

The First Rena Toy: Full-Service Toy

Delight fills Ross. The sleek black and red rubber renamon toy. The gentle tug by his Maker, K-2003, the black and cyan sergal toy that has been guiding him on this journey towards perfection. The mix of sly dominance and slut submission, mulls around in his brain. His body taken from the simple human male that he once was toward the female rubber perfection that he is now. There is still more to be done, he feels it in the depths of his body, but progression towards what he's meant to be molded into grows ever closer. It's week three of the month-long process, and after hearing his Maker tell him that he's ready to be used, there's no greater feeling or excitement.

K-2003 gently caresses the toy's breast, gently playing with the red nipple, "This one knows you are ready to treat customers in many ways. Those little bit of extras should help. Are you ready?" it asks in a sweet and loving tone.

"This one is Maker! It will please the customers and show just how good it can be in its service of all the customers."

"Good, good. Develop your skills and improve your service. There is more than just one way to serve, and this one is sure you know about this," it says, gently caressing the toy.

It lets out a soft moan, sex twitching, tail hiking just a little, Ross leaning into the sergal's touch, feeling a loving guidance out of the toy molding rooms, toward the main store, "Yes Maker, it will do its best. It appreciates all the help and guidance you've given this one," it says with a smile, "And it will be sure to give plenty of fun and surprises to those that want to test this one out," it says with a playful wink.

"Remember to ask the users for a review of your service, offer suggestions. They will be put in a drawing for a free Toys-4-U gift certificate. That will help encourage people to submit their reviews. They will be important in having this one improves the process."

"Yes Maker, it understands, though it does have a question."

K-2003 tilts its head to the side, stopping just before they reach the store floor, "Yes? What is getting you toy-to-be?"

"Why a gift certificate?"

"Why not? This one thinks a gift certificate will work well, yes?"

"A gift certificate is a bit clunky? Also, you tend to have to be in store to use them? Why not a gift card? Something electronic which a user could use on the store?"

K-2003 rubs its chin with a long squeak, "A good portion of our sales do come from the website. It was hoping the gift certificate could encourage people to go to our smaller stores or our big store. But perhaps monetarily drawing them in once they've already been here is a bad way to go about it. That sort of saying that this one doesn't have confidence in its products, in its store and customer service. We must pride ourselves on good customer service to draw people back to us, not fleeting incentives... It thinks. You know, this one will test that, for the first few days it will do gift certificates, and then later it will do gift cards with unique customers. Though it will want to have enough time for each.... Or it could use different toys for the test in the

future. Or it could have you stay in store for the fourth week and not take you back... It will have to think about this. But it appreciates the thinking food. Toy's mind was a bit starved of it as of late it seems. It didn't realize how hungry it was till it had a nibble. Thank you toy-to-be!"

"This one has taken a class on business before... it thinks. It's glad it could be of help on this... though Maker?"

"Yes toy-to-be?"

"Are you just... what's the term... winging it?"

"Winging it? No, this one has no wings! Unless it was a dragon... rawr. But toy's chassis is a sergal, so it doesn't have any wings. Though it could become a pilot toy and get wings that way. Or that one energy drink... but it doesn't trust those advertisements. It's seen plenty of people drink them and get no such feathery wings! This one likes to be as honest as it can with its advertisements. Which you will be doing some, once you are complete. What toy is doing though is trying its best to improve this process. It wasn't expecting this, and has much to learn but that is life, isn't it? Full of wonderful, unexpected events... well mostly wonderful," it says, looking off to the side for a moment, before snapping back to Ross, "Now, are you ready to be the best toy you can be? To show off how your material has been molded into the high quality renamon toy that you've always been meant to be?"

"Yes, Maker this one is," it says, puffing out its breasts, giving a little sensual teasing pose.

"Wonderful!" K-2003 says with a little rump wiggle, opening the door, "Go, be free, you know what to do. Help the store prosper, and... spend at least thirty minutes every three hours greeting customers as they come in. Let people know you are there and offer assistance."

"Yes, toy Mistress, it will do so," says Ross, departing his Maker, heading straight to the front of the store, noting it is only a moment before the store opens, "*This one should get to the front and greet. That will be the best way to get its first thirty minutes done and then move around to help customers.*"

The toy hums a song, hips swaying, gloves snug and around its arms and hands, with the cuff laid over it. The soft glow of the 'fuck toy' lettering, its body shining example of the up-and-coming renamon line that it is going to represent. The thought of which fills the toy with so much glee and excitement. It steps onto the small pedestal that is at the front of the store, looking at the early bird customers that have gathered.

It gives them a playful wink, showing off its breasts, fingers running across his sleek body with a long drawn-out squeak, one hand gently holding up its breast, while the other slithers down, covering her sleek wet sex. She pulls the breast up to her lips, tongue slithering out, lapping across her own nipple, tugging at it with her teeth, letting it pop out of her mouth, giving a playful wink.

The doors open, and she cries out to them, "Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U first and only megastore! This one hopes you enjoy your time here, and don't mind asking this one or any toy you see for assistance. We will be pleased to be of service. Remember we are here to service

you!” It cordially bows, putting its hands on its knees, pushing out its butt, being a pure sexual object the wanting customers.

Customers admire him, some touching her sleek body, remarking how they are loving the new design, and toy model. A few customers comment how they can’t wait to test him out, to which it responds, “This one is open for testing.”

“Really?” a human male asks.

“It is!”

“That’s...” his words are cut off by a familiar voice.

“What I was hoping to hear,” says the yellow, black, and white naturally furred male renamon, dressed in a snazzy business attire, “I know we got off a little soon last time, but now that you are open for use, I can really get to enjoy myself with you, can’t I?”

Ross responds, “Yes, this one can be, and it hopes it didn’t cause any inconvenience last time with what happened.”

“None at all, but I do think due to the misconception and problems I get to have first take on you, now that you are ready, yes?” he asks, reaching up to gently fondle the renamon toy’s bust. He casually looks over at the eager human with a visible level of distraught on his face, “Apologies, but I have the first tango with this. After all, as a renamon, I would be able to convey just how realistic she is.”

“Apologies good user, but this fine renamon user is correct. But it will be happy to ensure that you get use of it next time you so desire, once it’s cleaned up. As we take the health of all of our users very seriously.”

The human huffs, “Sure, sure, perhaps if I am still around,” he walks off deeper into the store.

Ross’ ears fold back, “Apologies...”

The renamon reaches up and grips Ross’ breast, “Don’t mind the human. They’ll enjoy whatever you throw at them. But someone like me...” he says, eyes admiring the toy’s form, “I’m the one you’ll need to perform. I can tell if you are affective in duplicating that of a female renamon, or some cheap knock off, trying to play pretend.”

“This one will need to do well for this user. Maker knows of this user, and how delicate their tastes are. All the more reason to do its best to please this user in every way it can,” he thinks, focusing on the renamon, smiling lewdly at him, leaning in closer, “Then this one will give you a very thorough test of its material to ensure that it meets your high-quality standards that you seek,” it says with a playful wink.

With a playful growl he nods, “Yes, come, show me everything that you got,” he says, tugging on the breast, pulling her off the pedestal.

“Of course, user, this one is pleased to be of service,” it says, following him toward the back of the store. A few other customers mutter under their breath of how lucky he is to just go right up and get to have access to the renamon before everyone else.

Just as they reach the back of the store, K-2003 comes out of the toy testing rooms, “Apologies. This one didn’t mean to get in the way.”

“Ah, it’s you.”

“K-2003 in the squeak! Actually, in the rubber... or should it be latex... though living latex or rubber could be better phrased if it is to be honest...”

He looks at the toy curiously, “Uh...”

“Doesn’t matter,” it says, waving him off, “It hopes you have fun with the toy. It’s worked really hard to ensure this toy meets up to a natural renamon’s standards. It’s not only about making a toy shaped like a renamon, but a renamon toy,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Right... now, I’m going to test this toy.”

“Make sure to fill out the survey afterwards so we can improve our toys even better! And there’s a chance you could win a gift certificate for our store.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“And to save you some time, the second room on the right is currently open.”

The renamon turns to her curiously, “The other rooms are full already?”

“Let’s just say, this one thinks that room will tie into your interests the best,” it explains, giving a playful wink, slinking off deeper into the store.

He feels a tingle of delight run through him, something about the toy’s smile and confidence behind its words teased him to move to the room, discovering it’s a full-fledged BDSM play room with latex gear and fun traditional toys all lined up against two sides of the walls, ready to be grabbed and used at a moment’s notice, including rubber renamon gas masks that hang on the wall.

The wave of latex hits him like a ton of bricks. His nostrils flare, his member twitches, the arousal building up within him, pants bulging while his one hand still on Ross’ breasts, gives it an eager hungry squeeze, “Yes, yes, this room will work just perfectly for us.” He looks over to the toy, “Close and lock the door. We’re going to be occupied for a while.”

“Yes Sir,” she replies, locking the door, taking stock of everything that’s in the room, *“Things have been changed and moved around. A renamon double sided cock strap on, the renamon masks, and other things are new. Maker, you planned this, didn't you?”* it thinks, admiring the handsome male renamon stripping down, tossing his clothes onto a small stand that has a sign hanging over it with an arrow pointing down, “Place your clothes here when not in use. Thank you. Management.”

His red rocket throbs in the cool air, pre-cum dribbling at the tip. The member bounces with each step. He grabs Ross by a D-ring cuff, “Come toy, I don’t want foreplay right now. I have kept myself ready to try that hot vent of yours, and you better be ready to receive,” he states commandingly, pulling the toy over to the center of a bondage hanging hook, where he hooks ropes to the toy’s wrists, raising it up till the toy is just on its tippy toes.

Ross’ sex twitches in delight, his body exposed, breasts bouncing with each tug as the ropes grow taught, body held up, feeling nothing but wanting need and delight, “This one is ready sir, please take this one,” it asks with a soft moan as the customer finishes tightening the ropes.

“I want you to be begging toy to be taken. And I want you totally helpless, unable to do anything but be my lovely toy,” he says with growing excitement, grabbing a silver metal spread bar, which he attaches to Ross’ ankles, further exposing the toy to him.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy serves.”

The hints of the mantra that are always whispering into Ross’ head come to the forefront of his mind, only to further increase her want and desire to do what is needed to be the best toy possible. She wiggles and squirms, her spread feet now making her hang a centimeters off the ground. The cuffs rattle when a loud squeaky smack rings out in the room.

The renamon’s hand slaps across the toy’s sleek rubber butt, sending chills through him, his cock twitches, aching, “Such a good bitch. Beg for me to take you. Beg to have this cock shoved deep into you,” he states, rubbing his member along the renamon toy’s thigh, leaving a small trail of pre-cum to dry on him.

Ross shudders, toes curling, hands clenching into fists. Everything feels so wonderful, delightful, the sense that he is finally going to be able to be used, to be of service to a fellow renamon, to be put to the test that his Maker has wanted him to have undergone after all this time. It’s truly a euphoric moment, “Please Sir. Take this one. It’s a humble toy bitch renamon, ready to be taken by you. It is made for you. It’s built for you. It’s molded for you. Its existence is to be of service to you. To give you the pleasure and delight you need. To release the pressure of your daily activities and give you the outlet that you really want.”

Another firm smack against Ross’ other butt cheek, causing the toy to moan, and slowly spin him around to face his user. The male renamon chuckles, “Come on toy. You can do better than that. Just begging how much you want me is never enough. Can’t you compliment just how *perfect* I am. How I was born to take a simple toy like yourself.”

Ross smirks, wiggling, trying to get closer but all it does is make her body swing, “Of course, Sir. You are the most handsome male renamon that this one has ever laid eyes upon. It could not think of any other joy than to have you in it. Its body is begging to be taken by you. And it will do everything it can to give you so much fun time, that you will want to have this one again and again and again. Let it enjoy you. Let it please you. Let it feel your perfect cock penetrate into its body. It wants to feel your warm essence flood its folds as it will give back all the pleasure you give a hundred-fold, for that is what a renamon like yourself deserves,” he says with a sultry teasing tone.

“Now, that is much better, continue this up and I’ll let you enjoy me,” he says, reaching up to cup Ross’ breast, gently squeezing and fondling them within his soft pads, “Smooth, hefty, they feel right,” he mutters, bringing the nipple to his lips, giving them a soft and tender suckle. His teeth gently bite down on the teet, tugging at it.

The toy-to-be moans, arching his back, sex twitching, the pleasure surging through him. He tugs and pulls on the ropes that hold him up, up until his breasts are level with his head. Toes curl, legs pushing against the leg binders attaching to his ankle cuffs. Everything tells him just

what a bound toy that he is. A lovely *object* to be of service and serve this renamon. But there's more to that. More underneath the scenario portrayed here. He knows exactly what that means, "*This one has done its research on you. Once you've filled this unit, it will make the real move.*"

The renamon wraps his lips around Ross' breast, giving a long suckling squeak, his cock twitching, aching, wanting more, ready to thrust into the toy before him. His heart pounding with aching delight, member strained, twitching in the cool air, feeling the warmth of the toy's body, the smooth rubber form that his red flesh squeaks against. His tongue slithering across the latex, tasting the sweet apple polish, his favorite.

"Fuck it, you're mine toy," he states, gripping Ross' hips, slamming his cock into her tight folds. He grunts, pressing his furry chest against her breasts, the renamon toy's body lowering down onto his aching member. The warm hot, wet folds gripping his member as he spurts pre-cum into it, "Yes, yes. You love that don't you bitch?"

"Hmm, yes sir. This unit loves your fat dick inside of it. You feel so good. You're so strong, powerful, sexy. It can't imagine a better cock than yours," he compliments, thrusting his hips against the renamon user. Her deep moans echoing out into the room, breasts squished against his chest. The male renamon's fingers dancing along his hips, playing with her sides, giving a firm squeeze along his butt as he takes in the delicious cock like the fuck toy that he is.

The drive to be of service, to be an effective toy driving him deeper into the objectified state of his being. His hips roll and meet onto the renamon's thrusts. The male going balls deep into him, feeling the wonderful smack of the orbs against her sex. Her hot juices wetting and matted the fur. The toy-to-be's deep breaths mostly for show, but it helps him really get into the mood.

"Fuck yes, such a sweet and tight hole. This is what I've been hoping for, wanting, all this time," he grunts deeply, body aching. Her tight folds, pushing him deeper into the lustful pounding. He grunts and groans, cock twitching, his need being quickly driven over the top. He lets out a howl of delight, yipping as he slams hard into the toy, unleashing his load into it.

The warm renamon seed flooding Ross' folds feels so wonderful. Unable to climax, his arousal is still driving him mad with lust and need. The desire to be the best toy he can be. His sex tightly grips his member, milking it for every drop. He enjoys how tightly, lovingly the renamon is holding his hips, sensing the renamon's delight, it snaps in the back of his mind, "*Now is the time he'd most like it. Now it shall... turn the tables.*" He grins, his body not tired at all, the wonders of being a toy shining through in this moment. With the user's cock still tightly lodged into his sleek sex, it squeezes the member, making him shudder and groan.

"Hmm, easy toy. I need a moment to recharge. That went a little faster than I intended, but you were rather good... for a toy."

Ross bends his knees, holding onto the renamon's hips with his powerful rubber thighs. The cool metal bar pressing up against his butt, he holds tightly onto the renamon user with her legs, gripping him with a surprising strength that helps him hoist his body higher. The ropes that were holding him up become relaxed, forcing more weight onto the renamon below him.

The male renamon grips the toy's hips, feeling the extra weight, grunting, his cock twitching within the toy's folds, "What are you doing toy, you're a little heavy," he grunts, squeezing tightly onto the toy's ass, providing the balance that the toy was looking for.

"This one isn't fat, and this one will make you pay for that comment," it says, grinning domineeringly, its sex squeezing onto the renamon's cock, teasing and distracting him with the strength of her vaginal muscles just as he manages to unhook himself from the rope hook hanging from the ceiling, freeing him completely and with a strong hips thrust and push the user below him loses balance.

The male renamon stumbles back, "T-toy what are you doing I'm going to... fall!" he exclaims, the woosh of air blowing across his back side, his body wincing, ready to hit the ground with a heavy thud with the renamon toy ready to add to the weight of the impact. Squeak, thud, his body slides down, cock popping out of the renamon's sex.

He opens his eyes, feeling unharmed from the fall, which has been broken by the toy above. The grip of the hips slowed the descent of his hips and back, while the head feels the soft embrace of the toy's hands along the back of his head. The bondage ropes run across his face, as the realization of what transpired comes over him, "How dare you knock me ov..."

Ross cuts off the renamon's words, placing a hand on his lips, "Shh, this one knows what you like. You slut. You like to play the top, call others names, be the head honcho, but you long for another to take your place as the top. You are the needy bitch needing to be put into your place," it says, feeling the renamon's semi-soft cock quickly beginning against his sleek latex thigh.

He grunts, squirming underneath the toy, "How did you..."

He gives a playful wink, "A toy has its ways, and it knew you were coming to have a piece of it," he explains, sliding and grinding himself against the renamon's body. The toy's sex dripping with the male's seed and its hot juices, leaving a streak across his chest.

The metal bar runs across the renamon's body, bapping his harden cock, making it bounce back and forth once the toy has slide far enough across him. The toy towering more over his body as he's put into perspective underneath it. The toy's domineering sweet smile, pushing him down into the submissive mindset that he's been longing for. Soon the toy's thick rubber thighs are on either side of his head. It pulls its sex right over the warm vent, feeling the drip of his essence and the toy's juices onto his lips. He instinctively licks it, tasting the sour sweet flavor that's mixed.

"Now bitch. You'll be eating this one out before the real fun is to begin," it says, reaching down, the ropes dangling from the cuffs, as it grabs the back of the user's head, helping aim his muzzle up right at her hot vent before sitting down, making him lick across her warm rubber folds, feeding him the mixed essence, "Eat, you'll need to keep up your strength."

The renamon tenses, toes curling his hands about to grab and try to push the toy away but soon just holds onto the warm rubber body. His tongue lapping across the vent, the command given to him, send chills down his spine. Lips wrap around the warm opening as he delves into the cream pie. He drinks it down, forced into an embarrassing place which only makes his cock

grow harder, body aching for even more. He raises his head, wrapping his mouth around the sex, diving his tongue deeper into the toy's folds enjoying the taste.

Ross feels the hesitation in the user slowly give away with hunger and joy, wanting to enjoy his tight rubber female vent. He takes this moment to rub the back of the renamon's head, encouraging him to go deeper. Ross' thighs squeezing the side of his head. Hands slowly pulling away from the user's head, he takes this time to remove the ropes from his wrists, the soft jingling noise of his D-rings covered up by the hungry moans of the renamon underneath. He reaches over, unhooking the spread bar from the wrist cuffs, looking at just how hard and throbbing he is.

With each lick and drive into his folds, the renamon user's cock twitches. The slick sticky cum around his member is renewed with a fresh layer of pre-cum. He reaches over, claw tips dancing over the tip, "Oh my. This one knew you had a desire and pleasure for role reversal, but this much?" she asks, squeezing his head.

He responds with a deep moan, licking deep across the vent, happily eating her out. Hands caressing the toy's body, nostrils flaring the sleek apple scent of the toy's latex driving him even crazier. His cock twitches to the touch, hips bucking up, while his hands tightly grip the renamon's toy's butt.

"Good bitch. You'll call this one Mistress till we are done then," it says, getting off him.

He gasps for air, enjoying the reprieve, but is soon gripped by his muzzle. He looks up into the toy's eyes with its surprisingly piercing glare.

"Do you understand this one bitch?" he asks, releasing his muzzle.

"Yes Mistress," he replies with a soft, needy whine, being pulled up by the toy, and once on his feet the toy's hands run across his chest, gently caressing his length, giving it a playful squeeze and tug. A moan escapes his lips, while he's guided by his member like a leash. The toy's hands continue to caress his member, fingers soon dancing over his balls as he's taken over to the wall with rubber gear. His eyes follow the toy's hands, wondering what it is going to grab when it pulls off the rubber renamon gas mask with two big filters on either side, with a golden glass visor.

"Ah, this one thinks this will be perfect for you. It hopes you enjoy it, open wide bitch." He unzips the mask, loosening it up, releasing his length, getting behind him, pressing his breasts against his back, showing the mask in front of him.

"Open up?" he asks, looking at the toy as it gets behind him, then he notices within he gas mask is a nice thick knotted renamon cock dildo, just waiting for him to suck upon, "But I'm not into dick."

"You want it, it knows this. Now do as you're told bitch," he commands.

He swallows a lump in his throat, his body betraying his words, member twitches, aching in the desire. He licks his lips, still tasting the aftertaste of his meal, opening his mouth wide as he's told.

"Good bitch," he replies, pulling the mask around his head, shoving the dildo into the renamon user's mouth, filling it as it goes down deep to the near back of his throat, right before it

would trigger the gag reflex. The male twitches and groans, huffing as the rubber slides across his face. It expands and contracts with each breath the soft whiz of the filters echoing out into the room. The more that is pulled onto his head, the louder the wheezing gets, the more pronounced the expansion and contraction of the hood and the more muffled his moans become.

His ears slip into the hood, which have small air holes to help him hear, but the tight grip of the rubber hood grows as it wraps full around his head, the tugging of a zipper, locking his head into place, but what is worse... It's the fact this particular hood has a collar attached to it, which the toy is all too happy to lock into position, binding him to his new position.

The golden tilted world is an experience he didn't know he wanted. His mouth filled with the dildo, preventing him from saying anything. His tongue runs across the length, steadily growing accustomed to the feeling, tenderly suckling it within moments.

"Come bitch, we aren't done yet," says Ross, gripping the user's cock from behind, moving him over to the bondage horse, designed to have his cock press against the side, becoming an exposed dripping mess while easily exposing his rump. With each step toward it, he feels the user's cock twitch, arousal growing, his body expressing the need to be taken in such a way that he's kept suppressed for so long.

"Such a good bitch. It knows you love the ladies, to show them a good time, yet you also want to be shown a good time by one that will put you in your place. Isn't that, right?" it asks, pushing the renamon onto the horse, working to tie his limbs to it.

He just moans and nods, unable to say anything as he squirms and wiggles in his bondage, feeling his limbs pulled against the soft, relatively comfortable horse. His breathing growing deeper, the smell of latex all encompassing. The more his body gets exposed, the higher his arousal becomes. His member pressing against the back of the horse pushed down, dripping along the end like some kind of cow ready to be milked.

His head rests on the horse facing out towards all the bondage equipment still hanging on the wall. He looks at them, wondering if any are about to be used upon them. He tugs at the constraints, finding them impossible to escape, reinforcing the position he is. Smack! He tenses his butt, tail hiking, the sensation of a renamon's hand hitting his butt makes him jerk and moan, his cock twitching, dribbling a bit more pre-cum. A positive response to the desires that is held within. His toes curl, fists clenching into fists, tugging against the constraints, part of him wanting to get free, to take back charge, "*I can't have a toy to do this to me can I? I'm not a bitch like this am I?*" he wonders, feeling the toy gently knead his butt, spreading his butt cheeks.

"Let's get you prepared for what comes next," the toy-to-be says, its tongue lapping across his pucker, slipping in as the toy's slick saliva wetting the entrance.

"*What does it mean by that? I've never been licked there... that feels nice... no, wait, what is it trying to do? What is it going to do?!*" he thinks, squirming as each lap brings him closer for what is coming next. His pucker tenses, unable to stop the tongue slipping into his body, making it all nice and slick.

Then Ross pulls away gently patting the renamon's butt, claws dancing along his spine while he walks in front of him, to give a nice teasing view. The toy-to-be walks over to the bondage wall, giving a Vanna White moment, showing of all the tools of the trade that are left at his disposal. After making him soak in what could happen, the mystery building higher and higher, he grabs the tool of his desire. A nice double-sided strap on dildo with a sex plug on one end, with a built-in vibrator.

"Toy thinks this will be the best to show you just how much of a bitch you are, don't you think?" it asks, walking back over to the renamon, placing the dildo on top his head, letting him get an idea of just how long it is, and providing a good view of the toy's crotch while slipping the plug into his sex, strapping the belts around the toy-to-be's thighs and waist.

The renamon replies with a squirming moan, tail wagging hard. His breathing grows deeper, his cock twitches, dribbling a near constant ooze of pre-cum that is running down the side of the horse. He feels his heart about to jump out of his chest, "*No, I can't be into that...*" he thinks, fully understanding what has led up to this moment.

Ross softly moans, arching his back, breasts jiggling as the strap on is set into place, "How about we start simple, to help ease it in? Medium power?" it asks, turning a switch, the dildo vibrating on a medium setting which teases and pleasures the toy further, making it grind its faux cock against the renamon's mask, letting him feel a taste of the vibrations about to be shoved into him.

He squirms harder, moaning deeply, the mask inflating and deflating at quicker intervals.

He smiles, reaching down at the bound renamon, caressing the masked head, "Such an eager bitch. Let's get this underway," he says, moving behind him, pressing the tip of the cock against the bound renamon's pucker. She smiles, enjoying his struggle, trying to give the sense of "No" but the twitching cock between his legs, screams "Yes."

She pushes into him; the vibrations and already lubricated hole makes it easy to slip into him. Pushing past his squeezing reflexes, going deeper and deeper, while her hands hold onto his butt, using them as a handle to push right in.

"*No, no... oh... ohhh*" he thinks, the dildo pushing into his rear. A strange feeling that he's wondered about in the back of his mind but never had the time, place or will to do it himself. It tingles his body, which builds to the moment. He squeezes trying to push back against it, yet there's nothing he can do as he's mounted by the toy. Taken like a real bitch. With each thrust his struggle against it grows weaker, his body aching more for the toy to take his pleasure higher. Harder and harder the toy pushes into him.

It pistons into his body ever quicker, aiming for that sweet spot, the prostate that is constantly teased by the vibrations. There's nothing he can do as he's mounted. Gasping and moaning into a cock, spit roasted between the mask and the toy. He's really shown his place, and his body shows the acceptance of just how *much* he loves it when his cock spasms, unleashing an untouched load of hot sticky renamon cum.

The toy-to-be chuckles, "See, this one knew you'd like it. And don't worry, this one has a lot more where that came from..." The toy gets ready to really show him a really good time.