

The First Rena Toy: Too Soon

The doors open up, the customers rushing in. The toys on pedestal greet customers with “Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U Super Mega Store. Don’t be shy to ask this one or any other toy you see for assistance. We are here to serve and service you!”

Ross continues to clean the windows, going lewdly with his work while a small crowd gathers around him. He gives them a playful wink, enjoying the eyes upon him, his tightly bound length that barely bulges behind the female sex twitches, making the female sex quiver, “Oh my, so many wonderful users looking at this one,” he says, the words feeling so natural, not slowing down on his cleaning.

Moving through the crowd, the sleek black furred male renamon with white tipped ears and markings, “Give the lady toy some room,” he states, showing a level of dominance that catches Ross’ attention.

“He’s a handsome user. A renamon toy should serve all users but a renamon. This one should give them special attention. Maker did say this one should be cleaning and not be used by other users... the sign says so, but... it never said anything about a renamon user perhaps...” he thinks, feeling the signs that hang from his body that inform customers that the toy is currently not to be used yet.

He looks over to the other eager users, wanting to get a good luck of him, “Now, now. This one can’t be out to play just yet. If you read the sign, you’ll be given all the information you need to know about it.”

An eager fox moves in close, “Oh yeah? Let’s give this sign a read,” he then reads out loud what the sign says, “We apologies for the inconvenience but this here current toy is currently not able to directly service any customers at this time. We are currently working on improving our products by giving our newest toy model time to interact with customers on a non-sexual basis. Please come again later to see if our toy has reached the next stage of development. Thank you for your patience. CEO and Toy Management, K-2003.”

He rubs the back of his head, “Who in their right mind would take their time to read this?”

“You did,” states the renamon, shoving the fox off to the side.

“Hey!” he grumps.

The renamon smirks, but ignores the comment, looking at Ross, “Could you clarify those statements?”

“Well, this one is not to be used is what it pretty much sums up to. Not any customers at least.”

“I see. And how much longer will you be cleaning these windows?”

“This one says about another half hour. There’s a lot to be cleaning. After that it has other cleaning duties.”

“Such a shame,” he states, walking away, the crowd around her slowly thinning out till a few depraved eyes remained on him.

"This one does agree. It could show you what a great toy it is already," he thinks, continuing to clean, body shining, squeaky, cleaning the windows while its body shined. It's hard for anyone to ignore such a lovely colored renamon in the store but the shock and awe of her is pulled away leaving only two die hard customers wanting to get as much video of the toy as possible for their own personal use.

He didn't mind, the thought of being such a lovely toy fills him with delight, want and need. Being very good toy, *"Good toys obey. Good toy's serve."* the collar whispering into the back of his mind, keeping his aroused hypnotic laden thoughts in order.

He moves deeper into the store, the windows clean and spotless, it doesn't take long for him to bump into the renamon again. He moves up close to her, "Hello there toy. Finished cleaning the windows?"

"Yes, this one is," he replies, looking into his blue eyes.

"I was thinking, you could help me clean a few things."

"You need things cleaning sir?"

"Yes, in one of the toy testing rooms, if you catch my drift," he replies, motioning down to his pants which are bulging.

"But this one isn't supposed to provide that kind of assistance to customers."

"Customer? What customer? I haven't bought anything. Therefore, I am not yet a customer. What do you say?"

Ross thinks about that line of logic. It's so easy to break down and proven false, but given the opportunity to service a renamon like himself? How could he not? Why bring fault to that logic. A sultry grin appears on his face, moving in close, pressing his breasts against the renamon's soft chest, "Of course Sir. Let this one lead the way," he says, reaching down to give the bulge a little fondle.

"I thought you'd see it my way. I couldn't let those non-renamons get a hold of you first. A renamon needs one of their own to enjoy and decide how good quality you are. As the store claims, high quality toys."

He giggles, "This one couldn't have agreed more with you sir." They move deeper into the store, down the toy testing rooms heading to the very last door on the right, "If this one recalls this one is the simplest one but shall be perfect for our use," he explains, also taking note that the room is unlocked and therefore free to be used. They walk into the room, a simple bedroom with a canopy bed in the center. Dressers with sex toys and lubricants are up against the wall. Soft carpeting with a memory foam cushioning underneath, provides the 'walking on air' sensation.

Ross closes and locks the door behind them, "There, now no one can bother us, while this one gets to cleaning your pipes sir, who is not a customer," he says with a playful wink.

The renamon strips down, revealing his handsome form, clothes toss to the side, his red rocket already out, throbbing, knot aching, "Best to just get into it, don't you think?" he asks, Ross eyeing the cock. Something about it felt... strange. Sure, he sucked some toy cock, but

this is a real cock. Had he sucked a cock before? Something... strange... the torrent of urges within him, as the color whispers softly.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy serves."

"Toy serves all."

"Good toys obey."

"You want to be a good toy."

"Serve."

"Obey."

"Coming toy? I don't think my pipes are going to clean themselves," he remarks adjusting his white and black gloves, sitting on the bed, legs spread, the member twitching, aching with need, "I'm not going to take care of this myself."

"T-this one is coming," he says, walking over to him, kneeling before him, the smooth rubber fingers running across the warm twitching member. That small voice in the back of his mind, so quiet so soft it was impossible to hear, *"I'm not gay."* The collar whispers, speaks, encourages, he licks his lips, the rubber tightly squeezing his body a second skin at this point, hard to tell where he begins and the rubber ends. Melding into one.

The renamon looks down at the toy, placing a hand on Ross' head, squeezing those ears, "Come on toy, are you shy?"

Ross' gaze stiffens, "Shy? What? No," he remarks.

"Then take your prize that you so hungrily want."

"This one will, Sir," he replies, taking the renamon's length into his mouth, suckling the tip, slowly going down on it. His gag reflex kicks in but it's muted, making it relatively easy for him to go down on the member with only a little struggling. That soft whisper in his mind, the one he knows is there but can't hear grows ever quieter. Suckling, drinking down the pre-cum that flows out of the member, enjoying the salty-tangy taste of the fellow renamon.

He moans softly keeping Ross' head on his throbbing twitching length, "Not bad, not bad, I think you can do better, right toy?" he grunts pushing her head down onto his member, lips kissing the knot.

He squirms, gasping for air, yet able to hold his breath longer than he is expecting. The taste of the renamon filling his mouth more with the enjoyable flavor of the renamon. It's everything he wondered on those rare occasions when he thought of the male renamon, but it all faded into a hungry slurp and squeeze of the rena's length. Ross' fingers dance across the soft black fuzzy balls, giving them a gentle squeeze, knowing what is *he* would like... wait something about that doesn't sit right.

Twitch, throb, suckling down the length, going faster on the aching member, Ross' thoughts are pulled back to the reality before him. He takes in the cock, hungrily wanting it, pleasuring it, feeling the warm pulsating length, letting it sink in, the warm pulsating length, a desire filling him, a wanting to take this cock in more than one way. Conflicting, aching disease within his head, but as the renamon is brought to the edge, pushed over, letting the warm sticky

essence of the male flood into his mouth. With each slurp and drink, that little nagging voice fades a bit more, and the desire to take hold, command grows. He pulls his mouth from the cock, licking up the last bit of essence that wasn't already gobbled down by him, "What a tasty renamon you are," he winks.

"And what a wonderful pair of lips you have. And they say you are not ready for service, but I think you are," he remarks with a soft pant.

"Thank you, sir, and this one thinks it is too, to push this a bit further," he says, standing up, pushing the renamon onto the bed.

"A frisky girl, I like that." He groans, his cock softening reversing its course, reaching full aching length, the toy grinding its sex against his wanting member, feeling a soft twitch and throb, but his arousal and lust blinds him to the odd sensation that's between the incomplete toy's legs.

"This one wants to take you as much as it can," he says, grinding his sex against the length, moving into position to be taken by the renamon.

The door clicks, unlocking swinging open, "Hello! This one hates to bother but have any of you seen a renamon toy? It appears to have gone missing," says K-2003 with big friendly smile on its face, head popping out of the door.

"What? What are you... do you just barge in here when I am in the middle of something?!" exclaims the renamon.

"Toy Mistress!" exclaims Ross.

"Oh there you are. Thank you for finding this one's toy. It hopes you weren't about to do anything with it. Did you not read the sign?" it asks, stepping inside, closing the door behind it.

"The toy works just fine for me, now leave," he huffs, sitting up.

Ross slinks back, getting off of the renamon, body aching for more delight, looking to him and back to his Maker, feeling a weight come over him, that urges him to stand there and wait how this plays out, "*Good toys obey Maker.*"

"*Toy's Maker is K-2003.*"

"*You are a good toy.*"

"Toy, please stand over here," K-2003 commands.

"Yes toy Mistress," he replies, moving over to it.

The sergal toy gets a good look, "Sign still there, hanging from it, did you not read it? Or was it not clear? This one thought it was clear."

"I didn't read it," the renamon remarks.

"Well toy can't help that if you can't read, but this toy here is not ready."

"How is it not ready? Took me quite easily already."

"With what?"

"Mouth."

“Well mouth is easy enough, but other parts aren’t ready, and this one doesn’t want a toy to go into use with most of its abilities not in operation, right? It’s just a terrible of a thing to be had. But its southern sex ports aren’t ready. What if something terrible happened to you?”

“Terrible?” the renamon asks, looking at K-2003 curiously, standing up.

“Oh yes, this one wouldn’t want the blood flow of your lovely bit to be cut off and then not function. This one could not just bare to see something like that happen to good customer like yourself, now could this one?”

He takes a moment to ponder that, his arousal fading fast at the thought of what could have possibly of happened, “Ah, yes, and why would you let something with that much danger out and about then?”

“It takes time to craft quality toys. Building up interactions, uses, and working on making those fine delicate uses for one’s body for the use of others, yes?” K-2003 says, reaching over, gently running a claw through the renamon’s chest, “Once the toy is ready to be of service. It will be sure to give you time with it, and notice. But till then, please respect the signs. They are for your own good.”

He clears his throat, reaching down picking up his clothes, “I’ll keep that in mind. So far so good. Nothing squeezed too hard,” he replies.

“Wonderful, this one is glad to hear. If you want, this one can send in another toy for your use, for the inconvenience.”

“Uh, no, I think I will be fine right now. Thank you. All this talk about what could have happened has shot my mood.”

“Apologies, this one didn’t mean to. For now, this one must deal with this fellow toy here about following instructions, and what it means to be a *good toy* of service.”

Ross feels a shiver run down his spine, something about those words made him feel something he wasn’t expecting, sorrow? He felt a knot form in his stomach, like he’s done something bad, yet he wanted this... he wanted to take that sexy renamon...

“Sure, sure, just give me a moment to get dressed.”

“Take your time, the room is yours till you are ready to leave. Come toy, follow this one,” K-2003 says motioning Ross to follow.

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” he replies, feeling invisible strings drawing himself to the sergal toy. Unable to pull away, his body aches for something more, wanting, hungering, its difficult to describe, yet for now like a puppet or a dog on a leash he follows K-2003 out of the room and into the one right across from it, into the toy’s private room.

“Inside.”

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” he replies, sinking inside, the door closing once inside.

K-2003 gives a stern look, “Toy-to-be, what did this on tell you?”

“To clean the store and not use customers, as it was not ready.”

“Yes, and what did you do?” it asks, crossing its arms with a loud squeak.

“This one cleaned the windows and then used a user who didn’t buy anything and therefore wasn’t a customer so it could service them and their wonderful cock...”

It breaks the seal around its sex filling the room with its arousing aroma, the affects will take a moment to fully sink in, “You stopped your cleaning duties, and this one knows you know what this meant by customers, as users are customers. You just didn’t want to.”

“This one didn’t touch itself, Maker.”

“True, at least that didn’t happen. This one knows you are eager and holding back from such arousal is a thing that can be difficult. Trust this one, it knows that all too well, but the importance is how we take our time and ensure quality. This one knows you want to be a wonderful toy, and just so eager to get into it... Taking material with a bit of a dominant streak, this one wasn’t expecting to have what as it... insubordination? Hmm not that serious more like sneaking off and not doing as you are told.”

“But Toy Mistress, this one only means well. It saw that user, and it just wanted to use them so badly. It could of had them, taken them, grinded against them, be filled with their... ahhh why does this one feel strange about that?”

“About what?”

“Thought of taking cock. Part of it feels like it does, and another part is... apprehensive?”

K-2003 rubs its chin with a squeak, it grabs the toy by the crotch, gently feeling the bulge, the member that is trapped within. Its thumb runs over the bulge, “Well part of it could be you aren’t done yet toy-to-be. See, look your female sex port isn’t even done being crafted. What do you think would of happened if the user slipped in and found it not done? They could have had a real problem with this don’t you know?”

“Ahh... sorry Maker, this one just... well you know?” he responds, shuddering in delight, feeling the throb and ache of his member, body just wanting to thrust up. Each breath is filled with a sweet arousing aroma, crotch sinking into the toy’s teasing fingers.

“This one knows, you are eager to just give in and enjoy yourself, but patience is key. It’s a virtue. Why this one is patient with you and your mistakes. This is the first time this one is taking material that can be a bit more dominant. And it hasn’t taken the right precautions with you. It apologies, but this one thinks it knows what to do to make it all better.”

“You do Maker?”

“Yup!” it exclaims with a rump wiggle, “This one has been keeping to a more generic use of the collar, but there is a lot more that could be added. And this one thinks it will do that with you. Add in extra things to help you sink into being a sexy renamon toy like yourself. Doesn’t that sound *wonderful*?”

“Ahh...”

“Toy wants to obey.”

“Toy wants to serve.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“Good toys obey owner.”

“Good toys obey Maker.”

“K-2003 is toys owner and Maker.”

“Yes Maker, this one understands,” he replies, feeling a shiver run down his spine. The toy’s fingers caressing over where his balls still mostly are. The teasing and pleasure as they barely shift around, tightly pressed and squeezed by the female sex, the toy’s thumb, sinking into the female toy sex.

“Good toy-to-be. And forgive this one for the mistakes. It’s still learning, and it will do better. One toy at a time. It’ll get better, it is sure. It had the best to show it how to make the best,” it explains, guiding Ross forward toward the back of the room, past the dining area and kitchen, through another set of doors that leads out of the room.

“You are doing fine Maker. This one thinks so...” it shudders, feeling the constant teasing, driving up its arousal, “This one should be sorry for disobeying. It shouldn’t have done that. It should have been a good toy from the beginning.”

“You are a good toy-to-be. Just not a good toy yet. But this one will work with you, on you, and monitor you, to ensure whatever mistakes this one makes with the process are improved so it can continue to do its other work. You would not believe how much work this one has to do. It will be a marvel if this one can make more toys, but it must. It has to. This one wants to make Toys-4-U a smashing success. You know smashing as in sex? Yes?”

“Yes Maker, this one understands,” it replies, feeling a little off about the toy maker’s bad use of words, not noticing they have gone through the doors down a hallway, being led to another locked room where two silver phallic pods sit with a computer console between them.

“Here we are. His one can make some tweaks directly to your collar and help prepare you for this week on being a good cleaning toy. Perhaps this one should have you wear the maid outfit on top of it? Toys don’t wear clothes, but you won’t be wearing them, but displaying them.”

“That sounds nice, Maker, but what are these?”

“Something you normally don’t get to see till you are near complete, but this one needs to access your collar and make some adjustments to your programing that is going on there. Nothing too fancy, but it will help you become the best toy this one knows you can be,” it says, typing into the computer console, releasing Ross from its teasing grip. A moment later the pod on the right hisses open, revealing a black latex interior.

“Please step inside toy-to-be, and we’ll get you fixed up.”

“As you wish Maker,” he responds, slipping into the pod, tail first, facing outwards, hearing the other to type into the computer console, before the front closes in around him, followed by a hiss the latex in the pod expanding arounds to lock him tightly in place much like the hard plastic pod, that has been molding his body into the perfected renamon shape.

After a few moments, a cold synthetic voice speaks, “New Hardware detected... connecting... connected.”

“This one wonders what Maker intends to do.”

A cold voice responds, “This one told you. But can you hear this one?”

“Maker? This one can hear you. Where are you?”

“This one is typing into the computer console and communicating with you directly. It wasn’t sure if you could hear this one already as it’s only been a week. Wonderful! This one will get to uploading some new sets to help target your dominant mind into being productive. At least this one hopes it does,” K-2003 responds.

“You hope Maker?”

“This has never done this before. So, if it doesn’t work, we’ll make adjustments. Now where is this file... hmm... wait why is this one typ-” the voice suddenly stops.

“Was Maker typing out what it was thinking?” Ross wonders, a few minutes when he hears that synthetic voice say.

“Uploading controlled-toy-dominance.01B”

“Good toys obey.”

“Dominant toys are still toys.”

“Dominant toys are still obedient.”

“Dominant toys use their dominance in service of others.”

“You are a controlled toy.”

“You are a controlled dom.”

“Your dominance is in service of others.”

“Your dominance is to pleasure others.”

“Good toys obey.”

“You are an object.”

“You are a thing.”

“You are a fuck toy.”

“A dominant fuck toy is still a fuck toy.”

“A dominant object is still an object.”

“A dominant toy is still a toy.”

“A dominant toy is a good toy when it obeys.”

“You want to be a good toy.”

“Submission in dominance.”

“Submission in pleasure.”

“Pleasure in dominance.”

“Submissive top.”

“A submissive dom.”

“Accept yourself as a good toy.”

“A good dominant toy.”

“Love to take charge.”

“Love to be told to take charge.”

“Dominance in service of others.”

“Obey.”

“Good toy.”

Ross shudders, moans, squirming within the bondage of the pod, trapped in the darkness, feeling the new toy programming whispers slithering up into his mind. Repeated, put into focus. The arousal within his body growing, lingering effects of K-2003's arousing aroma that filled the pod when it was opened.

The transforming human, becoming a good toy, feels them, embraces them. That strong female voice that talks in such a sultry tone, with such confidence, yet at the same time spoken with a hypnotic tone that melts over his mind. His already weakened mind grasping onto the new words, something different yet having as much impact as the previous toy phrases that continue to be spoken in his mind, becoming mixed in with the others, but at the moment it's all about these new phrases, extra emphasis put into them, sinking into her subconscious and conscious thoughts.

Over and over, they are repeated and soon enough Ross begins to mutter the phrases, going along with the words, squirming, wiggling like the toy he is becoming, accepting them as part of him.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Dominance is in service of others.”

“Dominance is part of being a fuck toy.”

“This one is a dominant fuck toy.”

“A dominant fuck toy is still a fuck toy.”

“It obeys Maker.”

“It serves Maker.”

“It dominates in service. It obeys.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy serves,” it mutters, within the trapped rubber bondage. His body aching, throbbing, wanting more. The repeat of the programing continuing, unsure of how much time is passing, as it losses all meaning as he listens to the phrases, accepts them, repeats them, loudly, eagerly, and then slowly, steadily, he mumbles them softer, and softer, letting them sift back into the back of his mind, another phrase, another command, another program that is part of what he is. A good fuck toy.

When the doors open again, the toy gasps in delight, body aching, cock tense, female sex quivering, breasts bouncing, it looks to see K-2003, “Maker! It's so good to see you again. This one apologies for getting out of hand. It used its dominance too soon.”

K-2003 reaches up and gently pets your head, “Good toy. Now come out, This one is thinking of forgoing the sign for now, and just having you explain it to users that you aren't ready. That will work better.”

“You think Maker?” it asks.

K-2003 looks at the crumpled-up sign that was on the toy the whole time, making it even harder to read, “Yes, this one thinks so. It should also help reinforce it in your mind that you are not to be used till you are ready. Do you understand?”

“Yes Maker, this one does, it is sorry again for getting ahead of yourself.”

“It’s okay, you are learning like this one. And it did hear you gave good head.”

“Thank you, Maker, it was different taking a user cock over a toy cock.”

“This one would imagine. And it was thinking of going with its idea, to help cement that you are on cleaning duty.”

“What do you mean Maker?”

K-2003 pulls out off to the side, a nice rubber French maid outfit, “Nothing says you’ve surrendered to this one like something French.”

“Maker... That was just silly.”

“What was?”

“Never mind Maker, this one is ready to be a better toy and be of service to you by cleaning the store.”

“Much better,” it says tossing the maid outfit to her, “Put those on. It will look cute and sexy at the same time. Our maid outfit sails have been a little low as of late, and perhaps this will help. Let our anthropomorphic customers that they can look sexy on them.”

“Yes Maker,” the toy says, slinking out of the pod, feeling a reinforced delight within it. Taking the maid outfit, it slips onto the one piece, the tail keeping the back raised, exposing its sex and cute rump. The toy feels its breasts squeezed together and pushed up, as it looks rather dainty, “How does this one look Maker?” it asks giving a spin.

“Much better, but you are now six hours behind on your cleaning duties,” it says giving the toy’s butt a firm spank.

Ross lets out a effeminate moan, gasping, “Sorry Maker!”

“Don’t just be sorry, time to play catch up,” K-2003 says, guiding the toy through the back rooms, and to a small hidden alcove for normal employees to come in and out of, back onto the main store floor, “Get back to work.”:

“Yes Maker,” Ross responds, walking out into public, the toy-to-be’s hips swaying the new sweet programming singing in the back of his mind, helping him get into the role of being a dominant, sultry yet still obedient renamon fuck toy. It moves over to get the mopping and cleaning supplies, getting to work, using the mopping pole almost like a dancing pole, slowing his work a little, but one thing is for certain as the toy gets to work. Those French Maid outfit sales are surely going to be rising very soon...