

Xenomorph Toy: Egg

Deep underneath the first Toys-4-U super megastore, is a dream team of rubber gazelles and is at the very core of the company's R&D department. A female anthropomorphic doe toy that has the designation of X-2953 looks over a sleek rubbery egg about two and a half in height. The shiny egg has a four-petal opening, with a bit of a monstrous look. It walks around the egg that's behind a glass container. It softly squeaks, pivoting on its hoof, the purple, black and yellow toy smiles at its Maker, a sleek female black and cyan sergal toy that towers over it, "What do you think? It's the best design of the liquid rubber to date."

It approaches the rubber egg, running her finger across the glass with a squeak, "Can you show this one how it works?"

"With pleasure Maker!" X-toy bleats, it saunters over to a computer console typing into it, a moment later the egg opens up.

"Oh, exactly like those classic movies!" it says with a rump wiggle, bringing its head up to the glass.

"That is what the customers want, and the egg is big enough to contain all the excess rubber needed for the liquid suiting," it says, tapping another button a sleek rubber face hugger leaps out of the egg, connected by a swirl of rubber as it splashes against the glass, trying to get straight for the sergal's head. It swirls against the glass, before retreating after X-toy hits another button.

K-2003 hikes its rump, swaying it side to side, its body squeaking hard against the glass, not even flinching when the face hugger jumps out of the egg. "Oh, this is wonderful. Toy knows so many customers are going to *love* this. They've been begging for us to do something like this ever since we got the rights to do so a few years ago."

"We are only a few weeks till we are ready for the sale of these rubber egg suits. We still don't have the compression of latex down for the final goal, but we are getting close."

"Good, good. Now we only need some good material for the introduction of new xenomorph toys. With so many variations possible within them and taking from their host. There's a lot of possibilities," it says, pulling away from the box, the egg closing up, leaving it pristine. It rubs its chin with a long-drawn-out squeak, "But this one thinks there is one bit of material that could work, but unfortunately it's a little rough and may not work out."

"Perhaps you could find other material Maker? If this one is not a safe bet?"

"It will be searching for other models for certain, but it would like to get the base of these models and suits out before it has to start up school. It wants its touch on this, and it will have even less time when that happens."

"Right, right, this one can understand. What's the material then?"

"Has the interest. It's a bit hidden off, but has a tough existence, which for better or worse, could tarnish the material. And also related to someone this one knows, and it doesn't want to hurt its friend through misunderstanding."

"That's not good Maker."

It nods, “But she hasn’t talked to her in almost a decade. Doesn’t even know she’s alive even.”

“And you haven’t told her?”

“Hasn’t asked and from what this one can tell they had a falling out some years ago, and that’s personal family matters, and toy is a privacy policy to keep. It can’t reveal that to anyone. We at Toys-4-U respect our customer privacy policy,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Apologies Maker, it just didn’t know.”

“It’s alright, this one is in charge of material selection,” it says, running its claws along X-toy’s back, causing it to softly bleat in delight, “It’ll give it a go. And it thinks it knows the perfect way to bring the material in so it can be molded and prepared for the great reveal of our new alien toy line.”

“Good to hear Maker, do you need this one to do anything?”

“Just make sure the usual is prepared. We’re going to go with traditional molding with a light mix of the new molding methods. It’s great to test and build up the data we need to make the best toys, oh, and could you get a nice holding cell? For such a toy?”

“This one thinks it can do something like that, but may it ask what for?”

“For the advertising. Such a dangerous looking toy, needs a dangerous looking advert, to entice those who will love it.”

“Yes Maker!” X-toy bleats.

“Wonderful,” K-2003 says, the toy’s silver tag that has its designation, the glowing cuffs that read in fancy cursive lettering, “Fuck Toy” that match the toy’s cyan and glowing eyes. It scampers off with a hip sway, toward the elevator that leads back to the store above.

X-toy bleats admiring the toy’s rear, “This one could only imagine what clever and delightful way it is going to get the material here for molding…”

Maria is a middle-aged anthropomorphic green scaled raptor with black stripes. With a moderate sized bust and an average height, her yellow predatory gaze scans through her phone searching for the next customer to pick up for her personal taxi service job.

A ping and a pop up appears on her phone, Toys-4-U app pops up with a “You have a VIP message.”

She quirks an eye ridge, “A VIP message?” she mutters, tapping it, “I thought I set it to never get pop up messages,” she growls, checking the notice, “What is so VIP is this message?” With a click she brings up an official Toys-4-U administrator message, which reads.

Salutations Valued Customer,

You’ve been selected to an all-exclusive testing of our much long-awaited xenomorph alien species line! Get all exclusive test of our newest xenomorph suits and an opportunity to represent our worldwide launch scheduled in six months. Come to our all-expense paid experience! This is a once in a lifetime opportunity! Respond now and schedule your time at your nearest Toys-4-U Super mega store!

Maria smirks, "That is something... but I wonder... if I could get..." she takes a deep breath, sighing, "As much as I like this idea. To slip into one of those sexy monsters?" she mutters looking at herself in the mirror, her predatory eyes having softened over the years.

She leans back in her car, "*What else do I have going on?*" she thinks, continuing to look at herself in the mirror, the wear and tear of the weight of the world expressed in her scales, "Fuck it. It can't be worse than any other decision I've made," she says, responding to the message, adding the inquiry, "Will this include missed work expenses?"

And to Maria's pleasant surprise she gets a quick response that reads, "Any missed work expenses can be submitted and compensated at the end of the month-long trial period. An NDA is required."

She cracks a smile, "If I didn't know who this was, I'd say it's true good to be true. But that toy is naive as fuck," she chuckles, setting up the arrangements.

K-2003 writes the response, "Wonderful, be pleased to see you soon!" The sergal sits in its office, stretching and squeaking, thinking as the sweet hypnotic voices speak in the back of its mind, "*Maria, this one knows your choices in life were not kind to you. Some deserving, others not so much. Your material has a lot of wrinkles to be smoothed out, but deep down, it hopes that you are the right one to be molded into this position. Xenomorphs are complicated, scary, sexy creatures. Perhaps your own material being the same will provide an unseen benefit.*"

There's a knock on the door, the toy's ears twitch, "Come in."

The door opens revealing a silver and pink haired female rubber sergal with a silver tag that reads S-2703 on it, "Maker, it's here to remind you, you have that follow up meeting with the board outlining your requirements for the school you're going to be attending."

"Ah, thank you, it appreciates the reminder."

"Welcome Maker," the toy grins, showing off the one fanged tooth that sticks out from its lip as it closes the door, the sergal scrambles to get ready for the meeting via its computer.

Maria will pull into the Toys-4-U super megastore the next morning, with only a few cars in the far back. She pulls up near them, checking over her car when she gets out, "After all these years, that road from the highway is still not paved. I'll never understand why that toy doesn't."

She approaches the front of the store, two security guards stand outside, eyeing her as she approaches. She returns the look, reaching the doors which don't open. Inside she sees a few toys setting up the store with the lights slightly dimmed. She turns to the anthropomorphic rhinoceros, "Hey, big guy. I was invited to be here."

He turns to her, "The store doesn't open for another three hours."

"Must be boring for you then."

"We get paid well."

She crosses her arms, "I was told to come here at this time. But the doors are locked, so what am I to do?"

"Did you read your invitation?" he asks with a sly smirk.

"What do you mean if I read the invitation? Of course, I did," she says, pulling out her phone, flipping through to the spot, "See, it says right here go to the front right entrance."

“This is the front entrance. Not the front right entrance.”

“Where is this entrance?”

He smirks, giving a deep chuckle, “To the right,” he says, pointing down the side of the building, “There.”

She looks down the side of the building, “Gee thanks,” she remarks.

He waves with a big smile, “Any time. Next time a dash of politeness will go a long way.”

The lion guard gives his partner a look, which he responds with a shrug.

Maria shakes her head, “Dumbasses,” she grumps, walking along the side of the store, reaching a windowless metal door, “This better be it,” she states with a soft huff, knocking on the door with her knuckles.

A click followed by the slow creaking of a door opening with long sleek black alien fingers grasping along the edges. The heavy smell of latex hit her along with the cool air-conditioned air. Her attention though is on what is standing before her. Towering over her is an alien creature, a xenomorph. The icon smooth elongated head, the sharp teeth, mouth opening to see a smaller second deadly inner mouth that sends shivers down her spine. She knows from the books, movies, figurines that this could easily jut out and push into her in so many ways that it makes her heart flutter.

The exoskeleton with the visible rib cage, monstrous yet elegant. Back tubes jutting out from its black rubber form, sleek, slender, vicious looking yet so very sexual. The frightful visage, the long tail, thicker than what she’s come to expect but then it shortens and is just as long, the ‘blade’ visible at a distance of the relatively dark corridor. Their breathing that iconic deep hiss, not as heavy as a queen, but reminiscent of it.

“This is the right door, isn’t it?” she asks.

The xenomorph nods, with a curious rump wiggle, holding out its sleek rubber hand, motioning her forward.

“How very polite,” she says, admiring the shiny latex, “Don’t mind if I do, but I must tell you, that the guards here are very rude and need a talking to,” she remarks, the xenomorph nodding, leading her into the place. The lights are dimmed, flickering as the door slowly creaks and closes behind them with an echoing thud, “*Setting up that sexy arousing scary mood. I like that,*” she thinks, being led into a large room, the floors and walls all covered in rubber.

It gives a soft bounce to her step, a single light in the room illuminates a large rubber egg of black and blue in the center of the room. The xenomorph moves and runs its claws along the egg, rump hiked away from her, swaying it side to side. It lets out a soft hiss, its second extending then retracting. The sight of which made her heart flutter. She can imagine her being tied down, a face hugger gripping her sliding down into her mouth... her sex. Her body is growing heated. The rib caged organic look of the room, adding to the ambience. The xenomorph moves its hand in a presentation fashion.

“Are you asking me what I think?”

It nods, ass hiked even higher.

“Looks great.”

The xenomorph nods and makes the same hand motion.

“Ah... it really captures the feel. This is part of the deal for it? To give you feedback on everything?”

The xenomorph nods.

“Well, the ambiance is nice, I really like it, though do you have more of you around?” she says leaping into the darkness, finding nothing there, “Damn,” She says with a sigh, stepping back into the central light, “That all?”

The xenomorph shakes its head.

“What else then?”

There is a xenomorph sigh as it lets out a long-drawn-out hiss. A door hidden by the rubber facade opens up, revealing a sleek black and dark blue rubber female sergal with long thick dreadlock rubber hair. The toy has dark blue lined black rubber cuffs that on the black band reads in fancy cursive lettering “Fuck Toy” There breasts bounce with each step. There’s a silver tag that is impossible to read but does read M-2483.

“This one is here Toy Mistress! What can it do for you? Oh, it sees you have your guest,” it says pleasantly.

“*Oh no, is it one of those over pleasant toy models?*” Maria wonders, seeing the xenomorph makes a motion toward its back.

“Understood toy Mistress,” it says, moving behind the xenomorph, giving the toy access to easily run its finger along the xenomorph’s back with a long-drawn-out squeak.

The rubber split apart, opening a bit like a xenomorph egg petals. Sliding out of it with a long-drawn-out squeak, a sleek black rubber sergal with cyan highlights, matching color cuffs that has elegant cursive writing that reads “Fuck Toy” The toy stretching out showing off its breasts and its collar with the silver tag reads K-2003, “That will be all for now. It won’t need you or your other toy just yet.”

“Okay Toy Mistress, but you better hurry. I-toy seems to be in a hunting mood. When it gets that predatory glare in its eyes, it just knows it’s up to no good.”

K-2003 waves it off, “It’ll be fine, relax. Just be ready for when it needs you two.”

The other sergal gives an exasperated sigh, “Okay toy Mistress, but if a customer goes missing, it knows it’ll be their fault.”

The other sergal toy gives a domineering look, wiggling its butt out of the xenomorph suit, “This one is sure that would not happen like that under its watch,” it says, the toy’s clitoral hood seal broken, releasing the air with an arousing sweet aroma that fills Maria’s lungs, filling her with a delightful warmth that stokes the fires building with in her.

Her excitement builds as she keeps her attention on that egg that the suit is now laid across, “*What could be in there... well I know what **could** be in there, but... I fucking deserve some sexy xenomorph action.*”

“This one trusts you, toy Mistress, it’ll be ready when you’re needed,” it says, heading off, thinking, *“This one knew that having Maker wear the suit would have been difficult for it to talk to the new material.”*

K-2003 admires its fellow toy as it walks off, “Such a good caring toy, always concerned about others,” it says with a rump wiggle, turning its attention back to the raptor, “Now, this one apology for the poor communication. What it was trying to say,” it says, sliding the rest of the suit, picking it up, hoisting the suit over its shoulder, “This one wanted to ask you if you felt like it mirrored the movies, and if not or even if so, what could be done to make it better,” it explains, going off into the darkness, the toy’s cuffs and eyes glowing in the darkness like its own sexy alien.

“I’d say spot on. Question though,” he says, approaching the egg in the center, her excitement building, heart beating faster, breath growing deeper, turning to face the toy.

“Yes?” it asks as it saunters over to her, hips swaying in wide slightly exaggerated motions, breasts slightly jiggling.

Maria smirks, *“If Kirisha was here, she’d love those bouncing breasts,”* she thinks, then saying, “Do you intend to have the fun bondage? Tied to the walls and shit like that?”

“Oh, we’re working on it. We could design some bondage wall stuff. And our liquid latex face huggers to do suit transformations are still being wo--”

“Wait, just one fucking moment. Did you say liquid latex transformative face huggers? Where do I sign up? Or is this it here?” she asks, reaching down to feel the sleek smooth rubber egg’s petal lips.

The toy shakes its head, “Unfortunately it’s still being worked on, but you will assist in bringing our xenomorph toy designs to life. And it believes you will absolutely fall in love with it. It will be a humdinger of a good time,” it says with an affirmative nod followed by an excited rump wiggle.

Her excitement is slightly muted, raising an eye ridge, “Humdinger? What are you, my grandmother mother?”

The sergal toy tilts its head to the side, “What? No, don’t be silly,” it says, shaking its head, “This one is clearly not that old, nor can it reproduce, and you’re a raptor, this one is sergal shaped.”

“That was a rhetorical... never mind. You’re giving me an opportunity to do something I’ve always dreamed of, and your company never shied away from my odd kink,” she says with a smile, “I can respect that.”

“Toy is glad that it can be a respectable toy. High quality material makes high quality toys, which makes high quality respectable toys,” it says with an affirmative nod and a squeaky rump wiggle.

She lets out a long drawn out sigh, “Anyway... What do I need to do? What papers do I need to sign?”

“Papers?”

“There are always NDA’s that come with product testing. I’ve been around the block a few times, I know how these work.”

“You must really like nature, this one can respect that, but it doesn’t have papers, perhaps it should...” it says, rubbing its chin, gently swaying its hips, “It’ll figure that out later.”

Maria quirks an eyebrow, quietly muttering, “Perhaps it’s one of those, not wanting a paper trail thing...”

“Leaving a trail of paper is wasteful.”

The raptor jumps, “Sheesh you heard me?”

“Sergals have good ears, even sergal shaped ones,” it says with an affirmative nod, leaning forward, breasts squeezed together with a loud squeak, “Are you ready to get in the suit and start having fun?”

Her claws gently trace along the iconic egg petals, “Yes, I think so,” she says, licking her lips.

“Wonderful! Please strip down your scales, you won’t be needing your clothes for any of this.”

She looks over her shoulder at it, studying the toy’s excited gently glowing gaze, “Are you going to be watching me?”

“This one is going to help put the suit on, so it’s certainly going to be watching, it would be silly if it did it with its eyes closed. Are you shy about watching this one is watching?”

“No... I suppose not. You’re just a toy after all, aren’t you?” she asks, mulling over thoughts in her mind, taking in the sleek rubber being, taking a deep breath, “You aren’t an object, which means I could sue you for sexual harassment.”

It tilts its head, “Legally it’s considered a living rubber being, but it is a toy, an object, a thing, but it would not do such a thing as harass, that is just terrible.”

She chuckles, responding sarcastically, “Sure, whatever you say. Doesn’t matter to me, showing a bit of skin to get in this suit you speak so highly of, I can manage.”

“Yay!” it exclaims with a rump wiggle, “You can just put it off to the side right over there.”

“Yeah, yeah,” she remarks, revealing her sexy scales, tossing her clothes off into the shadows, “How’s this? Naked enough for you?” she asks with a wink shaking her scaly ass.

It responds with a matching shake, “Yup! Please, this one thinks you’ll enjoy the colors,” it says with an eager squeak, kneeling on the other side of the egg, holding out its hand, “Please, let this one show you how to get the egg open.

“It should open up when I approach and not have to make it.”

“Don’t want it to open up with the unintended victim!” it exclaims, taking the raptor’s hand, gently pressing at the crevice, the toy’s hands gently caressing and guiding the raptor’s claw, “Start at the base and move toward the center, and do it to each one and then...” It opens up with a rubbery creak with an alien groan.

The sound is music to Maria’s ears. Her sex twitches, claws digging into the smooth rubber egg, moving her head over the opening. A face hugger leaps from inside, the longer

spider legs wrap around her muzzle, the alien tail coils around it too, while slipping in the long phallic ovipositor into her mouth. Instinctively she grabs it, just barely able to stop herself from ripping it off. Letting the sleek sensation, the taste of rubber on her tongue.

K-2003 giggles, leaning on the egg, breasts bouncing, monitoring as the situation unfolds. The toy's tail hiked, her arousing aroma growing thicker, making the toy-to-be's sex grow puffer, *"This one knows you'll enjoy this,"* it thinks.

After a few minutes, the high passes. She runs her claws along the smooth latex creature, enjoying the feel of it against her lips, the rubber scent filling her lungs, but with a quick tug it unlatches itself safely from her head. She looks at blue and black shiny alien in her claws, giving it a disappointed look.

"What's wrong?" it asks, tilting its head.

"I felt like there could have been more. The full grip around my face, the tail coiling around my neck, but it just did my muzzle," she grumps.

"Having a toy that does breathe play is very difficult, and never recommended to do alone."

"You're with me."

"It doesn't count as a toy, for legal reasons," it says with an affirmative nod.

"But legally you're not a toy..."

"Was that why it got a poor rating from you?"

"Partially, I was hoping it would do more? Perhaps be the method of transformation into a xenomorph. That would be fucking hot."

"This one would agree, and we're working on that solution, anything else that wasn't to your liking?"

"It didn't go deep enough, hold onto my head tighter. Really give me the feeling of being held there against my will. There's something about the loss of control to a sexy domineering alien that has alterative motives for you that I just to be frank, just damn hot."

"Frank? This one thought your name was Maria."

She gives a frustrated growl, "My name is Maria, I was just giving you my honest opinion since you asked."

"Ohh, you could just be Maria then. No need to be frank. This one trusts you will be as honest as always."

Her odd look doesn't fade from her, "I can't tell if you are being serious or just messing with me."

"This one is serious about any messes we make," it says with a nod, the toy walking over to her, hips swaying in a sensual squeak, "Now, is there any other feedback you can give?"

"Is there any more feedback I need to give to get into that xenomorph suit that is just screaming for me to put it on?"

"All feedback is appreciative but not required."

"Then I have nothing more to say till I slip into that sexy alien there," she says, pointing to the open egg, seeing the blue and black latex suit all folded up within.

“This one thinks you will not be saying much for a while since you get the suit on, so better to get it out now,” it says with an affirmative nod, leaning forward, squeezing its breasts together with a loud squeak.

“Why would you say... oh, that’s why. I’ll have that sexy inner mouth that can be great for sucking and pumping, got it. Having that in my mouth will hinder talking. Not hat I mind I am a fan of the animalistic nature, primal nature, of the unbridled sexual tension of their exotic and erotic design,” she says with a playful growl.

“Capturing it and converting it to a toy was a fun challenge. Though we have more sexualized versions planned...” K-2003 says, being interrupted by Maria.

“I hope you didn’t do that for my suit. I like the more traditional look. Breasts on the xenomorphs for me felt a bit off. It took away with what made them so deadly and sexual.”

K-2003 places its hands on the egg, fingers caressing the outside, squeaking loudly, tail hiking, its big toothy ‘trust this one’ grin, “This one did its due diligence and research. It knows what you like, and it made sure this model is very traditional and female in design, but no breasts. Only the...” K-2003 says, reaching into the egg, pulling the sleeky rubbery suit, that glistens in the low light of the room, the toy’s cyan nails run across the black external rib cage, “This and...” it pulls out with its other hand the large icon phallic shaped xenomorph head, showing off the design that has the smooth front of the head but turns into ridges for the middle and back top of it, “And this are ribbed for one’s pleasure. Oh and the inner mouth too, it has ridges too, sure to excite as much as fright,” it says with affirmative nod.

Maria’s excitement grew and grew only to ebb only a little at the very end, the bare scaled female utahraptor, crossing her arms across her breast, letting her claws gently touch her scales, giving a bit of self-indulgent pleasure, looking down at the toy that normally towers over her, “I have no idea why...” she trails off.

“Why what?”

She waves a claw, “It’s nothing. Can I have the suit now?”

“This one is not sure? Can you?”

“What are you a grammar teacher?” she asks, quirking an eyebrow.

“No, this one is a toy that has some, reading, writing, programing, molding, oral, anal, vaginal, ha...”

“I think I got it. Do you have suiting skills? I might need a little help with this,” she says, looking over the suit, grabbing the body piece, feeling the sleek rubber against her fingers, sliding across it like it’s been lubed up with a layer of sticky slime reminiscent of the movies. A fine type of slime that sends shivers down her spine, makes her sex grow wetter, hotter, body craving to feel it surround her, dominate her, or even more exciting, dominate it. To take something so powerful and take command... She breaks her mental fantasy and thinks, “*It must run in the family,*” pondering for a moment on her cousin Kirisha.

The sergal toy wiggles its rump, bouncing on its feet, letting the raptor hold the main part of the suit, while placing the head partially back into the open egg, “This one would be pleased to help you,” it says, the toy’s rubber fingers tracing along the raptor’s sides.

Maria tenses, feeling the smooth warm rubber fingertips caress against her scales, the breasts pressing against her back. She takes a deep breath, “Just help get me on. We don’t have to make it a show of it alright?”

“But isn’t life just a play, and you are playing your part?”

She smirks, “And what part will that be?”

“Of the sexy monster, ready to brought to life, to terrorize and tantalize the general public.”

“There’s nothing general about this, R rated at least.”

“Raptor rated.”

“That’s not what R stands for.”

“It’s not? In this case it thinks so.”

“It means restricted.”

“Oh, there’ll be plenty of that soon.”

“I’m not even going to dignify that one with a response.”

K-2003 lifts a finger, tilting its head to the side, pulling away from the raptor for a moment, “Didn’t you just do that?”

Maria looks over her shoulder at the confused looking sergal, “Never mind. Help me get my tail into this. I think I’ve waited long enough to feel this sleek monstrosity on my scales.”

“This one will get more than just your tail in it, just you wait and see,” it says with an affirmative nod, opening up the suit with her, revealing the sleek black latex inside. Her claws glide across it, with greater ease than the outside, with just a *hint* of the same slime that makes her skin crawl in a way that just feels oh so good. Her heart races as the back is opened up further, the back spires, folding off to either side, the weight of the suit was lighter than she was expecting, but in reality is heavier than a traditional suit.

The rubber flops around, creaking and squeaking as its stretched open, her feet the first go in, “There shouldn’t be an issue with my claws, correct?” she asks, hinting as if there is some kind of ulterior motive, a sense of “If you break it, you bought it, so let’s get her to break it” mentality behind the question.

“Hardly. Our latex is strong and very durable. We make those stretchy garbage bag commercials look as weak as wet tissue paper by comparison,” it says, gliding the suit up her legs, helping the mostly blue and black accented exterior of the chitin looking skin expand and fill out. But unlike some other suits, sections of the suit were already filled, to give that hard yet in reality cushioned feel when pressed. The raptor’s sickle claw fits perfectly into the xenomorph raptor hybrid feet, which keep the iconic sickle claw, perhaps the only thing that will scream of the raptor’s origins once she disappears within.

The toy’s hands caress and smooth out the rubber around the raptor’s legs, which slide across with an odd ease that the raptor was not expecting. She almost feels torn that she can’t feel the snap back of the latex as she glides it across her scales, just so she can feel it glide across her body a bit longer, squeezing her form. The toy moving around her with fluidity that would

make water jealous. The toy kneels before her, eyes meeting for just a moment, long enough to see what the toy is really looking at.

“It looks like to this one, someone is very happy to see this one,” it says, leaning in to give the raptor’s sex a single long lick with its forked cyan tongue, letting its arousing mouth juices coat her sex. The toy feels her shift, tense, moan, body screaming for more, seeing her physical form, give a glimpse into her mind, which is steadily drowning in the growing lust, which is being flooded by the toy’s unleashed aphrodisiac.

“H-hey! Watch it. Less licking and more suiting,” she exclaims, glaring at the sergal who simply response with a teasing wink before pulling the rubber suit up over her legs, holding tight on the edges so she can give a firm tug pull up, so much in fact that for a moment, Maria thinks she was lifted off her feet.

With the raptor’s arousal still lingering on the sergal’s tongue it replies, “This one is watching, and so much more. It’s a full purpose toy.” It moves around, helping slip the raptor’s tail into the xenomorph’s. Here is one of the parts that clearly shows the tailored design of the suit to the wearer. Instead of a very long ribbed vertebrae bone thin long tail, its starts thicker with the same general design, but steadily it thins out, past her tail to the iconic thickness of the xenomorph tail with the blue color but black bladed tip that currently drags across the floor till the tail is fully on, which then stiffens just enough to make it curve like a moon crescent, hanging just a few inches off the ground at its lowest.

Maria holds up against the latex, feeling it slide across her legs, pressing up against her sex. She looks back at the sergal, down at the tail, her excitement building up even higher, “*Fuck this feels good.*” The sleek slime and smooth hardened rubber against her crotch, helping with that hard tough chitinous feel is icing on the cake. Each breath felt heavy, with lust, delight, wanting to pull in more. She takes the moment to admire the ribbed legs, the alien design with recognizable dark blue for most of the body and tail with black combination, of the external chitin parts like the tail juts or the external rib cage... A color combination she’s always fancifies a bit more than her own scales.

“If you want to feel with your claws before we put on more, you can. This one won’t stop you, in fact it encourages it,” it says, hips swaying, the toy gripping the latex suit, letting the front half, flip about, till its claws furl the suit up just a bit to give her a better look.

Her sex on fire, and the slime is like gasoline to the flames. It quivers, wanting more, “Well, if this is supposed to be a prototype suit, I might as well try it all out, and give you my through opinion of the wearing process.”

“Yay. That’s the spirit!”

Maria shot her a look, “How could something that almost makes me question my sexuality just be so...”

“Delightful?”

She blinks a few times, “Sure, lets go with that,” she says, biting her tongue on other words, trying to fight against her snarky nature. The aching need, the instinctual desire, being meted out and mixed with the connections deep within her mind that creates the concoction of

being taken, held, caressed by the deadly nightmares held within the unknown of people's mind, could simply be so fuckable.

Her claws run across the ridge, feeling how deep they are, enjoying the texture with her hands, moaning at the thought of grinding herself against that kind of leg, while picturing herself as the powerful creature that is ready to take what it wants for no other reason than that is what it is. A creature of lust, desire, domination, fear and terror, all wrapped into one package. She stands on her toes, a real digitigrade monster, her sickle claws twitching with excitement. Her own instincts of the hunt, rising to the surface.

She runs her claw along her rubber slit, feeling it part but with force. Even her opening needs strength and power. Something about it, that her most sensitive parts are protected by the creature of her dreaming nightmares sends a shiver down her spine... that or its the sergal gently blowing along her back... yup its that... maybe both, "Toy what are you doing?" she asks.

"Helping give you that spine tingle feeling that it knows you crave so much. Is it working?" it asks with a hopeful rise in the end. The toy still holding tightly onto the suit, keeping it at its halfway pulled up state, while keeping it pulled taught, and pressing on the raptor's crotch.

Maria bumps her tail against the sergal's thigh. She feels the movement of the suit, gliding across her scales, making her want to wear it more, to let the monster consume her fully, "I hope these were taken into account for the design?" she asks, reaching up to give her breasts a firm loving grope. Her claws dancing across the nipples, "I love them, but I don't want them to draw attention away from the rows of deadly teeth and the second mouth. I want a bit more fight than arousal in the fright-rousal."

That same teasing, domineering "You can trust this one" toothy grin returns, "Fear not... or in this case fear a lot... hey that rhymes, this one wonders if it could do that every time. It wonders if it could do that again. Maybe it can if it hit send?" it says, ending its statement with a hint of a rising confusion.

"Don't quit your day job."

"Toy works at all hours, not just during the day."

"What about my breasts now?"

"It'll be handled. The suit is designed to hide them, squeeze them a bit, but not too much to be uncomfortable. More like a low-level corset it would say, but your breasts. A breastset. Instead of around your core."

"I've never had such a mix of conflicting desires and emotions in my entire life as I do now."

"Welcome!" it says, with a squeaky rump wiggle.

"That wasn't a... never mind, can-may we continue?"

It grins, "Yes, we may, arms out, and this one will help you slip into the sleeves and pull this nice and tight around your form. We used extra rubber to create the crevices to slip your breasts in, and give that little bit of an alien feel. It was a rather fun challenge to overcome."

“Yeah, yeah, enough talking and more pulling,” she says with an eager lustful growl, leaning against the suit, feeling the latex glide across her scales, squeezing her arms as she fills out the monster of her nightmares.

The sergal toy runs its hands across the suit’s arms, smoothing out any wrinkles, watching the raptor’s claws slip into the gloves, popping into place. Its eyes lighting up with sheer delight at seeing the raptor’s reaction. More of her deadly raptor form hidden under something even deadly and so very *alien*.

The front of the suit steadily moves over the raptor’s chest, her breasts slipping into the small curved and cushioned compartments that are hidden within the suit’s design, so deceptively its almost like magic. The rubber moves under her arms, creaking, squeaking, pulled tighter across her arms, chest, belly, pressing down on her chest, smooching her breasts a little for now, while the back of the suit, seems to grip around her, begging to be pulled on fully, like an eager face hugger wanting to extend its grip around her.

With a raptoric purr she arches her back, pressing herself into the suit, flexing her claws, seeing the alien hands, twitch, move, claws extended out past her own claws, the rubber against every inch of her scales, the strength of the sergal’s boasts are put to the test as she feels her claw tips dig into the latex, and give like a cushion, but not break or tear.

The sergal’s hands caress the raptor’s sides through the suit, the pressure against her scales feels wonderful, the rubber pulled back around her back, squeezing her breasts down more, the rubber shifting more into its designed position, feeling like it was meant to be there.

The sergal toy grips the top of the suit, pulling the rubber parts together, a bit more awkward than normal with the chest tubes pressing against its breasts and belly. It maneuvers itself around them, “Ready for this one to seal the body suit? With our Toys-4-U patented press-n-seal technology?”

The toy’s impromptu advertisement almost took the raptor out of her headspace, but the sheer amount of delight and bliss easily overcome the moment of annoyance that her well trained mind just wanted to hit that skip button, “Yes, do it,” she growls in ever growing lustful need.

K-2003 grins, wiggling its rump, “With pleasure,” it says gleefully, running its claw along the latex, pressing up from the base of the tail toward the neck. The latex pulls and merges with itself, forming a seamless seal, tugging the latex across the raptor’s scales, tightening the suits grip around her, while making it easier for the next inch of latex to be press sealed and combine together, all the way to the top.

The creaking of latex filled the room, aroma of latex and arousal, with a heavy shot of the toy’s subtle yet potent arousing aroma floods Maria’s lungs. The cool intoxicating air fuels the fire within her, feeling every inch of her scales from the neck down squeezed and pulled. Her breasts smooched with a light corset feel that only reminds her of her tight-fitting position. She looks down, her mind trying to grasp this dream made reality. The glistening dark blue and black alien body, the powerful xenomorph so alien from her raptor form, yet just as powerful, nay more so.

She takes a moment to feel her alien claws run across her alien chest, fingers caressing between the black rib cages, the rubber softly squeaking, enjoying every ridge, rib, the smooth yet rough texture. The weight of the extra bit of tail, forcing her body to lean forward on an instinctual level, building up that primal animalistic feel.

Another deep breath, her sex twitches, pressed so tightly across the suit's thick rubber, her body quivering, begging for more. Her claws run down her legs and sides, sliding across the slime polish that cools the rubber and therefore her. The slight delay in sensation, only noticeable to her mind continues to build that foreign out of body experience that builds up her expectations, knowing this is just the start, "Hmm, fuck yes."

K-2003 watches, eager, excited, bouncing on its feet, breasts jiggling. The toy admiring how much Maria is just *loving* what is going on. The toy's clit hood dips into itself coating itself in its own arousing fluids, the toy's enjoyment growing, "This one is so glad you are enjoying it so much, but we are far from done. But take your time. This one doesn't want to rush you. It likes to hear your articulation of what you are feeling. Once the head goes on, it'll have to confer by body expression alone."

Maria moans, hands running across her butt, giving a firm squeeze, feeling the give and bounce of the rubber, the tighter caressing of her ass, "You won't have to confer anything you simple fuck toy. You should know I am *loving* this and I doubt anything could change this," she says, looking down at her sexy alien female body, "People say they have a drone fetish and kink. I like drones, this kind. This is the facelessness I could enjoy," she says with a domineering grin, looking down at the xenomorph head. The front of the head is black, but steadily has a gradient shift to turn to the same dark domineering blue.

"Do you want this one to put the head on, or did you want to do the honors? Perhaps the two of us?" The sergal toy asks, walking back over to the egg, the toy running its claws along the head, showing off the different shades of black from the toy and the xenomorph.

Maria pounced, grabbing the head, pulling it close to her, like a rat snatching a piece of cheese, "No, no. I can do it myself."

The toy leans on the alien egg, using it to prop itself up, showing just how strong the exterior wall of the egg is, it's rump hiked, hips swaying, breasts squeezed together by its arms causing it to squeak loudly, "That is wonderful. Toy is never sure which way is best. It likes to leave that final decision up to the user."

Entranced by the smooth face, the ridged forehead. The sharp deadly teeth, she cups the xenomorph head, bringing it close to her snout, a burning desire in the back of her head just whispering, "Kiss" yet even now, in her lust driven fantasy she doesn't give in... at first. She stares into the face that will soon be her own. Imagining a towering creature over her, ready to take her, ravage her, and eventually the fantasy shifts. She is the one on top, taking, dominating. Becoming the very creature, she feared in a primal and fearsome way. Taking control of her life, and shirking the responsibilities of society, her life, anyone else, serving a greater purpose, one she could really get behind. The hive. Taking, putting people into bondage, a simplistic life, yet

one with actual *meaning, purpose, belonging*. Unspoken desires that she may not even realize she has, but it's written all over her face and K-2003 is reading her like the open book that she is.

The sergal toy stealthily moves around the user, the high-quality material. The raptor's enrapture of the moment, everything screams to the toy that it has made the right decision with this one. That she will become a wonderful toy, and it was in no rush to take away these moments from this toy-to-be. Afterall, you only get suited like this *once*.

Maria's hot breath runs across the xenomorph's face. Her mind putting sound of that distinct heavy breathing, that hiss, perhaps making it even deeper like a queen in the back ground, which lets out a louder domineering hiss, guiding and commanding the xenomorph to do what they do to her. Take her, bind her, ravage her, penetrate her so deeply with their phallic devices, her mind swimming in ever growing and more vivid fantasies. Her sex dripping with her juices, that tense and relax with every quivering moment that she's concocted in her mind to feed the burning lust within her, wondering, just how high she can go, and hoping she'll never reach it just so she can leap from a higher point in the depth of her own sexual pleasuring depravity. And she *loves* it.

Closer she brings herself to the head, feeling the weight of it, far more than what she was expecting yet still not that heavy, certainly not a soft balloon feel but a hard chitin rubber, perfect for what a xenomorph should be. She can't stop herself any longer, kissing the head, running her tongue against the hard rubber teeth that give a sense of deadliness yet does not know they have been adjusted for safety. But the fact she can't tell just adds to the delight.

Slowly the mouth opens, the inner jaw pushing out to her lips. Lost in her fantasy she doesn't question it. She opens her mouth, accepting the xenomorph's French kiss, her tongue running across the mouth, along the ribbed sides, her sex quivering at the thought of it pushing up inside of her. She bucks her hips, the moment of her long tail felt all along her real tail, sending shivers up her spine, her moans growing deeper, feeling the inner mouth move in and out of her own.

The taste of rubber, and the sensation of something so alien along her organ, makes her heart race. She feels a buildup of ecstasy that she wishes to bath in. Nostrils flaring, the sound of rubber squeaking as she shifts, rubbing the head, caressing it, not questioning that she's no longer holding it, simply caressing it.

She feels along the ridged head, another fantasy of it rubbing along her sex, teasing her, every inch of the monster's body used to torment her sexually, dominate her physically, and yet, she can't help but also see her in the monster's position. That power and control, so tantalizing that she's wanted and yearned for, for so long. It's more than she could bare that she's almost sent over the edge on thought alone. Yet such pleasure, such release, was denied to her, the inner jaw pulling back into the alien's mouth, which at this point she notices the sergal toy has slinked under the head and put its arm up into it, to manipulate it like a puppet. "What are you doing?"

K-2003 sheepishly grins, "This one knows you know. Giving you what you want."

"Pull your hand out, I want put the head on now."

"Wonderful!" it says with a rump wiggle, the toy doing as its asked.

“Is there anything I need to know when putting this on?”

“The inner jaw is manipulated by your tongue. The rest will move with your head and the neck piece has a built-in invisible collar to help complete and support the head.”

“A hidden collar?”

“Yup! We debated and, in this end, we decided to try something different with this design and go cuffs and collar free, to give that dangerous unbound alien look. We’ll have other models in the future that have them, but for you as the prototype, we’re going *naked*.”

“They’re aliens, they are already naked. A cuff and collar won’t do that, but I do appreciate the choice. For me, having a collar around an alien looks far less threatening,” she says as she turns the head around, opening the bottom of the head, peering into the glistening smooth black rubber inside.

She feels butterflies in her stomach. Taking a deep breath she takes the plunge, pulling her head up and into the hood, snout first. The collar stretches around her head, the rubber creaks, squeaking filling her ears as her head shifts and eventually pops around her, forcing her mouth open slightly so the inner jaw can find its place within her mouth. It feels like a dildo has been shoved down to the back of her throat just shy of setting off her gag reflexes.

Teeth pop into crevices, and when she squeezes down the head reacts, her jaws clenching tight in the front. She feels the mouth manipulations, but the change in the center of gravity of the head takes a moment to get used to. Her vision blinded for a moment, as she shifts and moves the head, her tongue finding a groove to slip into, filling her taste buds with the intoxicating taste of latex with a hint of something else. The thin layer of slime around and inside the suit was here too and it tastes... delightful. Blueberries with blackberries and something else? Something she can’t quite put her claw on, but it only built up her arousal further, but it was covered up by her own natural enjoyment of what is transpiring.

“I can’t see,” she tries to say, but her words are muffled, contorted, only releasing air that comes out as a soft hiss from her mouth. The sound is muffled, but the realization of just what the toy meant now sinks in. Torn between wanting to express herself in just how great this feels, and the added icing that the suit itself is making her sound like the alien creature in such an iconic way, that it was almost frightening.

“That will be fixed soon. It needs to connect and activate the suit.”

“Activate?” she hisses.

“Yup, activate!”

“You can understand me? I can’t even understand me,” she says in her muffled hissing voice, of which none of it escapes her lips.

K-2003, standing before Maria, points to its ears, “Sergal have good hearing, and it can make out and figure out what you are saying from context,” it says with an affirmative nod, “Now, hold still and this one will get everything going and tested out,” it says, the toy running its finger across the collar, press sealing the two rubber parts together, the latex shifting and merging together once more into a single solid seamless suit.

The latex seemed to grip Maria's body tighter, wanting to take her completely within it. Along the back of her head, she feels something wet, liquid which moves across the inside of the suit, and down her neck, "Something is happening," she mutters, hissing out.

"We are working on our liquid latex technology. The xenomorph head has some of it, and will fill in parts of your suit, bind it closer to you, and give you greater articulation from the very beginning. Relax and let it set into place, and once it's done you'll be able to see again," the toy casually explains.

Without hesitation she accepted the toy's words, *"I have no reason not to trust it. It's been a good toy maker, helping craft such fine toys for so long. It should know what it is doing,"* she tells herself, wiggling as the latex slides across her body like a thin slime, binding tighter with the suit, like she's being glued into it. The head floods around hers, filling her mouth, yet not blocking her ability to breath. The latex feels cool, wet, yet warms to her body and then solidifies, forming a tight layer of bondage with her external alien body.

She didn't know when, but she could see suddenly, unsure if it was gradual or the flow of rubber distracted her from noticing when it turned on. She was given a new perspective in her vision, a slight fishbowl effect, seen in the old-time video games, but one she loves. She takes a deep alien breath, slowly releasing it, with a soft breathing hiss that sends shivers up her spine, her tail twitches, gaining more movement than it had before. The cool air of the room washing over her latex clad body, giving a sensation that she was naked... more than that. As the back tubes were anchored into her back, they expressed sensations into her back, that could lead to her given enough time to growing a feeling for these tubes as a part of herself.

K-2003 holds up two fingers, "How many fingers is this one holding up?"

"Two," she hisses.

"Wonderful! How about now?" it asks, which Maria answers correctly.

"Open your mouth and go ahhh!" it says, the toy, sticking out its cyan forked tongue.

Maria softly hisses, opening her mouth, wanting to lick those teeth, but finding it impossible to do so now. But when she goes ahh, pushing her tongue forward, the inner jaw moves out, pulling out of the back of her throat, forward jutting out the iconic deadly inner mouth for her to see in all its glory. Her sex twitches, the chitin latex front squeezes tighter, growing wetter with their combined bits made 'one'. She's pleased she found a new level to her arousal and there is yet to be a ceiling anywhere in sight.

"Give this one a few good pumps with it."

With an utter delight she does so, the mouth jutting out, expanding at the end, the little mouth seeming to work with what she imagined the xenomorph would do. Unsure if that was part of her own control or just how the suit was designed to give the feel of such control, by lining up with expectations. She didn't care. She took a step forward, adjusting to her new center of gravity with a few uneasy steps.

"A little soon for that, but this one likes your go getter attitude, making sure the suit works fine," K-2003 says with an affirmative nod, crossing its arms across its chest, making itself squeak loudly.

Maria hisses and nods, taking the next step, the long tail moving behind her, swaying with her tail, extending outward. Feeling a 'heft' and power to her steps, the feet spreading slightly, sickle claw twitching, everything felt so perfect, that she felt she didn't ever want to take it off.

"We are going to do a long test run, this one hopes that is okay with you? It wants to make sure everything is in working order. So, we'll take this nice and slow, to ensure the highest and finest quality of toys we can make."

Maria hisses and nods vigorously, aching in delight at this opportunity. Muscles tensing, her body just wanting to go deeper, sink in, and let the monster held within her be set free and overtake her, not knowing the real predator in the room was the toy.

K-2003 grins happily, basking in the enjoyment of the material it has found, coming to accept the earliest stages of its molding, the toy approaches her, the two now a pair of massive toys, "Are you ready to really give the suit a test drive and make this a time you'll never forget?"

With a hissing delight, Maria nods.

K-2003 runs a finger underneath Maria's chin, the toy making sure that the raptor could look the toy directly into its softly glowing cyan eyes, "Perfect."