

The First Rena Toy: Finished Toy

R-3132 follows its Maker with complete glee and delight. Tail swishes happily hips swaying, following in toe with the most wonderful sergal toy that it knows, K-2003. The black and red rubber renamon toy is complete in mind and body... well mostly. A few added touches, the icing on the cake that has been baking for the past thirty days is to get the *pièce de résistance*, the handles. It runs its claws along its hips, the gloves attached to it thanks to the cuff around the wrist. A soft squeak, a shiver running down its spine, *"This one is ready."*

It's a moth to the flame, and that flame is its hot Maker. Its eyes look over that smooth black rubber, the subtle curves and cyan. The cuffs on its ankles, thighs, wrists and upper arms with the fancy survive lettering that reads "Fuck Toy". Everything feels so right, so normal. The cool air against its smooth latex body, the soft creaks and squeaks of rubber with each step it makes and of its fellow toys. Going through its Maker's personal room past the kitchen, the black latex covered canopy bed, back through the door they came through earlier today.

The sergal toy stops a few steps outside the door facing the end of the hallway. The toy looks at its Maker curiously, "Something wrong?" it asks.

K-2003 gives a grin, hips swaying, "Nothing is wrong, just calling the elevator," it says, running its cyan claw through a hidden spot in the wall, opening up a panel, pressing the button. A few moments later there's a soft ding and the wall opens up to an elevator, "Please step inside."

"Was this always here?" it asks, stepping in, looking at the smooth sleek silver elevator.

It chuckles, "Of course not, this store wasn't built around the elevator," it says, stepping inside, hitting the bottom button.

It holds up a hand looking at the sergal with a confused look, "That is not what it meant."

"Hmm?" it asks, tilting its head to the side, tail brushing up along the renamon's thigh.

It shudders, pressing itself up against that lovely tail, "Never mind Maker, this one forgot what it was talking about," it says, simply admiring the toy's black rubber butt.

It tilts its head, "Are you sure? Are you having any memory issues still?" it asks as the door opens up.

It looks up, waving its hands, "No, no. It was simply distracted by you is all and lost its train of thought."

"There's a train in there?!" it exclaims grabbing R-toy's head and looking into its ear, the toy's claws gently caressing the toy's head in a sensual way.

The renamon toy shudders, arousal burning between its loins, letting out a soft squeaky moan, the way the sergal claw tips glide across its head, making its body tense and relax, a tingle of pleasure rushing through it, "Ahhh, that's not what it meant..."

A squeaky voice clears its throat, "Maker? Is this one interrupting anything?" asks a sleek, purple, black and yellow doe toy that has a collar that reads, "X-2953."

K-2003 turns to the toy, which is holding the elevator door open, "Not interrupting anything at all. This one is here to get R-3132 personality copied for the up-and-coming

renamon toy models and then get it a nice pair of matching handles,” it says, stepping out into what could best be described as a laboratory, “How’s everything working down here?” it asks. The white tiled floors vaguely reflect K-2003’s shape, a couple of computers humming along, with all sorts of things being worked on behind glass cases, and the like.

“This one has been very busy. It could use a bit more help. Running this all by itself with only one doe helper to do some of the tedious tasks leaves this one with not as much time as it would like to be of service to others.”

K-2003 nods sagely, rubbing its chin, “Ah, this one sees. It thinks it will work toward getting you a nice set of like-minded and bodied toys to help you around here. It’ll add that to its toy to do list.”

X-toy bleats, “Thank you Maker, it appreciates it.”

K-2003 gently rubs behind the toy’s ear, the sergal towering over the toy. It looks down at its purple toy, that happily bleats and nuzzles into the toy’s hand.

“Thank you, Maker, it appreciates it,” it says, gently licking and nuzzling into the hand, suckling the fingertips, softly moaning when the fingers are pumped in and out of its mouth, butt hiking legs spread showing off its needy holes.

“That’s a good toy. Now, how about we get this one here,” it says, motioning toward R-toy, “Personality copied for the coming renamon toy line and then a nice pair of matching handles?”

The doe suckles for a moment longer reluctantly pulling its head away from the lovely hand, “Yes Maker, this one understands,” it says looking at the renamon, “What a lovely toy you’ve made there Maker.”

R-3132 blushes a bit before taking a sultry pose, running its fingers across its smooth rubber ships, “Thank you, it appreciates that you like what you see,” it responds, claws tracing up along its body, caressing its breasts, giving them a soft firm squeeze, twerking its own nipple, letting out a soft tender moan, “Perhaps when you are free it can give you a first-hand *demonstration*,” it winks.

“It would enjoy that very much when it has time,” it says with a blushing bleat, motioning both toys to follow, “Come this way, we’ll get you imprinted right away,” it says, guiding them down a hallway down to one room that has warning signs over it, “Only approved toys allowed.”

“This is the farthest it can go,” remarks K-2003.

“Why is that, Maker?” asks the renamon toy.

“This one is not an approved toy. Only X-toy and the toy it approves to go in there with it are allowed, which includes you.”

“Couldn’t you approve yourself to go in there?”

“Now that would be silly. Only research toys and toys to have their personalities duplicated for mass production are allowed in there, and this one’s personality is not allowed to be duplicated under at least thirty-eight different laws. And it would be very much an abuse of

this one's power to give itself permission to enter a restricted zone that it made restricted for a reason," it says with an affirmative nod.

R-3132 tilts its head in confusion, "Thirty-eight laws?"

"Some of them international!" it says gleefully.

X-toy gently grabs the renamon by the hand, "It's a very long story that it only comes at the end of it to understand," it explains, guiding them into the room that is near freezing in temperature.

"That doesn't make any... Oh it's cold in here," it remarks, the toy's nipples perking.

"It helps the machine run smoothly," it says, "Now get on the bed and look up, it will do the rest," it explains motioning to the machine that looks similar to an MRI. The bed designed to fit those with tails, and big enough to let toys of different sizes easily through.

"As you wish," it responds, climbing onto the bed, getting itself comfortable, looking up, "Like this?"

"Yup, and it wants you to simply relax and focus on your toy programming, the sensations, moods and feelings you get. Don't worry about anything else."

"Alright, but mind if it asks one more question?"

X-toy busily works getting everything ready, "Sure, go ahead."

"This going to make many more of this one?"

"Short answer yes, long answer not quiet. Though this is just a secondary back up using a different scanning module to better compile and create toy personalities and variants to better suit the needs of our customers. And there are going to be countless renamon toys soon, but you'll be the only prototype of this particular model set."

It looks at the toy curiously, "Ah, this one thinks it might maybe understand?"

"No need to understand. Be a good toy, look up, relax and let it do the rest."

"As you wish," it replies, the machine humming with energy the bed going inside. The massive device thumping as it does its work and over a period of thirty minutes its complete. The renamon simply looking up, relaxing, sinking into an almost hypnotic state, listening to its toy mantra that whispers in the back of its mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"You obey your owner."

"Serving your owner is the best."

"Your owner's needs are your needs."

"You must never do anything to seriously harm your owner."

"You must never do anything to seriously harm any user."

"Toys always obey the local laws and regulations where they are in."

"Good toys love to obey."

"Good toys love to be of service."

"Good toys love to fuck."

"You are a fuck toy."

"You pleasure all users of all types."

"Pleasing users is the best."

"A good toy doesn't need to climax."

"A toy's climax is secondary to a user's pleasure and comfort."

"A toy climaxes on command of its owner."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

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

"All done!" bleats X-toy, helping the renamon toy off the bed.

R-3132 blinks a few times, regaining its thoughts and composure, "Right, right. Thank you. Everything is in order then?"

"Yup," it says, guiding it out of the room, "Now we can get you your handles."

K-2003 wiggles its rump in delight, "Wonderful, and then this one can get a handle on its toy in ways that we couldn't get a grip on before," it says with an affirmative nod.

X-toy bleats, "Maker did you make puns?"

It tilts its head, "This one makes toys not puns. How silly of a question."

It softly sighs, "Never mind Maker," it says, guiding them to another room that has a conveyor belt system, with all sorts of mechanical equipment hanging from the ceiling and on the sides of the wall with a long mirror on both sides, giving a teasing infinite reflection of the toy's body, "Please stand there and we'll get it going."

The renamon steps onto the conveyor belt, rubbing its feet against the harder rubber, looking at its lovely form reflected countless times. The toy's mind drifts on the thought, *"Countless toys like itself. So many toys. One of many. It is the first but far from the last. It's to be a mass-produced toy for the world to use, abuse and enjoy."* A shiver runs down its spine, and when it comes back to reality, the conveyor belt is moving. It looks back to see X-toy on a computer.

"Just keep looking forward and the machines will do the rest. It won't be long since you're only going to get hip and back handles."

"Back and hip?" it asks curiously tensing, while doing as it is told looking forward down the fifteen-foot-long conveyor belt hallway.

"Don't worry the back handles are going to be very flexible and will feel so sensitive and wonderful that you'll just be begging to have your back shoved up against the wall and pounded hard," X-toy bleats.

"This one won't worry, but it'll love to make others be pinned against the wall as they hold onto its handles trying to stay pinned by it," it says with a sly smirk, flicking its tail.

"That's the spirit, now look forward and let the machines do the rest, it's already set to encourage your rubber to bind with it and your programming will pick up the new rubber and adjust accordingly."

With a nod it looks ahead, seeing its endless repeating self in the mirrors. The conveyor belt stops, the machines holding tightly onto two black rubber handles with red color at the curves. There's a loud hum, the tips of the rubber vibrate so quickly that it only sees a wave at the handle's tips.

"It will feel a bit warm but it's all fine," X-toy calls out.

The renamon toy keeps looking forward, which works in its favor giving the best view of both handles as they approach. The powerful vibrations pulsate through the toy's body the moment it touches its hips. The waves are so powerful that it can feel a tingle within its sex, making it tense and clench up. The long ends of the handles begin to feel warm and quickly turn into a hot soothing delight at the points of contact. Steadily the handles are pushed in, inch by precious inch into the body, the vibrations growing stronger while the heat and warmth fills its legs and quickly rush over toward its sex, which feels so heated, needy, its folds are glistening with delight.

If the toy didn't have the sensation of a climax lock on it, it would have climaxed then and there. Without warning the vibrations stop, the handles are released, and a rush of cool air is blown over the points of contact. A tingle in its thighs, which spreads up and out of its body, steadily the sensation of the air around its new handles begins to sink in. Making it shudder and moan, hands balling into fists.

"Looks like you can feel your handles just fine now they have cured and bound to your chassis, time to give a little test pull and we'll move you onto the back handles," X-toy explains, two machines with fake hands wrap around the handles. The new latex addition feels sensitive like its sex, making it gasp in delight when it's suddenly pulled. The toy feels its thighs being pulled with the rubber, and it feels little if any place where the toy ends and the handles begin, feeling like it was made with them, "Perfect, onto your back."

It straightens itself out, keeping forward looking, the conveyor belt moving forward, the toy's handles then gripped by the machines keeping it steady. It softly moans, still adjusting to the new erogenous zone. A matching set of handles are moved in behind the toy's back. The hum of the vibrations the pressure as its placed into its back, steadily sinking into the toy like a hot knife through butter.

It gasps, groaning as the vibrations course through its form but this time it's mostly focused on its breasts which jiggle at an elongated and slowed rate of the vibration waves being sent through its body. The toy's breasts give one hell of a bounce show, nipples perked, shaking in a tantalizing way, till it suddenly stops. A blow of cool air, the latex curing, handles binding, setting in deep into the toy's form. Then the handles are pulled and tugged, the ones around its hips holding the toy in place as its *stretched* in place, toying with the toy to no end.

"Looks good on this end."

"Feels good on this one's," R-3132 calls out, panting in delight, not so much needing air but simulating just how good and delightful it felt to be put on such a teasing ride.

"Perfect. Let the conveyor belts take you out to the other end then step out and you'll be golden."

“Thank you X-2953,” it says, taking a moment to regain its composure. The new additions feeling sensitive, vulnerable yet strongly a part of its body. It takes a moment to admire them in the mirrors, loving how they match its colors, “This one is very sexy and ready to go, if it does say so itself,” it says, stepping out of the room.

“That you do but does this one say you are ready?” asks K-2003, sauntering over to it, the sergal running its cyan claws along the toy’s chest, it’s softly glowing cuffs stand out to the strangely barely lit hallway, its eyes giving off a slightly brighter glow.

“Ah... you did Maker, several times in fact.”

It stops, standing tall and straight, running a claw along its lips, “It did, didn’t it?” it says, slipping its finger into its mouth, sensually suckling it.

“That you did Maker.”

It slides the finger out with a pop, “No matter, this one wants to make sure your handles are up to its standards, and not just some autonomous machine,” it says, running its wet claw tip along the toy’s lips.

“Aren’t we just objects like the machine, would it make a big difference?” it asks, wrapping its lips around the finger, snaking its tongue around it into a slow deep sensual suckle.

“True, we are objects, but this one likes to think of it as double quality testing. Our motto is the highest quality toys at the highest quality prices. So, it must make sure your handles are of matching high quality that *you* are,” it says, teasing, pumping its digits into the toy’s mouth, its breasts inches away from the rena’s muzzle.

It moans bobbing its head on the finger, shuddering when it feels its Maker’s other hand run across the back of the toy’s handle. The renamon toy’s suckling grows fiercer, the teasing of the back handle sends pleasure into its body, like its sex was being teased but the sensation spreads out towards its breasts, making the toy’s nipples grow ever harder.

It clenches its sex, squeaking loudly, moaning even louder, gripping K-2003’s hand, thumbs gently running across K-2003’s palm, just managing to sneak another finger into its hungry mouth, taking both deep, letting it go all the way to the back of its through, feeling the sergal’s other free finger and thumb run across its muzzle, while its tongue licks across the toy’s palm, moaning and panting in delight, nostrils flaring taking in that lovely aroma, catching hints of K-2003’s sex, knowing deep down that the clitoral hood seal has once again been broken. It looks up at the sergal eyes locking, feeling so much smaller than its Maker, those breasts so close to its face, almost blocking its view, tail swishing quickly behind it, bouncing off the nearby wall.

The slow tender grip grows stronger, the sergal grinds the grip in its hands, twisting it, tugging it pulling it, forcing the renamon to take a few steps back, but the toy Mistress keeps up, letting it keep sucking away at those fingers.

“Such a good eager slutty toy you are. The customers are going to love you. You’ll be the hottest item in the store, which means you’ll be busy nonstop with customers, which also means this one won’t have time to enjoy its newest creation once you are out on the store floor. With all the work it has to do, finding some new...” it trails off, letting go of the toy’s hand,

running its claws along the toy's head harness, slinking a finger underneath them, giving it a little tug, letting it snap back into place, "Well that's Maker's problem not yours. All you have to do is meeting up to its expectations as the delicious rubber fuck toy that you are," it says, slowly pulling its hand out of the renamon's mouth, tugging against the tongue that tries to keep a strong grip but in the end its futile.

"What a needy hungry toy you are. That's absolutely perfect. Your submissiveness is coming out nicely, knowing your partner is so *very* dominant right now," it says, its claws running down along the toy's hips, slinking down to caress and run a singer finger over both handles, the rubber creaking loudly.

It shudders, arching its back, breasts pushing forward up along the toy's smooth sleek belly, "Thank you Maker, it is happy to obey and please you," it says, taking in a nice deep breath, feeling its Maker's aroma flood into its lungs, arousing it further, making each tender caress of its handles feel better. The tingling delight pulsating through each rub, each squeak and vibration going into the toy's thighs, funneling toward its glistening sex.

"You're most welcome toy, it aims to make sure the customers are pleased and it will give one last test here and now so it knows you are ready with your new attachments," it explains, slowly coiling its fingers around the handles, giving them a tight grinding squeeze, twisting its hands around them, increasing the pleasure, while pushing the toy back up against the wall with a soft thud and squeak.

"Maker," R-3132 moans, arching its back, tensing as the handles fold up against the wall, pressing into its back, the rubber pulled and tugged, making it want to press its back harder against the wall, breasts pushed out, jiggling in the open cool air, legs quivering, tai swishing between its legs, feeling the drip of its own fluids down onto its tail.

The sergal lowers its head, pressing the toy harder against the wall, firmly pinning it. It's hot breath blowing into the toy's ear which it slowly licks from base to tip, "Yes toy? What is it that you want to say?" it asks, its clit hood licks across its sex, giving itself a little tease.

"Please take this one. Have your way with it. Let it prove to you that it's ready to please the customers," it pleads, sex clenching and relaxing, reaching up and cautiously squeezing its Maker's breasts, feeling their lovely feel against its fingertips, the warmth, the subtle bump of the cyan nipples, making it want to run its fingers around the teat.

K-2003 responds with pressing its breasts up against the toy's grip, coiling its tongue around the renamon's ear giving it a soft needy lustful suckle, letting its forked cyan tongue slink into its ear and give a few teasing licks before pulling out with a pop, and with relative ease, it lifts R-3132 off its feet, grinding it along the wall, teasing the back handles all the way, up until it's of equal height with its Maker.

With dangling feet, R-3132 felt so helpless and alive. It's Maker pressing itself down on top of it, breasts pushing down, squeezing its hands between the two pair of mounds. The sergal's gaze locked with its own, licking its lips wanting to just lean in and kiss it.

"Show this one just how eager you have this one kiss you from both ends at once," it commands, pressing its lips up against the rena's, licking across the toy's mouth.

R-3132 wanted to lean in, wanted to just go for the dive and kiss the sergal for every moment felt wonderful. It can't look away from it and it doesn't want to, "With pleasure," it responds, running its tail between its legs only to gently caress K-2003's crotch with a long drawn out squeak. It sees K-2003 tilt its head looking down at its tail, clit hood licking back against the underside.

"It's a good start," it replies, diving into the kiss, squeezing its breasts tighter up against the renamon's. Its tongue forces its way in, letting its arousing mouth juices flow into the renamon's mouth. The loud squeaks grow even louder as they passionately kiss. The toy takes a moment to almost pull away, only to bite the renamon's lip before going back in.

The pull and tug, its head drawn to the sergal's bite, the pleasure surging through its breasts multiplied thanks to the grinding handles on its back against the wall. Its tail pressing up against the sergal's crotch as hard as it can, feeling the sleek hot juices run down the center, doing anything it can to entice its Maker to come closer, pressing up harder against it. Their tongues twisting and turning around each other. Its programming comes in handy but still can't hold a candlestick to its Maker's sheer amount of experience.

Groaning, moaning, squeaking, pressing itself up against its Maker, using the wall to press up harder, giving the added benefit of playing with its back handles, multiplying the pleasure surging through it. Its hips are squeezed, held firmly within the toy's powerful grasp, constantly fueling the burning lust within its loins, locked onto its Maker, which closes its eyes at times, focusing on the kiss, looking into its eyes, drawing in the connection before resuming its work.

Then it happens, K-2003 pulls itself closer, the reward finally given, their sex's kissing, the clit hood licking across the renamon's vent, bodies creaking loudly. The domineering toy Maker, gyrating its hips up against its toy. The clitoral hood licking across the hot vent, spreading the folds, pushing in deeper and deeper, giving the vulva a lovely toying tease, flooding it with the toy's arousing juices which make it all the worse for it.

No words needed to be spoken, but deep-down R-3132 wanted to hear one thing. A single simple command from its Maker, but it was not going to ask for it. It would not dare to, its Maker is its everything. The love and care it gave toward its creation, perfection, molding each curve, each feature on its sensual, sexual perfected body, it could only wonder what is going through its Maker's head in this intimate tender moment, as its fucked hard.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy serves its Maker."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy is a good fuck toy."

K-2003 admires the glow of its newest toy's eyes, reading into them, knowing they are just screaming for that one command that it holds over it, *cum*. One simple command and it would be all over. But where would the fun be in that? It grinds its body against its fellow toy, keeping those hands pinned between their breasts, enjoying just how tightly the renamon is

squeezing its mounds. It's doing everything it can to give it the same pleasure in kind that it is giving it.

Admirable really, it's tongue thrusting deep into the renamon's maw, deep throating it, tilting its head to make the kiss ever deeper, holding firmly onto those handles, moving them in small circles, testing the flexibility and durability of them, while pushing the renamon toy to its limits.

The grinding of the back handles, listening to how they move, picking up any possible imperfections or even worse tears in the rubber as they are so roughly used against a hard surface. Durability is a quality that is needed in toys after all. Harder, faster, gliding its sex over the renamon's. There's so much toy lubricant there it's easy to do. It's bringing the toy to the pinnacle of perfection, to the highest pleasures, the highest levels of ecstasy that it could possibly give. The material finding its place here, in its store, in its company, finding the bliss and love it wanted and living the life it wanted to have, while providing a service to the greater world around it.

Making the world a little bit of a better place through safe sexual expression and pleasure. A key pillar of what Toys-4-U is all about, "*This one thinks you've earned it,*" it thinks, breaking the kiss.

The renamon gasps through its mouth, swallowing it's Maker's saliva wanting to savor every drop that it can, "Maker please," it whines, taking deep shallow breaths, not so much that it needed it but more of an expression of just how much its in need and loving the moment. K-2003 licks across its muzzle, its gaze locked on the toy's devilish grin. Feeling it move up against its head, a long grinding nuzzle, the toy's hot breath blowing into its previously un-licked ear. It tenses, clenching down hard on the clit hood that has mercilessly tormented its burning loins.

With a soft whisper of that like a lover, K-2003 simply says one word, "Cum."

The damn breaks, unleashing a torrent of pleasure that surges through its loins and the rest of its body. It screams out in utter pleasure, unable to formulate any words as it climaxes hard. The sergal presses its sex tightly against it, taking in much of its juices as they squirt all over its crotch. It humps and grinds, legs wrapping around its Maker eager to draw out the climax as long as possible. It's pants and moans turning into needy whines of delight.

"That's it toy... let it all out. You won't be getting another one till you model is official on sale," it says with a sly grin, noticing the sheer joyous terror in its eyes.

"T-thank you Maker," it says with a deep huff.

Suddenly the lights flicker on, and X-toy walks in, "Maker did you turn off these hallway lights?" it asks, noticing the mess that was made between them, "Shall this one get a mop?"

K-2003 shakes its head, taking a step back, "No mop needed, R-3132 should be able to clean this mess up."

"Yes Maker, but what about the lights?"

"It was saving electricity; the planet is important you know. It's where toy exists on," it says with an affirmative nod.

X-toy tilts its head, “Maker did you just turn off the lights for affect?” it asks, crossing its arms.

“If you take the time to clean its sex, it might tell you,” it says with a wink, letting the renamon toy down.

X-toy bleats happily, its little tail wagging, “With pleasure Maker!”

“Good toy,” it says, turning to R-toy, “Both of you. Clean up this mess and head upstairs, this one needs to talk to its head R&D toy to hammer out any particulars it's looking for research assistance,” it says, walking over to the eager purple doe toy.

R-toy slumps to the ground, leaning against the pillar, slowly letting its back handles pop back into position, “Y-yes Maker, thank you again.”

“Welcome toy,” it says, walking over to X-toy, gently running its claws along the toy's back, “Come, let's talk in your office.”

“You mean the main research lab?” it asks, growing in eagerness, looking up at the towering toy Mistress.

“Yes that.”

“With pleasure Mistress!” it bleats.

R-3132 watches the two toys walk away, enjoying the smooth motions of their sleek asses, its lower half a complete mess with a clear puddle on the floor now that there's light to illuminate the situation. It quickly gets to work licking up the mess, enjoying the mixed taste of its Maker and itself in one go. It stretches and licks itself clean to a wonderful polish, hearing echoed moans from down the hall, which fill it with a bubble delight. It grins knowing Maker is having a fun time today, but once it's done. It'll be heading upstairs into the store floor. Ready to show off its model and entice and tease all the customers, for it knows that renamon will be a top seller for the company for a long time. And it has the company's name and Maker's expectations to exist up to. And like a hard dick, it's not going to let it down.