

Toys-4-U Relations: Contractual Agreements

Teri the anthropomorphic black scaled, blue stripped, green feathered crested raptor, dressed in business like attire, only his black leather silver spiked collar stands out from his attire. He looks over with his piercing predatory yellow reptilian eyes at the sleek cherry red hermaphrodite latex sergal with magenta hair. The rubber sergal's pink eyes are glazed over, the rubber toy muttering softly to itself, hands gently caressing a smooth rubber bulge that matches its colors with a magenta pink lock symbol on the front, "Is the sergal toy back to normal?" he inquires, eyeing the road.

"Toy is a good toy... toy is a good toy..." it mutters, moaning softly, eyes fluttering, Brian steadily coming up from his hypnotic high, mind putting together everything that he's been doing over the past day and a half since he was made to slip into the ST-125-409 toy prototype mindset.

"Thank you for using Toys-4-U prototype toy suits. Toys-4-U is not responsible for any over conditioning and long-lasting cognitive effects from Toys-4-U brand hypnosis. If any lingering hypnosis effects occur, please contact Toys-4-U via our website at..." the hypnotic voice rings out in his head, the sleek suit tightly clings across his body. His member twitching, aching, wanting to be teased, pleased, his moans softly, looking down to see the lock bulge. His hands reach out to gently rub his bulge, squeezing it, teasing his real cock hidden under several layers of latex.

"Are you awake yet?" asks Teri, the anthropomorphic raptor, letting out a soft raptoric purr.

"Huh, ah, oh, sorry I was list in there. I'm just collecting myself," he says, stretching a little, adjusting himself in the chair, getting a faint sensation of his faux sergal tail in the tail compartment of the car, "I'm back... already? Why?" he asks, looking at him.

"From what K-2003 told me, you are eager to stay like that lustful sergal toy for the month. Enjoying your entrapment, unable to escape, exploring your wild side, but I paid good money to make you mine for the month. Yes, the money went to a good cause, but it's still a lot of money. I want to know, who is the one behind the rubber."

"I... I don't feel comfortable telling you who I am."

Teri chuckles, "Don't worry, I'm not making you take off the mask. But I do want to know who you are. If you're uncomfortable telling me your real name, that's also fine. But I do hope you are able to find something to tell me about you. I want this to be enjoyable for you as it is for me."

"Ah, well..." he says gently rubbing the back of his head, feeling the rubber hair through his rubber clad body, squirming in their seat, "I'm human. Male. A little shy I suppose?"

Teri lets out a loud laugh, "Shy? After the show you gave? I find that hard to believe."

"Ah... I can see where you can think that" he says, taking a deep breath, "But that has a lot to do with the K-2003. That toy has a way to get me out of my shell. Honestly, I'm surprised

she takes the time to help me. Running a company as big and popular as hers? How often do you get to interact with any CEO of a company?"

"Not often that's for sure, but it does have a way with people. This was the first time I've gotten to talk to it personally, and it was an experience. They've been a constant at the con for quite some time."

"I've heard. It's rather amusing to see someone so happy-go-lucky yet being so kinky. Honestly it's hard for me to tell if it's an act."

"What do you mean?"

"Be honest, do you think someone who acts that ditzy will be that successful at running a company?"

"It does have a board of directors, but I get what you mean. I was really not expecting the interaction I got from it. But... moment let me just let my car take this so I can focus on you," he says, clearing his throat, "Care, home."

"**Yes Teri,**" a computerized voice says, a moment later the car takes over the driving, allowing Teri to take his hands off the wheel.

"I prefer driving myself, but I don't want to talk kink and drive at the same time. I might get a little too distracted and ask you to perform some of your duties," he says with a smirk.

"Oh. I have a car like that."

"You?"

"Yeah," he says with a squeak, "Do you think anyone could just volunteer their time for a month to be a bondage toy to someone for charity?"

"Good point. Speaking of which, I want to let you know, I am a strict dominant. I know when you are under your toy persona? Toysona? Anyway, I just want you to be frank with you. That I will expect the very best from you. Physically and mentally. I will be conditioning you to be my perfect little toy that I will show off and enjoy as I see fit. I'm a professional and I have high standards, do I make myself clear?"

Brian feels his heart quicken, arousal increasing, his cock pressing against his rubber null bulge, reminding him just how helpless his situation is. His memories of his time in the toy mindset is crystal clear to him yet at the same time a lustful haze, not forgotten but hard to recollect due to the constant delight and joy he felt in ST-125-409's mindset, "I see what you are saying. And may I be honest?"

"Of course, that is why we are having this discussion."

"I'm rather excited about this. I'm rather a bit of a mix. Part of me is too reserved to show myself in public. Which is why I wear suits; it helps me feel like I can be who I am with a layer of anonymity that only a suit can afford me. Yet at the same time, I love the idea of not being known. Hidden away from the world. I have an insatiable lust for bondage. There is just something about constriction. Having my options willingly reduced so I can focus on the simple things, is rather liberating. It's hard to explain but I love it. I don't think I could just... well how to put it. Be nothing but a bondage drone. But the idea of it is so tantalizing," he says,

squeezing his own nudge making him moan in delight, causing him to tense a little, “Oh fuck... I just said all of that, didn’t I?”

Teri chuckles, “Yeah you did. And I will say I am rather pleased to hear it. When we get back to my home you will be trained and conditioned, while in your slutty toy self for the entire month. But until we get there, I want you in your own headspace. I want to know the person beneath the latex. Getting to your core, understanding your motivations, fears, desires, wants, needs. Allowing me to use every bit of yourself to my own delights as I unlock your secrets of untold ecstasy and lust? That’s my jam.”

Brian swallows a lump in his throat, his legs rubbing closer together with a squeak, squeezing his null bulge, making him moan, his body shifts, the rubber shifting slightly across his skin, the suit tightly clinging to him, sucking out the heat of his body, keeping him cool physically but the heat within him burns hotter than the sun, “That honestly sounds wonderful. Looks like I lucked out on who won the bid on my rubber butt,” he chuckles nervously.

“I could say the same, but I hope you fully understand what you signed up for,” he says, unzipping his pants, revealing his purple spiral raptoric shaft, it twitches and throbs in the cool air.

Brian eyes the length, taken off guard by the suddenness of it, he looks at the twitching shaft, then looking around on the highway, cars moving past, weaving through traffic while the car automatically drives steadily down the center of the three lane highway, “Right here? Right now?”

“Who is going to notice? No one can see you, and no one will certainly see this,” he says with a smirk, feather crest rising a little, head motioning toward his length, “I presume there isn’t a problem with me testing out your skills?”

“Ah, no, but... do you want me in my toy mindset?”

“We’ll be doing that once you’re all geared up at my home. Right now, I want to see *you* and what *you* have to offer me. Not your mind lost to the lust with the Toys-4-U hypnosis. I’ve seen how effective it is on the Cynder Drone suits. As I said I want to get to know you, and this will really help me get an idea of what you can do. Are you cock shy as well?” he asks, leaning back in the chair, claws reaching into his pants, pulling out his black scaly balls, better showing off his twitching length, “Or did you expect all this talk about your service wouldn’t have gotten me going?”

Brian eyes the length, looking around the car and those on the road, people driving by, completely unaware of what is about to transpire, his heart racing, the knowledge of how public yet private this all is. His heart speeding faster than the car he’s on, he lowers his head, human tongue moving and manipulating the sergal tongue, the knowledge and memories from the hypnosis, giving added control to the rubber. He reaches out to grasp the base of the cock, his rubber finger tips gently cradling the balls, lowering his head, hot breath blowing across the twitching length.

“Don’t be afraid, it won’t bite. Though I do,” says Teri with a raptoric smirk, his sharp ebony claws gently run down the back of Brian’s head, the suit transferring sensation to him, allowing the human to really ‘feel’ as if the suit was his body.

“Hardy har,” Brian replies, his latex tongue running across the tapered cock tip, his tongue tasting nothing but rubber at first, but as he wraps his lips around the tip, suckling it with his elongated muzzle, lowering his head down onto the member, pushing the length into his real rubber clad mouth and tongue, he hints of flavor reach his senses.

Teri lets out a soft wanting moan, “This isn’t the first dick you’ve taken, is it?” he inquires, watching him, claws gently caressing the back of his rubber ears, gentle yet firm, only growing stronger any time that Brian tries to pull his lips away from the cock except to answer his question.

“It’s not my first... nor my first anthro cock if I am to be honest. But you are my first raptor,” he responds, licking his rubber lips before feeling his head being gently yet commandingly pushed back down onto his length, “That’s good to be your first in something. I do enjoy taking people for the first time in some manner. As you rarely forget your first, and I do make my moments with my submissives rather unforgettable,” he chuckles, grunting, his hips bucking up into Brian’s face.

The human in the tight rubber sergal attire gets right back to taking in the raptor’s length. The rubber tongue coiling around the ribbed nature of it, saliva building in his mouth, mixing with the flavors of rubber and the raptor’s cock, a delicious concoction that he’s forced to drink up with long squeaky slurps.

Each twitch of the member releases a little bit more pre-cum to continue to strengthen the flavor of the mix in the raptor’s favor. His claws caressing Brian’s head, running down the small of his back while the other always remains on his head, guiding, and altering his head bobs ever so often, giving subtle control to the pace he goes. The leather seats creak under the raptor’s movements, letting out delightful moans, reinforcing in the human’s mind that he’s doing a good job as a spurt of pre-cum is shot in the back of his throat.

The warm liquid is quickly swallowed down. The human works hard to please his Master, after all he was paid for by him and it was all for a good cause. He swallowed another swirl of juices, his vision going in and out of the raptor’s crotch, that purple cock visible only for moments of the time till all he’s left with the feeling of it in his mouth.

One hand is on the raptor’s thigh, gripping it, using it as leverage to help raise himself just enough to get a better angle to take the raptor’s length into his mouth, the other still holding onto the cock base, fondling the balls while angling the dick into him just right. In the corner of his eye he sees the raptor’s feet twitch, revealing just how much he’s enjoying the moment.

“Yes, yes just like that. Good girl. Eager to please your Master, aren’t you?” he asks, giving that commanding touch, allowing Brian to raise his head fully off his length, giving the human just a moment to see just how much of his twitching purple member he’s been taking in, those balls that grow ever tighter, churning away, eager to flood his mouth with his essence.

Brian feels the length run across his tongue, pressing the tip along the roof of his mouth before slipping deeper it deeper down his throat, which closes around the length. His saliva mixes with the pre-cum making the entire length slicker, easier to bob his head up and down, mostly allowed to go at his own pace, but with occasional encouragements to speed up with a few taps, and presses, he is guided to go at the pace that Teri wants.

The world around Brian melted away. The hum of the car's engine, the woosh of the wind as they drove down the highway. The subtle jerks and bumps of the road, all just fades into the background. His focus is drawn to that throbbing purple length before him. His own penis aching, twitching, throbbing. The suit giving him a sense that he has a female sex but that too is filled and held in the null bondage between his legs squeaked. His bits perfectly held in captivity, aching, wanting, needy yet so held in place that it was useless to him. Nagging him, reminding him of his built-up arousal and the agreements that led him to this moment. A mouth full of raptor dick. And he wouldn't exchange it for anything, it was a unique delightful experience that he wanted, even if he never wanted to admit it to himself.

Twitching, throbbing, a spire of delightful bliss. He is serving another, giving himself to them, all for a good cause, but that would be selfish to admit that it wasn't his own needs. His own desires. And his own wants that led him to having his mouth suddenly flooded by the raptor's hot and sticky seed.

With a raptoric trill Teri floods his mouth, bucking up against his face, claws gripping his rubber head, shoving his face fully down onto his length, making him slightly gag on his entire twitching length.

Brian muscles through his gag reflex, taking the seed with hungry slurps. One gush, two, three, followed by several smaller spurts. The raptor's grip on the back of his head, pulling away giving the freedom back to the human, letting his mouth pop free from the spent cock. The after taste of the raptor's seed lingers on his lips, the member glistening, slowly softening, every bit of the raptor's essence sucked right out of him, as he swallows and licks the rubber tongue within his mouth.

Teri is softly panting, enjoying the afterglow, leaning back in the chair, "Well now, that is rather good. You've done well, toy. I think you can handle yourself without the hypnotic toy programming going in your head during your stay. Keeping you locked up in that suit will be good enough for me," he chuckles, looking over at him.

Brian swallows what little bit of the raptor's juices are in his mouth, "Ah... well, the contract does say I will your toy for the month, and in order to be your toy, I need to be under hypnosis, otherwise I'll be just a person in a suit, you see?"

"Oh? Is that so?"

"Yeah, it is, ah... yeah I am sure it is. Being a big obedient toy for you for the month."

"And no one is stopping you from being it as you are now," he says with a chuckle, adjusting himself, withdrawing his length back into his pants, zippering back up.

“As tempting as that is... I’m not nearly as good as what you saw up on stage. You paid for that, didn’t you? I don’t think it is what is that word... proper, yes, proper that you paid for ST-125-409 and what you got was... uh me.”

“Don’t sell yourself short. I think you would do just fine, but... you’re right. I did pay for the ST-125-409 toy type experience, and that is what I will be getting, but I want you to get nice and situated. Set up proper as you are, knowing full well under all your faculties. Seeing you squirm, knowing just what you’re up for once you are deep in that toy mindset, will be wonderful,” he says, adjusting himself, looking over to the GPS, “We have another thirty minutes till we reach my place. Since I’ve given you so much about myself, is there anything you’d like to talk about, mysterious human?”

“I’m not that mysterious, just shy...”

“So mysterious that I will be spending a month with you, and you won’t even let me know what you look like or your name.”

“Sorry but I have to keep some of my secrets, you know how us girls are,” he says with a soft chuckle, pointing to himself with a gentle squeak, “We like our secrets,” he smiles.

Teri laughs, “True. I have a lovely girl back home, who will absolutely enjoy training you up. Under my supervision of course.”

“Training?” he asks, adjusting himself in his seat, getting himself situated, the throb between his legs a constant teasing reminder of his current lustful arousal. His mind swimming in a sea of arousal, edging him forward, breaking down barriers, letting what his instincts push past his conscious mind, making him all the easy to let himself go with the flow. His constantly thinking mind tones down due to the desire for release. The thoughts of training adds to his edging nature, body quivering in delight, finding everything all the better.

“As I said, I expect the very best from my submissives. Think of your time with me as a paid trial run.”

“One that you paid for.”

“Which means I will be working you hard to get my money’s worth,” he says with a sly raptoric smirk, “It’s times like this I wish I’d smoke. I’d look so cool, dragging a fag in my mouth, taking a nice long puff, and blowing it over your face.”

“I’m not much for smoking myself. It ruins that lovely latex smell,” Brian replies.

“See, I learned something new about you. To be honest I never thought about that. Guess it’s a good thing I never picked up that habit from my old man. Though I do love a good beer or two.

“What kind of beer?”

“There are a few imported from the home country I really enjoy, though I will say I have a soft spot for raspberry flavored beer.”

“Raspberry flavored beer? Sounds kind of girly.”

Teri smirks, “And? When you’re sucking my cock, it doesn’t matter much does it?”

Brian feels a bit of a blush run through him, “True... It tastes good at least, not sure how raspberry beer would taste... oh fuck,” he says, leaning back in his chair with a loud squeak.

Teri laughs heartily, “Wow, such a charmer. Compliment on my flavor? I haven’t heard that one before. I’ll add that to my list of qualities. I taste good,” he bemuses.

“I can’t believe I just said that.”

“I think we’ll call it even then, yes?” he asks, reaching over petting Brian on the back of his head, “I’m a strict Master, but a kind one. I love this tit for tat conversation, but once you enter through my front door. You’re mine. I expect the utmost service and servitude to my rule is law, do I make myself clear?” he asks, claws gently running across the base of Brian’s rubber sergal ears, the sensation transferred over to his true ears.

Brian shudders, feeling a tingle run down his spine, his loins tingling in delight, feeling the tight desire and need that bubbles up within him. His legs gently rub up against each other squeezing his bulge. Pleasure rushes through him, the aura of control emanating from the raptor. Those predatory eyes, piercing through him, seeing him through his rubber suit which doesn’t protect him from that watchful gaze, “I understand.”

“Understand? Hmm, what’s that? I don’t think you said the words that I am looking for, why don’t you try again?” he asks, his claws running down the rubber suited human’s back.

The domineering aura grows stronger, flowing over him, he swallows a lump in his throat, a knot bubbling up in his stomach, “Yes sir,” he says, feeling a soft tingle of delight rushing through him, but it stops, the weight of the raptor’s control growing heavier.

“What was that? I thought I might have heard something like what I am looking for. But aren’t you a toy? What does a toy call their owner outside of owner?” he inquires, giving a sharp toothed grin.

Another swallow, what little hint of Teri’s flavor that managed to linger in his mouth, now being taken into him. His bulge twitches, throbs, aches, reminding him of his double chastity between his legs, “Sorry Master. I will be doing better with your honorifics.”

Teri lets out a soft raptoric purr, claws running along the underside of his rubber chin, “That’s a good toy. Accept your place. Let who you are accept me as your Master before we let the hypnosis add to it. A strong powerful base of obedience to be built upon. And you will serve me well,” he replies, eventually they reach a large, gated estate.

Brain tries to whistle but his rubber makes him fail terribly so.

Teri laughs, “What was that?” he asks, the gate automatically opening.

“Sorry, I was trying to whistle, but it looks like I am not used to this rubber mouth to do so.”

“Your rubber mouth is good enough for what you need to do.”

“Ah... right... anyway I was going to say I’m impressed you live in a gated community.”

Teri lets out a hearty laugh.

Brian tilts his head curiously, a hint of the hypnosis given to him on giving him a more sergal like reaction, “What’s so funny?”

“I’m sorry my mysterious toy but this isn’t a gated community.”

“It’s not?”

“It’s my front gate.”

“You’re shitting me.”

“Now why would I go do that? I don’t need to impress my toy, now do I?” he asks with a smirk.

“Ah... true,” he says, noticing a large three-story tall mansion estate with large green gardens and lawn with a stylized raptor fountain in the front, “Master, do you mind if I ask what you do?”

“Do you really want to know what I do to make so much money? Perhaps I’m a high-class gangster who just has a fetish controlling people?” he asks with a sly grin, his feathered crest rising, “If you know too much about me, I might have to make sure you can’t escape.”

“Are you serious or just teasing me?” he asks with a huff and soft groan, gently grinding his bulge.

“You’re so hopped up on your own arousal you wouldn’t even care if I was serious or not,” he laughed, the car automatically driving to the front of his mansion, “We’re here,” he says, stepping out, stretching out, feather crest riding, “It’s good to be home. Car, drive to the third parking spot,” he commands, closing the door once Brian got out, the car driving away once they got far enough away.

“So, I’ll be staying here?” Brian asks looking up.

“Big, isn’t it?”

“I never figured why to get such a big place to be honest.”

“It allows me to have more guests and keeps my girl busy. She has a big thing about being a good maid, and she’d easily get bored if I had a small place,” he responds, heading to the front door.

“You got this big of a place for someone’s maid fetish?”

“It’s her real job, and she loves it. I’m a rewarding dom, besides, I can’t say no to a sexy woman,” he says, looking over his shoulder at him, giving a playful wink, “Come toy, I have a few more things to show you before we activate and leave you in that wonderful toy programing,” he states snapping his claws, “But first, open the door for me. You can’t expect me to sully my claws on such a menial task.

“Yes Master!” he exclaimed, rushing over with a squeak, butt swaying, he pushes the door open, feeling heavier than he thought it would, revealing a glorious open foyer with wooden flooring that sparkles and shines due to the highly cleaned and polished wood.

“Honey, I’m home!” Teri declares, stepping into the house.

“Welcome home Master,” says a softly spoke feminine voiced anthropomorphic utahraptor. She stands in the middle of the area. Her pink scales standing out with her purple feathered crest with hints of blue at the base. Her soft green eyes look out to him with glee, her bust shown and expressed in a V cut of her latex black and white French maid outfit. The tight-fitting boots that go up to her knees, with high heels forcing her to stand almost painfully so on her toes, her sickle claw capped and locked in bondage designed to work with the boot. She bows with perfect elegance; a soft jingle of metal can be heard. She stands back up, her spiked collar visible with a pink heart shaped tag.

Brian looks at her in surprise, "*I was so caught off by the expanse of this place I didn't even notice her standing there,*" he thinks, looking at her wonderful curves and elegant form.

"How are you doing love?" he asks, walking up to her nuzzling and licking her face, reaching under her dress, a soft jingle and moan escaping the pink raptor's lips.

"G-good Master," she lets out a soft raptoric purr.

"It feels like you've kept yourself well-kept while I was away. That's my girl," he says, nuzzling her once more time, stepping back, "Toy, this is my head maid and the love of my life Lucy. She will be the one in charge of your maid training when I am not around."

"It's a pleasure to meet you Lucy," replies Brian.

"Oh, this is the one I am going to be training for, Master?" she says, eyeing him with a predatory look that sends shivers down Brian's spine.

"Yes it is. I want you to give them a quick tour of the place, with the rules I texted you. Once done, we'll meet back up in its new room, and get all geared up before I activate their toy programming."

"As you wish Master," she states, walking over to Brian. Her high heels click on the wooden floor, keeping a strong predatory look that seems uncharacteristic for how submissive she was moments earlier.

"You're very pretty. I've never seen a pink raptor before."

"Lucy is a very special girl to me, and she works hard to express inner self. It was a long road, but I think the results are fantastic," he says leaning up close to her again, hands reaching down to give Lucy's butt a playful squeeze.

Lucy jumps, gasping in delight, a soft jingle heard again, "Master, you are embarrassing me in front of the new maid. How will she ever respect me if she sees me like this," she says, turning away from him.

"I know you'll do great," he says, kissing her on the cheek, "Anyway I have a few things to do. Toy, do your best to obey Lucy. She's my second, and that means anything she says goes unless I and only *I* say otherwise, do I make myself clear?" he states.

"Yes Master."

"That's what I like to hear," he says, walking over to Brian, gently patting him on the rubber cheek, "Be a good girl now and get along with her. I know you two have a lot in common," he says, looking down at the null bulge before walking off.

"Yes Master, I will," he replies.

"Of course Master. I will treat her like all the other maids here."

Teri chuckles, "Going that hard on it already? Works for me," he says with a sly grin, disappearing into another room.

Brian feels a shiver run through him, his member twitching within the tight rubber cushioned bondage, body aching for pleasure, the anticipation growing within his belly, more so when he meets eyes with the Lucy.

The raptor's strong predatory gaze, eyeing him up like he's a piece of meat. She walks around him, surveying him, each step elegant, calculated, clicking loudly and every so often

when she makes a quick movement a jingle can be heard from underneath her rubber dress, “Stand straight,” she states.

“Yes Mistress,” Brian replies, straightening himself out, breasts out, tail relaxed with a gentle sway, attention completely on her.

Lucy pulls out a duster from her side, the brown feathers brush against Brian’s sergal face, a tickle transferred over to his human nose, “That’s Ma’am. The only Master in this place is Master. Do I make myself clear?” she states, her voice deepening slightly.

“Yes Ma’am. Won’t happen again.”

“Good. Now come along. Master’s estate comes with over a hundred rooms, and we are going to go over each and every one of them.”

“Yes Ma’am,” he responds, following her.

The raptor looks over her shoulder at him, “Keep your back straight. I will have no slouching while you are here.”

“Sorry Ma’am,” Brian replies, feeling a bit of giddiness within him, being taken and led this way by someone below his current Master, adding to the sense of just how low on the totem pole he is.

“You will be in charge to clean at least a third of the household each day. You’ll be given a list of which rooms and which order, and I expect them to be done in that order. You’ll be dressed in an appropriate attire that is of Master’s and *my* approval at all times. Except for when cleaning your outfit, which I expect to be done nightly. I will not have my maids looking like common filth, do you understand?” she asks.

“Yes Ma’am. I completely understand.”

“And what is that you understand?” she asks, giving the sense that she doesn’t believe what he’s saying.

“That I am to clean the house daily. And make sure my maid outfit is clean and perfectly done by each morning, so I am looking my best for Master.”

Lucy waves the duster over his face, “Almost, but not quite. You forgot to include *me*. You are to please *both* of us. He’s in charge of you, but as a maid, so am I. Do you understand now?”

Brian nods, feeling a shiver run down his spine, his mind swearing the tingle even continues down his non-existent tail, “Yes Ma’am, I understand,” he replies.

“Good. And don’t think you’ll get away with any leniency from me. I’m not so easily swayed as Master. When I am done with you, you will be a top-grade bondage maid. Envy of all after myself,” she states, her steps perfectly constructed. Moving on those high heels without issue, hips swaying in a teasing manner, her latex squeaking ever so often, while giving a tour of the place. Stopping every so often to correct some minor thing out of place. Which she then pulls out a notepad hidden between her bust, and quickly jots down some notes, “Just because they are going on vacation for a month, that I won’t remember to reprimand them for sloppy work,” she grumbles to herself. Her adjustments are so minor that Brian can barely understand what she fixed.

“Question if I may?” asks Brian, looking at the place with awe, feeling a bit short of breath simply by walking through the place, upstairs, downstairs, the raptor seeming to take the long way through the abode, to take as many steps as possible to show him around.

“What is it? Depending on what it is, I may answer,” she states, turning to face him.

“Who are the people on vacation?”

“The ones you are replacing. Master in his infinite wisdom is giving our five maids the month off while you are here. Which means you’ll be doing the work of five. I hope that’s not a problem?” she asks.

Brian tenses a little, but squeezing, cock twitching, the thought of doing such simple work for hours on end, to be taken from a world class poker player, to a simple maid working around a mansion where no one knows who he is, or would even care, makes his heart flutter, “Of course not Ma’am. I was simply curious.”

She smiles, “Good. That is what I like to hear. I am not going to accept any complaining from you.”

“You’ll be hearing none from me. Once the hypnosis kicks in, I’ll be even more eager to please and be of service than I am now.”

“Really now?”

“Yes Ma’am. Master simply wanted me to get an idea of what I will be doing before undergoing the hypnosis and reactivate my toy programming, locked and helpless hermaphrodite toy. Double the lock, double the need, double the pleasure,” he says, stiffening up, “Oh my... I said it to you... I can’t believe I just said that...”

Lucy stops, and turns to him, walking over to him, running a claw along his chin, reminiscent of Teri’s movements, “You’re a human under there, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes, how do you know?”

“Master told me. It will be very interesting to see how you handle that,” she says, looking down at the null bulge, “How long have you gone?”

“Gone?” he asks.

“Under lock and key.”

“Ah...” he shudders, part of him trying to think, while the other half of him, simply feels aroused by something so personal being asked of him, unsure if he can muster the will and confidence to even say it.

Lucy grabs his muzzle, forcing him to look into her domineering gaze, “That wasn’t a request.”

“S-sorry ma’am. I’d say... two weeks?”

She sighs in disappointment, “Two weeks?” she releases him, “Not sure why Master would be so interested in a novice,” she huffed.

“Novice?”

“I’ve been caged since Master and I tied the knot,” she says.

“Oh, you’re his wife? Congratulations.”

“That’s Master’s wife to you,” she states.

Brian tenses, nodding, "Apologies, Master's wife. How long have you been together?"

"Our fifth anniversary is in three months," she says with a pleasant smile.

"Congratulations. I hope you have many more years together."

Lucy lets out a soft purr, reaching out, her claws running across the rubber suited human, "Thank you," she says, her claw reaching for the collar, tugging at the tag, "But that doesn't mean I will go easy on you," she states, releasing the collar, "Come toy. I have more to show you, and some rules to lay down."

"Yes Ma'am," he replies, following.

"And keep your back straight," she reminds him.

"Yes Ma'am," Brian replies, straightening himself once again, keeping his mind on it, while following her, listening to the best he can, listening to the various rules.

"And lastly, no matter what, you are doing, you will be not allowed into the basement, do I make myself *clear*?"

"Yes Ma'am. Crystal clear," he says, feeling the definiteness of her words, another tingle of delight running down his spine, making his arousal somehow grow even more. A constant aching, throbbing, desire and need to fuck filling his mind, teasing him further, each step squeezes his bulge just enough to remind him just how tightly held in chastity his length was. The faux female sex feeling almost as real as anything else, the lingering effects of the hypnosis, still not leaving him, helped along by the constant need.

"That's a good toy," she says, opening the door, the smell of latex and leather comes from the room, a steady build up for an unknown amount of time, "This will be your room toy, come," she states, motioning him to follow.

"Yes Ma'am," he says, stepping into a room that screamed latex to levels that he could only dream of, if he didn't have a similar room in his own home. The floor was latex, with square cushions that sank an inch into the ground, a memory foam slowly rising up with each step. The extra thick and tough rubber, able to handle the high heeled maid boots with each. The walls were like the floor, black and shiny, with not one, not two, but three hanging vac beds, ready to be used at a moment's notice.

The nearby bathroom looked normal at a glance, a mirror door closet is open, revealing a simple closet for one to put their clothes, but there are D rings put into the wall, places to tie and leave a submissive, helpless. Other dressers and basic furniture furnished the room, but there were two things that really caught Brian's attention.

The center of the room, with space all around is a red latex heart shaped bed, with clear bondage posts that could tie someone on the bed in at least six ways to Sunday. But laid across the bed is a tight corset designed black and white rubber French maid outfit, with a special high heeled sergal foot gloved designed boots. The leather shines like the latex, but these boots have one notable difference from any boots Brian has seen to date. These each have a D ring about ankle high on the inner side of the shoes. Attached to them is a black and white chain, that appears to be just long enough to limit Brian's step to half his normal stride once the boots are worn.

The other thing that Brian can't help but notice is Teri, his business attire removed, stripped down to a male latex thong, showing off his bulge and a full body harness that attaches up to his collar. His body well-sculpted, showing the prowess of his raptor heritage. This crotch bulging, showing off his package that he knows so well, "Slip into your new uniform toy," he says, walking over to Brian, reaching down to firmly squeeze the bulge.

Brian shudders in delight. His hips grind against the claws, feeling the thumb squeezing along his crotch, claw tips pressing the bulge around his female sex, the faint sensation growing a little more. His hands stiffen, a moan creeping past his rubber covered lips, rolling off the rubber sleeved tongue.

"You are a very lucky toy that I am rather spent already today. And after such a long drive that I am a little too exhausted to go hard on you. Which means you have a few scant hours to adjust yourself to my house, and my lovely dear over here, who will train you into the most well-behaved maid toy there ever was. Are you ready?" he asks, trailing a claw along the lock symbol on the front of the bulge.

He swallows the buildup in his mouth, holding back another moan, his cock twitching within the rubber, feeling it aching, wanting, twitching, straining against the rubber, feeling only subtle movements before the very limits of his member and female sex can achieve in their inflated null rubber bulge, "Yes Master, I am ready."

Teri pulls his claw away, stepping to the side, "Then, get dressed. By yourself. You'll be needing to do this often, so you better start learning now toy."

The human looks at the maid outfit, looking over to Teri and then Lucy who is standing beside him. She looks at him with judging eyes, while Teri's is far more predatory and controlling, "I expect nothing but perfection from your attire toy," states Lucy.

"Yes Ma'am. I will do my best," he says, sitting on the bed, laying out his rubber tail, looking over the rubber maid attire, feeling the rubber against his rubber clad fingers, the suit allowing to get a rather good sense of the more traditional rubber that most clothing is made of.

"You better. Master only deserves the best, especially from his toys," says Lucy, walking over to the other side of him, "I expect your uniform to be prim and proper every day," she further explains.

Brian gives one last look over the white and black maid outfit, feeling that around the waist its far stiffer than he's expecting. He places it onto his lap, unzipping the back which is perfectly hidden by the rubber flaps. He notices there are reinforced loops at the top of the maid outfit for locks to be slipped in through the zipper, "I will do my best Ma'am. It is what is expected of me. I want Master to get his money's worth out of me," he says, opening the back of the maid outfit, revealing that the outfit is triple layered. The first two layers are the French maid dress, but on the inside, is a thick laced corset with straps to help secure the dress into place.

The human clad in the rubber sergal toy attire, runs his fingers across the insides, feeling the leather, "Oh my, this is some maid outfit," he says, feeling his member twitch within the rubber bulge, legs grinding up against themselves, while he slips his hands into the maid outfit, rolling his shoulders, adjusting breasts to fit the corset to his body.

Lucy grins, "It's standard issue for all maids who work for Master," she says, flicking her tail.

"All maids?" Brian asks, looking over to her.

"All," Teri states with a sly grin, reaching over to gently pet Lucy on the back of the head giving her a nuzzle lick, while keeping one eye on the human.

"Oh, I see," he blushes, squirming, bulge twitch, feeling through the front of the maid outfit, adjusting to fit the corset underneath his breasts, body squeaking, while he then reaches behind him, trying his best to run his fingers across the belts. He fiddles with them, trying to look down his back, trying to look over the fluffed rubber frills, fingers failing to slip the belts into place.

"Sorry, one moment, just need a moment to get this on..." Brian mutters, fumbling with the straps, grumbling to himself, as he barely manages to get the lowest belt to slip through, but as he moves to adjust it, he breathes a bit of a sigh of relief of having gotten this far and the belt comes undone, "Damn it," he huffs with a squeak.

"What's wrong toy? Are you not able to get your maid outfit on?"

"This one can get it Master, it just needs a moment longer. Sorry for the delay," Brian replies, squirming and fiddling with the attire a bit longer, looking up at Lucy and Teri who eye him, watching his failure grow with each passing moment.

"How long do you intend to keep Master waiting toy?" asks Lucy with a hint of annoyance in her voice.

"This one is trying Ma'am, it's just having some trouble getting this on. It wants it to be proper, befitting Master," he replies, the words slipping from his lips adding to his sexual frustration but not as much of the frustration caused by the failure to get the suit on.

"At least you have the right motivation," says Lucy, moving over around him again, leaning against Teri, "But this toy is so unrefined, and doesn't know how to even begin to be a proper maid. Are sure this is a good investment Master?" she asks, pressing herself up against him.

Teri gently runs his claws along her back side, squeaking her rubber dress, his hands stopping at her butt which he gives a firm squeeze, leaning up against her more, "It's for charity."

"Another charity case Master? You know you can't pick up every toy on the street," she huffs.

"I'm sorry, but it's hard to resist such cute toys."

"And what about me?" she huffs, nipping him on the neck.

"The one I trust to train this toy into a proper maid, letting the others get some much time needed off, and you know that. And I also know how you love to train and whip these girls into shape," he says with a playful return nip.

"You're just trying to butter me up," she huffs.

"Is it working?"

"It is," she says, smiling all the while Brian is still fumbling with the straps.

“Come on, I’m not some simple toy you can just pick up. I’m very well trained, and tested toy, thanks to K-2003 and with her help I’m far above and beyond any other toy you’ll find,” he says with a soft huff.

“Master, look at the toy, it’s being a bit defiant. You should punish it,” she states, eyeing Brian with a predatory stare.

“I think I already am,” he replies with a smirk, looking down at Brian, who continues to try to work with the straps, having achieved nothing.

“Damn straps, why won’t you fit in. How can this one be a prim and proper maid if toy can’t even get the outfit on?” he asks, groaning in frustration.

“Poor toy. Look how great it is, it can’t even figure out how to put on our maid outfits,” says Lucy with a fiendish grin.

“Well, you can’t expect the best when it’s charity, but it’s all for a good cause,” says Teri, teasingly.

Brian grits his teeth, feeling the bounce as he squeaks, panting a little bit, the entire time his arousal grows, going hand in hand with his frustration of trying to get this marvelous French maid outfit around him, the corset rubbing along his sides, remaining loose, feeling so off from its purpose, driving him insane, when it suddenly dawns upon him, “Ah... Ma’am?”

Lucy stops her affection nuzzling of her Master, looking down at him, putting her hand on her hip with a loud squeak, “What is it toy?”

“Could you help this toy put on the maid outfit Ma’am?” he asks, looking up at her, catching her domineering gaze.

“What? You can’t put that simple maid outfit on yourself?” she asks, moving around him, slipping onto the bed, her high heel boot shoes, exactly like the ones he’ll be wearing soon enough, only adjusted for her raptor species.

“I don’t think this is designed for me to put on and take off myself.”

“Which means?” she asks, running a claw along his rubber back, causing the human to shudder in delight, cock twitching within that wonderful rubber null bulge.

“That I am dependent on you ma’am to get in and out of the maid outfit. Please ma’am? Could you be so kind as to help me?”

Lucy runs her claws along his back one more time, “Since you asked so nicely, and it is my duty as head maid to ensure that all my girls are in uniform, there is no shame in asking for help when you can’t do it yourself,” she explains, reaching around, zippering the back of the corset around Brian’s body.

His lungs are compressed, the corset squeezing around his waist and chest, propping up his breasts more, feeling the constriction of the corset while Lucy tugs on the strings, tying them in place, before belting them close.

“How’s that toy? Are you able to breathe properly?” she asks, showing for the first-time genuine concern.

“That’s just fine, this is not the first time I’ve been put into a corset if I... toy means that toy has been in, if it is to be honest.”

Teri eyes him, crossing his arms, "At least you caught your mistake, but I won't forget about that. I think I may not let you get off at all during your time here," he states with a soft raptoric purr.

"Sorry Master won't happen again," he replies, lowering his head, the sergal toy suits sensing the mood, the ears flattening.

"I know it won't be happening again. Once you are back under hypnosis, the concept of you saying anything but your personified toy self will be nearly impossible, which is why I am going to be punishing you the entire time for the short time you could betray what you are," he says with a smirk.

"Yes Master, toy understands."

Teri pets Brian's head, feeling the rubber hair, "Good toy. At least you understand why you are being punished the way you are," he says, looking over to Lucy, who is zippering up the second layer of the rubber maid outfit, which further squeezes and straightens out Brian's back, making it harder for him to move, forcing him to bend down at the hips to reach for the sergal high heeled laced boots that he's to wear.

"Thank you Master. I won't let you down," he says, the bed creaking while Lucy gets off, while he slips his rubber sergal feet into the foot glove boot. A unique design to work with sergal's unique foot anatomy. The toes slip into the individual toes of the glove, his feet forced upwards as the heel of the boot presses into the ground, his rubber fingers running across the lacing as he tugs from the base up, steadily tightening, feeling the boot's embrace around his feet and legs, doubling up the layers of bondage around him as his human feet are already constricted by the rubber, the dichotomy of body anatomies that are being processed by his mind further enticing his lustful play, knowing that he's further trapped under layers of constrictive clothing.

"At least you are able to get your shoes on, but don't forget your maid collar," states Lucy, pointing to a black and white rubber posture collar on the bed.

Brian looks over to it as he slips on the other boot, "No Ma'am, toy won't forget. This one will be the best dressed maid in the house after you Miss," he replies, tugging on the boots' laces, making sure the boot is fit in perfectly and tied nice and tight, just the way he knows they'd like it, and exactly how he loves it.

"I'd be surprised if you weren't, being the only other maid here. Which means I will be giving you all my attention, making you a proper maid slave for Master."

"Yes Ma'am. Toy will do its best," he replies, grabbing the collar, feeling the thick rubber around his rubber fingers, "This will really keep my head in check."

"Of course, toy, all my maids have it," says Teri, showing off the one Lucy has around her neck, partially covered up the rubber frills of her French maid outfit.

"You move so well that this one didn't even know you had one," says Brian, slipping the posture collar around his neck, adjusting it, feeling his head lose most of its movement, further limiting himself, making him use more of his body to look around and see them.

"Once you are fully trained toy, you will be moving just as well as my lovely here," says Teri, giving her a firm hug from behind, reaching around to gently grope her breasts.

“Master... don’t embarrassed me in front of the new Maid. And I think you are overestimating my capabilities. Such an unrefined toy as this? It will be a challenge to train up,” she huffs, softly moaning when Teri squeezes her bust.

“I believe in you, love. You have the skills and the right touch to properly motivate anyone to be the best maid possible,” he says, giving her butt a playful smack.

“Master... why thank you,” she replies leaning her butt into his claws, “I will do my best.”

“This one will do even better. It has an obligation to give Master and you Ma’am it’s best,” Brian says, pushing off the bed, wobbling for a moment, adjusting to the shift in stance, the corset and posture collar keeping his back straight, the rubber tail limited in its compensation, a complication he wasn’t thinking about as he takes the first steps, “Oh... oh, okay this one thinks it gets this,” he says, holding out his arms ready to catch the bed along with help his balance.

“Take a few minutes to get adjusted, then I’ll be re-activating your toy programming toy. I hope you are ready for that.”

“This one is Master,” Brian says, slowly turning around to face him and Lucy.

Lucy breaks away from Teri’s grasp, sauntering over to him, “Bow for Master. He’s putting a lot of faith in you.”

“This one will... but it's concerned it might fall over if it bows right now,” Brian says, heart racing, swallowing a lump in his throat.

“No buts toy, or I will have Lucy have your behind. I said I am a strict dom, remember? You’re going to do everything to the best of your ability, now bow toy, and then we’ll restart your hypnosis,” he says with a domineering smirk.

“You heard the Master,” Lucy says with a huff.

“Yes Master. Toy apologies,” he responds, taking a deep breath up to the point the corset restricts how deeply he can breathe, bowing, pulling his hands back, using the counterbalance with his tail to compensate for the shift in gravity, his body wobbling with a loud squeak due to his arms rubbing against the maid outfit.

Teri smirks, moving closer, while Brian keeps himself low, enjoying the precarious balance, before he says, “Rise toy, that is sufficient.”

“Thank you Master,” Brian says, feeling the risk of toppling over subside, relaxing, while adjusting himself the best he can to the high heeled boots.

“That’s my toy. Teri suit activation command C. Activate Suit,” commands Teri.

The suit seems to shift and tighten, a soft white noise plays within Brian’s mind, culling toward the trigger placed within his head, making him moan and shiver softly, hearing the suit respond in such a way that only can hear it, ***“Command accepted. Activating slut toy condition. Duration. Thirty-days. Thank you for using Toys-4-U prototype toy suits. Toys-4-U is not responsible for any over conditioning and long-lasting cognitive effects from Toys-4-U brand hypnosis.”***

Brian wobbles, his body relaxing further, Teri moving to catch the human as the first signs of his toy programming starting to activate itself, “I should have had you sit back down on the bed. Lucy, give me a hand?” he asks.

“As you command Master,” replies Lucy, the two move the sergal toy back over to the bed, placing its butt on the edge with a soft squeak.

Brian softly mutters, “Toy is a good toy. Toy serves Master. This one is just a toy. An object. Toy obeys Master Teri. Master Teri is toy’s owner. Whatever Master desires, toy is to give. It’s a good Toys-4-U toy. It obeys. Toy gets pleasure from its service, rather than physical stimulation. Toy is best when being of service.”

“How long will the toy be under this conditioning?”

“Hmm, when I was speaking with K-2003, she said it could be ten or so minutes or even half an hour. She did mention that this toy is very susceptible to this particular form of hypnosis and has already gone under a few times, so hopefully not too long. That eager to get the toy to work?”

“A little, without my other girls around the house, I am going to get a little bored. Speaking of my girls. Are they still locked up? After all you are the key Master.”

“What kind of Master would I be if I just simply let them be free unsupervised this whole time?”

“You unlocked them, didn’t you?”

“I did, but each one has a unique numbered tie on their cages. So if they break it. We’ll know.”

“You gave them the ability to cheat just to see who will do so, so you can punish them, didn’t you?” lucky asks with a smirk.

“Guilty,” he chuckles.

“That’s what I love about you,” she says, nuzzling him, licking across his neck.

Brian drifts deeper into the lul of pleasurable delights brought by the Toys-4-U suit. His sense of self drifts deeper into the aching, twitching abyss that he craves so much, the rubber body feeling more like his true skin, the human underneath melting away, body twitching like the cock and clitoral hood hidden within the rubber null bulge. The locked symbol glowing brighter, that lovely Cherry Red and that magenta body, perfectly crafted for toying sex, and endless teasing of the human underneath who for the next month will cease to be at least how he imagines himself to be.

“*Toy is a good toy,*” the words slip into his mind, whisper into his ears, his world shifting, changing, becoming molded so he may slip back perfectly in the spunky sergal toy character of ST-125-409.

Eventually the suit says to the re-found toy, “*Your hypnosis is complete. You accept it all for the duration.*”

ST-125-409 eyes coming back into focus, seeing Master nuzzling up and reaching underneath the raptor maid’s dress, fondling her chastity, making the metal clink, “My hypnosis is complete. I accept it all for the duration,” it responds, the toy leaning forward, the rubber

dress squeaking against its body, hiking its butt, adjusting itself with an unusual easiness to the constructive bondage, which arouses it even more, “Should this one let Master and Miss have some alone time?”

Teri reaches over to the toy, his other free hand still fondling Lucy underneath her rubber maid outfit, “No toy, we don’t need time alone together. But you do with Lucy here. You know who Lucy is, don’t you toy?”

ST-125-409 stands up, hiking its tail, leaning forward, keeping itself in best possible pose, breasts squeezing by the maid outfit and the toy itself, “This one does Master. Lucy is Master’s head Maid of your humble abode.”

Teri grins, running a claw along the toy’s head, using the claws to tickle that rubber chin, “Good toy, and what are you?” he asks, testing the toy’s knowledge of its pre-hypnotic past.

“This one is your toy for a month, and a maid to be at your service.”

“Exactly, and what does that mean toy?”

“It means that this one is also at the command and will of Madam Lucy. This one will be at the service of both of you, and treat Madam Lucy’s commands as if they were your own, unless Master overrides Madam Lucy,” the toy says with another cordial bow, hiking its butt.

Lucy gets up, walking around the toy, “Good to see some improvement, though I do find it cheating when you can just hypno-program them to be obedient fuck things,” she huffs.

“This one is a fuck thing, and so eager for it, but toy is locked up, and is here to be of service. Service is its pleasure, not release,” the toy explains.

She reaches down, under the dress, giving the bulge a firm squeaky squeeze, the bulge sinking in like memory foam, pressing into the needy bound up length underneath, “A good response, but it’s more fun when my maids want to do *anything* for release. Do you want release?” she asks, with a voice that grows in dominance.

ST-125-409 moans deeply, “Of course this one does Ma’am. It would love a release, and would do anything for it of course, for release would indicate that this one is a good toy and has earned it. It is ready, willing and able to work for a release.”

“Good, I better be hearing you beg for it then. I want to know just how *needy* and *lustful* you are to receive a climax,” she states, giving another firm squeeze.

The sergal toy moans deeply, grinding herself against the claws, “Yes Ma’am, this one will. It will tell you just how much it wants to be a good toy maid for you so that it can have the possibility of climax. Its arousal and desire for release is maddening,” it says, preparing itself for the new tasks, cleaning its maid outfit, checking it over, “How does toy look Ma’am?”

Lucy shakes her head, “Tisk, tisk, tisk. You call that being prim and proper? You have somewhat of a salvageable stance but everything else I’ll need to work on you from the ground up. Does the toy have *any* kind of maid service experience?” she asks, pulling her claws away from the bulge, walking around him, circling him like a cornered prey.

Teri lets out an excited trill, “I just love to see you work Lucy, it really does get me going.”

The raptor maid, pulls out her duster, covering some of her face, “Oh Master. You tease me so; I only do what I feel is best. And you deserve the best maids. Not some half-bit toy like this. But it will be a wonderful challenge to see how skillful I am at molding this toy into something you can be proud to have as one of your girls.”

Teri smirks, “I have faith in you love,” he says going up to her muzzle licking her face, “I’ll check up on how you are doing with it in a few hours. I’ve had a long drive and I could use a nap.”

“Yes Master. I’ll do my very best.”

“I know you will,” he says, heading out.

“I’ll do my best Master!” says ST-125-409.

Lucy brushes her feather duster across the toy’s face, “First rule of being a proper maid for Master. You do not speak to the Master directly unless he speaks to you first that requires a reply.”

ST-125-409 stiffens, “Sorry Master! Madam Lucy, this one will not do it again.”

The raptor maid brushes her feather duster across her face again, “Secondly. Do not speak loudly. You will talk calmly, collectively, softly spoken, just loud enough for Master or myself to hear. We don’t need you to be heard from the next door over.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Thirdly, you are right. There won’t be any more mistakes coming from you. I won’t allow you to make any,” she states.

ST-125-409 bows, “As you wish Ma’am. This one will do its very best to operate to the best of its abilities as a good toy for Master and you,” it responds, presenting itself, taking in Lucy’s initial instructions, starting the long road of trial and error to improve itself. The first few hours were rough, the next couple of days were even worse. Even with the toy programming working to help ease Brian into becoming a better maid, the suit itself was simple hypnosis to keep him going, not making him into an expert into something outside of being a ‘good toy’.

Two weeks into the training though, things were starting to shine, especially its body as it kept itself nice, clean and polished, the maid outfit shining as bright if not brighter than the rest of its body. It moves through its Master’s master bedroom, straightening out the black rubber bed sheets. Fluffing out the red latex pillow covers, running across a gentle polish. The toy’s movements are smooth, the corset creaking, the latex squeaking, the high heels becoming a normal feeling to it, its bulge aching, quaking for a touch, but it knows that’s not what it is here for. Self indulgence was a no, no for such a good toy that it wanted to be.

Lucy saunters into the room, her high heels digging into the carpet with each step, the sickle claws pulled back and capped, she looks over the bed, running her white rubber maid glove across it, squeaking the bed sheets.

ST-125-409 stands tall, arms to its sides, ready to respond to whatever Lucy has to say, remaining silent, not speaking till she speaks to it.

“You’re getting better,” says Lucy, walking over in front of him.

“Thank you, Ma’am,” it replies when the raptor quickly brushes her feather duster across the toy’s face, causing it to stiffen and hush up in an instant. The toy feels those tickling feathers across its rubber snout, each one telling it its place. The toy is so low and so weak, that simple feathers are enough to control it. Further reminding it just how bound and helpless it is even without any further constraints outside of the ones around its ankles, keeping its steps short and calculated.

“Not perfect, but for two weeks it’s... passable,” she states, “Start polishing the Master’s collection. He hates to have dust on them. Make them shine, and glisten like they can be used at a moment’s notice,” she states, motioning over to one of the two large display glass cases that contain an assortment of dildos and butt plugs that are lit up like a museum piece.

“Yes Ma’am,” ST-125-409 responds, walking over there. The sergal toy has gotten used to the chain between their legs, walking just short of the bondage between its angles from growing taut, but also causing an audible metallic jingle with each step that it makes. It understood quickly walking to the full extent of the chain would cause it to jerk and wobble, making it difficult to stand on those high heels, ruining the elegant pose that it is meant to keep at all times, especially under Lucy’s predatory gaze.

Lucy walks beside the toy, “Aren’t you forgetting something toy?” she states.

ST-125-409 stops dead in its tracks, wobbling a little, but manages to quickly keep its composure, the toy, turns elegantly with slow small but quick steps, “This one forgot the polish and cleaning cloths for the objects.”

“That and you forgot this,” Lucy says, digging into a hidden pocket within her rubber dress pulling out a key chain, “You forgot to humbly inquire for the key to unlock the display case.”

“My humblest apologies Ma’am. This one should have thought to ask about the keys so the case may be unlocked,” she states, giving a cordial bow, body squeaking with the maid uniform, keeping perfect balance.

Lucy brushes her feather duster across the toy’s face, “Think toy.”

“Yes Ma’am. May this unit have the keys to unlock the case?”

“No,” Lucy states sternly, “You may not. A maid such as yourself has not earned the responsibility to handle Master’s keys. And how dare you ask,” she brushes up the feather duster across the sergal’s face.

The toy twitches, feeling those feathers tickle its muzzle, increasing the urge to sneeze, which at this point would be devastating for its balance and composure, which would lead to further punishment, “Sorry Ma’am. It was not my place to ask. May Ma’am please open the cases for this toy, so it may complete its duty that you assigned it?”

Lucy smirks, “But of course. All you need to do is ask when you *need me to help* complete *your task*,” she says, going over to the case unlocking it.

“Yes Ma’am,” it responds, clearing its throat with a soft squeak, “Can Ma’am open the cases so this one may get to cleaning Master’s collection, while it obtains the cleaning supplies?”

The raptor moves closer to the toy, giving one quick brush of her feather duster across its face, “Of course Toy. Be careful with those toys. They may be durable, but that doesn’t mean they can’t be broken. Break them and I will *break* you. Got it?”

It nods, “Yes Ma’am, this one will take the utmost care for Master’s toys,” it says, going to get the cleaning equipment.

“Good toy,” she says, walking over to the glass cases, unlocking the first one, then going to the one across the room to unlock it.

ST-125-409 gets to work, taking one dildo off the glass, being careful and delicate as it's stuck in place due to the suction placed at the bottom. The toy looks at the large purple alien cock with special ribs and ridges to give it an otherworldly look. It sprays the dildo with a special lubricant preserving polish, wiping down the dildo, noticing nothing was really on it, but it did certainly make it shine more brilliantly than before.

“This will be an easy clean,” it says, humming to itself, looking at the dildo with wanting eyes. Its own length and female sex twitching within that bulge. Constantly teased and vibrated by the null that covers them. Constant teasing pleasure, reminding it just how much it would love to have one of those dildos right now. To reach a climactic release with some kind of extra pleasure.

The desire and need growing ever higher within its body. Panting softly, moaning, squeaking, tail hiking, showing off its cute rump. It works over the dildos and plugs one by one, just finishing a rather big hot pink one with a purple gem at the base when Master’s voice comes up from behind her, “What a lovely job you are doing my precious toy.”

ST-125-409 stiffens up, but then quickly regains its composure, taking a step away from the glass case, turning to give a short bow before Teri, “Thank you Master for your kind words. This one didn’t know you were there. It is sorry that it didn’t greet you sooner.”

“Don’t worry toy. I’m an expert at stealth hunting my prey,” he says with a chuckle, walking over to the cabinet case, claws running across some of the dildos, “Lucy, you’ve said ST-125-409 has been doing well?”

The raptor maid responds, “I wouldn’t say well, but passable.”

“Passable? That’s high praise coming from you.”

“I expect only the best for Master, for you deserve it.”

“That I do...” he says, his claws reaching for the plug that the toy just polished, “And for your hard work, I think this will be your reward for the time being. Raise that tail toy, so I may present it to you.”

ST-125-409 eyes the butt plug, knowing just how big it is for its tight rear. A shiver of delight, a twitch of its cock, clenching of its sex, squirming of its clitoral hood, all of which were bound into that massive bulge between its legs, the anticipation filling it as it knows its about to be filled rather much by the plug, unsure just how much more of this it can take, but loving to have even more.

“With pleasure master!” it responds, taking several steps back, allowing it to have more space to turn around and lift its tail nice and high for him, body squeaking, the maid dress sliding

down the tail a little, better revealing its pink butt, showing off its round tail hole, winking eagerly for him.

Teri reaches behind the toy, a claw slipping into the toy's tight rear, which moans out softly, "Master..." it says, as the claw moves in and out of it, "Lucy, be a dear and grab me the cherry lubricant? I think that one will work best for this virgin hole."

"Excellent choice Master," she says, walking over to a nearby wooden chest, opening the doors, revealing several types of lubricants lined up like one might keep expensive perfume bottles. She grabs the one that is shaped like a cherry, sauntering over back to Teri, who is wiggling his claw in the toy's rump.

The toy shivers in enjoyment, milking the digit, before feeling the digit slip out of her, "Thank you master for teasing this one. It's eager for more," it says with eagerness.

"I know you are toy, and you'll be getting some more soon, but you have to finish your daily tasks. Speaking of which, how many more rooms does the toy have to clean today?"

"Three after this room Master," Lucy replies, handing him the lubricant.

"Thank you, Lucy," says Teri taking the lubricant, pouring some of it onto the plug, his claws caressing plug, spreading the lubricant around before pouring a little more on his claw tips, rubbing it around the toy's rear.

ST-125-409 moans softly, feeling the cool liquid before its Master's claws push into its rear, sliding inside, pumping the toy with gentle firm thrusts, its rear milking the Master's fingers, as its ass gets nice and lubed up.

"Perfect. Ready toy, for your present?"

"Oh yes Master, this one is ready," it says, raising its tail a little higher, unable to hike its butt anymore due to already being on its toes due to the foot glove high heels. The tip of the plug presses against its hole, spreading it slightly. Teri twisting it a little, slowly pushing and spreading the lubricant around more while spreading the toy's rump.

Slowly, steadily it spreads its rear open, its tight pucker being forced open, loosened ever so slightly with each slow steady push, Teri feeling the strain of the toy's anal ring as its pushed gentle towards its limits, "Such a tight toy."

"Thank you Master," it responds, shuddering, feeling its rear spread a little before Teri relaxes the plug slightly, letting its anal ring relax as it squeezes and milks the tip of the plug with a squeak before its rear is forced open again, the toy trying to relax as its member twitches as its rear is spread wide once more.

"How does that feel toy?" Teri asks with concern in his voice, pushing the plug an inch shy from the point of no return before having to relax it again, watching the toy's toes curl in delight, hands gripping a nearby chest in order to keep itself balanced and to push against the toy as its Master pushes it in.

"Good Master. This one is ready to take all of it, just for you," it says with eagerness, not wiggling its rump, keeping it ready to be stuffed fully by the plug that is currently only a third into its rear.

“That’s what I like to hear. I know this one is a bit big for you, but that’s part of the fun. And ensure it can’t wiggle out till I want it out,” he says, giving the plug another firm push, spreading the toy’s rear with a soft gentle squeak.

ST-125-409 arches its back, pressing against its Master’s push, feeling its rear spread wider and wider, the plug pushing into its tender rear, making it groan in need. Cock twitching again within its tight confines, clit hood squirming, wanting to move and lick itself, its needy folds squeezing its filled opening, but its helpless to get any extra pleasure out of these extremities, happy to receive the delicious stimuli of its remaining source of pleasure, its tight rear hole.

The plug pushes in deeper, its hole spread wider, moan growing higher, the air escaping its body, trying to prevent its rear from squeezing too hard on the plug, not wanting to make its Master to work for the wondrous plug being pushed into it. Bit by bit its spread wider and wider, feeling itself stretched to its limits and beyond. The toy moaning in delight, the hypnosis that makes it into the perfect toy, training its mind to find extra pleasure in having its human rear spread wider than it ever has before, feeding into its lustful delights and then...

The point of no return is hit, the plug slides in easily the rest of the way through, its rear squeezing upon the plug as its insides are filled by the entirety of the silicon delight. The gem showing off to all those who would take a look while the rest of the plug is hidden within the toy’s eager body, crushing down onto its prostate, making it grow ever needier for a release that it knows won’t come. For a release that it desires so badly to have, but doesn’t mind if it never gets. All of it feeds into the wonderful experience and euphoria it feels in being of service to its Master.

“There we go, snug as a bug in a rug,” says Teri giving the plug a soft push with its claw tips, making the toy moan again.

“Thank you Master for the wonderful gift,” it says, tightly squeezing the plug, wiggling its butt, while pressing and keeping the gem against its Master’s claws.

“Welcome toy. Now get back to work. I expect you to get everything clean and ready. And when you’re done, you may return here for your real present,” he commands.

“Yes Master,” it replies, pulling away only when the raptor’s claws are removed from the gem, the toy, adjusting its maid uniform to regain the lost elegance it had, presenting itself as the perfect maid, while Lucy gives him a look over.

The raptor maid, runs her feather duster over the sergal’s face, “Your back is all wrinkled. Fix it before I fix you,” she states.

ST-125-409 looks behind itself, noticing the error, “Apologies Ma’am, this one missed that spot,” it responds, rubbing and smoothing out the back, adjusting the frills so they go over its rubber tail perfectly, “How’s that Ma’am?”

Lucy inspects the back, looking at the frills, doing a slight adjustment before slipping her claws underneath the toy’s rear, pressing at the gem, “Better, but not perfect. You better learn. You don’t want to disappoint Master now, don’t you?”

“N-no, of course not Ma’am!” it exclaims.

Teri smirks, "I know I can count on you Lucy. Give me a heads up when it's done and ready for the reward. I think I'll be including you too, after all. It's been a few hours since I've shown you how much I love you."

Lucy blushes, "Thank you Master. I won't let you down."

"I'll be in the basement working on my side projects. So you know how to contact me."

"Yes Master," she responds with a bow.

"I know I can count on you, toodles," he says with a wave, heading off.

Lucy's submissive demeanor melts away, pressing her fingers harder on the plug, "You heard Master. You don't want to disappoint; he's counting on you. Now get to work polishing his collection!"

"Yes Ma'am!" ST-125-409 says, getting back to work. Polishing both cases full of dildos and plugs, each one adding to the reminder of what is now shoved deep within it. Each step, each movement, the plug moved, putting pressure on its sensitive insides. All under the watchful yet helpful eye of Lucy, who is also working in the room to help get it cleaned properly for their Master.

ST-125-409 follows Lucy back into that same room many hours later. It's rear swaying in delight and need, that same plug still shoved nice and deep within its body. Having become just another part of its constant need and desire to be mated and to mate. The smell of latex grew stronger when it entered the room. Standing beside the bed is Teri, dressed in a full-bodied black latex gimp, barely a scale on his body is visible under the perfectly shiny and glistening latex. The zipper around his lips and crotch are pulled, revealing his aching twitching flesh. Around his rubber clad body is a leather chest harness with a silver metal O ring, that the straps are attached to, adding some domineering look to the otherwise submissive attire.

Lucy lets out a raptoric purr, "You look lovely Master. Are you in one of your rare submissive moods today?" she asks, signs of restrained excitement in her voice, walking with a soft jingle in her step, approaching him.

Teri walks over to her, hand reaching underneath her maid outfit giving her a good fondle that soft jingle, "Hardly. Degrading our toy further by having a *gimped-up* Master take command over it, felt so lovely to do. And I also thought about..." he says leaning in against her, licking across the raptor maid's ear hole, whispering softly which ST-125-409 manages to catch due to the unique feature of the sergal toy suit as it enhances audio nearby increasing its ability to detect whispers giving the sensation of having the legendary sharp sergal hearing, "*And I'm thinking of having the toy suckle on your device. See if you can get a release through that cage of yours darling,*" he smooches her on the side of her face before pulling away.

The sergal toy tenses, squeezing tightly on the plug still lodged deep within its rump, moving closer, "This one is ready to be of service Master. How may this one be of use to you?" it asks moving up, taking note of an electric blue butt plug on the bed, with a built-in vibrator along with plenty of lubricant.

“Lean against the bed, butt in the air, show off that pretty gem of yours, and tell me how you needy you are to be fucked by your Master,” he states, moving over, giving ST-125-409 a firm hard slap on the ass.

“Yes Master!” it says, doing as it’s told, feeling the soft bed sheets against its rubbery hands, hiking its tail and butt as high as it can, while looking back over to Master who moves to Lucy, nuzzling and licking across her face.

He whispers to her, “You too, I want to prep you before I deal with that toy.”

“Yes Master,” she purrs in delight, sliding over to the bed, hiking her butt and tail even higher than the toy, spreading her legs, a soft jingle heard from down below.

“This one is so eager to have Master take it. It’s been aching for it for days. This one’s body can barely wait for a possible release, but it would love nothing more than just to give Master the joy and delight of one of his own,” the sergal toy says with a needful moan, squeezing the plug within its butt, feeling the other bound parts of its sex tense against the rubber bulge between its legs. The toy feeling an aching needy desire to simply ‘rub’ itself, even though it knows it can’t climax from it. It would only provide more mind-numbing teasing delights, edging it further, but it doesn’t. Not so much that it doesn’t *want* to do it, but more than it's been told *not* to do it, but Master.

Teri moves behind Lucy, lifting up her rubber maid frills after grabbing the lubricant and the electric vibrating butt plug, taking a moment to gently lubricate her hole.

“You warmed the lubricant for me... Master you are so good to me,” purrs Lucy trembling with excitement, her claws gripping the bed sheets, legs spreading a little more.

“Always for my lovely. And have I said what a lovely butt you have there darling?”

“Not sense yesterday,” she purrs wiggling her butt a little, tail stiffening in excitement as her rear is lubricated just a bit more, tenderly, adding a little more to the plug before slowly, tenderly slipping it into her butt.

Lucy lets out a soft moan, “Thank you Master for your lovely touch,” she says with a soft pant, pressing against him as the plug stretches her rear, popping in with relative ease, giving the plug a bit of a push, strapping the battery to her inner thigh.

“Everything feeling alright there hun?”

“Great Master, even as a gimp you are the boss,” she purrs.

“That’s my girl,” he says, turning the vibrator onto a medium setting. The vibration easily heard by everyone in the room as Lucy bucks her hips, tightly squeezing the plug tighter to edge out more pleasure, “That a good setting or should I go higher?” he teases.

“If Master wants, I won’t deny him the pleasure,” she chirps.

“I doubt the pleasure is all mine,” he says with a chuckle, turning up the vibrations another two notches, before pulling away, letting Lucy to moan and purr in delight bucking forward the jingle heard more audibly now.

“Thank you Master, you are always so kind to me,” she says with a soft pant standing back onto her feet, squirming a little.

“I can’t help but spoil you,” says Teri, going over to ST-125-409, kneeling before it, giving the ass a firm smack, “But you, I’m just going to treat myself on your ass, and you should be grateful for it.”

The toy moans, “Thank you Master! I appreciate it,” it says with a soft squeak, spreading its legs more for him, “This one is just eager to please you. Toy is a humble object for your own delight. Please feel free to abuse this one as you see fit as it is filled with lust and wants to cum for you and only for you.”

“Who said about you climaxing toy?” asks Teri, reaching out to grab the butt plug, giving the gem a little tug, the plug spreading ST-125-409’s rear a little bit, reminding the toy just how big the object within it is.

“No one Master. This one won’t climax unless you will it. It wants to climax, but not as much as it wants to please you. A single climax of your Master is worth a dozen no a hundred no... a thousand climaxes of its own!” it exclaims in need.

“What? Perhaps you need to aim for a higher number. Just how many climaxes was mine worth to you?” it asks, giving the plug another firm tug, spreading it almost to the point of no return before letting it relax.

Lucy watches with bemusement, getting onto the bed, sitting on the edge, legs spread, while she simply waits, “You’re lucky Master has taken a shine to you.”

“This one appreciates... everything Master gives this one,” it says with a moan, arching its back feeling the tug of the plug in its rear.

“So what was that number again for how many climaxes a single one Master’s is worth?”

“A hundred thousand?” it asks, getting another teasing tug of the plug, pulling it out almost to the point where it will pop, pulling at the toy’s rubber flesh, and the human trapped within.

“Higher toy,” he says with a sly smirk.

“Oh... I know this one. You’re such an evil tease Master,” Lucy says with a giggle.

“Ah... a million?” it asks as the plug is pulled but left on the precipice of being pulled out before being shoved back into it.

“Nope guess again,” he says.

ST-125-409 pants heavily, toes curling, hands gripping the bed sheets even tighter, “Sorry Master! This one will get it.”

“You better, for this plug won’t be coming out till you get it right. And then I will enjoy that nicely stretched ass of yours. Hopefully it won’t be too stretched by the time I get to enjoy it,” he states, twisting the plug within him, forcing it to grind harder against the toy’s prostate.

“This one understands Master.”

“If you really think about it, you might get it.”

“Master you are being too nice to your toy to give it hints like that,” Lucy says with a huff.

“Do you think the toy can get it with that hint?” asks Teri.

“No, but still,” she responds with a soft pout.

“You’re cute when you pout.”

“I’m not pouting,” she says, crossing her arms across her breasts with a squeak.

Teri turns his attention back to ST-125-409, giving the plug a gentle tug, “Well toy? How many times smore?”

“One moment Master. Toy is thinking on it.”

“Don’t make me wait too long. Master’s time is precious,” he says, giving the plug a partial tug.

ST-125-409 shivers, clenching on the plug pulling it so hard it almost slips from Teri’s claws, “This one understands Master.”

“Careful toy. You know better than to fight against your Master.”

“Sorry Master. This one is just thinking,” it responds, panting softly while the plug is constantly moved around in its rear, body quivering with delight and need, “Uh... one of Master’s climaxes is worth... this one guesses... sixty-five million of this one’s climaxes,” it says with hints of uncertainty in its voice.

“Oh toy... what a curious guess...” says Teri twisting the plug, pulling on it, harder and harder till the plug is pulled out with an audible pop, “And it was correct.”

“Master... I told you that hint was too good,” huffed Lucy.

“Come on Lucy. It’s a simple toy. It needs the clues. Unlike you, you got it on the third try, without a clue,” says Teri, placing the plug off to the side.

ST-125-409 felt its anal ring quickly relaxing, the toy clenching its rear, feeling its body returning to normal, but leaving a faint aching feeling to be filled again, but before it could dwell on it, its ass was firmly smacked by Teri.

“On the bed toy. And put your head underneath Lucy’s dress. Be sure to show her as much love as possible. I’ll give you a special reward if you manage to get her to climax through her chastity.”

“Master! Do you think this toy could even do that? It’s barely a functioning maid,” Lucy protests.

“Well it might not be the world’s best maid, but the world’s best maid does deserve a first class toy to service her, wouldn’t you agree?” Teri asks, while ST-125-409 slips onto the bed, rump hiked, the high heeled boots creaking underneath it.

“With pleasure Master. This one will do its best to bring pleasure to Madam Lucy.”

“Oh one more thing toy,” says Teri, getting onto the bed behind it, the toy stopping its head just short of the frilly dress rubber dress of Lucy’s.

“What is it Master?” it asks, feeling Teri’s claws gripping its butt, spreading its cheeks as the purple raptor spiral cock twitches, gently pressing against the toy’s well spread hole, but the heat of which makes it shiver in need, toes curling.

“No hands. You may rub her thighs, but only your tongue and mouth.”

“With pleasure Master.”

Lucy blushes, “Master... my favorite way. Hands free.”

“If I didn’t know what you liked by now, I’d be a terrible husband for my wife,” he says with a wink.

“Master...” she blushes.

“This one will do its best to please both of you,” says ST-125-409, slipping its head underneath the rubber skirt to find that Lucy’s chastity contains her twitching purple length, tightly held within an electric blue metal cage. The cum slit is already drooling pre-cum that leaks out of the front opening.

“I doubt you could make me cum without your hands, even Master has trouble doing so,” says Lucy, shivering in anticipation, her body giving away the delight she’s about to receive.

“This one will try!” it says, feeling the skirt run across the top of its head. The sergal’s forked tongue licking across the hot metal, tasting it along the rubber tongue, the sensation of the rubber transferred to the human’s real tongue, the hypnosis helping the suit’s systems compensate for any failing in faux taste buds. But it is able to lick along the place of the chastity cage and the balls, tasting the salty scaled area between them, making the cage itself nice and lubricated, spreading the toy’s mouth juices and the raptor’s leaking pre-cum.

Lucy let out a soft moan, feeling her chastity jingle her member twitching within its tight bondage.

“Someone looks like they are already enjoying my toy,” Teri says coyly, pressing himself into the toy’s rear, sliding slowly, steadily into ST-125-409’s eager rump. Every inch sent pleasures through both Master and toy. Teri reaches around gently rubbing the toy’s sides, claws teasing its body. He grunts, body squeaking against the toy, the tight gimp suit creaking and squeaking against the even squeaky toy.

ST-125-409 milks along Master’s spiraled dick, feeling him push against his prostate, his hole though stretched, not nearly enough to hamper the toy’s tight squeeze around the wonderful length around him, driving his own chastity bound bits wild with delight, even if they can’t move at all to express it.

The toy’s pleasure builds within it, while it lowers its head nuzzling Lucy’s balls, first working them over, the tongue giving them a wonderful path, making the scales glisten underneath the maid uniform, before drawing them into its mouth. Firmly yet gently suckles the balls, drawing them into its mouth, lips tugging at them, tongue coiling around the area between them, feeling the crevice, as well as the metal ring that’s right at the base. The raptor’s scales are tough, allowing for long term wear that could be impossible for those with softer skin.

Lucy gasped, feeling the tease, her pre-cum oozing from the chastity. Her cock twitches, another gush of pre-cum that pools a little within the chastity device before it rolls out of the front and onto the toy’s head.

“This one will show you how much of a good toy this one is,” ST-125-409 thinks, eager to please its Master, and take up the challenge to make Lucy climax into its hungry mouth. It’s rump milks Master’s cock, bucking against it, feeling the hard firm thrusts of his body against its own. Balls smack against its bulge, which send teasing vibrations through it. The toy unable to contain its moans of delight, which are muffled from the balls within its mouth. Drool dribbles

down its chin, the toy grunting against Master's firm thrusts, mouth slurping further down onto Lucy's needy overfilled, weighed down sack.

"Master... this toy is just..." she moans loudly, looking down at it, her claws wrapping around her bust, squeezing her breasts, teasing her nipples through the rubber.

"Is just what love?" asks Teri, giving a firm domineering slap into the toy's rear, grunting in delight, his member twitching within ST-125-409's body, enjoying every squeeze of the toy's warm and well lubricated hole.

Lucy pants softly, her moans escaping, claws twitching within her boots, sickle claw straining against the bondage. She grinds herself against the toy's muzzle, her chastity gently clinking and jingling with each firm suckle of her balls, the heavy pressure between her loins that she often ignores coming to a head, her lower head, "N-nothing. I can't let a simple toy have me cum like this," she shudders.

"How long has it been since you last had a full-blown release?" Teri asks, his claws rubbing along the sergal toy's maid dress, he pressing his body against the sleek toy, the rubber against rubber cause loud squeaks, and tugging against the toy's dress, riding it up a little, exposing more of the toy's needy own chastity bulge.

"I haven't been released from the cage since we got married Master, you know that I haven't been released from my cage," she says with another soft moan and blush, feeling her balls being tugged by the sergal toy's maw. That accursed tongue sliding across her chastity cage and rings that keep her wanting length in its proper place.

"Not that kind of release love," Teri says with a wink, grunting, bucking hard into the toy's tight rear, his claws reaching around, rubbing the toy's chest, while the other moves between the unit's legs, rubbing that bulge, squeezing it with its memory foam like feel. The toy shudders as its bits are teased and squeezed by its Master, making it squeeze on his cock even harder, wanting to return the pleasure sixty-five million-fold, "The other kind, the one you can do through that little bit of protection you have there," he says with a teasing grin.

The raptor maid pants, teasing herself while she is teased further, more pre-cum dribbles out of her cage as she tries her best to put on a strong face, trying to deny herself the tantalizing pleasures that the toy is eagerly giving her, "Nine months..." she says with a hint of confidence and pride.

"Then you're really built up for the toy then," he chuckles, giving the bulge another firm squeeze, massaging it with his claws, while pounding hard into the toy, his cock twitching within its tight rear, his pleasure rising with each thrust and toy milking squeeze.

ST-125-409 is quickly discovering that its in its new favorite place, caught between a rock hard cock and a hard chastity place. Its tongue coils around the cage, making it jingle, the toy's angular mouth easily lets it wrap the entire cage in its mouth, the balls resting against its chin. The toy's rubber lips close around it, beginning to suckle. Deep breaths inwards, exhaling from the nostrils, creating a greater vacuum for the chastity cage. Drawing out more of the Lucy's cock, having it expand and press against the cage, bits of flesh that hasn't been touched

or teased by tongue nor hand nor tight rear in ages are now being partially exposed through the cage.

ST-125-409's tongue runs across these exposed tender sensitive purple skin. Each bit is a small spike of pleasure and tease for Lucy, making her indomitable cock grow even harder, making the pressure against the cage grow, causing it to lift up, allowing for even easier access for the toy to suckle away. That forked tongue tickles along the pressing out from the chastity cage's cum slit. Each tender lick, rolling of the tongue across it, provides another spark of pleasure within Lucy. All further enhanced by the endless tortious delight of the plug deep within her rear, the vibrations felt by the toy as it suckles the cage, trying to get any bits of the raptor's cock that it could.

The toy felt its own kind of torment, understanding just what the raptor is going through, its own dual sexes being tightly bound, held into place, teased ever so slightly, never enough to get off, but just enough to make it want to keep going just to try. Each thrust of Master's cock into its body sent small rippling waves of pleasure through it, making it grunt and groan. The toy's breasts provide cushioned support as it moves its hands up and down along Lucy's scaly hide. It runs a thumb across the crevice between leg and crotch, an area rarely touched, and one that can provide pleasure in such heated moments.

"Even with that plug you are a tight toy. Good, very good," pants Teri, grunting, squeaking, squeezing the toy's bulge, wanting to tease him more. Getting a rise out of that instinctual squeeze the toy gives his cock as he pistons in and out of him, his climax quickly approaching, but he tries to hold that rumbling of delight back. Wanting to see if his love could reach her bliss first before he could hold back any longer. One thing he knows about her is she was poor at holding back.

Lucy felt those sparks of pleasure. Those little surges that to her bound up needy state were glimmers of heaven itself. She felt with each suckle, teach tease around the very fractions of her sensitive cock, that pleasure shot up within her. Adding to the fires, that made her cauldron bubble, frothing at the top ready to spill over before it just manages to stay within.

Then another lick, and another suckle. The chastity lock moving around along the top of the cage, the dinking of it can be felt through it, but the insatiable vibrations, the long period of time since she was even last milked, all stacking the odds not in her favor. She looks at her Master, who gives a devilish yet loving grin. Her eyes widen upon meeting his predatory gaze as it all came crashing down. The realization that... she has been had. It all made sense now. The toy wasn't for Master. It was for her. To reach a climax, to knock her down a peg... to have a toy that is so low that even gimp Master could take, could make her release. The sheer embarrassment of something so low, so beneath her, that it could do something that she only reserved the right and privilege of letting Master do... but now done at Master's behest.

The realization broke what resistance she had left, the cauldron bubbling over, then tumbling out, her aching balls tense, pulling up against her body, hips bucking forward, claws reaching down to grip the toy's head through her rubber maid dress as she lets out a raptoric chirp, screeching out in mind blowing delight, eyes rolling in the back of her head, mouth

hanging open, tongue out. She could feel her cum move through her body, surging through, slowed down by the unconventional twists and turns of what's found in a normal climax. The speed of the climax is slowed, but the pressure still allows it to make it through the winding hose, squirting and filling the chastity device, overflow flooding into the toy's hungry mouth.

ST-125-409 slurps and drinks down some of that delicious salty seed. The toy pulls away, letting some of the seed to ooze out of the chastity device. The bound cock twitches and bounces the chastity, squirming out a little more seed, letting it flow between Lucy's legs. The toy smiling nuzzling the side of the chastised cock, teasing it a little more, moving down to gently suckle and squeeze the raptor's nuts, squeezing out a little more of the raptor's nice and hard climax.

Letting some of it to flow onto its head, but then roll off to the side, wiping the excess cum off of it via Lucy's dress and the bed. All the while it hears its Master let out a wonderful trill of delight, climaxing, his hot sticky seed flooding into it.

The toy can feel the warmth of Master's essence slide into him with each squirt. The toy's body eager to milk and pull out each drip, squeezing his length, wanting to ensure he empties everything he has into its wanting body.

"That's it toy... Take all of my cum, like the good slut of a toy that you are," he says with a heavy pant, giving several hard firm thrusts into the toy's rear, squeezing and massaging the bulge with his claw tips and the palm of his hand, teasing the toy, hearing it moan in delight, sensing that its mouth has pulled away from Lucy's twitching and aching bound up dick, "Lucy, did you reach your peak?" he asks with a heavy pant, already knowing the answer.

Luck slowly regains her composure, cock twitching between her legs, a little more of her essence leaking through. She takes a deep breath, looking at her Master, "I did Master."

"You did now? Did you enjoy it?"

"I-it was good Master," she replies.

"Did you hear that toy? You did good. Why don't you lift your head up so it can congratulate you," Teri commands.

"Yes Master," the sergal toy responds, pulling out from underneath Lucy's skirt, showing off its cum covered head. Teri continues to grip and massage its null bulge hidden under the frills of its maid attire. Teri's claws run across the toy, reaching up to cup one of the breasts, giving it a firm squeeze while keeping his cock deeply lodged within it.

"My, my, what a messy toy you are. Getting all that cum everywhere, and I bet there is plenty hidden underneath that skirt of hers, isn't there?"

ST-125-409 moans, nodding, "Yes Master there is."

Lucy huffs, "Then it should clean up the mess. Don't you think Master?"

The toy quickly responds, "Master always says we should clean up our own messes. And Lucy did make that mess herself."

Lucy glares at it, "You had a hand in it, and should help."

"But Ma'am, how could this one have a hand in it when Master made sure this one pleased you hands free?"

Lucy is about to say something but cuts herself off, feeling a shiver of submission run through her, “Ah...”

Teri chuckles, “The toy is right. I guess that means you’ll be cleaning up your mess. Why don’t you start with this toy’s head. And we can worry about the rest after, what do you say love?”

Lucy tenses, relaxing shortly thereafter, letting out a huff while moving over, “Of course Master. It would be my pleasure,” she says, moving over licking across the toy’s rubber muzzle, letting it feel her rough tongue against it while she laps up all of her dripping essence. Her own chastity still dripping with the built up cum that was trapped within.

“Do a good job, and I’ll reward you with another hands-free experience,” Teri says with a playful wink to her.

Lucy blushes a little, “Yes Master, with pleasure,” she says.

Teri continues to use the toy as a cock warmer, making sure he stays nice and hard so he can go for a round two.

Many of their sessions go about this way. With heavy fucking, bondage, degradation, and dom and submissive play, in between long hours of being trained into the best maid that ST-125-409 can be.

Eventually though, all good things had to come to an end. ST-125-409 sits on the edge of the bed in her room, everything perfectly cleaned. No one would know just how many times it was taken, bound, and used in this room by its Master with the occasional assist by Lucy.

Lucy and Teri stood in front of it, waiting for the time to tick down, having been given warnings by the suit that the time till the human underneath would be taken from his deep hypnosis.

Brian’s mind recalls everything as the hypnosis is brought to an end, he lets out a shuddering moan his ability to resist the constant tease of his aching bulge where his bound-up cock is reduced significantly, the entire time he’s been denied his own release, ***“Thank you for using Toys-4-U prototype toy suits. Toys-4-U is not responsible for any over conditioning and long-lasting cognitive effects from Toys-4-U brand hypnosis. Don’t forget to send back our feedback report so we can better improve our systems for you.”***

“How do you feel?” asks Teri standing over him, in a domineering business suit. Lucy is still dressed in the same maid outfit as he is at the moment.

“A little bit lightheaded, but I think its from all that work I did... I hope I lived up to the auction agreement?”

“You did so wonderfully I won’t punish you for saying I just now.”

“He was passable,” Lucy says with a huff.

“You loved him too hun,” says Teri nuzzling her.

“Oh... sorry, toy didn’t mean to break character.”

Teri chuckles, “Relax that ended when the hypnosis did. Now I have to take you back to the closest Toys-4-U store to get picked up so you may get back to your original boring life.”

Brian takes a deep breath and slowly lets it out, “Yeah... it was wild though.”

“It was... but if you really enjoyed yourself. You could stay longer. As my reward for making my love here cum so hard that she even made a mess of herself.”

Lucy huffs, “The toy got lucky.”

“Sure, it did,” Teri says nuzzling her again, giving her butt a little squeeze, “If you are willing. We’d get you out of that suit and make you a proper drone slave for me. All tied in my basement where no one can hear you moan.”

“Wait, really?”

“Yeah, I keep my word after all.”

“This is so sudden... I’m not sure what to make of this. And I’m so fucking horny I’m not sure I can make a good decision.”

“It’s why I asked you now. When you’re a bundle of eagerness ready to set free. Let me see the one underneath that rubber. So, I may cover it again. All you have to do is give yourself to me. Is that so wrong?”

“Ah... I...” Brian tenses, the idea of it swimming through his lust addled mind.

“All you need to do is say to me, ‘Take me away Master. Far away, where no one will find me.’ and then we can begin.”

Lucy grumps, “Master, you are being too good to this simple hypno toy. I beg it couldn’t even do any of that or make me cum without it.”

“Is that a challenge?”

“Yes, it is,” she states.

“Well, that’s up to my toy here. What shall it be? Shall I take you back, or will you stay longer and be mine?” he asks with a predatory grin.

Brian swallows a lump in his throat, tensing, his crotch twitching, feeling the tightly bound rubber between his legs. His mind going through everything that has transpired over the last month, and what he’s already put off to the side because of this. He looks down while contemplating this, seeing Lucy’s bound raptor clawed feet on those high heels, while the raptor freely expresses his claws to him, that further give him that ‘I’m the one in control with the ability to force my will upon you’ sensation. He looks up back at them.

“Well toy?” asks Teri.

Brian takes a deep breath, “Take me away master. Far away, where no one will find me.”

Teri gives a toothy grin, “With pleasure.”