

## Rena-Toy Prototype

Yeyinde, the anthropomorphic shark, weakly struggles in his tight rubber bondage. The tight rubber wrapped around his body only one of many layers that hold him in place. Taught chains tie him down to the platform he is kneeling upon. One set is tied to the front and back of his posture collar keeping his head still, his arms are pulled back in behind him in a long V, hands in rubber mittens making them absolutely useless. Wrapped in a thick rubber catsuit, his form is curved through a corset tightened around his waist. A soft cushion under his tightly wrapped legs keeps him comfortable, blinded by the thick rubber mask over his eyes, mouth drooling from the ball gag shoved into his mouth, tied tightly in place keeping him from saying anything more than needy moans.

His tail is bound underneath his arms strapped to the platform, his aching lust between his legs causes a soft noticeable bulge between his legs, his nostrils flare, the scent of rubber and leather is heavy in the air. He pants in utter delight, unable to do anything but take what has been dealt to him. Yeyinde's ears twitch, swearing he can still feel that tongue running across them, the lips grabbing them, as his ear is given a slow tantalizing suckle. The memory of those soft claws running across his latex clad skin, causes him to shiver and moan out again, the chains rattling slightly, wrists nicely held together by a set of D rings on the cuffs.

Squeaks echo around him, the sound of an automatic glass door opening, a pair of toys greeting those approaching, "Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U Supermega store. The only megastore in the world! If you need any help, don't hesitate to talk to this one or any toy in the store. We are more than pleased to serve and service you."

Yeyinde moans softly, wiggling, feeling a set of eyes upon him that he will never see, ghosts of countless customers looking at his helpless bondage, the thought of which drives him wilder with lust and excitement. He takes a deep breath to try to tame his excitement but the aroma around him is intoxicating and nearly impossible to ignore.

Yeyinde bites onto the ball gag, drool dripping from his chin, cock twitching under a layer of latex, his mind swims in the drunk lustful stupor of being bound for so long. The toy's around him greet another set of customers, another set of eyes upon him, looking at his shiny helpless bound body of black and cyan, the mark of the toy that placed him in this predicament.

His mind drifts to the series of events that led him here. First it was the email he got from the company, offering a special exclusive BDSM session at the Toys-4-U super Megastore. It was a drive, but the offer was just too tempting to say no to. Then he discovers that all the people that came, six or so in all, were being put into bondage but toys, and he got one toy in particular. The slender sleek black sergal, cyan coloring, tall, graceful, powerful, thinking about the touch now makes him squirm, that silver tag on its neck that says "K-2003" on the front.

He lost track of them hours ago, he was moved here, bound, helpless, not even knowing where here is till he pieced together all the clues, leading him to believe he is in the front of the store. His toes wiggle in the tight rubber sleeve, squeaking, deep breaths cause the rubber around him to press bag against him, squeaking louder, his tongue runs against the ball gag

tasting the sweet rubber, still faintly recalling the taste of K-2003's lustful juices it coated the ball with the help of its clitoral hood before putting it into his mouth.

For hours he sits there, strap bound, chain bound, corset set, unable to do anything except wiggle, machine, and throb in need. Every so often he feels a hand rub against his bulge, causing him to squeak and moan, his legs slightly open, unable to be closed, exposing this aching bulge to the world, not knowing why so many want to give it a gently rub and touch, unaware of the sign in front of him that encourages customers to do so.

Eventually the store grows quiet, save for the sounds of rubber toys moving about the store. The final closing announcement was made some time ago, yet he remains there, hungry. Hungry for the bondage. Hungry for the sex. Hungry for the chastity placed upon him. Hungry for... food.

Suddenly he feels a soft ginger touch along his back side, the claw tips trace along the rubber, moving toward his front, down his chest, down the corset bound belly, to the throbbing bulge. The other hand wraps around his body, long tender squeaks echo out, the sensation of a pair of smooth breasts pressing against the small of his back and posture collar. Yeyinde's ear twitches when he feels a soft forked tongue run across his ear, before tenderly being suckled, a voice whispering into his ear, one he clearly recognizes.

"This one is very proud of you. You did the best out of everyone, and for that you win our special prize," K-2003 explains giving another slow tender lick, its semi-translucent cyan saliva having an aphrodisiac effect on the poor shark who knows nothing of the effects, only that he grows ever more aroused anytime the toy puts his ears into its mouth.

Yeyinde lets out a soft moan, the sound of his nostrils flaring, swallowing the built up saliva in his mouth, as he focuses on every single touch against his helpless form, "This one takes it that you are excited about your prize. It comes in two parts, the first is a unique one for sure, but this one likes to keep it all as a surprise," it says, the toy's fingers grind against Yeyinde's bulge, his cock twitches at the teasing touch, making him moan and breathe deeply, toes curling, tugging against the chains as the toy unchains him from the platform.

Drool runs down the shark's chin, he nods to K-2003's question, suddenly being lifted up with unusual ease, his rubber banded legs keep him from stretching them out. K-2003 holds Yeyinde within its arms, gently rubbing his crotch with one of his hands, keeping up his sexual torture, taking him into the back of the store, down the toy testing rooms, to the very last door on the left.

Yeyinde sees nothing, simply feeling the warm rubber toy against him, arms caressing him, each step causing a soft squeak against his body and the toys. The toy's expert fingers simply massage his bulge quivering, the only sense he gets of any major change of scenery is the soft echo caused by their rubbing bodies as they go down the hall.

The sound of button presses, and beeps of a security padlock granting access makes his curiosity grow as to just where he is being taken, then the smell of sweet and succulent meats reaches his nose. Yeyinde's stomach growls, his mouth waters, biting harder on the ball gag,

feeling himself placed onto a soft cushion, his back resting against the open back chair. His bound body softly squeaks, nostrils wheezing as he breathes in heavily.

“There we go, got you all situated for an exclusive dinner with this one, isn’t that wonderful?” K-2003 says, slipping the blindfold from his head. The blinding light causes him to squint but quickly he regains his senses, while the sleek black and cyan sergal toy removes the ball gag from his mouth of a matching color to its cyan highlights.

Yeyinde’s stomach growls, mouth salivating, seeing the juicy steak meal laid out before him on a simple kitchen table, the room around him seemingly small kitchen, dining room combination. K-2003 places the blindfold and gag beside his plate beside the fork and knife.

His eyes locked to the elegantly prepared meal, the fully loaded baked potato, a glass of a unique cyan looking win, everything set up to seemingly perfection, licking his lips, he doesn’t notice K-2003 sitting across from him with a similar meal in front of him, “This one hopes you like. It hasn’t prepared a meal for someone in a while, and it wanted to do something different than playing a simple poker game.”

The toy’s words knock Yeyinde out of his hungry stupor, “What? Did you say you made this?” he asks looking at the toy with astonishment, his mind concocting to the sight of a naked sergal toy cooking this meal.

“Yes, this one really hopes you like,” it says, wiggling its rump with excitement, a loud squeak echoing in the room. The toy grabs its knife and fork, beginning to cut its steak. Yeyinde struggles and squirms helplessly, his mouthwatering more as he watches the tender meat be sliced into, red juiced of the steak flowing out.

Yeyinde licks his sharp shark teeth, his stomach growls, eyes locked onto it, his body struggling helplessly against his tight rubber bondage, “Uh... ummmm,” he says, watching K-2003 take a piece of meat up to its mouth, the toy’s cyan tongue reaching out to coil around it, before stopping, K-2003 eyes turn to him, the toy pulls it back, smiling, “Did you really think this one was going to eat all this in front of you?”

He swallows a lump in his throat, slowly nodding, “M-maybe.”

K-2003 continues to smile putting the food down, sliding its chair over beside him, “This one isn’t cruel, but it did want to see your reaction at the thought,” it says giving Yeyinde’s face a soft lick, the toy’s salvia seeping into his skin, unknowing to him arousing him further. “You won a meal with this one, and so much more,” it says, cutting his steak into manageable bite size pieces.

“M-more?” Yeyinde asks, swallowing the built up salvia in his mouth, his stomach growls despite being compressed by his cyan rubber corset.

K-2003 grabs a piece of steak between its rubbery fingers, bringing it up to Yeyinde’s mouth, “Yes, you see this one is planning to expand the types of species that our company is going to offer to our customers,” it says bringing the meat closer, Yeyinde’s tongue slinks out wanting to taste it, “And this one thinks you are the right material that we need to make this possible,” K-2003 says squeezing the meat, the juices splash onto his tongue, the sweet tenderized flavor, drives him as wild as his throbbing cock between his legs.

“Y-you think so?” he asks, his eyes locked on the food hanging just over his tongue.

“This one does,” it replies, slipping the steak into Yeyinde’s mouth, allowing him to savor the soft tender meat that has just the right amount of flavor to it. K-2003 pulls its fingers from his mouth, allowing him to chew the tender meat, allowing it to seemingly melt in his mouth.

Yeyinde takes a moment to enjoy the food, but when he sees the sergal has another piece waiting for him, he swallows it, taking in the next piece, “It will take an extended commitment on your end, but this one has been watching you for some time, figuring you out, and it believes that you have the right material to achieve this one’s goals. Don’t you want to help this one?” K-2003 asks sweetly, giving him another piece.

Yeyinde listens to the toy, his mind curious what he means but he’s torn between his two instincts of food and fucking. He squeezes the inflated butt plug lodged deep in his rear, adding further distraction to what K-2003 is saying, “S-sure. I-i’d love to help you toy,” he moans softly.

K-2003 gently runs its free hand along Yeyinde’s chin, “This one thought you would, it would take a long commitment from you. Wearing rubber for weeks at a time if not longer,” K-2003 explains grabbing the glass of wine, offering it to him to drink.

“I certainly wouldn’t mind that,” he replies, K-2003 bringing the glass to his lips, tipping it allowing the surprisingly sweet and non-alcohol but refreshing beverage. The sweet liquid flows down his throat, quenching his thirst, but making him subtly hungrier for a good long fuck.

“This one thought so, now tell this one, what do you think about renamons?” K-2003 asks putting the glass down, grabbing the loaded potato with its fingers, squeezing it slightly as the cheese and bacon bits dribble off to the side, along with other kinds of toppings.

“I love them. They look so sexy, so perfect. I started that petition to get renamon suits and toys out soon. The vixen is nice but the renamon is superior,” he replies with a soft pant, K-2003 bringing the potato up to his lips.

“This one also thought as much. Tell this one, what kind of colors do you like in your renamon. There is the obvious traditional color but this one thinks you’d like something else for your renamon self,” K-2003 asks.

Yeyinde half listens to the words, his body so enthralled with the idea of renamons, addled by lust and focused on hunger he gives a simple reply, “Nice black renamon, with white and green markings, green like my eyes.”

K-2003 nods, wiggling its rump in the chair with a loud squeak, the toy pushing the potato into his mouth, the shark biting into it, the cheese, sour creme and like running down the sides of his cheek and chin, “What a lovely look, this one thinks it will be simply perfect for you,” K-2003 says, pulling the half eaten potato away, leaning in to lick across Yeyinde’s muzzle, cleaning his face of the spillage, “Hmm, this does taste good, toy does know how to cook if it does say so itself,” it says, Yeyinde moaning out in delight, feeling the slick rubbery tongue against his cheek, “It’ll get everything ready, you simply stew in your own delight till

then okay?" K-2003 asks with an excited rump wiggle. Yeyinde nods, still chewing his food, as the next full day of bondage and put on a pedestal once more.

By the end of that day Yeyinde's body is screaming and aching for more pleasure, to be allowed to cum, his cock ached nearly the entire time with the on and off touches from the passing customers, but none of which were as tender and as devilishly teasing as K-2003's rubber claws.

Eventually he is released from his bondage, his limbs sore from behind held in place for so long, the cool air of the room moving across his body, his cock throbbing between his legs, remembering his promise to K-2003 not to touch himself till it got back with his suit.

He feels up the soft black rubber bed sheets with cyan rubber pillows, the canopy bed providing an odd elegant look in this part of the room. Yeyinde looks around and he sees the kitchen and dining room combination that he was in yesterday, another door nearby leading to an office of some sort? Another set of doors on opposite ends of the room, one leads to the store the other not sure which but the cameras and filming equipment off to the side fills him with an aroused concern.

Suddenly the door leading to the store floor beeps and clicks open, K-2003 walks into the room holding a white cardboard box in its rubbery hands. The toy's black rubber body gives a soft vague reflection of the box, showing off how well polished the toy is, "Sorry this one is a little late, it had to go over a few things with some other toys before we got started."

Yeyinde looks over K-2003, it sensually walking over to him, his cock twitches, pre-cum dribbles from the tip, heart racing, K-2003 placing the box beside him, "It's quite alright K-2003, this is worth the wait," he replies looking over to the box then back to K-2003's bouncing breasts, which jiggle, the toy wiggling its rump in excitement.

"This one is so glad you are so patient, and you did not touch yourself it sees, wonderful, this one knew you were made of the right stuff," K-2003 says reaching out to gently run its rubbery claw along Yeyinde's cock. The shark moans, his toes curl, hips bucking against the toy, which pulls the hand back just enough to keep him from grinding himself against the toy's hand.

"T-thank you," he replies with a soft pant.

K-2003 moves to sit across from him, it's claws tapping along the cover of the box, "This one thinks you are going to love it, we worked hard on it, well X-toy did most of the work, this one just provided the input based on what you gave this one."

Yeyinde nods, looking over K-2003's naked form, the softly glowing eyes, the lettering that glows with the elegant cursive writing "Fuck Toy", his attention quickly drawing back to the box, his cock twitches, heart races, replying, "Can I see?"

K-2003 grins wide, "You can do more than just simply see, you are going to be wearing this for a long time," it responds, lifting the cover of the box to reveal the solid black rubber, with a few white markings.

Yeyinde's cock twitches, hands reaching over to feel the nicely folded smooth rubber of the suit. His heart races, his breathing gets heavy, pulling out the suit, caressing the cool smooth

rubber in his hands. Each squeak causes his cock to twitch with need and delight, looking over the suit he quickly notices the pair of breasts in the front. He curls his toes, swallows a lump in his throat as he feels an aching pit in his stomach. He turns his attention to K-2003, his cock twitches, "Am I going to be a... female renamon?"

K-2003 nods repeatedly, rump hiking up into the air, the bed squeaks and wiggles at the toy's sudden movements, "Yes! Isn't that wonderful! A female renamon base is needed as they are the more popular in demand model at the moment compared to the male models."

Yeyinde feels over the latex, the suit drapes over his cock, making it twitch, the soft run of the cool material makes his toes curl as another moan escapes his lips, K-2003 asking as it leans closer, "Is that alright?"

"T-that's great," Yeyinde replies with a smile.

"Wonderful!" K-2003 wiggles its rump, "Renamons are interesting when they come to being toy designs. Outside of their popularity, it allows us to create our first tri colored toys! And on top of that we got some specialized equipment for you to wear once you are settled in, doesn't that sound lovely?"

"Very lovely," he replies, turning the suit back around so he can look in the back. White glistening latex shines before him, the smooth inside feels slicker, almost wet in sensation against his thumbs.

"Shall this one help you get it on?" it asks leaning in closer, K-2003's clit hood has long broken its seal, filling the room with its arousing aroma, which got Yeyinde more hot and bothered with every breath he takes, "You know how much this one loves to put stuff on you. Like this one's own kinky shark dress up doll."

Yeyinde gulps opening the suit up a bit more, looking at the wonderful white rubber, his member twitching again, tensing up, replying, "I-I would like some help please if you don't mind."

K-2003 slips off the bed with a loud long squeak, "This one thought so. Though now that this one thinks of it, you aren't going to be a little dress up doll but a lovely toy," it says, kneeling before you the toy, adjusting the suit so the back is open, showing off the entrance way for his legs.

"Toy?" Yeyinde curiously asks, lifting his legs up, sliding them into the smooth rubber that gently wraps around his feet. It feels cool like dipping his feet into a cool still water. The suit softly squeaks, K-2003 pulling the suit up, Yeyinde's legs parting as they go into their respective legs, slowly filling out the suit.

K-2003 tugs the suit up, the outline of the shark's feet showing through the rubber, sliding down to the rubber renamon feet, "Of course, what do you think you are going to be once you put this on?" K-2003 inquires tugging the rubber up more, pulling at the legs, causing Yeyinde's feet to pop in, toes slipping into the three toed renamon feet.

Yeyinde shivers, the smooth rubber against his sharkskin feels like he is sinking into the ocean after staying on a hot sandy beach for hours on end. It's cool, refreshing, all around him, "I supposed you are right."

“That’s a good toy, this one thought you’d get into it rather quickly,” K-2003 replies, smoothing out the black rubber legs, the toy’s cyan claws outlined by the renamon legs. K-2003 gently slips its fingers in between the renamon toes, tugging and pushing the rubber in place.

“T-thanks... I’m glad I don’t have fins between my toes,” Yeyinde shivers his cock twitches as he feels the rubber smoothed over from his feet to halfway up his thighs, the suit resting on his lap and underneath him, feeling the long rubber renamon tail sits underneath his own.

“If you did, we’d have to plan for that,” K-2003 explains grabbing the suit by the hips, “stand please so this one can tug this up, then sit back down.”

“Okay,” he replies, K-2003 giving a firm tug on the rubber suit, the latex slides a bit against his legs and thighs. The cool rubber presses up against his male slit, the cool rubber pressing against his hot and aching cock, making him shiver.

K-2003 pulls the rubber suit along his butt, pulling it nice and taught, “Sit now,” K-2003 asks, it’s breasts pressing against his lower belly, the toy’s shoulder leaning against him, pushing him back, encouraging him to do as the toy says.

“Yes, as you wish toy,” he replies, moaning, feeling the smooth latex against his butt, his cock peeking over the folded rubber, which is pressed against his length, making it twitch in need.

“Please, call this one Toy Mistress, it sounds fitting for what this one has been doing to you over the past few days, doesn’t it?” K-2003 encourages, getting back onto the bed, the toy’s hands running across Yeyinde’s tail petting it, while opening the renamon solid black tail, making sure the tail tip covers his shark tail.

Yeyinde’s hand run across the front of the renamon suit, he looks to his legs seeing the white ying-yang markings on his thighs, wiggling his toes to see the white claw tips at the very end feeling the rubber against his skin makes his cock twitch more in desire. He looks over his shoulder, seeing K-2003 wrap his tail in the renamon tail, its claws pressing down along the top of the tail, allowing it to seal itself and perfectly contain his shark tail within the encasing rubber. He shivers, the rubber tail partially inflating and squeezing his tail, as a double walled rubber suit design incases his tail hiding his shark features nearly perfectly with only a few faint bulges here and there.

“There we go, the tail is in, now we can get that hard cock of yours to place nice and put it where it should go,” K-2003 explains, Yeyinde freezes up, feeling K-2003 climb up behind him, the toy’s breasts pressing against his back. K-2003’s arms slide across his sides, under his arms, its head resting on his shoulder.

“Where is he going?” Yeyinde asks, watching K-2003 look up at him, give a sly smile, it’s claws trailing down his belly, gently touching caressing his cock, his hips bucking forward but K-2003’s other hand keeps him still. He feels a warm wet lick above the base of his suited tail, K-2003’s clit hood teasing his lower back, distracting him just a moment to allow K-2003 to slip his throbbing length into a cock sleeve built into the suit to keep his member still and isolated.

“There,” K-2003 replies once it finishes. The tight rubber around his cock feels akin to a condom, but has a strange cooling sensation that keeps him somewhere between cooling off to relax, and on the verge of climax, a contradiction of feelings that grows when K-2003 grabs the front of the suit and tugs it up, holding the suit open for him, “Now slip your arms into the holes, please.” K-2003’s words are soft and soothing, polite yet under it all there is a clear demanding command that he can’t help to follow.

Nodding, Yeyinde responds, “Yes Toy Mistress,” his arms sliding into the front of the renamon suit, the solid black rubber, reflecting his skin, and the soft glow K-2003’s eyes give. Its hands reach out to grab the suit, tugging it around his body. The cool rubber draws the heat from his skin, his aching twitching member locked within its sleeve unable to do anything but twitch in place. The back rubber “hair tufts” that go around the shoulder squeak and bob as K-2003 grabs the back of the suit and pulls it tight, forcing Yeyinde’s hands to pop into the suit’s gloves.

Like his feet the hands are totally black except for the palms and the white claw tips. K-2003 keeps the back of the suit pinned up against its rubbery breasts, holding it in place hands free while it reaches over to feel along the suit’s arms, smoothing out the wrinkles, sliding its fingers between his own, making sure everything fits in perfectly as the toy asks, “Not too tight?”

Yeyinde shivers shaking his head, “No Toy Mistress. Well my um... dick is, but I know that is supposed to be right?” asking unsure of himself.

“What do you think?” it asks with a grin, running its hands along his chest, squeezing the breasts, pressing them against his chest, a moan escapes his lips from the feeling of the smooth rubber against his chest the weight of the breast adding to his excitement, looking down unable to see his cock at all making his shiver in delight.

“I... I don’t know,” he replies.

“No toy. You don’t. And why don’t you start speaking like this one. It will go a long way if you start early,” K-2003 explains hands running down along Yeyinde’s belly, soft squeaks fill the room, the claw tips run across his crotch, Yeyinde feels only a faint tease along his body, making him all the needier.

Yeyinde gulps, nodding, “Y-yes Toy Mistress. This one understands. That it should talk like this?” he asks.

K-2003 responds with a big smile, it leans back, grabbing the rubber backing the suit, tugging the ends together, press sealing them. Yeyinde feels the rubber shift and meld together along his back, causing his spine to tingle as K-2003 makes its way up his back from the base of his tail to the nape of his neck.

K-2003’s breasts press against his upper back, leaning close, licking along his ear before giving a slow tender suckle. Yeyinde moans and shudders in delight, feeling the toy’s warm rubber around his ear, the tongue slipping into the crevice of his ear, the toy’s teeth gently biting down, making the shark melt into its rubbery claws. The toy whispers into his ear, “Yes toy. Exactly like that. This one knew you were the perfect material for this,” it gives Yeyinde’s ear



one last lick along the tip, before reaching to grab the renamon head, with white face markings and green eyes that match Yeyinde's.

"This one thinks that it should ask if you want to put this on or let this one do it, but you seem to already have the answer written all over your face, aching in your eyes. You like this one to do it, don't you toy?"

Yeyinde shivers, nodding, "Y-yes Toy Mistress. This one would like that very much," he replies, watching K-2003 prepare the hood, the smooth white rubber inside, a stark contrast to what the suit shows.

"Don't mind what this one is going to do to align your head completely, just remember not to bite this one."

"Yes, Toy Mistress," he replies, K-2003 spreading the head open, the rubber squeaking loudly between the head stretching and the rubber hands gripping the rubber walls.

Yeyinde's eyes are locked onto the opening, K-2003 spreading the head wide, sliding his head through the whole opening. Rubber runs along his ears and head, covering literally all his senses, sight, smell, sound, touch, encased by rubber while the hood is slid into place.

"Say ahhh toy," K-2003 commands.

"Ahhh--" he responds, the rubber slipping into his mouth, as the last sense, taste is now overtaken by latex. K-2003's hands run across the renamon hood, slipping his ears into the openings for his black rubber renamon shaped ears, lining up the eyes, slipping fingers into his mouth, pushing the rubber tongue into place, sliding it perfectly over his own. K-2003 tugs and smooths out the rubber with long loud squeaks, Yeyinde's hot breath first filtering within the head now flows in and out through the mouth and nose openings with such efficiency that it barely shifts the mask itself.

Yeyinde feels his heart racing, his cock twitching, the rubber now all around him, while K-2003 grinds up along his back, straddling his tail, "That feels about right," K-2003 says, rubbing its thumbs along the back of his head, fingers along his muzzle, then back into his mouth, "Yup, feels like a good fit. How does it feel to you toy?"

"F-feels fine," Yeyinde replies, his words muffled a little from the rubber.

"Wonderful, now this one will seal the pieces together, and then we can get your accessories, and as a renamon toy, you have a lot more than normal," K-2003 explains, running its finger along the rubber at his neck, the two pieces merging and becoming one, completely sealing him as tightly in the suit as he was in his rubber bondage for the past few days.

"How much more?" he asks, looking to the toy as it pulls out a series of white outlined green belt rubber gloves, that have in fancy cursive white lettering that says, "Fuck Toy". He swallows a lump in his throat, K-2003's rump sways side to side, continuing to gently line up all the pieces in an organized fashion.

"Oh, the rubber gloves. On your model they will be permanently attached, though we will debate about having detachable versions in the future. Also, we have a nice renamon bondage head piece we'll like to install once this all completes, but that is down the line. Maybe a set of handles, this one hasn't decided yet, we shall see, doesn't that sound like fun?"

“All of that sounds like fun Toy Mistress,” he replies, K-2003 grabbing the rubber renamon gloves, handing them over to him.

“This one thinks you should put these on, I’ll get your ankle and thigh cuffs as you do.”

“Yeyinde grabbing the gloves, his hands loudly squeaking, “Yes Toy Mistress,” he replies, his heart races as he looks over the green gloves that match the color of his eyes and belts on the cuffs and collar. The white and black ying yang symbol near the front adding to his renamon toy flavor, his cock twitching, throbbing wanting more, feeling a bit of pre-cum collection and slowly slide down is aching length.

“Thank you, toy, you’re so helpful in this process,” K-2003 replies, grabbing the ankle and thigh cuffs, before sliding off the bed, sitting at the toy’s feet, grabbing one to apply the ankle cuff. The cuff itself, wraps around his ankle, K-2003 runs a finger down the ends, connecting the two pieces, before running its finger again on the cuff, but this time along the bely, the rubber connects to the suit, binding with it, the D rings gently jingle in the process. Yeyinde curiously sees the glowing white lettering of “Fuck Toy” starting to glow, making his cock twitch again in delight.

“This is so fucking hot...”

K-2003 looks up with genuine concern on its face, “Are you okay toy? Are you overheating? Your health is important to this one. It doesn’t want to inadvertently hurt you.”

Yeyinde for the first time is brought out of his sexual stupor, the concern, touching yet almost out of place given all that has happened so far, “Uh... I’m fine. I meant this is very arousing. Sexy to see.”

K-2003’s ears twitch, “Oh, okay, this one understands, good to note,” K-2003 replies, moving to do the thigh cuff, while Yeyinde slips his arm through the green rubber renamon glove, which squeaks loudly as he does so. Despite his arm and the glove both being made of rubber, they slide across each other like he was slipping on a soft cotton glove, the whole process is smooth, with only a little bit of increasing force as he slips more of the glove on, slipping his three fingers into their appropriate slots.

Yeyinde takes a moment to feel the rubber glove on his right arm, the rubber flexes and smooths out as he bends his arm, runs his fingers across it, the soft squeaks feel wonderful, the sensation he receives from his fingers touching it muffled due to the multiple layers of rubber, but is none the less enjoyable.

While slipping on the other glove, K-2003 busily works to wrap around and bind the ankle and wrists cuffs to his body, making sure the cuffs don’t block the trademark renamon ying yang symbol on his thighs. Standing up, K-2003 grabs the wrist and arm cuffs, “Time to get these on before collaring you, then the real fun can begin.”

A shiver runs down Yeyinde’s spine, looking at the eager toy before him, “Real fun?”

“This one has itself and four other toys lined up for you to enjoy for a little while. It’s sure you will find them rather enjoyable. But please do let this one knows if it was a good idea, as this one is trying something different rather than the poker bondage.”

Yeyinde shivers at K-2003's words, and a moan escapes his lips when it finishes its sentence, watching K-2003 beginning the process to put on his wrist cuffs, he asks, "Curious... what is this poker bondage?"

Without looking up at him, completely focused on its cuffing duty, it nonchalantly says, "Oh this one would run poker tournaments where toys underneath the tables will be bound up and teasing the poker players, often other toys and a few customers as players. They'd be licking, suckling, but never climaxing the players or themselves as they use their heads to gently play with the also partially bound up players who sit on a nice ol butt plug while playing. It's so much fun!" K-2003 gets the last cuff on with a butt wiggle, "But this one needs to expand its options. It can't do the same thing every time, otherwise it won't grow and improve," it explains looking up with an affirmative nod.

Yeyinde pants, toes curling at it all, "Well, this one would have loved to experience such a thing. All that bondage? Held in place? So helpless? Made to serve others? What is not to love!" it squeals out with a loud squeak, while K-2003 goes to grab the collar with a green metal tag on the front.

"Hmm, this one should have though this through. Someone who loves bondage is sure to love that, yes..."

"But if you want to test out something new. Don't let this one stop you. It will give you a better opinion that way based on what you could have done, as it already thinks the first method sounds wonderful."

K-2003 rubs its chin with one hand, wrapping the collar around Yeyinde's neck with the other, finger running across the side to merge the two ends together, "This is true. You'd of loved the first method anyway, but if you find this method not enjoyable, it means not to use it on someone who is in love with bondage, but if you enjoy it while being in love with bondage, that means it's a viable option, and perhaps loved more by others," it mutters to itself, running a finger along the collar to bind it to Yeyinde's neck, "Either way toy gets valuable input for what it can do," it looks over to Yeyinde who smiles up at the toy.

"This one is happy to try it," he replies, his rump tensing as he feels his cock twitch, his hands tracing down toward his crotch feeling a barely noticeable bulge where his cock is, the entire length pressed against his body making it harder to see to the outside world. He manages to give one tender teasing stroke before K-2003 reaches down to stop him.

"Sorry toy, you aren't allowed to cum yet nor touch yourself," K-2003 explains, moving a finger down to his rubber female slit, the rubber with a thin film and pocket for a cock to slip into runs directly alongside of his length, the toy teasing his member a little bit as Yeyinde realizes his female sex is fuckable and resigned to tease his length through a frotting method.

Yeyinde shivers, moaning out in delight, doesn't notice K-2003 press the back of his collar, a soft pinprick, a tingle runs down his spine, slowly he hears a soft dominating voice, one not of K-2003 but someone else who sounds more tender, kind, yet forceful, and domineering.

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Toy obeys its owner."*

*“Toy serves its owner.”*

*“Toy obeys its Maker.”*

*“You are a fuck toy.”*

*“You are an object.”*

Yeyinde hears the words echoing into his mind, making him moan out in delight, toes curling as the voice bounces within his head.

*“There is no me.”*

*“There is no myself.”*

*“There is no I.”*

*“There is only, this one, it, itself, toy.”*

Each word spoken with force, a hypnotic in nature, speaking straight into his mind, into his very soul, Yeyinde couldn't help but mouth some of the phrases, “Only toy,” he softly says.

K-2003 wiggles its rump eagerly, “Good, good, this one is glad you are taking a liking to it so well so quickly, but then you're a pent-up toy, aren't you? Eager to become a good toy, and get that climax in service?” It asks, running a rubber claw along Yeyinde's chin, forcing him to look up at it.

“Y-yes Toy Mistress, this one is,” he replies, the idea of this kind of depth into toy play is something he could only dream about before, but now it's happening. Playing out becoming a toy? While being dominated by another toy? Pushing him further down the totem pole of control, becoming so completely objectified by an object? Pure bliss.

K-2003 gently rubs the back of Yeyinde's head, K-2003 pushing him down onto the ground, “Kneel toy,” it commands.

“Y-yes Toy Mistress,” he replies, his body squeaks, his tail lifted up against the bed as he slides off of it. He looks up at the domineering view of K-2003 the large toy towering over him, his toes curl, cock twitches, smelling that powerful aphrodisiac scent now inches from his face.

“Lick toy, this one knows you are thirsty, and this one is happy to give you a drink,” it commands bringing his head closer to its sex, the cyan clitoral hood reaching out to lick teasingly underneath Yeyinde's chin, which he barely feels through the rubber hood.

He looks own toward the sex, seeing that dripping went vent, his excitement grows, a pit builds in the bottom of his stomach as his male slit aches, cock twitches, he leans in to give a long desiring lick, the rubber cyan juices rolling into his mouth mixing with the rubber he tastes with the sweet rubber of K-2003's juices, making a unique concoction in his mouth. When he swallows his cock stiffens more, aching harder, feeling as if he hasn't climaxed in over a month.

Yeyinde leans in more, K-2003's hand presses on the back of his head, pushing his mouth to wrap around its sex, its clit hood reaching out to coil around Yeyinde's rubber clad tongue, as the clit hood help shim lick across the toy's own wet rubbery folds, forcing him to drink down more of the toy's intoxicating juices.

K-2003's hands gently caress the back of Yeyinde's head, “Good toy. Drink it down. Please this one, please your Toy Mistress. Please your Maker, as it makes you into a wonderful toy. Don't rush. We're going to be spending a lot of time together,” K-2003 says with a happy

smile, thinking, *“This one is getting so much better at this! It’s finding so many high-quality materials to help expand the company’s toy listings. There are so many possible designs and personalities the customers want that it is not sure it could ever satiate all of them, but toy will certainly work hard over the years to try.”*

Yeyinde unaware of how literal K-2003 is about becoming a toy, now helplessly but happily slurps down its sex, growing ever more aroused with each slurp. The collar feeding him more of the sweet domineering words. Over the next few hours Yeyinde gets lost in himself servicing the toy, mind so lust addled that he doesn’t realize just how long he’s there.

Then comes in the next toy, her services their rubbery cock, each slurp making them feel as if the suit is more sensitive, like a second skin to him, not bound but almost as if it was himself and not wearing a suit, the toy after that broke down his aversion to any kinds of sex, making him all delightful in equal measure. The next, broken down his sexuality, the general bisexual shark became a simply a sexual shark, all sex became a delight regardless of gender, the last simply made him more open to what is happening, allowing him to further be open to becoming a toy without him fully realizing it. The entire cock and vagina sucking process took nearly a full day to complete, and by the time K-2003 retrieved him, escorting him across the store floor toward to the one side where the toy molding chambers are, he was completely exhausted, too tired to think, badly wanting to rest.

“So, how would you rate your experience?” K-2003 asks gently tugging Yeyinde by the crotch, hand gently rubbing the subtle bulge of his cock, his faux female sex dripping with toy pre-cum that he’s been fucked and slowly filled with. K-2003 leading him into a room with dozens of pedestals, some molds are empty others are filled with toys being pumped full of rubber.

Yeyinde’s eyes are in a daze, glossed over, his arousal burning, exhaustion at max, letting K-2003 lead him up one platform with a half a mold waiting for him, “Toy thinks it was wonderful,” he moans, letting K-2003 turn him around, the toy pushing him into the half of the mold, tail slipping in perfectly, feeling a slight pressure on his tall tail.

“On a scale of one to ten, ten being the best, one the worst, how would you rate it compared to the poker bondage we spoke about earlier?” K-2003 asks sweetly, making sure it was in the mold properly before going over to a nearby computer console.

“Too tired... This one can’t think.”

“Hmm... this one will call that a seven... seven and a half tops,” it mutters, the other half of the mold moving down from above, sliding down over Yeyinde sealing him within the mold. His crotch feels tight, his member pressed down by the mold, his entire body just not fitting right, as certain parts are either pressed down or left with some space.

Yeyinde’s world is partially deafened, K-2003 now a simple blur, looking through the hard plastic, his mouth held open by the mold as he breathes through it, his aching cock teased by the constant pressure against it.

K-2003 taps a few times more on the computer console, three thick rubber tubes move down from the ceiling, each with phallic ends, with a wide base. K-2003 moves over to them,

Yeyinde seeing a lovely blur before him. K-2003 grabs the first one, black rubber slowly drips from the tip, K-2003 moves it over to Yeyinde's mouth.

Yeyinde feels the slick rubber cock slip down into his mouth, pushing into the back of his throat as slick rubber drips down into him. Yeyinde instinctively suckles the phallic device, trying to breathe, but after a few moments of struggle, as he suckles down the rubber he finds his need to breath steadily become suppressed and fade.

He hears K-2003 say something but he isn't sure what, the words are muffled, watching the black and cyan blur grab another tube, pushing it into his faux female sex sliding it into some of his male slit, his aching cock twitching as warm white rubber slowly pumps into his vent, adding to the aching pleasure he feels.

Lastly the third tube is pushed into his rear, spreading his rump, making a gurgled moan escape his lips, more rubber flowing into him, his toes body barely able to move beyond a simple squirm as the last one is locked into place, soon pumping green rubber into his body.

K-2003 mutters something else he can't hear. The toy happily moves back to the console, the air now being pumped out of the mold, pressing down parts that don't fit the mold, while stretching and pulling out other parts to make him perfectly fit the mold, making it utterly impossible for him to move. Unable to hear anything, unable to see, unable to move, nor sleep, his mind trapped in a lustful state as he hears the sweet hypnotic voice whispering into his mind, while K-2003 leaves him there to rest and mold up.

*"Toy is a good toy."*

*"Toy is an object."*

*"Toy is a thing."*

*"Toy loves to fuck."*

*"Toy is a fuck toy."*

Yeyinde mentally moans, unable to do it physically leaving him to enjoy and sink deeper and deeper into his new mental state, the day zero of his toyification process now completely, only thirty days more to go...

### **Thirty days Later**

The renamon toy eagerly suckles and squeezes the dildos shoved into its body. It is eager, aching with lust and need, yet so very controlled with it all. It knows what today is, it has worked so hard for it. It's female sex twitches when it sees a familiar black and cyan blur approach it.

*"Maker!"* the toy thinks with excitement, K-2003 moving over to the computer console tapping commands into it. The mold hisses as air rushes back into mold, the toy's body for the last week fit perfectly into it. The rubber flow stops, the toy milking and suckling every last drop, while K-2003 unlocks and pulls out each tube before going through the process to release the renamon toy from the mold.

Yeyinde, a complete toy moans out lustfully as the front of the mold pulls away, tugging at its breasts, its black and white body shines in the light, as it patiently waits in the other half of the mold, K-2003 looking over its work.

K-2003's smile sends a shiver down Yeyinde's spine, "*Maker is pleased with how this one looks,*" it thinks. K-2003 leans in close reaching up to squeeze both breasts, the toy squeezing both nipples, while it leans in to passionately kiss the renamon toy, its tongue slipping inside Yeyinde's mouth, coiling around its own.

Yeyinde moans delightfully in pure bliss, its body burning with lust, having yet to feel a climax since its molding process began. It leans into the kiss, suckling on its Maker's tongue with lustful desire. K-2003 savors the kiss for a moment before slowly pulling away, a strand of rubbery saliva trails between their lips, "Good toy. You are a delightful kisser," it replies, before moving its hands away from your breasts trailing them down the gentle female curves of the toy's side. Feeling the smooth hips, while it's tongue licks across the perk white nipples. K-2003 spends a moment to squeakily suckle them, tugging at the perk nipples with its lips, before giving a soft tender bite, watching Yeyinde shiver in ultimate delight.

K-2003 pulls away from the toy's breasts giving them one last lick from the underside all the way to the top, "Such wonderful craftsmanship," it says sliding down further the toy's body, now kneeling before it.

Yeyinde moans out in delight, "T-thank you Maker. This one is glad to be such a well-made toy, but it has you to thank."

"This one is the humble Maker. It's the quality of the material that truly makes the toy," K-2003 answers, running its angular muzzle against Yeyinde's toy sex. The former shark's cock is long gone, molded and pressed away, replaced with a sensitive, aching dripping female sex. K-2003's mouth wraps around the sex, it's tongue shoving deep into its rubbery body. Yeyinde moans out, aching for more, its female sex expertly milking its Maker's tongue, body aching to thrust, but it doesn't, not daring to go against its Maker.

K-2003 savors the taste, pulling away once its fully satisfied, "Yes, yes, this one thinks you are ready. Your reviews have been great, your molding reports are excellent. It's time we show the world our brand-new Rena-toy prototype and get your designation."

Yeyinde eyes light up, "Really Maker?" it asks in excitement.

K-2003 reaches up to the blank green tag on Yeyinde's collar, "Yes toy, it is time," it replies as K-2003 thinks of the toy's new designation, "*Y-2413.*"