

## A Dream Debt: Job Offer

The sleek black and cyan rubber sergal walks around the goopy black rubber large utahraptor feral drone. The toy's cuffs glowing, the lettering saying, "Fuck Toy" in fancy cursive lettering the silver tag around its collar reads, "K-2003." It reaches out to the goopy raptor drone, which chirps. The rubber solidifying as its fingers drew near allowing it to caress it without getting any of itself onto its owner, "How have the results been from all the testing?" it asks, looking over to a purple, black and yellow anthropomorphic rubber doe toy.

"Over the past half a year, Maker, we've gotten a lot of amazing data from our participant within the drone. It thinks we have more than enough to craft and create better sleek rubber suiting toys and drones for the customers to use, and play as, without the exact need of hypnosis, but to better expression the connection between the multi-factoredness of the liquid rubber and the ability to shift and create limited variations within the design. In a few more years this one thinks we could make liquid rubber toys that can download forms for the user to have, but... that's still a bit of a ways off, but it does feed into the other technology that we have.

"Wonderful! And this one has checked, and Ari's debt has been wiped clean, meaning we can get them out of there and see what to do next."

"What do you mean Maker about what to do next?"

"Do you have that new collar design we discussed?"

"Oh, the testing multi-faceted drone-toy collar for users? Yes, this one does."

"Wonderful, but let's let Ari out, she's been in there for such a long time. This one hopes she's alright... she's alright, isn't she?" K-2003 asks, looking to X-2953.

"This one has been monitoring and doing inquiries, letting her speak through the suit on occasion the only thing this one can get they are very aroused, still able to get off, though they can barely keep up with their own climaxes... This one has had to encourage them to relax a few times in order not to wear themselves out too hard.

"At least they are a good worker and getting plenty of fluids."

"If you call the cum feeding mixture, we give them to help regain their strength faster, fluids, then yes Maker they are."

"Wonderful!" K-2003 explains with a rump wiggling turning back to the eager aching raptor, and the human trapped within, "Okay time to release Ari," the toy says with a rubbery finger snap.

The black goeey rubber drone nods.

Ari, who's cock is twitching, aching, throbbing, breasts played with, mouth full of rubber, sliding down her throat, constantly suckling it down, body in a state of pure lust, mind barely conscious of everything as she's constantly teased, and pleased by her wonderful bondage. Her rear full, prostate being tenderly massaged, held aloft by the feral raptor, putting her in a half laying state, the sticky goeey rubber clinging to her like glue, giving a sense that she may never escape this fate...

Then those words of release reach her ears, she looks in the direction, feeling the glue rubber raptor acknowledge the command, the latex peeling away from her skin, tugging across each inch of her body like a strong industrial tape was being peeled from her skin yet it did not tug a single hair out, it was simply a long pulling tongue against her soft tan brown skin. Inch by inch it peeled away from her, exploding her skin, but not to the world just yet, the raptor simply shifted and changed into a faceless smooth humanoid drone, which then gently pushes her out of its body, like water expelling a block of wood.

Ari stumbles out, naked, feeling the cool air of the lab around her. Her cock twitching, aching, throbbing, balls aching on empty. The sensation of everything she's been experiencing lingering in the back of her mind. The fact she *isn't* being constantly toyed leaves her body wanting. She pants, running her tongue across her pearly whites, her plump lips puckering, as if expecting to have something there to take in.

K-2003 moves in closer, lowering its head to be eye level with her. The toy hikes its butt, squeezing its breasts together with its arms, "Ari? Are you okay?" it asks getting closer.

She catches the toy's softly glowing eyes. That wonderful loving look from it, draws her back to reality, she shudders, nipples perk, body aching, "Ah... yeah... yeah. I think. Is it done already?" she asks, looking around, seeing the sleek faceless humanoid drone that was the raptor.

"Yup! As per contract, you helped till the debt has been paid. And if this one must say, you did a wonderful job helping out. The rubber gooey drone doll we are working on learned a lot based on your personality. We'll have to have other volunteers to help build a fully complete and wholistic doll, but that will take time. But nothing worth doing doesn't take time and effort," it says with a nod.

"Ah... okay, so it's done then?"

"Yup! Your debt is all paid off, and you get a little stipend that was deposited into your bank account so at the very least you have a little something to continue you on your day. This one really appreciates the time you took with us, working here at Toys-4-U."

"Ah, oh, well it was my pleasure actually. Some of the best time of my life, even if it sorts of blurred into itself as one long experience."

X-2953 bleats, "Fascinating. You wouldn't mind filling out some post experience surveys? Along with whatever comments about it that you feel is relevant in improving the overall experience? This one would appreciate it."

"I can do that, I think. But I'll need a bit to collect my thoughts. The entire experience was overwhelming."

"That's great! This one will go get the survey materials. Toy Mistress, the items and other papers are over there for when you need them."

K-2003 is brought out of its examining curiosity over the human by the toy's statement. It lifts its head, "That's wonderful! Thank you for letting this one know toy," it says, reaching over gently petting the doe toy on the head.

It nuzzles into its Maker's hand, "Welcome toy Mistress," it bleats, nuzzling into the touch before walking off with a soft squeak.

Ari pants, wrapping her arms around herself, shivering a little, “Do you have something for me to wear? It’s a little chilly in here.”

K-2003 tilts its head, looking around.

Ari shoots the toy a curious look, “Did you misplaced my clothes?”

“Oh no, those are stored away, and we’ll need to go get them, but this one is looking for this chili you were speaking of.”

“I was saying the place is a little cold and I could use my clothes.”

“Ohhh, why didn’t you tell this one in the first place... But this one might have something for you to wear if you are up for it,” it asks with a big wide toothy grin.

“What do you mean up for it?” she asks, feeling her finally relaxing member twitch again, the idea there could be more to this, already exciting her a little bit, but she’s torn between exhaustion and this new building excitement.

“This one was mightily impressed with how helpful you were with working that doll and it got to thinking. Toy is a good toy. Toy is a fuck toy. This one serves others. And if Ari is good at serving and providing a service. Toy loves to pleasure others. Then she might like to try working for us here at Toys-4-U. Toy is an object. And perhaps she’d like that,” it says with a nod, looking to her, “So that is what toy thought.”

“Did you just tell me what you were thinking word for word? How do you even think like that?”

“Rather easily, as it was just being extra honest with you what was in toy’s head at the time. Of course, it wasn’t *thinking about those* other parts, but it wanted to tease you a little. It sees how you get a little arise when this one says such things,” it head motions down to her already hard length, “*And this one didn’t even have to break its seal to get her going. She might really enjoy working for this one’s company.*”

Ari blushes but too tired to cover her tanned self, her brown eyes admire the toy’s sleek form for a moment, taking slow deep breaths, feeling the cool air enter her lungs, soothing that burning lustful heat within her just long enough for her to come to one very notable conclusion, “W-wait, are you offering me to go back in?”

K-2003 looks at her and then at the smooth latex doll drone that is waiting for commands, “Well...” K-2003 says, reaching over, gently running its fingers across the collar around the human’s neck. Pressing a special button on it to detach it, cutting off the connection she has between her and the doll, “Not necessarily but this one is offering you the possibility to work for this one as a human tester of sorts. But seeing we have all kinds of different species to test; it will need you to be those species from time to time. When we are left wanting for the genuine article. It’s not always easy getting volunteers for our items for the less common species, especially when there’s none to any of our megastores that even have a lab for research and development,” it explains.

Ari slumps her shoulders feeling the collar detach from her, listening to the toy’s words, her excitement returns, “So there is something then for me?”

“Of course, there is, well now there is. Once this one approved the contract if you want to sign it. It is the same non-disclosure agreement that it had you sign last time, as well as agreed salary, benefits including paid time off and excellent medical coverage.”

Her heart races, thinking back to the previous contract and what fun came about that, “That sounds wonderful, where do I sign?”

“Six places where you need to sign or initial. You’d also be working on the premises here Monday through Friday, weekends are off. You’ll have a place to stay here to save on the commute, but you are free to return to your home and make the drive if you are so inclined. This one won’t stop you, but please note that this one doesn’t appreciate tardiness, and there are clauses of reduced pay or working over hours of the time set you’d be working to make up for that lost time, but you are guaranteed not to work more than ten percent of your allotted working hours two weeks in a row, with extra pay for every hour worked, if not used to compensate for any time lost due to being late.”

“Well, that sounds just fine I think...” she says, brushing her brunette hair only to find she doesn’t have any, “What happened to my hair?!” she exclaims.

K-2003 looks at her bald head, noting there is not a single hair on her body, “Ohh, the suit absorbed it as a safety measure so it wouldn’t cause discomfort. It was in the first contract you signed that was going to happen.”

She takes a deep breath, relaxing, “Its fine, it’ll just take some to grow back,” she says, rubbing her smooth head.

K-2003 meanwhile grabs the hefty contract, handing it over to her along with a pen, “If everything is to your liking then, please sign here, here, initial here, here, and here, with one one more there, and a last signature at the very last page,” it says pointing out all the pages for her to sign.

“This is a lot of paperwork to read through,” she replies.

“Take your time, this one is no rush,” it says, placing the collar Ari was wearing off to the side, securing it, before coming back a few moments later, grabbing a brand-new silver and red lined metal collar about half an inch thick all around. The toy’s fingers gently play with it while Ari tries to read.

“What’s that?” she asks.

“This?” K-2003 holds it up.

“Yes that.”

“This will be your new work collar and uniform. It will help you take on various shapes that we will need you to be for the tests we are conducting. It’s based on the rubber drone hood technology, but since this is all relegated to a collar, it has to be a bit thicker than normal in order to contain all the rubber we need for the transitions we’ll have you go through.”

“So that collar there will change me into all sorts of sexy kinky species?”

“More or less yes! Isn’t that wonderful? You can be so many things for us to test on,” it says with a nod.

With that, Ari stops reading the contract, quickly signing and initially everything that needs to be, “I’m in,” she states with excitement, breasts bouncing while handing the papers back to the toy.

K-2003 takes a moment to verify the signatures. It looks up at her, grinning happily, “This is wonderful! Toy is so happy you agreed to this,” it says, placing the contract off to the side, placing the collar around her neck with a loud click.

Ari feels the weight of it, a few pounds, far heavier than she’s anticipating, “So, do I start right now?” she asks with eagerness in her voice.

“Soon, this one wants to show you to your new apartment, and it wants to let you know that while you are wearing that collar you are not allowed to leave the premises unless under medical emergency that this one will approve. Though by then if something like that is happening, it will simply remove your collar anyway.”

“Wait, I can’t leave while wearing this?” she asks.

“Yup! It was in the contract,” it explains, reaching over, gently caressing the human’s throbbing length, making her softly moan, “This one did give you an opportunity to read it before signing, you know. This one can’t help you if you signed to it without reading.”

“You couldn’t have stopped me,” she stated with a soft huff, gently bucking her hips against the toy, finding herself guided out of the room, led by her twitching length.

“This one was seeing you were having such fun and eagerness that it didn’t want to ruin that for you. What kind of toy would this one be if it ruined your harmless fun? Not a very good toy, that’s what,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“I guess. So, where is this apartment?” she asks, the toy moving her through the hallways, back to the main lab where a bunch of rubber gazelle and doe toes are busy at work, doing something for the company, “Its right above the store,” it explains, taking the elevator up to the store’s second floor.

“This store has a second floor?” she asks in surprise, the doors dinging revealing a hallway that looks similar to that of a hotel.

“Yup! We don’t have a lot of rooms and is normally used for security, or the snowed in individual, but you never know when they are needed so we keep three rooms on standby just in case. But we have other store related stuff up here such as extra toy storage for commonly sold models. Toy maintenance and the like. Nothing too big,” it says, the doors closing behind them.

Ari looks behind her, the elevator now looking like a normal wall with a small hallway leading down to a set of stairs that are clearly marked, “Why do you have a secret elevator?”

“Why not have a secret elevator?” it asks in kind, “Ah here we are!” it says, reaching four doors down past the elevator, “If you don’t mind, approach the door, it should open for you, thanks to the collar.”

“That doesn’t…” she sighs, giving into the toy, “Okay,” she says, approaching the door the door unlocks with an audible click.

“Step inside and let this one know if this is up to your standards. Not that it can’t change much, you did sign the contract after all, but this one will try its best to accommodate any reasonable requests,” it explains.

Ari walks into the place, a simple apartment with a nice sized bathroom with a shower big enough to easily fit two people or one of the larger anthropomorphic races, living room with a half a kitchen attached. And a twin sized bed in the bedroom with a small but functional closet. While she looks around K-2003 follows with an eager rump wiggle, like a child waiting to hear a compliment for whatever good deed that they did.

“This can work out for me, yes. This is far better than what I was expecting to be honest. Does this come with any cleaning service?”

“Not exactly, but you can call for one once a week if you are so entailed. This one likes to give some of its toys some real world cleaning experience. It helps bolster those users that want to have maid-toys, though toy will say that a maid toy is good, but don’t forget to think about real maids. They need love and jobs too you know. So don’t try to use us toys to put other people out of a job. This one does well enough as it is, that it doesn’t need to be... hmm this one thinks it might be getting a little off topic again.”

Ari chuckles, “Yes I think you are boss.”

“Boss?” K-2003 asks, tilting its head.

“Aren’t you my boss now?”

“True, though this one doesn’t think of itself as the boss, more like the one in charge who owns everything.”

“Isn’t that a boss?”

“Why not go with the theme of Mistress?”

Ari blushes... “Do I have to?”

“It was in the contract.”

She sighs, “Alright Mistress. So, when do I begin?” he asks.

“What time is it?” K-2003 asks, “This one doesn’t keep a watch on itself. And its phones are back in its office. It didn’t want to get distracted by any surprise calls while it was working with you.”

Ari looks around the room, noticing a digital clock on the nightstand beside the bed, “It is 7:59... oh wait just changed to 8 am. It’s really that early? No wonder I feel tired. I got up early for this.”

“Wonderful timing! Time to get to work Ari, it is Monday after all.”

“Mondays? I hate Mondays...” she huffs.

“This one thinks you’ll love Monster Mondays,” it says clearing its throat with a squeak, “Collar activate,” it commands.

“Huh?” Ari inquires, the collar suddenly releasing sleek thick black gooey rubber that rolls across her naked body, snaking and tendrilling up along her neck and her face.

“Wait already?! I’m not ready!” she exclaims.

“You’re the one that signed the contract. Relax, this one is sure you’ll enjoy yourself. Today’s Monster is one you’re going to be a fan of, and we do need more feral testing of the sort as the previous one you were wearing was not suitable for it at all, seeing you were carried around by it, but now? You get to be *mostly* in charge.”

“Mostly?” she asks, feeling the goopy rubber stick to her skin, peeling away with a schlunk before relatching itself back against her skin, making her moan and shudder, cock twitching, aching already, her body finally having had the time needed to replenish itself.

“You’ll see,” K-2003 says with a grin, watching as the smooth rubber rolls across her body, covering inch after inch, with a stickiness like honey but a hardness like a strip of Velcro, a unique hodgepodge of sensations as she’s feels her face slowly smoothed up, and droned once again, “We expanded the glue rubber design for this. This can shift between that and smooth rubber more effectively. We are trying to build up the gooey monster toy. But keeping the toy from losing all its latex? That’s a tricky thing. You’ll be helping with that with this, so there will be times where we need to hold you still and trade out rubber,” it explains.

The toy’s words are lost on Ari who moans, feeling her rear filled, mouth flooded with the slick sticky rubber, nostrils filled, providing cool fresh air, while her cock is encased in the latex, the latex stickily rolling across her balls and length, coating her body in ever thickening layers of constricting and binding rubber.

Tighter the rubber became, moving across every inch of her form, a thick tail sprouting out as the rubber took shape, forcing her to lean forward, arms hanging out while claws were created from the flow.

Ari feels herself lifted off the ground, legs spread, her cock hanging between her legs growing thicker, larger, a cloaca forming as she steadily regained her raptoric feral features from the previous drone body. The smooth faceless raptor still allows her to see, and each of her movements are conveyed through the rubber, rippled across her form, her cock growing on edge, ready to burst, but then there is a constriction around the base, a cock ring forming. K-2003 looking at the constantly flowing rubber, which solidifies as it grows close to it, becoming smooth as itself. The toy looks at the faux drip of the Ari’s new rubber raptor cock.

Its like water is flowing down the underside of the length to becoming the ‘drip’ at the end but the drip never actually falls but as rubber is added it is absorbed back into the main body, keeping it constant, steady, the flow rippling across Ari’s real length, teasing her.

“Oh... this feels nice,” she moans, surprised to find herself able to talk, her body finishing, able to look over her feral raptor self, taking a few steps, moving around, her months experiencing herself as a hapless passenger in the other feral rubber raptor has given her surprising insight on how to move with relative ease.

“This one is glad to hear it!” K-2003 exclaims with a rump wiggle, reaching over to pet her on the head, the rubber growing solid before reach touch, sending vibration pleasures into Ari, “This one will say thing though. That today will run a little long for you.”

“Why is that she asks with a soft raptoric chirp that makes her feel giddy inside, “*Best job ever.*”

“You have to do double paperwork. Remember X-2953 was getting all that ready when we went upstairs.”

“Oh... right,” she says, feeling her length twitch, knowing that she’s going to be having a lot of fun and that she’s going to love... Monster Mondays.

Meanwhile though X-2953 looks around the empty room where they once were, holding a thick stack of survey papers in its hooved hands, “Maker... where did you run off to?” it bleats.