

The First Rena Toy: Poker Game

The human drives down the bumpy road, seeing rows of trees on either side of him and nothing but darkness except for what his car headlights illuminate, “This better be the location. GPS don’t fail me now,” he mutters, looking down at his small GPS device that is suction cupped to the front of his window. “This can’t be a trick... it just can’t be,” he says, heart racing as he approaches the location, “Just a minute away.”

The road abruptly changes from gravel to paved road, a small lit sign says, “Welcome To the world’s Toys-4-U supermega store.” and a smaller sign underneath it, “Watch for the bump.” A second later his car rattles as he marks the transition, “At least I know I am on the right track,” he mutters, squeezing the steering wheel, thinking about that email he’s gotten. “I can’t believe I was selected for something like this. Unless it was a fake email... no, no, they responded back to me to make an appointment for the preliminaries. Relax Ross, you can do this,” he mutters, pulling into the parking lot. Night lights illuminate the large empty parking lot.

He looks at the time, “I’d be surprised there would be a lot of people here at three in the morning... but why did they want me here so late? But then the email said kinky good fun. I just hope this isn’t some kind of mistake, or really an elaborate trick,” he says, parking his car near the front entrance, stepping out of the car, the overhead light showing off his black hair, and light Persian skin.

With confidence he walks up the steps to the Toys-4-U store. The lights within are low but there’s movement, people doing work, cleaning and washing the floors. Just as he reaches the front door, a large anthropomorphic rhino unlocks the door, stepping outside, towering over the human he lets out a huff, “Do you need something?”

Ross is taken aback by the sudden stern buff rhino before him, “Ah, yes,” he says, clearing his throat, regaining his composure, “My name is Ross and I’m here for a poker tournament? I got an email; I could get you a printed out copy if need be?”

“I was informed of you. If you head down the side of the building to first set of steel metal doors, knock three times, and that’s all you need to do,” he says.

“Oh, thanks, I appreciate it,” taking a few steps away.

“One more thing. He asks, stopping in his tracks.

“Love the name.”

“Ross? Thanks, got it from my father,” he replies, heading off down to the side of the building, looking at the clean steel door, “Here goes nothing,” he remarks, knocking on the door, his knocks seeming to echo out into the store.

“This is honestly a rather weird way to go about things,” he remarks, looking around, about to wonder if he did something wrong when there is series of clicks, and metal grinding against metal the door squeaking open.

“This one should really get that oiled. It doesn’t want to give the impression of some kind of horror movie,” K-2003 says, rubbing its chin, attention quickly moving toward the human, “Oh, apologies! Hello! This one is K-2003, and you must be Ross Stiller yes?” it asks.

The sleek black rubber sergal toy with cyan highlights, its eyes softly glowing, its collar with jingling tag clearly stating K-2003 but the toy's cuffs and belt that repeat the words in glowing cursive lettering is what steals the show... outside of the naked sergal toy standing before him.

"K-2003? As in the CEO K-2003?"

"That is this one! It is so glad you heard about it."

"How could one not hear about the toy that runs a toy shop. Not to mention all the other things you've done."

"Well, this one isn't here to talk about itself. But to get you to come inside so we can have fun, yes?"

"I'm more than happy to get inside and have a little fun."

"Wonderful! Also please let this one know if anything is too awkward, it wants to improve its methodology with this system, okay?" it asks, motioning him to follow inside.

"Sure, sure. First, I'd suggest not having it three in the morning. Why is that?"

"It's one of the few times this one isn't busy. It spends all morning and afternoon running the store, the company, and other projects that it nerily has had much time for itself."

"I never thought a toy would do... work," Ross replies, moving down the hallways, toward a dark room that only has a green poker table set up in the center.

"I'm starting to feel like this is some sort of mafia set up..."

"Mafia? This one doesn't work with the mafia, they are very bad people," it says with an affirmative nod.

"I wasn't saying you were working with the mafia, only that it gave me that vibe. You know, giving you that feedback," he says, admiring the sleek rubber toy before him, not noticing that K-2003 has broken its seal from its rubbery sex, slowly filling the room with its arousing aroma.

"Ohh, thanks! This one really does appreciate it. It wants to work on extruding confidence that it should. And it will! Like so..." K-2003 says, spinning around on its foot with a loud squeak, leaning over to the human, who is caught off guard by the sudden motion. K-2003 gently running its rubbery claw tips along your chin, gently pulling his gaze into its own, "This one hopes you don't mind this?"

"N-not at all," he says with a grin, "I'd think you'd be rather fun to play with."

"Oh yes, this one thinks so too with you. We will have so much fun," it says, wiggling its rump, butt hiked in the air, sex dripping, "In order to begin, please remove your clothes and place them off to the side."

"You know, I wasn't expecting this kind of fun, but I'm not going to say no. I've been admiring Toys-4-U work for a while, and you've been a blast to watch," he says, grinning, feeling his pants growing tight. Without a worry in the world, he strips down before it.

"Oh he is eager. This one thinks he's a good pick then. This one does want the renamon toy to be eager but reserved enough to show an alluring dominance but able to bring out that slutty submissiveness that everyone is wanting from such a toy. This one picked the material well! All by itself! It's so excited... well not by itself. X-2953 did help this one, but it was

leaning toward this decision, it was just getting a second opinion. So it mostly did it by itself. Well that's good," it thinks, rump hiked, tail swaying, the toy gently rubbing its chin, breasts squeezed together by its arms forcing them to jut out.

"Ready for some fun," he says, now butt naked, his cock twitching in the air, already showing bits of pre-cum beading at the tip.

The toy snaps out of its line of thought, "Oh yes! We'll get ready for oodles of fun! So much fun, you won't know what to do with!"

"That does sound enjoyable," he says with a grin, cock twitching.

"This one hopes so. Your feedback will be very important, as it will help get things going, now follow this one, so it can sit you down. This one doubts you could have fun playing poker standing up like that."

Ross' lustful daydream of pounding the sergal's sleek wet rubbery sex suddenly cracks and vanishes before his mind's eye, "Wait what?"

"We're playing poker, remember? This one is sure it told you that in the email."

"Yeah, that was mentioned in the email, but I thought when you told me to strip we were going to do something else first. Then that."

"Huh? This one only mentioned the poker," it says, gently caressing his twitching length, using to guide him forward, "*This works on users just as well as toys. Interesting.*"

"If you wanted to play poker, why am I naked then?" he asks, moving over to the chair, trying to pull it out but discovers it's bolted to the ground.

"Strip poker, where everyone is stripped to play poker."

"Ah... that's not how strip poker goes."

"It's not?"

"No you wear clothes first and then... ah never mind, but why is the chair bolted to the ground?"

"Oh it's part of this fun version of strip poker this one thought up all by itself... well not by itself, it did toss some ideas back and forth with some other toy units. Being made out of rubber, it's very easy to bounce things off of us toys," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Okay... so you want me to sit down and then what?"

"You'll see, it has lots of surprises with this, but fear not, it will all be safe and squeaky-clean fun."

"I don't think you know what that word means."

"Fun? Toy is very sure it knows what that word means, yup!" it says with an affirmative nod, taking the human, gently placing him down into the chair.

"This is the most peculiar game of poker I have heaaaaaaaahhhhhh" he exclaims, feeling a very lubricated butt plug pops into his rear, K-2003 keeping him from getting up immediately, "What do you think you are doing?!"

"Placing you into a chair? And then letting the auto activated BDSM chair clamps wrap around your ankles to lock you in place while it grabs your wrists and places the wrists cuffs on so you can't put your hands under the table, best not to cheat now!" it says, boob hatting the

human while in this moment of confusion he has the toy gently wraps the specialized wrist bondage that allows full movement of his hands above the table but locks up the moment he gets more than an inch below it.

“Ah... what? Why is there a toy in my butt?”

“It’s a butt plug, it’s supposed to go there. If it went into your mouth, then it would be a mouth plug. Oh! Make a note of that, breathable mouth plugs... Sorry! This one got distracted, what was your inquiry again?”

“Why do you have a plug in the chair to play poker? It’s a bit tight,” he grunts.

“Really? Are you able to stand it? Are you hurt?” it asks, reaching around, gently rubbing the human’s clean-shaven chest, gently feeling along his soft skin, the toy’s breasts pressing harder against the back of his head.”

He grunts, clenching on the toy, feeling his length twitch. His heart races, feeling the smooth rubber against him, that body temperature warmth that gives the feeling that he’s touch a living, breathing rubber toy, “It’s alright, just a little distracting. Is that going to be fair when we play poker?”

“Do not worry! All of us toys will be in the same spot as you. That way it’s a level playing field.”

“Ah... okay? I guess? But what do you mean us toys?”

“This one was waiting for you to ask!”

“But I couldn’t ask till now...”

“Come out toys! Time to play poker!” it exclaims calling out a few toys out from the dark, their highlighted text showing up as they moved in towards the light. The first is a generic vixen toy, the next is male sergal of black and pink in coloration, then a white and purple female feline with the last of the four being a female purple, yellow and black rubber gazelle toy that bleats with excitement.

“This one rarely gets out and play with all the work it has to do, thank you toy Mistress,” X-2953 says, sitting in a chair that would be to the right of K-2003 when the sergal toy sits across from the human.

K-2003 slowly pulls away from the human, its cyan claws gently teasing and playful scratching the human’s skin, gently running along his chin, sauntering over to the chair directly across from the human sitting down. The toy lets out a squeaky moan, reaching out to gently pet the vixen toy beside it, and then the doe toy.

The vixen responds, “Thank you Toy Mistress for inviting this one.”

“Well, you’ve had plenty of practice like this one, so it would like no other toy by its side for this.”

“Awe toy Mistress... you are making this one blush. But it hopes it can make it back in time,” it says, sitting down into the chair with a soft moan, getting itself chained up like the other toys.

“This one will do its best, but it is all up to how well Ross plays,” K-2003 says, another toy brings the deck of playing cards, and a stack of chips in front of each person. The game is

simple. Play till you have all the chips, bet however you want with your hand. Round robin with who slash what will shuffle and deal the cards.”

“Sounds easy enough, and if I win, I move onto the real poker tournament later at a chance to win the new renamon toy you are making.”

“Well first you have to win, right?” it says with a rump wiggle, squeaking loudly, leaning forward, breasts squeezed together, the toy leaning closer with a big grin.

“True enough, and I will admit, I don’t mind the view, despite the position I’m in,” he responds, clenching his butt cheeks on the plug, “So who deals first?”

“That would be the what will deal first which will be this one! But first, there is one special little gift that will go along with that will just make this the most tantalizing poker game there can be! And prove there is nothing related directly to the game going underneath the table,” the toy says with a soft moan, a squeak heard.

Ross gives the toy an inquisitive look, enjoying the view when suddenly he feels a muzzle wrap around his length. Sleek, warmth, wet, the tongue coiling around his length, causing him to want to jump out of his seat, but the constraints prevent him from doing so, and the plug slows him down even further, “H-hey! What is this... fuck... that’s good,” he says with a soft pant. The toy’s mouth, bobbing its head up and down his length, steadily building him up.

“Don’t worry, all of us toes are being teased underneath the table. It wanted to keep things fair, you know?” it asks, its clitoral hood, reaching out to gently licking across the rubber gazelle that’s under the table, the toy tongue playing with the toy, while looking at the human, who is unaware of the tongue tussle happening underneath the table.

“For some reason I think toys who are used to being fucked all the time and kept on edge have a little bit of an advantage on this,” he says with a huff.

“You think? But then we are toys. Wouldn’t you say that strong, powerful, smart human could ever be at a disadvantage to us toys?”

Ross takes just a moment to go over what was said, “Since you put it that way, I do think that is rather fair. Teasing me a little while I go against a bunch of lovely fuck toys? It’s leveling the playing field.”

“Oh good, this one was hoping you’d see it that way, shall we begin?”

“With pleasure,” he says, grunting, clenching hard again on the plug, a constant teasing reminder that it’s there, pressing against his prostate, this twitching length, tenderly nursed, balls gently massaged and played with, the toy going devilishly slow to keep him on edge, while K-2003 shows its skills as shuffling the deck, “That’s some nice shuffling.”

“Thanks, this one has had a lot of practice. Playing poker helps this one connect to joyful times,” it says, dealing out the cards.

“That’s nice... so how long will the toy under the table be at it?”

“Till we’re done of course!”

“Could you tell it to speed up? I’m so close on edge.”

“Oh, you aren’t going to climax. We are all kept on edge. We toys can’t cum, so neither can you.”

His eyes widen, grabbing his cards, “What?”

“It’s all fair right?”

He sighs, “I think I could manage.”

“This one thought so,” it says, the game starting up. Going rather slow at first, Ross having to try to not want to put too much in. The drive to end the game so he can hit release, mixing with his drive to win, trying to be cautious.

K-2003 squeezed its breasts together, looking over to the other toys, “*We have talked about this. This one wants to try to keep him from losing or winning too fast. It's no fun if its a quick game,*” it thinks, after a good two hours, the number of chips distributed is mostly going to K-2003 and Ross, leaving the other toys close to feeling defeat.

“Hey, do you have something to eat? Or at least a drink?” Ross asks with a soft pant, feeling the sweat roll down his back, the excitement yet the constant teasing getting his body going.

“Oh... this one should have thought of that! We don’t have a lot of food and drink items here, but this one can see what it can do. What would you like?”

“A beer?”

“Oh... we don’t have that, but toy will definitely think of having some kind of extra beverage in the future. For now, toy will make sure you get a water, is that alright it hopes?”

“If its cold that will be fine, thank you.”

“Sure thing!” it says, looking out in the darkness, “Please get Mr. Stiller some water, with ice! Need it nice and cold for them to enjoy,” it says with a nod, the sound of something squeaking echoes out in the darkness, a door opening then clicking close. Ross looks over his shoulder only managing to catch a pink glow.

“Why do you have this place so creepily enshrouded in darkness?”

“That’s easy, keeps one focused on the game. Nothing else to worry about,” it says with a nod.

“And the random toy that was apparently watching us that I had no idea about?”

“To make sure of no cheating, and now also to get a drink,”

“Okay...”

“But it must ask, are you enjoying yourself?”

“It's been a fun experience, yes, though I don’t think I’ll be able to sit straight for a long time after this.”

“That’s good. Not too embarrassed being naked in front of a bunch of toys?” it asks, wiggling its rump a bit in the chair, letting out a soft moan.

“Ahh... I was trying not to think about that. But after being so aroused for so long it rather hard to be embarrassed about anything when you can’t think of anything but winning this game and being so very hard. Honestly I could use a good fuck after this.”

“Would you know?”

“Do you even need to ask?”

“Well, this one had to be sure. For it wants to know what is on your mind as it proposes that perhaps we could up the wager on this? That’s the term you use to add more to the pot of who wins right?”

“It is, but what are you trying to offer?”

“Well, this one has been so enthralled by the game so far, and believe it or not, this one has been getting lewd thoughts?”

“No, really?” he asks with sarcasm.

“Yes, it's true,” it says, thinking, *“That is a renamon response. Coy, domineering in a way, yet so openly lewd and unbashful,”* it points to itself nodding, “Well toy was thinking as it does almost all the time, even when it’s not thinking about it, how weird is that?”

X-2953 says, “Toy Mistress, this one thinks you are getting off topic.”

“You are having one of your moments again,” says the rubber toy vixen.

“Oh, sorry, sorry! This one didn’t mean to do that. Anyway, this one thought that on top of getting a chance to obtain our new renamon toys, it thought perhaps you’d like to have a wager with this one where if it wins, seeing that it’s the most likely one to win after you, that it will get to do anything it wants with you, and if you win, you get to do anything you want with this one.”

X-2953 leans over with a soft squeak, “Toy Mistress. May toy suggest that in the future you suggest what they could win first, let them think on it then bring out the other half of the wager.”

“Oh?” it asks tilting its head.

“Yeah, let them think about it.”

Ross looks at them curiously, “Ah, are you planning to make this deal often?”

K-2003 snaps its attention back to him, “Well if it seems like a worthwhile adventure, yes! Toy is testing out things you know.”

“You haven’t been used by a lot of people, have you?” he asks, cringing a little.

“This one keeps itself very clean. Safety and your health is very important here at Toys-4-U. So, what do you say? You win, you get to do whatever you want with this one,” it says, leaning against the table, breasts squeezed with a loud squeak.

“Well... and you said if you win, you get to have fun with me?”

“Yup!”

The vixen toy says, “Toy Mistress, this one doesn’t see the difference between the two.”

“There’s a difference, trust this one,” it says with a nod.

“Okay... though it will have to go in an hour, but it doesn’t want to lose on purpose.”

K-2003 looks over to the chips in front of the toy, “Need not worry. This one will have a ride to take you back where you need to go and be on time.”

“Is that toy on loan or something?” asks Ross, finding the conversion to be very curious.

“Sort of. This one here has to be someplace else as part of their duties, but this one wants to be a very inclusive toy so gave them a chance to join in on the fun here, at least for a little while.”

“Okay...” he says, about to think about that when a black and pink gazelle toy places the cold glass of water, with condensation beading along the side of the glass.

“Here you go, this one apologies for taking so long,” it says with a bow, breasts bouncing in front of him.

“Not a problem,” he says with a grin, enjoying the view, before the gazelle disappears back into the darkness.

Ross takes a drink, juggling down half the glass before putting it down, “That really hit the spot. Thank you.”

“Welcome!”

“Now back to what you were saying, it does seem like a win-win to me, so sure, lets do it.”

“Let's shake on it with a butt wiggle.”

“Ah... what?”

“Like this,” K-2003 says wiggling its rump in the chair, “See it shook its butt in agreement.”

“I don't think I can handle any more butt movement right now, so let's just continue and say we did?”

“Alright, but this one won't lie about it, and it's your deal.”

Ross just gives the toy an inquisitive look, shuffling the cards, thinking, “*Why would anyone even talk about it?*” Pressing on the game continues, with Ross starting to steadily lose some of his chips but not at the rate of the other toys, the rubber vixen having to bow out after losing all its chips sometime later.

“Bye!”

“Bye Toy Mistress, good luck with your game!” the vixen says, waving off into the darkness.

“This one won't need luck, it has skill,” it says with a big grin, looking at the human.

“*Was I played by a toy? No matter either way I will win enjoying it,*” he thinks, soon the game down to a single hand, just him and the toy, the last of his chips moved into the center. A do or die, he looks down at his hand, “*A full house, three eights and two queens. It will be difficult to lose to this.*”

K-2003 looks down at its hand, back at the human, “Ready?”

“Ready,” he responds, the other toys watching, the gazelle toy from earlier having taken the rubber vixen's spot, in order to be closer to the action.

Ross shows his hand, “Look at this. It will be tough to beat this,” he says.

K-2003 looks over, holding its cards in its hands, “Oh that is a good hand, a difficult one to beat with a full house, it does agree. This one only managed a full house itself, so it was rather nervous if it managed to even to win.

“Huh?” he asks, swallowing a lump in his throat, looking at the toy reveal its cards, three tens and two aces, “I lost,” he says with a sigh, leaning back into the chair before tensing,

clenching the toy in his butt, thankful that whatever lubricant that was being used still works, keeping him from feeling too bad with being full.

“That you did, which means it’s now to take you to what it wants to do, and this one thinks you will enjoy it!” it says, the chairs unlocking from them, the toy raising its butt into the air with a loud audible pop.

The human pants, “I don’t know how much I will have in me; this game has been going on far longer than I anticipated.”

“Don’t worry, this one thinks you will find the will to muster the energy for this,” it says, sauntering over to hi, gently rubbing its smooth sleek rubber claws along the human’s chin, forcing him to look up at it, the toy’s soft glowing eyes, domineering yet sincere in wanting to have a good time with him, “Ready?”

“As ready as I will ever be,” he says, rubbing his wrists, feeling his body free, about to get up but feels the tug of the plug in his butt, so weak from the constant teasing, the toy between his legs under the table finally relenting from his aching, twitching length, earning for release, “Oh... I need a little bit of help getting up,” he says, looking under the table to see a pair of glowing green eyes from the black and green drubber vixen toy that is under the table, giving him a playful little wink.

He smiles back at it, when K-2003’s hand is offered to him, “Please, let this one help you out. It thinks it knows the best solution to make it quick and easy.”

Ross takes the toy by the hand, and in one quick motion, “Hey what are you doing?!” he asks, just as K-2003 pulls him up off the chair with a nice hard tug, his own butt letting out an audible pop, his legs twitching, feeling himself give way, into the toy’s body, who holds him up against it.

“This one is helping you out of the chair. Sometimes the best solution is like ripping off a band aid, nice and quick,” it says.

Ross pants, leaning his face into the toy’s wonderful breasts, looking up at it, resting his chin the crevice between the rubber mounds, “A little warning next time?” he asks, feeling the ache of his stretched rear, steadily his strength returning to him.

“If toy warned you, you’d have clenched down and made it all the harder,” it says with a nod.

“Isn’t that a bit of an assumption?”

“What? Toy would never make an ass out of you and it.”

“Huh?” he asks.

“You know the saying, when you assume. You make an ass out of you and me. Though it doesn’t work well with toys being objects, but you know what toy means, right?”

“I do... but it did involve my ass you know? So maybe it will be apt here.”

“But toy didn’t turn you into an ass,” it says with a nod with its counter argument, its claws gently caressing the human’s side, teasing him, yet slowly putting him back onto his feet, “Wouldn’t you say?”

“I give up. So, what did you want to do?”

“This one is going to suit you up as its up-and-coming rubber renamon toy, and treat you like a lovely toy to be,” it explains.

Ross quirks an eyebrow, his cock twitching, liking what he’s hearing but also so confused by it, “What?” he asks.

“Come, this one will show you,” it says, gently taking him by the hand, walking him out into the darkness, the lights around the room flickering, revealing the simple storage room of some kind that has been quickly converted into a poker table.

“Not a problem, I’m too tired to get away even if I somehow wanted to.”

“Excellent! Thank you for the feedback,” it says, the toy, providing some support, while gently running a hand along his bouncing length, keeping him nice and hard.

The human was about to question what he’s heard, but the hard teasing along his twitching, throbbing eager length drew his attention away as they walked down a hallway, passing doors and another interconnecting hallway. The smell of rubber is heavy in the air. Eventually they stop at one room that has a sign above it that reads, “Toy fitting room.”

“What’s this?” he asks, reading the sign, now able to walk fully on his own, but is still leaning against the toy, enjoying its warmth, the smooth latex and more importantly the toy’s teasing touch against his aching member.

“This is where this one will start its play with you, moving you from simple material and prepping you to become a wonderful toy, isn’t that great?!” it asks exclaiming excitedly, feeling joy at the prospect of what is to come.

“Oh, I see how this goes.”

“You do?”

“Yeah, lead the way toy, and make me into a toy,” he chuckles.

“Awe, this one is so happy you are already getting into the spirit and are also eager for this. It was worried about that,” it says, opening the door.

“Worried about what? Having a good fucking time with a toy?”

“Not that, in being a toy for this one,” it explains opening the door, revealing a small fitting room. Though easily five times bigger than a traditional fitting room. Along the back of the wall is a metal bar where dozens of clothes could be hung. And another metal bar behind that, giving the impression that a lot more clothes are prepared to be placed there in the future. There is a bench on one side of the room, and across from it a mirror.

“A lot of suits you have in here,” he says with a chuckle, looking around then noticing the single suit on the rack.

“It’s just starting out; it will have more in the future for sure. It has to test the waters and improve its system you know?” it responds.

“Oh yes, but of course,” he responds with some sarcasm, then noticing the rubber toy suit that is hanging there idly, ready to be worn, a sleek black and red rubber renamon outfit. Ready for him to wear. Ready for him to start his journey in becoming more of a toy than he realizes.