryley’s words except for the wolf who tentatively enters one of the hot springs, slowly sinking in to enjoy it.

Cassey smiles, blushing a little when his eyes meet’s Ryley’s, the two practically reading each other’s thoughts as they slink their way to the higher spring. Water slowly flows over the edge to the other two springs below, providing a heated water trickle rather than a waterfall.

Ryley guides Cassey by the hand, over to nearby rock, where he strips down to his birthday suit, “This was a really good idea.”

Cassy blushes looking down at the other hikers, getting lost in their enjoyment of the hot springs, “I don’t know... perhaps.”

Ryley pulls the fox closer, “it is, now get out of those clothes, so we can enjoy a nice hot spring together.”

“What if people see... you know? That I’m half locked.”

“Don’t worry, this one has already seen it, and its not a person,” says K-2003 with a loud squeak, popping its head in, practically between them.

Casey jumps, “Ack!”

Ryley tilts his head, “What are you doing here?”

“This one had such a fun time last night, and you promised we could talk again on it, it figured now would be the time.”

“Well... I did promise.”

“Ryley!” blushes Cassey.

“Yay! This one will meet you in the spring,” it says, slinking in, the toy sliding to the one end of the spring, water splashing over the side.

“Come on. No like she hasn’t seen anything, asides, I know you’d like it,” he winks.

The fox’s cheeks blush hotter than the spring, looking at the toy as it looks over the water’ sedge, hanging its breasts out, rump hiked, giving them a clear view of its cyan blue bits, its clit hood tightly sealing its sex.

“The view up here is lovely,” the toy remarks.

Cassy looks back over at his lover, who gently tugs him closer. He puffs his cheeks, before finally relenting, his shoulders dropping, “Alright...” he swallows a lump in his throat.

“Love you,” Ryley says, giving him a smooch.

With a soft yip, the fox wiggles out of his clothes, revealing his half chastity caged length, the ring making his member throb extra hard, which his lover can't help but give a gentle rub, “H-hey now.”

“Hey, is for horses, get in and let's relax,” he says, stepping first into the water, feeling the warmth of it wash over his body.

The fox was not far behind, stepping into the warm pool, easing away all the tensions except the one in his loins. In fact, as his balls kissed the water he tenses and moans, “A-ah...” his throbbing length sinking into the water, but the pink ring stands out from underneath in the water, standing out compared to the earthy colors surrounding them.

“It's nice, isn't it?” says the mouse-dog, gently caressing Cassey's length, feeling each twitch and throb against his fingertips.

“F-fuck... very nice,” he huffs, looking over at the sergal toy, that's sitting across from them, arms sprayed back, legs spread, breasts just poking out of the top of the water's surface like a pair of ice burgs, *watching* him with curious intent.

Ryley leans in close, kissing him on the lips, but never getting in the way between him and the toy, “What's the matter, Cassey. Are you shy that someone is seeing us kiss in public again?”

“N-no, it's not that,” he huffs, gently thrusting into his lover's caressing hand, “It's just...”

K-2003 leans forward with a loud squeak, “Again? What happened the first time?”

The mouse dog coyly smiles, “The first time we kissed, he blushed and squirmed so hard. It's how I found out how much he really enjoyed the public life. And how much he really liked me,” he says with a wink, continuing to stroke Casey's length, his thumb rubbing along the head with small tender circles.

“Awe, that is so sweet and romantic. That you two knew you were meant for each other at first kiss.”

“I-I was more surprised...” Cassey blushes, huffing, “I wasn't expecting it. And I just couldn't help myself... Ryley, do you need to... ah fuck...” he moans.

“We'll get to that soon.”

He softly yips, “R-ryley. Not in front of the toy.”

“Don't mind this one. It's just a simple object. It's no different than the time in the cave in front of all those rocks.”

“This is totally different. W-what if someone down there hears us?”

“This one has the best hearing in the group, you'll be fine,” the sergal says with an affirmative nod, its body loudly squeaking as it shifts, looking over to the others, “They are all distracted with their own things.”

“But you'll know,” he moans, toes curling as Ryley strokes a little faster.

“Come on Cassey. I'm sure it's far from the first time the toy has seen something lewd.”

“This one can attest its over nine thousand by this point.”

The two lovers give the toy that “Really?” look, while Ryley never removes his hand from Cassey, but only goes fast enough to keep him nice and teased.

“What is it?” it asks, tilting its head.

“Nothing, but in the end, it proves my point, the toy isn’t going to judge, and you get a feel for what its like.”

“If you want this one can act like its shocked,” it says, giving a gasping face, covering its maw, shifting the tone of its speech, “Oh my, such inappropriate behavior, unbecoming of two fine young gentleman as yourselves, well it never in all its years would expected *you* two to be so callus as to fornicate and in our natural hot springs no less.”

Ryley snerks, “That has to come from somewhere.”

“Of course, it did, it came from this one,” it says pointing to itself, puffing out its chest, dripping with beading water.

“No, I mean... never mind, but I don’t think you have to do that. Cassey is on edge as it is, and I don’t want to send him over just yet.”

Cassey shot his lover a look before shifting back into a soft panting moan, arching his back as he tried in vain to hump into the mouse-dog’s hand, “W-wait, what about nature. We can’t leave my spunk in the water. What about leaving the place better than we left it.”

He leans in closer, gently rubbing his cock up alongside his, “Don’t worry, I have a nice safe place to store it. Take it with us as it were,” he says with a wink before giving him another deep passionate kiss, caressing their throbbing rods together.

The fox feels himself melting away in the warm waters and his lover's soothing touch, but jerks himself back to reality, his heart racing as the toy watches over them, making everything feel that much more exciting, yet embarrassing, his mind full of the fear of what would happen if he let himself go. The excitement, the passion, the pleasure, he’s not sure if he could handle it, take it. Able to live with himself that *others* saw him passionately mating his love. Desperate to try to find an out, to avoid this confrontation he says, “What about you?”

“What about me?” he asks, gently petting him.

He groans, arching his back, stammering, “W-when you cum. Y-you’ll leave a mess.”

Before Ryley could answer, the toy suggests, “This one can handle that.”

“What?” both lovers exclaim, Cassey with a more “Oh no.” while Ryley is genuinely curious.

The toy points to itself, “Why would this one ruin the surprise. The mystery is half the excitement. As long as you trust this one Ryley, it’ll handle the rest, okay? Let this one enables you two to have your fun.”

Cassey shakes his head, seeing his last chance to avoid the thing he wants slipping away.

Ryley locks eyes with him, reading his worries, concerns like an open book, but in truth, he can read those lies, all thanks to the throbbing lie detector between his legs. “I trust you K-2003. You’ve earned that much from me. And for what it's worth, you are a wonderful enabler.”

“Last this one checked; it was said it's worth a small sized country's gross domestic product. But to confirm, yes, we toys are good enablers.”

Before Ryley could contemplate the toy's answer, Cassey shudders, his member twitching in his hand about to blow, forcing him to pull his hand away, “Oh, too soon.”

“Fuck... Ryley, I need it... I need you,” he huffs. The fox's dick throbs and aches, the chastity ring functioning now like a cock ring, making his member throb, and veins popping out as he's wrecked with constant need. Balls churn away, filling with seed that is ready to flow out of him, building that pressure to ever soaring heights. He looks over at the toy with its never-ending smile, his cock twitching harder, “Ahh...”

“Are you ready for me now?” he asks, gently running his finger along the top of the fox's length.

“Yes, please oh God please yes,” he cries out, then wraps a hand around his own muzzle, trying to muffle out his own cries of passionate joy. His ears twitch and turn, trying to hear any sound of anyone commenting, coming over to see what's up.

K-2003 looks over the pool's edge, “You're still good.”

“You're doing fine. And I can tell...” he gently grips Cassey's dick, “You love it.”

“R-ryley...” he says through tightly shut lips, his feet sliding across the smooth water weathered stone.

“I'm here, and I won't let you spring a leak without it somewhere to go,” he says with a loving smile, giving him one last passionate kiss on the lips before turning around, pressing his teat rear up against Cassey's throbbing pleasure pillar, “Nice and easy now.”

Cassey shudders, letting out a soft whine, one hand on his muzzle, the other holding onto his lover as he slowly sinks up inside of him. The pleasure builds as he slides in deeper and deeper, his partner's warm insides feel cool by comparison of the spring but it's a welcomed one.

Ryley's cock twitches and throbs, as he slides down onto his lover. He props himself up against him, rhythmically thrusting down, till he almost is hilted by Cassey. The two binding close as his cock seems to twitch in tandem with his partner. Slowly he pulls up, till just the tip of his lover's cock is still in him before slamming himself back down.

The water steams and splashes with each trust, lapping up against the toy's body and a bit over the edge. The sergal hangs back, admiring the two bind with one another, “*They are like peas in a pod. A nice, lovely pair, to be with one another. Material meant to be, a ying and yang. This one will have to be sure both are able to be molded,*” it thinks, slinking in closer, watching each pant, moan, tense of both pairs.

The toy's savant nature in telling the level of arousal between the two different species, taking in all it knows, its vast sexual knowledge being applied on a subtle level, giving the pair these sweet passionate moments, letting Cassey know that it is *there* and able to *see* him, while not interfering with this needed moment between the two. Like an eagle soaring in the sky, it monitors the situation, waiting for the right time to *strike*.

Cassey gets lost in the moment, only to catch the movement of black and cyan. The toy's body reflecting in the light, making it impossible to not realize he's being seen, heard, “*Fuck,*

fuck, fuck,” he thinks, trying to hold back his moans as much as possible, unsure if he could handle any other set of eyes and ears upon them. He bucks up, balls slapping against Ryley’s ass as they splash about. His legs are quivering, ready to give. The chastity ring around the base of his member, squeezing up his balls, clenching around the base of his dick, make it all the harder for him to reach the peak that he’s desperately trying to get.

“I’m almost there,” the mouse-dog calls out, clenching hard on his partner’s cock, milking it for every drop of pre-cum as it fills him so wonderfully, hitting his hot button again and again that makes him primed and ready to blow. He loses himself in the moment, grunting, panting, “I should really ride you more often,” he groans, as he’s answered only muffled moans, and a deep blush that’s hidden by Cassey’s wet fur.

“I’m so close...” Cassey yips, unable to hold his muzzle shut any longer, needing to prop himself up as he bucks up into him.

“Me too,” he pants and in that instant, he realizes the sergal toy is nowhere to be seen... “Where did she...” he trails off as he feels a rubbery forked tongue lick across his balls and a pair of hands grip his thighs, spreading him wider. He looks down and a black, cyan blur in the water tells him all that he needs to know, “Fuck me.”

“I am love,” cries Cassey.

The toy gently caresses Ryley’s thighs, its thumbs run across the inside on its journey toward his rear, where it spreads his butt cheeks, while supporting his body weight to make each thrust easier and faster. The toy wraps its mouth around the mouse-dog’s twitching, aching throbbing knotted cock. The toy moves like a well-oiled machine, positioning its head right over his penis, sucking it as he thrusts up, deep throating it for all its worth, and letting its tongue coil around like a snake as its pulled out with always the head ensnared by the toy’s rubbery mouth.

Higher and higher the pair is pushed in pleasure, delight, pushed to the bring till there was no return. They tumble over the edge, falling into the lustful sea of release and when they do, the toy pushes Ryley all the way down onto Cassey’s dick, making sure that he takes *all* of him. But the toy proves itself that it is no hypocrite. It drives its muzzle all the way down onto Ryley’s length, taking *all* of him. The toy’s rubbery lips provide a vacuum seal around his member, sucking up every last drop of his essence and then some. The toy’s tongue coiling tightly around his length, milking his member, to ensure there is no way anything could be left.

Slowly both come down from their high and with it, the toy slowly pops its head off the semi-hard member. It pulls its head out from under the water, no worse for wear, not even gasping for breath. The sergal licks its lips, “See, not a drop left in the waters,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Careful, you’re going to spoil me on blow jobs,” he says with a heavy pant, “Now, I know you are a toy. No living person could give a blow job like that.”

Cassey huffs, hiding his face into his partner’s back, “Come on, I thought I was the best.”

“You give the best blow jobs for me love, but from just anyone? Hot damn,” he says with a pant.

The toy grins, “This one said it was a toy from the very beginning. This one can’t get why so many people find that hard to believe.”

“Perhaps it’s that expectations do not meet reality in surprising and wonderful ways, don’t you think Cassey?” he asks, giving his lover’s cock a bit of a butt squeeze.

“Y-yeah... is anyone coming?” he asks with a hint of nervousness.

K-2003 glides over to the edge, “Oh, it looks like everyone is coming.”

“W-what?! Ryley we must hurry!” he huffs.

K-2003 giggles, “Kidding. But now you’ll know if he really wants it in the future,” it says with a playful wink.

Ryley chuckles, “I felt his reaction alright,” he says, leaning against Cassey, giving him a tender kiss, “Let’s not worry about what will happen next and enjoy the now Cassey.”

The fox slowly came down from his sudden high, “T-that wasn’t funny.”

“But it was informative, thanks K-2003.”

“It is what this one does, help others in what ways it can,” it says with an affirmative nod, sinking back into the pool, keeping an eye on the other hikers below, thinking as it admires the couple have their post sex quarrel, *“This one hopes their material is available. They’d be perfect for what this one needs.”*