

The First Rena Toy: Providing a Service and Servicing

The previous week of molding has been an utmost delight for the toy-to-be, the human, Ross, whose name is only “known” to himself and K-2003, the sleek and slender sergal toy guiding him toward the back of the store. The black and red rubber renamon toy eyes its Maker with a lustful gaze. The toy’s finely crafted sex is long felt complete, its smooth rubber body aching for the touch of customers, to be of service, to help others. It’s program softly whispers in the back of his mind, a constant companion guiding it towards its newfound perceived perfection.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to obey.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy loves to help others.”

“Good toys are always at the ready.”

“Good toys are eager to provide aid.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no myself.”

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

His mind in a constant state of euphoria and despite the constant sex it has received, testing from the renamon customers and others that have been eager to enjoy its slender body, it has not achieved that mind breaking climax that its body wants so badly that it would do anything for it. On occasion its fingerless gloved hand wants to reach down to caress its burning folds, to cup them, run his fingers across his sensitive folds, but as if on cue the programming speaks to him.

“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”

“Good toys don’t cum unless told to.”

“Good toys don’t need to cum.”

“Service in itself is toy’s greatest pleasure.”

Its mind is tugged back toward what’s happening when K-2003 gently fondles the toy’s supple breasts, the cyan claws dancing over the red rubber nipple, “You’ve done so well toy, though it has said that so many times already, it doesn’t make it any less true.”

“Maker, this one appreciates your kind words. It’s been doing its very best to be of service to the customers of the store and to be the very best toy it can be, but it is wondering Maker, why are we going this way today? Does it have to do with this one doing a special assignment you spoke about yesterday?”

The sergal toy gently squeezes the breast, rump wiggling in excitement, “Yup! As a toy, one must learn to be of service in so many ways, and if this one is to be honest, a toy can only learn to be of service in only so many ways at the store. Thankfully it has a nice agreement with a recycling center that’s behind the store that can help,” it says, exiting out of a set of emergency doors that auto lock behind them and for the first time the toy steps out into the warm sunny

weather, discovering the outside world seemingly for the first time. So much has happened since the last time it was out here that it feels that is a lifetime ago, hazy in the back of its mind, barely able to be recalled, without the need of great effort.

The light reflects off both toys, a stark contrast to the paved blacktop and relatively well-kept backside of the store. The renamon looks around, feeling the wind blow across his body, causing it to shudder, truly feeling how naked he is, “This is a strange place for a recycling center Maker.”

“Uh uh uh, its Mistress in public.”

It looks around, not seeing anyone, “But no one is around Maker, how is it public?”

“People can be around, which makes it public. Just because you can’t see someone, doesn’t mean they aren’t there. Best to play it safe rather than be sorry,” it says with a teasing rump wiggle, its claws giving his breasts a squeeze, pulling him forward.

“Sorry Mistress, this one understands. It just feels so odd being out here.”

“You’ll get used to it, being able to get out of the story is good.”

“Sorry Mistress?” it asks with a head tilt.

“Hmm? Story? No, this one said store.”

“It thought you said story.”

“Don’t be silly, how can someone get out of a story? Everyone has one, it’s called existing,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Yes Mistress. So, could you tell this one more about this recycling center?” he asks as the toys walk off the blacktop and onto a dry dirt road that is barely noticeable unless you were looking for it. It’s a strange feeling of one’s bare feet against the ground. Ross feels every step, the dirt clinging to his previously perfectly flawless polished skin.

“Hmm,” it mutters, rubbing its chin, “They recycle abandoned cars, giving the parts new use and purpose. Very environmentally friendly, it thinks, better than letting them sit in some junk yard.”

He nods along, thinking on it, while looking at the seemingly endless forest, the store now hidden and feeling forever away, “Do toys ever end up in the junkyard?”

K-2003 stops in its tracks, turning around, “Are you worried about that?” it asks, with a genuine voice of concern.

“Ah... this one never thought about it.”

“For the toys we sell, we have a let’s call it... a buy back system to have toys brought back to us, though that hasn’t been used, and we have to take a lot of care that the toy is not stolen. And for prototype toys like yourself, we take extra special care. As long as Toys-4-U is around, there is always a place for toys to be when not serving customers... or when servicing customers now that this one thinks about it.”

“Well, that’s good Mistress. But what if the company isn’t around?”

K-2003 gives a devious grin, “Well then, best we work hard to make sure that doesn’t happen, don’t we?”

Ross feels a strange extra sense of purpose, "*It's good to help Maker,*" the collar whispers, "Yeah, this one guesses so, Mistress."

"This one knew you'd see it this one's way."

"Well, you do encourage it."

"It does, it won't deny it, but it's still a bit part of who you are," it says, guiding the renamon to a gated off chop shop that has signs of 'no trespassing' 'keep out' 'beware of guard dog' 'private property.' and the like hung up all over it. K-2003 approaches and opens and closes the gate without a car in the world, while Ross looks around with a mix of curiosity and concern bubbling up within him.

The chop shop has six separate buildings, where the sound of cars being broken down echo out, that now that faint sound that Ross has been hearing for the last five or so minutes out in the forest has become clear. About a dozen cars lined up waiting to meet their fate.

"Some of those cars don't look that old Mistress," he remarks, feeling off being here, but the closeness of his Maker eases the anxiety within him, "*I get a sense this isn't a recycling center.*"

"Age when it comes to cars can be subjective, at least this is what this one has been told."

"Told? By who?"

"By the very friendly gryphon that this one works with, who you will be meeting in just a moment."

"Uh... Mistress, that was a lot of words and not a lot of information. Who is this gryphon?"

"Her name is Dasjina, a very friendly, nice, and well-equipped hermaphrodite. This one thinks you will enjoy her giving you a test."

"Test?"

"It depends on her mood, don't worry, you'll do fine, this one knows it, no need to be nervous, have confidence in yourself, you're one of the best newest renamon toys this one has ever made."

"Mistress, isn't this one the the first renamon toy you've made?"

"Which makes you the best, it has made, that is a renamon," it says with an affirmative nod, knocking on the door, "Hello? Dasjina?"

A strong feminine voice responds with a hint of annoyance, "Who is it, and what is it that you want?"

"Come on, you should know this one's voice now," it says with a rump sway, opening the door, poking its head in, hiking its butt toward Ross, who can't help but admire it.

There's a chirp groan, "It's impossible to miss or ignore. What is it Kay dash two thousand three."

"You don't need to say the dash, and it would also accept kay two, zero, zero, three, if you'd like."

“We’ve been over this, I don’t care, but an agreement is an agreement, what have you brought me?” she, asks, her voice carrying outside, giving Ross a clear idea of her personality, while he fidgets in place.

“I’m going to have to please her? She sounds a bit rough... won’t matter though. This one will do its very best and have fun doing it, being the best good toy it can be!”

“You know, it feels like it hasn’t done this in such a long time,” says K-2003, leaning forward more, arms together, squeezing its breasts with a loud squeak.

“What are you talking about? You did this last month. Do you miss me that much?”

“You are a precious avian, who is always a delight to talk to.”

She sighs, “Right... show me what you have for me today.”

“Of course! Come toy, show Dasjina what you are,” says K-2003, stepping inside the mobile office, hand motioning the renamon toy to follow.

“Coming Mistress,” he says, stepping into the room, finding a rather large and intimidating anthropomorphic raven, panther hybrid gryphon. Her black scaled claws drum across her desk, the entire place an organized chaos that is only she truly understands. She is rather large with a bust that would look comical on most people, but she manages to pull it off amply well with her tight business suit. Without missing a beat Ross gives a cordial squeaky bow that slightly mimics K-2003’s own.

“This is our work in progress renamon toy, and it wants to give it a good final week here working with different people and interacting in an out of store experience in order to make it well-rounded when it comes to service to future customers.”

Dasjina waves a claw, “Yes, yes, I know that, and that will certainly happen, I can assure you,” she says, her predatory brown looks over his form, somehow her black beak grins, “Breaking into the renamon market? I hear the competition is rather fierce for that vixen.”

“It has confidence that the quality it puts into its work will have it reign supreme.”

“Not even using the traditional colors?”

“This one wanted to make it obvious that it’s a toy rather than knocking off exact features, though the future models will come in all sorts of colors depending on what the customers want.”

“I’ll be testing its features then.”

“Be thorough and let this one know if any issues come up. Toy, you make sure you follow the rules and help out in any way they ask of you. It will be back later today once you’re done. Understand?”

Ross nods, tail flicking with a soft squeak, “Yes Mistress. How long will I be doing this?”

“Rest of the week before it finishes up everything. That will be fine with you, Dasjina?”

“I think I will find a way to manage. You may go now; I can handle it from here.”

“This one is sure you can,” it says, turning to Ross, “This one is sure you can handle this as well. Good luck, and don’t forget to listen to everyone like a good toy, and Dasjina will let this one know of your work. So do your best!” it says with an affirmative nod, wiggling its rump

in excitement, scampering off. He watches K-2003 leave, feeling a pit grow in his stomach, but he stiffens himself, approaching the gryphon's desk, giving another cordial bow, "How can this one be of service?"

She chirps, "On your knees, under my desk *now*, that is how you can start by pleasing me. I've got a lot of work to organize, and I could use a little release from my stress," she pulls away from the desk, pointing exactly where she wants him.

"With pleasure Miss, this one is here to be of service," he says, noticing that the desk is custom made to have someone underneath there with plenty of space to spare, the gryphon's pants have a noticeable bulge which draws his attention, "*She's big, very big. This one is sure it can handle it, more to love,*" he thinks, the anxiety of the moment fading away as the desire to be a *good toy* overcomes him. His loins ache with growing anticipation, moving under the desk, hidden away where no one can see him.

"Well? Don't just stare at it, get to work," she commands, pulling the chair up, cornering the latex renamon, his hands gently caress the gryphon's sides, moving up to nuzzle the bulge, feeling the twitch and warmth hidden underneath the dress pants.

"Is that all you can do?" she huffs, getting to her work, "You'll never get to serve anyone if you can't satisfy me."

"Yes Miss, this one is just getting started," he says, rubbing his fingers across the bulge, nuzzling and licking across the fabric, not minding the cloth taste as he gets hints of the treat hidden on the other side, edging her body further, sex clenching, wondering just how the gryphon would feel hilted in his body.

The gryphon's bulge twitches, shifting under the fabric, growing large. Ross senses the growing need underneath, egging her on to please the avian. Her hands caress the bulge, feeling the heft in her hands, wrapping her mouth around only a fraction of it as she gives firm hard suckles, breathing through the fabric to draw in the scent of the gryphon's growing desire.

He steadily works on it, cultivating the blossoming desire within the gryphon's loins, feeling the heft of the gryphon's package seemingly grow with each passing moment, pushing him as the good renamon toy that he's become to try to tease a little pleasure out of Dasjina, hearing a soft pant, perhaps a groan while she busily types away at a computer. For an unknown length of time, time had no meaning as nothing was changing outside of the repetitive task of trying to pleasure the gryphon. His attention is completely on the hidden length underneath, hands caressing under the clothed balls, trying to rub the hidden sex that's nestled behind, sensing where it is from the warmth her body gives. Ross' entire world at this moment is simply Dasjina and her pleasure.

One could call it monotonous, but it was glorious in the delight it is bringing him, to hear another moan, pushing him closer to that moment when Dasjina will decide that he's *earned* the ability to service her directly, and then suddenly without warning, Dasjina grabs the back of his head.

“Alright, I think you’ve done enough to get me going,” she remarks, pulling the toy’s head back, unbuttoning and unzipping her pants, “Don’t just kneel there, help pull down my pants,” she commands.

The renamon toy grabs the top of the gryphon’s pants, sliding in underneath, feeling the soft black panther fur against his skin, “With pleasure Miss, it wasn’t sure if you wanted this one to aid you, as you’re so in charge and controlling,” he responds, giving a nice firm tug, pulling the pants down revealing the impressive heavy black furry balls that are too big for a single hand to hold, with a sheath as thick as her arm. The ebony cock already pushing out, dripping, twitching, beading with pre-cum and glistening with sheath juices. The warm welcoming aroma wafting over him, making Ross’ sex twitch with delight. An ‘instinctual’ response from the toy that is natural as breathing, “oh my, you are wonderful.”

She smirks, not even looking down at the toy, adjusting herself on the chair which creaks under her weight, “I’ve heard that before now, get to work.”

“As you wish Miss.”

“Less talky, more sucky and don’t forget both parts.”

Without another word Ross gives both softballs a tender loving squeeze, rolling them around in her hand, trying her best to keep them there, feeling them churn away a load of bird seed that will eventually make its way down her throat. She groans in anticipation, limited by her confined space which only adds to the challenge of doing a good job, and he can’t help but feel excited that he’s up for it, “*Maker made this one to be a good toy. It will show her how good it can be,*” it thinks, licking its lips in anticipation.

His thumbs gently run up and down along the underside of the gryphon’s sheath, edging out more of the thick pillar of pleasure and lust. Each beat of her heart makes a little more jump out, hardens and slightly softens, hardens more, softens less, inch by inch it snakes out of its hidden hole.

Taking a deep breath despite not needing it, he wraps his mouth around the massive cock head which stretches his mouth, his tongue running across the tip, suckling out the first hidden liquid treasures from within the throbbing shaft. The salty flavor is a wonderful delight, similar yet unique to everyone else he’s taken thus far in his service. He gives the balls a tender loving squeeze but quickly moves to grab the sheath with both hands.

The twitching length aches, throbbing in Ross’ mouth, the toy-to-be slurping up the juices that come rushing into her mouth, savoring every drop, sensing the gryphon’s member knows why the toy is here and his purpose. Like cocking a shotgun, getting this thick bazooka loaded and ready for action.

Firm yet gentle at first, his hands move the sheath up and down, thumbs running along the tip of the sheath, massaging the shaft as it comes out, slipping inside the warm and wet inside, caressing the sensitive flesh along the way. More of the length is pushed into his mouth, throat bulging as the length slips deeper into him. A moan of delight rumbles in Ross’ throat, the ability to not need to breath becoming handy within mere moments as he lifts himself up to line

up his throat to be able to take more of it. His rubber form stretches around the massive length like a condom that's one size too small for it.

"All you toys are so fucking tight, and I love it," chirps Dasjina, sliding the chair forward, thrusting her length deeper into the toy's body, pre-cum lubricating the hole as it slides in deeper, pinning Ross to the desk, which he squirms and wiggles, doing his best to take it all in.

The chair creaks under Dasjina's firm hard yet short thrusts against the renamon toy. Squeaks and thuds are heard from underneath the desk, while she works hard on whatever task she's doing, a trained toy that knows how to work a length that no living person could take for their size without issues. It's a giant 'living' fleshlight, taking the length, lips kissing the sheath before sliding in deeper. His hands on the balls, caressing them, using them as an anchoring point to hold onto while pushing against the ground, wanting not to jostle the desk despite how hard he's being fucked right now.

"This one feels the thumping of their heart, the churning of their balls, she is so close now. It can feel it as her balls pull against its hands," he thinks, body quivering in delight, his own juices dripping down his thighs, making him squeak louder. The quivering sex just imagining what fun that could be, but his true focus is on the monster cock before him. His throat swallows along the entire length in a long rippling motion. His throat and chest bulging, breasts jiggling with each hard thrust while the balls smack his chin, rising up, hitting the underside of his throat, squeezing that dick within it all the tighter.

Dasjina tenses, "Fuck!" she trills out in pleasure, balls pulling up, tightening as a gush of her hot bird seed shoots right into Ross' gut, flooding him with her essence. One wave, two, three, the gryphon showing just how pent up she has been despite her tough exterior. The former human feels the rush, the hot burning within his own loins, edging him so close to that climax, that he seems can only live through the climax of others. The warm delicious seed drunk down without hesitation, helped by the firm lustful ball emptying thrusts from Dasjina.

"That was... descent, but you are forgetting that I have more than one sex to please toy!" she exclaims after several moments of enjoying the warm afterglow, the constant tender suckling that Ross has done to keep her cock semi-hard, only pushing to keep her arousal going as the hypersensitive cock twitches approvingly of the renamon toy's actions, regardless the tone of what Dasjina is saying.

With a tight grip at the base of the cock, Ross pulls back, triple milking the gryphon's dick. The first layer is the toy's throat, suckling in rippling motions across the member, then comes his lips with last but not least, the toy's hands, gripping around the cock, ensuring not a single drop of seed is left within that twitching shaft. He gives the cock head one last final lick across the tip, kissing it passionately, "This one hasn't forgotten. You have so much to enjoy that it can only do so much at once."

With a huff she responds, "Sure, sure, give excuses for your failings."

Without a remark, he moves in, lifting those hefty balls, getting a good look at the gryphons needy, quivering hot and dripping sex, which winks at him. The gryphon's hot juices having drenched the leather seat that she's sitting on.

“Hurry up, I don’t have all day,” she states, leaning back, spreading her legs to give slightly better access but the weight of her balls are noticeable against the renamon’s head.

“As you wish Miss, this one will give you the tender loving care that you deserve and so much more,” he says, holding onto her legs, lifting her up with relative ease despite the awkward position, angling himself to get a better look at the inviting vent before him. He licks his lips, moving into gingerly lick across the folds, savoring the sweet nectar.

“Harder, faster, deeper,” she commands, her feet smacking on Ross’ back with an audible smack, the gryphon’s bare clawed feet running across his back, causing no pain but easily showing her forcefulness on him.

“Yes Miss,” he replies, licking across the folds with a more direct intent. He caresses her rump, massaging, squeezing, thumbs spreading her sex, showing off the sensitive flesh, licking across the lips, suckling them, gently tugging at them. Ross’ sex burns hotter, glistening in her own fluids, the arousal stewing there, bubbling up aching needy fumes into her mind, sensing the sweet spots in the gryphon’s own needy folds. Her tongue coils and flicks over the vulva, drawing it into his mouth to suckle and nurse, the gryphon’s feet twitching against his back, telling him all he needs to know about how *good* he’s really doing.

Dasjina grunts, her work slowing to a near standstill, sex twitching as she pushes herself against the renamon’s muzzle, eventually closing her eyes, sliding the chair back and forth to hump the toy’s face, “Faster, harder, deeper,” she commands.

With a sly grin, he pursed his lips, tugging at the gryphon’s vulva, his tongue slithering along the top of her sex, the lead explorer, spectating for the sweet spots. Warm juices flow across the toy-to-be’s muzzle, providing the lubricant to slide in deeper. Her powerful folds squeeze against the renamon’s muzzle, the rubber squeaks against each squeeze, while he pushes in deeper, the weight of Dasjina’s sack pressing against the back of his head, tugging up whenever he hits a sweet spot.

“Come on! You can do more than that!” she demands, her need growing, shuddering, her gryphon wings spreading out, cock hardening more as her sex squeezes the muzzle, feeling it slide in deeper and deeper, letting out a few pleasure chirps.

Each moan and aches push Ross deeper into the zone. His muzzle slips in deeper, spreading her sex wider, nibbling and suckling at the folds, feeling the warm fluid across his smooth latex. His muzzle glistens with her fluids, adding to the sleek movement to move in deeper, faster. He moves with each thrust, driving himself ever deeper, tongue snaking into the farthest depths of her body, knowing deep down as big as she is, she can take just as big herself.

She grips the desk, which slides against the ground, screeching along the way. Heavy thuds rock the office trailer, claws digging into the wood, the computer would slide right off if it wasn’t bolted down. The mouse slides down, running down along Ross’ back.

“Just a bit more you lazy fuck toy. You can do it!” she exclaims, panting heavily, the bubbling delight within her loins, her length pressing up against the underside of the desk, leaving a wet strain across the top, her cock aching with need as she feels herself be on the cusp of a climax.

Egged on by her, Ross pushes in deep, hands gripping her ass, kneading and massaging the black furred butt, muzzle fully lodged in her sex, opening enough to drink down the juices while making him feel bigger within her, *“Just a bit more and this one will have her. She’ll get a hard climax and be pleased, and tell Maker of its good work,”* he thinks when there’s a passionate trill.

Dasjina could no longer hold herself back, her hot juices gush out of her, funneling down Ross’ throat and all across his muzzle, washing across his eyes, running down his chin, across his breasts while her balls smacked against the back of her head, bouncing against the rubber several times, *“Fuck, fuck, this is good,”* she thinks, enjoying the warm afterglow that comes over her, *“Glad my balls or spent. It would be a pain to get it cleaned again, learned from that mistake.”*

Ross continues to pump, slurp, opening her mouth as much as possible to make a seal around her sex walls to stop the gush from escaping her hungry mouth after the second gush of her juices, letting the sweet fluids flow down into her hungry gut.

With a heavy pant Dasjina pulls away from the toy using the chair to push herself up from it and support herself. Her tough look completely washed away but the moment their eyes met the toy’s it quickly returns.

Ross kneels before her, licking his lips, cleaning his hands and lips with her tongue, giving a lewd teasing look, *“This one hopes it met your standards Miss,”* he says, hiking his rump, tail rubbing along the desk with a loud squeak.

Dasjina gently caresses her length, guiding it back into her sheath, she scowls at the toy, *“It was... adequate,”* she remarks, pulling up her pants, zippering, groaning as its strained by her massive equipment, *“I think I know where to put you, for better use.”*

“You do Miss?” it says with glowing eyes.

“Yes, but first... pick up my mouse and clean the floor... with your tongue. I don’t want you to leave this place without cleaning the mess you’ve made.”

“As you wish Miss!” exclaims Ross, holding his breast, bringing it up to his muzzle, licking across the black rubber, polishing the breast clean of the dripping juice, suckling the nipple clean, looking up at the avian, giving a playful wink.

She crosses her arms, tapping her foot, *“Come on, I have work to do.”*

“Yes Miss,” he replies, working to clean the rest of her rubber form, moving to the ground to lap up whatever juices managed to reach the floor, leaving nothing behind, *“How’s this Miss?”*

Dasjina huffs, *“Almost... not quite done.”*

“Where did toy miss, Miss?”

“My mouse, pick it up and put it back on its pad.”

“Yes Miss,” he replies, doing so, moving to stand up but is stopped in his tracks.

“Who said you could stand toy?”

Quickly he returns to his kneeling position, *“Apologies Miss, this one didn’t mean to offend.”*

She sighs, “Now you may stand, and head to building C3. Tell the crew there that you are there to help with their work and that I sent you.”

He stands and bows, “With pleasure Miss, this one shall do as you wish.”

“Good, now go, I’ve wasted enough time with you.”

“Yes Miss,” he replies, scampering off, Dasjina eyes the toy’s butt, groaning as her pants grow tight, *“Damn fucking sexy renamon toy. That’s going to be a real hot seller.”*

Ross is about to leave but stops, “Oh, one more thing Miss.”

Dasjina sighs, “What is it?”

“Where is C3?”

“Right... first time here,” she grumps, explaining where it is.

“Got it, thank you Miss,” he says, departing, heading straight to the C3 warehouse, the sound of rattling chains and metal cutting echoing out from the building, *“This is the place. This one will do what it can to help. Though not sure what it can do to help. It knows nothing about cars, and it doesn’t think its just going to give them sex...”*

Entering the building he’s greeted by three mechanics in leather overalls, dirty, greasy, taking parts off a truck. A brown and black striped raptor huffs, “Come on, we have three more cars to get done before the day’s end. If we don’t make quota, Dasjina will have my hide and then I’ll have yours to make up for it.”

A small breasted anthropomorphic brown furred ferret jumps, “Rash, we are doing our best,” she says, from the front of the car, “I’m almost done taking out this engine. It’s in pretty good shape.”

“Dasjina is always unreasonable, do you think she won’t yell at you even if we made our quota?” remarks a black scaled bipedal winged dragon.

Rash rubs his temple, “Yeah... That ungrateful bitch of a gryphon. She thinks she can do whatever she wants because she has the connections.”

“She is the boss,” says the ferret.

“Not *the* boss, but a boss yeah.”

The dragon remarks, “You better hope Dasjina doesn’t catch wind of you talking about her like that.”

“I can handle that overgrown bird.”

Ross approaches, “Uh, this one didn’t mean to intrude but it’s here to help? Dasjina sent it.”

The conversation stops dead in its tracks, Rash sighs, “I really don’t need this kind of trouble now,” he says, turning around, taking a double take, looking over the naked renamon toy before him.

“This one hope it didn’t come at a bad time? It was told to help and all.”

“No...” he says, feeling a tingle of lust rush over him, “You came at a perfect time... and that stuff about Dasjina? I take it all back,” he says with a sly grin.

“That’s wonderful, just tell this one what to do,” responds Ross, about to get his newest test as a toy in ways that he could not have imagined when he stepped out of the mold this morning.