

A Step in the Goo'Direction

Step, step, Chris looked at his soft digitigrade white furred feet, he repeated the phrase in his mind, *"You can do this."*

Stepping through the automatic doors, the smell of latex and leather wafting over him, causing him to shiver, his thick bushy tail moving closer to him, its tail maw opening up, revealing its glowing orange tongue, forcing him to lift his head just in time to see a sleek black and red female rubber renamon shaped toy. With a head harness, handles, and unique to what he's seen on other toys, its designation R-7139 placed in black lettering on its red bust.

The toy leans forward from its greeting pedestal, "Hello! Welcome to the first, the one, the original Toys-4-U megastore! Please don't be shy to ask this or any toy in the store for assistance. We are here for you!" it declares, breasts squeezed together, pushed out as it leans forward, rump hiked, giving any who may happen to behind it a wonderful tease. It's cuffs glow with red lettering that read "Fuck Toy" with matching letterless collar with a golden tag that has its designation.

Chris' tail keeps his head up, while his eyes locked on the toy's dazzling red softly glowing eyes, "Ahh, yes. I do need a bit of help."

"Wonderful," it says, leaning forward, falling to its knees, gripping the pedestal as it leans forward so it's now looking up at him, its cleavage very obvious to the cat's line of sight, "How may this one be of assistance?"

"Well, you see..." he digs his hand into his pocket, pulling out a piece of paper, "I'm contest winner for a new suit design?" he says with unsureness in his voice, "Do you happen to know where I need to go?"

It takes the note, reading through it, it idly runs its fingers across its lips, gently suckling them, "This one does know, it says show this to any toy here and we'll help. It'll get the toy in charge. One moment please, if you want to head to the back of the store, follow the signs toward the area that reads "Toy Testing Area" and the one in charge will be with you shortly," it explains handing the paper back to him.

"That's all?"

"Yup."

"Thanks," he says, gently petting his tail, looking around to get an idea if anyone is paying attention to the off white and two-toned brown tail and eared feline. His blue eyes are ready to spot any judging eyes, but to his surprise he sees none. "I guess with so many lewd things around I don't stand out," he mutters with a nervous chuckle, heading toward the back of the store where he only waits for a few minutes when two rubber toys approach.

The first is an anthropomorphic doe toy of deep purple, black and yellow marked toy. It's hooves clip clop across the store's white tiled floor, hips with a subtle teasing sway. It's black and purple cuffs with purple cursive lettering reads "Fuck Toy" on its ankles and wrist. Its collar with a golden tag has the designation X-2953, "Sorry for the wait. It had to get its helper from another store for this," it says with a soft pleasing bleat.

“Oh, that’s fine,” he responds, gently caressing his tail, eyeing the doe for a moment before his attention lands on the toy walking beside it.

A black and hot pink anthropomorphic fennec fox hybrid toy, with dazzling magenta eyes that match its cuffs that has in pink in simple text lettering “Fuck Toy” on its cuffs and ankles. The toy’s matching collar has a golden tag that reads K-6379. The toy’s tail starts with a hue of purple but fades to white. With a lovely black rubber balls and a twitching purple length. The toy slides its pink hair from its eyes and gives a cordial bow, “Greetings. This one is here to help you with the suit fitting. It hopes you aren’t alarmed by this one.”

“N-no, not at all,” Chris responds with a soft huff, his heart pounding ever faster, a tightness growing in his pants, that he doesn’t notice the white box held in the doe’s hands.

X-toy bleats, “Come, come. We have to go to the right toy testing room, right this way,” it says, black hoofed latex fingers drumming across the box, finally garnering the feline’s attention.

“S-sure,” he says, feeling his cheeks warm, fur fluffing out, watching the swaying butts of the two toys, with special focus on K-6379, enjoying that wonderful rubber shine, not noticing they are going to the very end of the hallway to the last door on the right.

The doe toy unlocks it with a keycode, stepping inside, “Please come in, undress and lay on the bed,” it says, holding the door open as they walk inside.

“S-strip? Already?” Chris asks, taking a moment to marvel at the elegant yet simple bedroom with all sorts of sex toys on a set of dressers up against the wall. The canopy bed in the center of the room has sleek black rubber bed sheets that has a curious crease down the center.

The hybrid toy leaps onto the bed showing off its rump, giving it a teasing wiggle at him, “We are just toys, simple objects, things, to be taken and fucked for your pleasure. As one great toy would say, that’s like being shy of stripping in front of your dildo.”

X-toy bleats, “It is certainly right with that,” it closes the door, locking it once the cat’s inside.

The feline gently pets his tail maw, which then gives him a passionate lick across his face, breaking his line of thought, “Ah... okay, I’ll do that,” he says, taking a deep breath, closing his eyes as he slowly removes his clothes, pulling them up against his body as his, his glowing eight inch long length twitching, barely covered by his shirt’s sleeve, “Where do I put this?” he asks.

“Let his one handle that,” says X-toy, grabbing the clothes, walking over to the bed, placing the box on the bed, taking a few steps back with a pleasant bleat, the doe’s tail wagging in delight, “Enjoy, this one will be here to help monitor everything.”

“Monitor?”

“Yup, this one is part of R&D and with a new up and coming design and use, it’ll be here to make sure everything goes the way it should.”

“Ahh, is this suit going to be safe?” he asks, climbing onto the bed, feeling the warmth of the other toy as it moves behind him, giving him a tender loving hug, its hands running across his chest fur, “Ahhfffaaa,” he mews softly, cock twitching as he tightly grips the box.

K-6379 softly mews, "This one loves how you moan, it's so cute," it whispers into his ear, while the feline's tail gives the toy's toy a playful lick, making it mew an even higher pitched voice.

X-toy giggles, "Very safe. Don't worry about that, go ahead, open the box, let this one know what you think of it?"

His blue eyes glimmer at what is before him, a sleek black rubber catsuit, and by catsuit he really means a Burmese feline like himself. The cute triangular ears and white rubber face and hair of the toy hood, but that sleek black rubber form with fading to orange paws and hands. It sends his heart a flutter and his cock twitching, pre-cum appearing on his cock tip. He bites his lower lip when he feels the toy's fingers run through his fur, "It looks lovely," he says with a soft huff, pulling the suit out of the box, noticing the thick orange tail that fades to black.

"You'll look so cute in it," says K-6379 licking across the feline's ear, letting its twitching dick touch at the small of his back, tasting the sleek latex across the tail's tongue.

"Oh..." he shudders, his tail taking full opportunity to lick across the toy's backside, making it shudder and moan.

"What a sneaky lovely tail you have there, it should return the favor," it says, turning its attention to it, gently petting, and caressing along the entire tail's length, pulling it up face to tail face, licking its lips, "Oh, what a lovely face you have there, it just must kiss it," it says, giving it a wet French kiss.

Chris' fur stands on end in utter pleasure, imagining the toy giving him such a kiss on the lips, yet his attention can't be fully pulled away from the suit, noticing an orange barbed feline orange cock cover, and a mouth opening for his tail maw, "It's designed to include my tail maw?" he asks, looking toward the doe, who has put his clothes off to the side and is now using a clipboard to take notes.

It nods, "Exactly, a big point of picking you is dealing with customers with unique traits and caring them over to our suits to give a fuller experience. Please, let us know how it feels."

He shudders, feeling the toy continue to passionately kiss his tail, which is all too happy to reciprocate the favor, "I-I will... mind helping me slip this on Kay... what was your name again?"

The fennec fox toy breaks the kiss, gently caressing the tail, "Toy's designation is K-6379 and it will be more than happy to help you suit up," it says, giving the tail one more tender kiss, before sliding off the bed with a long drawn out squeak, kneeling before the cat, holding out its hands, "Hand the suit over to this one and it will help it slid into you like a glove."

His facial fur expands, the warmth in his cheeks emanating out as he softly mews, "G-got it," he responds enjoying the wonderful view before him, his dick aching harder, drawing his attention further away from his own anxieties, and toward the fun he's about to have.

The suit creaks and squeaks as it's handed over, flipping about till the toy holds open the suit, revealing the sleek shiny bright orange insides. "Please sir, step right in," it says with a sly cute smile.

He takes a deep breath, gripping the bed sheets with a loud squeak. His paw pads touch the inside of the suit, with anticipation, withdrawing just a hair when he feels the cool latex against them. His cock twitches, aching harder as he slips in, steadily filling out the lower half, watching his new latex covered body come to life.

The black and hot pink toy before him gently guides his feet in, letting the slip into the leggings. With firm grip, it pulls the suit over him, helping smooth out the wrinkles in the lower half, making it as smooth and glass-like as the toy before him.

“I never felt latex go on so smoothly, is it treated?” he asks with a soft huff.

“In a way,” remarks X-toy, jotting down something on the clipboard.

K-6379 runs its fingers along Chris’ thigh, making sure its nice and smooth, the toy’s head now inches away from the feline’s aching member, its hot breath felt blowing up from the bed and along the underside of the member. It looks up at him, staring him in the eyes, sensing his trepidation of the moment, pulling its head closer to the aching length, looking like its about to give it a firm suck, “Stand up please,” it says.

The toy’s face is so close to his member that its voice makes his cock vibrate, “O-okay,” he says with a moan, standing up, feeling himself sink deeper into the suit while the toy pulls the suit up, the cool latex running along his inner thighs, pressing up against his crotch.

“Please, hold this while it puts your lovely tail into its sleeve.”

“Sure, sure,” he says, feeling the toy’s length press through the latex suit and ‘touch’ his own member. Unsure if it was happenstance or intentional, he holds onto the front half of the suit, amazed at just how light it is, while the toy runs its hands along his back side, causing him to shudder and moan, tail flicking in delight, “Ahhh.”

“This one hopes it is getting you worked up,” it says with a giggle mew, taking the cat’s tail, guiding it into the tail sleeve.

“Shouldn’t you mean, you hope you don’t get me worked up?” he asks with a huff, feeling his tail lick across the inside of the tail sleeve, tasting the curious flavored latex that is rather more delightful than what he’s expecting. The tail is guided to the other end where the toy slips its fingers into the tail maw, helping guide its tongue through the opening, feeling a little grateful that the latex of latex is soft to his tail and his palette. The suit has a curious latex tongue case that slips perfectly around his tail maw’s affectionate mouth tentacle.

“Now, open and close your mouth a few times, it wants to make sure it fits right.”

The tail responds with a few open close mouth movements, the latex slipped in to fully in case the tail maw, giving it a cute little mouth. Chriss looks behind him to notice a curious sky-blue pair of hearts that make the tail look like it has a pair of eyes, “Ahh, that feels great,” he says, rubbing the tail, hearing the latex squeak.

“Wait till the rest is on you, it’ll be a life changer,” it says with a little wink, slipping up behind him, pressing his length against the small of his back, the toy’s smooth chest presses up against the feline’s back, “Let this one help you get the rest on before we put the cute head piece on,” it says, licking across Chris’ ear, taking the suit off his hands, holding it open, “Just slip your arms in and we’ll be in business.”

“Y-yeah, okay,” he huffs, slipping his arms into the suit, watching him fill out those sleek latex sleeves. The suit is pulled back and that tantalizing teasing dick is pulled away, providing a *slight* relief for his ever-growing arousal. The suit is pulled up against his body, the cool latex pressing up against his fur as it is pulled and tugged down. The toy behind him uses its expert hands to smooth out any wrinkles along his form, teasing and rubbing him down.

“Ready to be sealed in?” it mews.

“More than anything.”

“Delightful,” it says, giving a teasing kiss on the nape of the cat’s neck, pulling the suit tight, closing the rubber behind him. Its finger runs across along his back side, the shifting and merging of latex making the feline shudder and mew in delight.

The suit tightens around his form, “This is wonderful,” he says, heart racing in delight, looking down to see his dick naturally slipped into the rubber cock sleeve and has filled it out perfectly, “How was this made so perfectly for me?” he asks, tensing his rump, mind swimming in growing arousal, watching the toy reach over to grab the headpiece, getting a brief flash image to grip the toy’s butt, but he pulls his hand away, though his tail is more than happy to lick across the fennec-fox’s tail with a loud squeak.

X-toy looks up from its note taking, “We got really good measurements from you when you submitted to the contest remember?”

“Yeah, but this is... more than I could have dreamed possible,” he says with a soft mew, looking at the white rubber haired toy mask, just begging to be slipped on.

“Ready?” asks K-6379, holding the hood open, the sleek orange insides visible in the light.

“As much as I will ever be.”

“Say ahhh.”

“Ahhh.”

The hood slips over his head, blinding him for just a moment, but then the taste his tail is savoring is now in his mouth. The toy’s fingers slip into his mouth, adjusting the mouthpiece till it fits perfectly, now able to see through the mask as it hugs his face, “How’s that?”

“Great,” he says with a muffled voice.

“Perfect,” it responds, running its finger across the hood’s neck, sealing it with the rest of the suit, feeling it tug down and feel even more of a tight form fitting glove.

“This is perfect.”

“We aren’t done yet,” K-6379 explains, reaching into the box, pulling out a set of matching ankle and wrist cuffs that have the phrase “Fuck Toy” written in elegant cursive, along with a matching orange and black band collar with a silver tag attached.

“W-what’s that?” he stammers.

“The entire set to give the real fuck toy suit look,” it explains, placing the first cuff on his wrist, running its finger across it, activating the seal, binding it with the rest of the suit and within moments the lettering gives off a soft delightful glow.

“Oh my,” he says with a blush.

“Just let this one finish and then the real fun can begin,” it says with another playful wink, putting on the rest of the cuffs, finishing up with the collar which happily snugs around his neck like a choker.

Chris lets out a soft mew, feeling himself just melt into the experience, his cock aching, wanting to just be taken by this toy more than anything, and as the collar is sealed around his neck their members ‘kiss’ which makes his toes curl, “Oh fuck...”

“We’ll be doing that soon, just you wait,” it says, pushing him onto the center of the bed, moving over him. The toy runs its hand across the feline’s latex chest, making it squeak loudly, “Ready?”

Chris looks up at the toy with wanting eyes, his cock twitching in the air, hips bucking up so his member can just grind against the toy’s black latex balls, “Yes, yes, I am ready.”

It giggles, “This one wasn’t talking to you,” it says, looking over to the doe toy, which gives a nod, “Finally,” it says as the bed underneath them suddenly pulls away, parting straight down that creased middle.

Chris’ feline instincts take over, eyes widening as he feels the bed underneath him give way, body now in free fall as the bed quickly rushes past him. He tries to turn himself around, arms swinging wildly in circles, but he’s unable to right himself to land on his feet thanks to the toy on top of him. He lets out a surprised yowl, looking behind him to see a glimpse of a large open area underneath. It all happens in a flash but what he does catch is the large vat of black bubbling latex underneath him. He lands in the thick substance with a ‘splash’ sinking into its depths instantly.

The warm latex sinks around him within moments, “What’s happening?!” he exclaims, the toy’s soft glowing eyes becoming more pronounced in the black latex around them, the opening overhead closing, delving them into darkness, or is that the black as night liquid rubber around him.

“Your material is going to be purified and perfected, and it's going to be wonderful,” it says with a pleasant mew, leaning in to give him a deep passionate kiss.

By instinct he tries to pull away, but the rubber is too thick, too heavy to let him move more than a few inches with each exertion and effort. The warm blanket of rubber warms him to his very core, the air provided to him now solely on the life-giving kiss of the toy before him, making him lean in as his world is left in darkness.

He dares not say another word, his arousal burning through him, “*Why am I so aroused, I should be afraid yet... yet...*” his nostrils flare, latex flowing into his nostrils, slipping into every crevice of his body. The toy says nothing yet as it caresses and rubs his body, it’s clear to him that the toy is unhindered by the latex, able to move through it as if it were water to it.

His tail maw licks the rubber, feeling it slide down his tail maw, into his body warming him up further. A haze of delight washing over him, arousal burning hotter and hotter, while there’s more than just a desire to fuck in his head... something else. While he sucks on the toy’s kiss, taking in the fresh air that he so desperately wants, feeling so dependent on this toy, so utterly helpless, there is a pressure on the back of his neck, a prick, followed by a tingle that goes

down his spine and up into his mind. A soft domineering voice speaks into the depths of his mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Good toys love to serve."

"Good toys love to obey."

"Good toys love to fuck."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

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

The words echo into his mind, clouding his thoughts further, sucking on the toy's tongue as it caresses his sides, his member twitching in the warm embracing rubber, adding coals to his lustful fire.

K-6379 moves into position, pressing its cock tip against the toy-to-be's wanting aching rear, *"You're such a lucky toy-to-be, getting to enjoy all of this, and its lucky it gets to be the one to help you reach your true potential of your material,"* it thinks, sliding into Chris' rear, pushing some of that warm latex into his body, while its dick presses up against his prostate hot button.

He shudders, arching his back, clenching hard on the toy's length, loving how it penetrates into him. His dick jumps in delight, the pre-cum that oozes out of it lost in the rubber across him. He moves and shifts slightly with each thrust, feeling the suit around him grow tighter, and tighter, his body giving a sense it's simply melting away into the warmth.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he thinks, grunting with each thrust, the kiss broken for few moments. He opens his mouth, the rubber flooding down into his body, making his body burn with ever growing aching need, the heat within him growing ever hotter, *"I feel like I am melting away... am I? Could I just be becoming nothing but a vat of latex?"* he wonders, but his attention is quickly turned down to the feeling of a mouth around his aching length.

K-6379's tongue snaking around the feline's length, caressing each barb before taking the entire length into its hungry maw and down its throat. The toy gently fondling the feline's balls, taking the member down to the toy-to-be's sheath.

The pleasure continues to build, he tries to buck his hips, but he only manages only a few bits of movement, his body craving that sweet life-giving kiss, and before it starts to become unbearable the suckle around his length ends, while the dick in him remains, a testament to the flexibility of the toy before him. The slow licking tongue toys with him further, ready to just sink into this ever-growing bliss.

With each passing moment, the image of the toy grew in his mind, and he wanted to just let it know... He tenses, the tongue moving past his belly, slithering its way up further, he wanted that kiss more than anything, as he was never kissed like that before... Up between his chest, between his nipples. Each time he saw that image of the toy in his mind, he just wanted it all the more, to whisper just how lovely it was.

He's unsure where all this is coming from, but then the tongue moved along his throat, caressing his lips, the bliss and happiness filling him could make him cry, but then it kissed him. That wonderful blissful kiss, the hard thrust into his rear, lungs flooding with the air he needs, but with less want and desire than the kiss that brought it.

He bucks up against the toy, his dick pressing up against the toy's wonderful form, milking that throbbing pleasure pillar for all its worth. The drive to fuck and sink deeper into the abyss of absolute pleasure, "*Everything feels so wonderful,*" he thinks, leaning into the kiss with what movement he can manage. Trapped in the thick goo, unable to see a thing as his mind is forced to focus on the warm delightful feeling, the tight embrace, the firm thrust of the toy's dick deep into his rear, pumping him full of the rubber that is invading his body, enthralling him further.

It thrusts harder into him, squishing Chris' aching length between their bodies, making it rub back and forth against their forms, pre-cum constantly leaking out, mixing with the rubber, which seems to latch onto the person before it, knowing that he's the target of their attention, leaving the toy free to just provide the pleasuring survive, the lustful kiss of life.

The feline suckles on the tongue, leaning in harder, finding what little movement he can manage to just remind him of just how *helpless* he is at this moment, the toy never relenting as it humps into his rear, the warmth of the toy's length and the rubber that it pumps in with each thrust floods his body with ever burning heat, helping him lose himself with the melting abyss.

He clenches down on that toy's rod, welcoming it into his body again and again, the balls smacking against his ass, pushing the rubber bath they are in, which only serves to ratchet up the heat swelling within him. His grasp of reality slipping away with ever growing pace. The heat within his core becomes an inferno of lust and ecstasy.

When the toy does climax into him, it's only known through the aching moan he feels as they kiss, their tongues intertwining with one another. Each lungful breath he receives from the toy just adds oxygen to the burning haze within his mind, smoking over his thoughts, the collar's whisper, constant, loving, domineering his consciousness as he melts away into the depths of the vastness of the black ichor.

His tail licks and sucks up more of the hot liquid, seemingly unable to stop itself as it just flows into his body in a state of utter blissful helplessness. All his worries, all his cares, stress of existence melting away, letting the collar's whispers "*A toy is a good toy,*" take him away, far away from what has weighed him down. Held in place, so completely weightless to the pressures of the world, taken into a new reality.

How long has he been in here now? Does it matter? Was the toy still taking him? Or was it still kissing him? So much rubber flowing into him, the tender touches of K-6379 keeps him on the edge, ready to find release yet it doesn't come, at least he doesn't recall that he has. One blissful moment is merging into the next, yet something is happening that he is becoming *very* aware of.

He can move, a bit easier than the previous moment? Second? Minute? Hour? Then he feels a hand run across the back of his head, but it's not his toy lover. Those are gently running along his backside, down to his rump, giving a firm gentle kneading squeeze.

Pulled up, breaking the surface of the latex pool, which clings and sticks tightly to his body but eventually it breaks free, revealing the shining latex pool around him, disturbed by his presence while the toy before him breaks the kiss once more, letting his lungs fill with the cool air. His eyes meet the toy, cock twitching, gasping when it finally pulls out of him.

“This one thinks he’s been in there long enough, don’t you think Maker?” asks X-toy, helping Chris and K-6379 to the edge of the rubber pool.

A black and cyan sergal toy with matching cuffs, with cyan cursive lettering that reads “Fuck Toy” towers behind the doe toy. The toy hikes its rear, its silver tag jingles, reading K-2003. “This one has confidence in your ability X-2953, it can’t wait to see how this new method of toy making will work out,” it says with a little rump wiggle, breasts squeezed together, its eyes giving off a soft glow, ready to see what is to come...