

The First Rena Toy: True Test

Through the week of working, listening and obeying K-2003, whatever little bit of ‘fight’ within Ross grew ever weaker. Each day that he worked the store, containing his dominance, to have it be used at a future date, building up his lust, it grew all the more unbearable, but it felt all the better just the same. The daily ritual of slipping out of the mold, doing work all over the store, helping stock, the previous week giving him the knowledge of where the items were. Constantly working to be a good toy, filling him with a pride in his work, teasing the customers, informing them that he can’t be used yet, which reinforces the fact, that to be a good toy that he must *obey*.

Each time he slips into the mold, his body is squeezed, pulled, tugged, the dildo in his crotch sinks in deeper, pushing down what was his sensitive human meat, crafting, molding, shaping his maleness into something far more suited for what he is becoming, a female shaped renamon toy. The warmth of the dildo slipping into him, the warm flowing of rubber, that washes over his sensitive area. The burning want and lust within his loins, seems to be fed by the rubber each and every night, the warm fire and pressure of the dildo slipping into his forming sex going deeper, burning hotter each time he goes in.

His sex starts to quiver at the feeling, the melting of his masculine length, the pleasure becoming bundled up and pushed deeper. With each sinch of the dildo that is shoved into him, the better it feels. The warming rubber that flows in his throat, into his behind, and now ever deeper into his female sex. The fading thoughts of what it was like to have a hard throbbing length, steadily replaced with an aching clit, a wanting sex that would greatly prefer to kiss another, be taken by tongue or cock. A warm vent to take in a cold hard cock that needs some tender love.

Something within Ross clicks with this sensation. He never thought or questioned it before, having been a guy, but under such pleasure, such teasing, the feeling and want he’s had. The lust over the female form of a renamon, he could not help but feel a kinship to it. Hungrily his sex learns how to squeeze and milk that dildo shoved into him. A good toy, taking a cock like it should. The transition farther from the human male he was and into the ever-perfect rubber renamon sex toy, becoming ever more clear and complete.

Never having a full moment of rest. Sure, the mold was a delight and helped relax him, but he never slept. Never let tiredness embrace him, and at the end of each night he did feel exhausted constantly working, that only seemed to be renewed by the rubber molding process he was subjected to. The total and complete bondage, unable to move, unable to see anything, hear anything, left with that collar that whispers into his mind, caressing his thoughts, encouraging the acceptance of what he is becoming, a fuck toy.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to obey.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Toy’s dominance is used in subservience of others.”

“Toy loves to dominant others that need it.”

“Toy loves to be of service and dom.”

“Toy is a controlled dom.”

“Even a dominant toy is still just a toy.”

“Just an object.”

“Just a plaything.”

Held so perfectly still within the mold, body pulled and tugged into shape, the human form ever more of a distant memory, the rubber skin no longer a second skin but the true form that he’s taken up. Still, he knows he’s not complete *yet* but with each passing day, he’s gotten closer, and his urge to be of service, to be of use grows.

He eagerly waits for his Maker, K-2003 to come and release him from this bondage. The beating warmth of rubber, slurping it down, suckling it, the only ‘action’ he’s been able to get in these past two weeks since suiting up that first time. The loving teasing touches of his Maker, a little something to help carry him through the day. But today is different, today is special, all due what Maker told him yesterday just before going into the mold.

“Tomorrow you’ll be moving up in being a good toy. Once this one has confirmed everything, you’ll be ready to be used, doesn’t that sound wonderful?”

“Wonderful....wonderful...wonderful...” The words bounce in his head, adding to the eagerness and delight. He wants to move, he wants to fuck, he wants to be of *service*. Wanting, quivering, aching, how could he not want this particular molding to be done so he can get access to fucking the customers. To prove to his Maker what a good toy he is. The collar whispering, encouraging, adding to his own thoughts of what it means to be a good toy, helping guide him down the path that is best for him.

A strange feeling as it was, to have your entire body forced to fit within the mold, air suckled out, body expanding squeezing the insides of the mold. Some parts are pushed down by the mold, while others expand. Helping him become ever shapelier, female, luscious in form. There is something about having one’s sex squeeze and be filled by the dildo that is shoved into his sex, while at the same time, having the sex tugged, pulled and made to fit the mold. A constant work of rubber muscles that help strengthen her nether regions, preparing her for what is to come.

“Come on Maker. Please come. This one can be a good toy! It is a good toy! It wants to prove to you what a good toy that it is!” he thinks, not questioning this simple logic. Not anymore at least. The mold being a wonderful prison, yet a prison none the less. As it helps shape his body, leaving his mind to be molded from within, he still must do the one thing that everyone hates. Wait.

Wait to be made perfect toy for his Maker.

Wait to be used by others to show what a good toy he is.

Wait to get out of this mold.

Wait for his Maker to release him.

On rare occasions there is movement that goes across his field of vision. All of it blurs, and he's long ago got over any excitement of any kind of movement that is not black and cyan. Everything else doesn't matter once within the mold. It's the same as being blind folded. Made to use mute that sense so the others may get more attention. The feeling of every inch of one's rubber form pulled, tugged, teased, pressed into perfect.

Or perhaps this is worse than that. Able to see but trained to ignore. To see but not to really notice anything. After all its unclear shapes, movements. All just a literal blur before Ross' eyes. It's as useful as being blind folded. Most of the time nothing changes, nothing stimulates him to take notice, and now he's not even taken notice. Trained like a good toy. To ignore what needs to be ignored. Focus on what needs to be focused.

Uplifting, and rising K-2003, the Maker to a higher level over all others. Showing and expressing the power that this toy has that no other toy is able to obtain. The toy Maker, a special spot that can never be taken away, replaced, or changed. One can only be made a Maker once over a toy, for they are made only once.

He stares ahead, letting his body stew in eagerness, aching, wanting, heated need. Pushed and pulled into position. A random blur going by, not even reacting, a well-trained toy, without having been told or directly 'trained' to ignore outside stimuli. Blinded without being blinded. Vision without being able to see. A strange dichotomy in his own crafting, his humanity being molded away, or perhaps stripped down to his very core essence, taking a new shape that is better fitting for himself.

The aching need, the pleasure, the want, he can't think on anything but that and his programming. When the mold is over him, he's lost to the world, separated, by a layer of hard plastic, perfectly sculpted for his body, so he may be perfectly sculpted for others. A physical layer of separation that allows him to self-reflect, or at the very least progress further in his internal training, acceptance, aligning of thoughts, washing away doubts, concerns, worries, all the while letting him become refreshed once more.

That flow of warm rubber. Pushing deep into his rear, warming up his insides. It moves, shifts, cycles through him. A unique sensation that is difficult to describe. It happens more than just there of course. His mouth, suckling down on the rubber like a hungry cock, it slides down his throat, into his belly, into his lungs. Its liquid, thick yet also light. Able to be 'breathed' without issue till the desire to breath is stripped from him, the need for it replaced with a simple need to take in something big and delightful. Breathing would get in the way of it, so why do it when its not needed?

Would Ross question this? All living creatures need to breathe, and his need to do so has become mitigated to the point of it not being needed at all. If that is true, and he does not need to breathe anymore, and only living creatures need to breathe, what does that make him? An object. A thing. A toy.

The words spoken in the back of his mind, ring the truth, he accepts them. Wants them, embraces them. Could not imagine anything else but having these words to help guide him.

They are so strong, stern, yet loving and caring. Their hypnotic nature only providing an aid to accept the red pill of truth that he is what he says he is. An it. An object. A toy. A fuck toy.

“There is no me.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no myself.”

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

Yes, true! All so true! These moments of molding are those to remember. There is nothing distracting him. Nothing to see, and nothing to hear. The air sucked out of the mold reduces any vibrations that would make hearing possible. Through the mold itself? The constant pumps below give a muting vibration that muffle any other sounds that could be felt through the mold and translated to sound for his ears to hear. The vacuum pump vibrations, providing the white noise of the sound of silence.

At first he thought so much, going along the lines of “How did I get myself into this.”

“What am I going to do?”

“I could use a good fuck right now.”

Such self-proclamation thoughts, dropping that self-describing self for something more apt, “This one is a good toy.”

“This one is going to be a good toy.”

“How can this one do better?”

“Maker was mad at this one for failing that one day. How could it do better?”

“Toy is a dominant toy, in service of others.”

“Dominance in service is still service.”

But even when not just thinking about the voice in his head, forgoing his original perception of self for the toy-self that is far more fitting, there are moments where he can just think, comprehend, wonder, that is just a mindless droll, as lovely as it is.

“This one is a renamon.”

“It is powerful and wonderful, isn’t it?”

“Yes it is. Of course. Maker is working to make it dominant and wonderful. It is the best type of vixen out there.”

“Remember toy. You saw how much people wanted you back there. Ached for you. The way you carried that French Maid uniform? Ooo la la. How could they not want this one? Its the very best. This one is powerful. Only one more powerful than this one is Maker. For it made this one. It obeys Maker. It serves Maker. Toy is a good toy that listens to Maker...”

“Wait what is this one thinking? Why is it focused on that? It’s obvious. It’s a given. Toy is a good toy and the best. But how could it do better? How could it move that makes others want it even more? If that is even possible. Hmmm. This one has time to think. Being in here can’t be *that* bad. Well, no, being in here is wonderful. Toy is getting closer to perfection. For toy will be *perfection*.”

A strange mixing and melding of the toy’s thoughts, the material that compose sit, being properly molded and shaped into what it is meant to be. But of course, Ross doesn’t see this. Or

if he does, he has long accepted it at this point. No longer referring to himself as a he, or even a she, being a female shaped toy, but the object that he is, an *it*.

Body relaxed, not needing to move, yet constantly stimulated, unable to sleep, if that is even possible anymore. Not even question how he hasn't slept in two weeks. A normal person would have collapsed or had serious mental issues, but why think about such a silly thing like that? It's so obvious, so self-evident why he isn't sleeping. He's not a person who needs sleep. He's a toy, an object, a thing. A thing doesn't need sleep, only needs to be charged.

This molding is also his recharging. It's so obvious. The warm rubber feeding him a physical hunger that isn't of the sexual variety, while making the sexual tension, want, need, desire, fawning over, grow ever hotter, till its several times greater than the surface of the sun.

Ross feels he could melt from his own sexual burning lust within his loins, but then again, this is normal, isn't it? It's what a toy always feels. It's what any toy feels. Even Maker is always ready, always eager, always able, and yet it is in such control.

Learning to control the urges, the needs, to be of service whenever it is required by those he will *serve*, *not* when he would want it. That's right. His own desire got the better of him on that first week being allowed on the store floor. He couldn't let that happen again. Part of the molding is not only to mold body and mind into shape but his very essence of who, what he is.

A sex crazed toy that can't control itself is not a good toy. It must be coy, eager and ready yet not jumping on the bones of other users unless *they want* it. It's not about his desires, but the desires of others. A level of selflessness that is being built and instilled into him. That's it. This is the realizations being made on a daily experience by this human now mostly turned toy. This toy-to-be, and be a toy he will be, but not yet. He's not done unless Maker says he's done.

The taming of this lustful beast is difficult, growing harder by the day, hard as his aching clit, and wanting sex. So very pent up she is, wanting to feel the glorious female climax for the first time. It's in the back of her mind, but she doesn't ask for it. Knowing what the answer will be. It shall be denied, or perhaps the date of delight will be postponed even further.

Ross cannot let that happen! He must be a good toy. Control the beast. Control the urges. Fight against the aching desire of what he is, and 'live' no... exist with it. Toy is to be a good toy. To be of service. To... Maker!

"Maker is here! Maker is back! Is it time? Please let it be time!" Ross thinks, eyes glued to the black and cyan blur that approaches from the distance. The shape, the colors, yes, it has to be Maker, what else could it be?

A different level of excitement and anticipation bubbles within him. A child-like excitement, knowing only good things are to come now. The blur stops at the computer console that controls this particular pod. The excitement rises, bubbling. Click, hiss, air rushing into the mold, the flow of rubber stopping, draining out of his body.

"Yes, yes, yes! It is Maker! It is time!" he thinks, able to wiggle within the mold for the first time in hours. His body not aching from beheld in place for so long. It felt natural to just

remain like that, but he could barely help himself, knowing that he's going to get closer in being a good toy, and finally able to be used by others.

The blur saunters over to him, the sound of rubber and metal as muffled as it was, reaches his ears, now able to hear. The first dildo is twisted and unlocked, sliding across his lips and throat, pulled out. He gasps for the cool crisp clean air of the molding room, tasting the scent of rubber, the aroma of blueberry toy polish in the air. A favorite Maker uses often. Reinforcing his desires, drooling like a dog about to receive his food, "Maker..." he moans out.

"Relax toy-to-be, and let this one gets you out first," K-2003 explains, the toy's words wash over the renamon toy, encouraging it to relax, taking a step back from its own eagerness. A level of power and control the sergal toy has over it, that perhaps even the Maker doesn't fully realize it has. Or perhaps chooses not to fully act upon it.

Twist, tug pull, the dildo is pulled away from her aching, wanting sex. Relaxing for the first time in hours yet already feeling an itch, an urge, to be filled again. The removal of the dildo is a delight and a curse.

The same sensation repeats itself when the one in his rear is removed. Leaving the toy with another aching, wanting, hole to be filled, to be taken. Another place of pleasure he can use to please users, yes, how could this not be true! His body is made for this, but yet he remains relaxed, waiting. Watching the blur of his Maker go back to the computer console, hitting the buttons in the right order to unhook the front of the mold, letting it be pulled away and rise up overhead.

The hard plastic tugging and pulling on the renamon toy's sensitive body, causing it to jiggle once it's fully pulled free. More cool air washing over the toy, his body, feeling so wonderful, so perfect. The black and red shine of the rubber, the markings, the gloves that a part of her yet able to be removed when told to do so. The ying yang markings. A perfect example of the best kind of vixen there was, a renamon.

Reclined in the back of the mold, Ross feels an urge and desire to just jump out, declare himself ready to be used, but that is not how things work. He's done this so many times that is secondhand nature to him. He waits, eagerly within the back half of the mold, relaxed and reclined. Squirming a little to get some of his rubber body to pull away from the plastic mold with a schlunk. Helping to get himself ready for when his Maker will 'tug' him out of the mold by its own hands.

"Morning toy-to-be. How are you feeling today?" K-2003 asks with a sweet loving voice, hints of genuine concern and curiosity of how he is doing.

Ross lets out a soft aching moan, "Lovely Maker. This one is eager to get to work and finally be able to please customers."

The sergal toy wiggles its rump in delight, "Perfect. This one is glad to hear it! But first this one must run a few tests to make sure that you are ready to service the customers. We can't rush these things. And transitioning you into a lovely female toy takes time and effort that we don't want to waste by jumping into it too soon, understand?" K-2003 asks with a bit of a

sternness in its voice, sauntering back over to the platform, facing the renamon toy, the much larger sergal toy towering over it.

“Y-yes Maker,” he moans, knowing just exactly what the toy is referring to. Memories of that scolding, and forgiveness that Maker gave it, helping it understand its purpose even better, putting control and focus on his dominant nature. However grateful he is that the toy Maker would give such loving detail to a simple toy like himself.

K-2003’s eyes with their soft cyan glow lock onto Ross’ soft amber eyes. It draws him, the sergal toy leaning in close, its clit hood seal breaking out of view of the former human, its rubber cyan claw tips run across his muzzle, “Good toy. Now, this one will test things slowly one part of a time, to ensure you are at the high-quality standards that this company is known for.”

“Yes Maker,” he replies, shivering, sex winking, wanting to be taken, taking a deep breath, already being pulled into the influence of the arousing aroma, making him ache even more for the touch of his Maker, or anyone really.

It leans in, their lips touch, squeak, the forked cyan sergal tongue runs across his lips, making Ross moan and feel a soft tingle. The toy’s mouth juices providing the same arousal affect as the toy’s sex aroma. The toy’s breasts dominant and presses on top of the Ross’ with a loud squeak, pushing, squeezing, smooshing together while K-2003’s hand still hold onto Ross’ muzzle, allowing the toy Maker to take charge of the kiss, the tongue slipping in and coiling around his, dominating him.

It tilts its head, making the open mouth kiss to be sealed by a pair of tight rubbery lips. Ross’ moan is lost within the toy’s mouth. He leans into the kiss, body shivering, jerking, thrusting with his hips, about to break from the mold till K-2003’s free hand is placed on Ross’ belly, holding him there, keeping him bound by will and hand physical force to the back half of the mold.

The kiss grows hotter, deeper more passionate, the tongues snaking around, “*Toy can’t be passive. It must show that it is ready. It must meet Maker head on,*” he thinks, his tongue squirming and wiggling within their combined mouths. The tongue tussle that takes place, a snake wrestling match, trying to show who is the better.

The young challenger with plenty of spunk and determination of the veteran with skill and experience in the foray that far out strips whatever Ross could ever know at this moment. They wiggle and squirm, slide across one another. The sergal having the advantage of having a longer more dexterous tongue, but Ross’ had strength, that is hard to pin down.

All the while their breasts slide and grind against the other with loud tender squeaks. Their nipples perking, ready to rub against the other, tease their fellow lover, two female toys going at it in full, and so far it’s just been a simple kiss.

K-2003 moves in closer, exerting greater dominance, pushing Ross into the back of the mold, while it pushes back, fighting against his Maker in not a sense fo conflict, but rising up to meet the challenge. To prove his worth to the one that needs to find him worthy.

Their nostrils flare, breathing in a show of expression rather than need. K-2003's hot breath blows across the side of Ross' face, while his does the same. The sergal toy feels the push back, feeling the want, the need, K-2003's rump hikes, which pushes its head harder against Ross', making the kiss deeper, ever more passionate.

Two dominant forces, banging against the other, pushing, showing their mettle. Ross with everything to prove, and K-2003 there to take it in to judge, to make the becoming toy to wonder, question, if this was the right move. Testing the toy-to-be's confidence.

Without a doubt Ross presses onwards, the slithering snakes within their mouths, not giving the other an inch of ground. Sometimes deeper within Ross' mouth, moving along the teeth, upper and lower parts of the mouth, almost pushed back to the back of the throat when K-2003 exerts more force, and at other times, Ross gains an 'upper hand' or one should say tongue in the matter, pushing into his Maker's mouth, soaking in the toy's arousing mouth fluids, which only make him ache for more. Losing even when winning, growing ever more hot and flustered by his Maker.

When the kiss does eventually break, Ross gasps and pants heavily, wanting needing, breast still squeezed together by K-2003's own. He looks into those loving toy eyes, enjoying their warm glow, "Very good toy-to-be. You've done well there, but there is still much to be tested upon," K-2003 says, its hands releasing Ross' head and bellow, only to move over to his breasts, giving them a firm heavy squeaking squeeze.

"Thank you, Maker," Ross responds, letting out a moan, feeling those same sharp yet delicate claw tips run across his hard perk nipples. His hips about to thrust out when the sleek black sergal toy pushes in up against him, the toy using its own body to lock him in place.

"Now let's see how this feel. Wouldn't want to feel fake to a user now, do we?" it asks, massaging them, thumbs running across their surface like the balloons they are, judging the give and take they have, while there is something else going down below.

The heat and warmth of K-2003's sex is unforgettable, and now it's back right against Ross' own hot and needy tender member... no not member, what kind of thought was that? His aching hungry sex. That clit hood lick across the edges, soaked with the toy's sown sexual fluids which is the strongest aphrodisiac of them all. The renamon toy-to-be gasps, aches, shudders, their sex' kissing, while the sergal toy's clear advantage in clitoral hood runs across the hot needy vent, parting the lips, licking across the opening, making him want everything all the more.

K-2003 enjoying itself while focused like a connoisseur of a fine wine, judges and caresses the breasts with care, "Yes, this is feeling what this one was hoping to expect at this point of time. And a most wonderful reaction from this this one can say. And the way you thrust up against it, and squeeze and milk it? Lovely, but let's work its way down and go to taste and a more tender feel, hmm?" it suggests, the toy sliding down, giving Ross a little respite from the invading wiggling sex tongue from his own sex.

"Yes Maker, thank you Maker," is all that he says, while the sergal takes one of his breasts in its hand and licks across the hard nipple. The forked tongue tip run across the nipple,

licking either side before the toy takes it into its mouth, suckling the teet, with firm tender lustful squeaks, letting the toy's mouth juices drool and run across the breasts. The toy's teeth gently bite and squeeze it, tugging on it before letting it spring back, watching the reaction.

“Maker...”

K-2003 looks up at the needy renamon, “Is that all you have to say? This one is sure you can say more in the heat of your lust. You might have to say a lot when you are with a user.”

Ross looks down at it, noticing the coy smile, “Maker... yes this one can say more,” it responds, sex twitching, aching.

“And what else can you say?” it asks licking up the dribbling toy juices along the breast before repeating the process on the other breast, forcing the renamon toy to undergo the same aching pleasures all over again.

“This one is so wanting to enjoy users' Maker. It wants to take them. Please them. Show what a great toy it is. That it can give them a good time and that even though it is a toy that it can...” it trails off into a moan.

K-2003 just finishes pulling at the teat with its teeth, “That seems functioning perfectly,” it remarks, looking up at him, moving down further Ross' body, the toy's tongue snaking across the belly, claws running along his sides, “Can what toy-to-be?” it inquires, the toy's tongue trail and not breath that followed in its wake stopping just at the former human's aching sex.

“It can prove to you that even a dominant toy in service is still a good fuck toy. That a fuck toy can dominate others!” he exclaims, feeling the words not as a mimic of what the collar has whispered to him in deep hypnotic trances, but speaking them as truth, fact, and not a mindless parroting.

“We shall see about that very soon,” K-2003 says, licking across the toy's hot aching vent, its hands gripping the toy's thighs, thumbs running across the inner thigh, keeping it from thrusting against it.

“Yes Maker, you shall see,” he states with confidence.

“Hmm,” it responds, licking across the outer sex, tasting itself on toy's vaginal lips. Ears twitching, hearing the soft repressed moan that Ross is giving out from just a simple lick. Slowly, gingerly, tenderly the toy licks across the lips again, biting and nibbling along the outer folds, pulling at them with its lips, watching each reaction, feeling how they work, moving steadily towards the aching throbbing clit at he top of the sex. Which it hungrily suckles it, teeth giving the most tender of a bit, and pull. It feels the force of Ross' thrust against it, judging how much its body is instinctively reacting to the pleasure impulses, as it feeds more into the hungry renamon's body.

K-2003 closes its eyes, focusing on what it is doing. Mouth going wide, encasing the sex in full, letting its tongue slip into and dive deeper into the renamon's body, pulling and tugging at the toy's folds, feeling every reaction, every squeeze, how the milking is done, how its done in waves. Drinking down the toy's juices, letting it pool into its mouth so it can truly taste and judge the renamon toy-to-be's flavor, every little aspect of the toy's sex is put under scrutiny, a scrutiny that takes time, which leaves Ross quivering under the Maker's touch.

When K-2003 pulls away, stands of toy juices and its own saliva slowly break from its tongue and lips and the renamon toy's sex. K-2003 swishes and swallows the buildup toy juices, "Good, very good, but this one must get a closer inspection," it mutters, spreading Ross' sex open with its fingers, revealing more of the red rubber sex to the world, letting the cool air brush against it, adding to the torment that he's feeling.

"This one hopes it pleases you Maker," he moans out, hands clenching into fists, toes curling, wanting to thrust hard against his Maker, body screaming and aching for it, and it does happen but the sergal toy's touch prevents anything more than simple bucks against it. The sergal toy's strength far misleading than what is showing by it.

K-2003 thumbs across the sex, pulling and tugging at the vent, opening it wider to get a closer look, the soft glow of its own eyes, aiding in its inspection. Everything is taking seriously, despite the sexual undertones and nature of the situation.

Ross is left in teasing toy anticipation, hoping it is ready, loving the touch of his Maker, yet wanting to be free of its tormenting caresses so it can get back to work and really prove to K-2003 of what a good toy that he is.

Suddenly K-2003 pulls away, letting Ross relax for a moment, "This one has seen enough to make a decision," it says, standing up tall, proud, towering over Ross once more.

"You have Maker?" it asks looking up at it, eager to know the answer, as the suspense slowly builds.

"Yes, it has toy-to-be!" it says, reaching out to gently caress and toy with Ross' breasts, pulling at them to help pull him out of the mold with a soft schlunk, only the tail in the back of the mold provides any real resistance to him slipping out.

"That's good Maker," he replies, wanting to ask the question, but knows his place, "*Good toys are patient. Good toys know how to wait. Good toys know not to ask questions when the answer will be soon be given,*" he thinks, trying to calm himself, keep his focus.

"Are you curious what that is?" K-2003 asks, holding back the answer, watching Ross' reaction.

"Of course, Maker. This one doesn't want to presume what the answer is, but it feels confident that it is ready. But it is not this place to ask."

"Is that so?" K-2003 asks, thumbing across Ross' nipple.

"Yes Maker," he replies, shivering in need, body aching, mind wanting to know.

"Good toy-to-be. And this one has decided that you are..." it trails off, looking over to the doors that lead toward hallways that lead to the store.

Ross remains silent, only a soft pant and squirm to his Maker's touch, body softly squeaking is all that comes out of him.

K-2003 eyes him, enjoying the squirming, thinking, "*This one thinks that is enough teasing for what happened,*" it moves in closer, licking across Ross' ear before whispering, "You are ready for full service."

Ross' eyes light up, "Thank you Maker!" it moans, as its hopes are fulfilled and it is going to have a wonderful day, finally being able to service the customers.