

Camping Partners

Nature, such a wonderful thing to behold. But what is it? Is it the absence of people? There is the saying, as nature intended, but isn't that just people anthropomorphizing something that has no will of its own, simply something that exists with life. People themselves have their own nature, for good or for bad, but nature itself is considered the *other*. What lays outside of society, something to be controlled, conquered by some, be it external or internal nature. While others simply want to admire the beauty and the serenity that nature possess. The longing joy of the blue skies, the green trees, many if not most find such sights wonderful and appealing. Perhaps it's in our nature to do so. But someone or perhaps better stated something is coming that understands one aspect of *nature* all too well and now its desire to understand NATURE will change the course of two lovers lives forever as their own natures will be utilized against them. Or perhaps free them...

"Put down the phone Casey and enjoy the beauty around us," says an anthropomorphic, brown-tanned furred mouse-dog. His green eyes look to his partner, showing the hint of concern as he slips out of the car.

"J-just a moment Ryley, I want to see if I got any replies from my applications before we lose connection out here," responds Casey. The anthropomorphic grey furred fox, his blue eyes glued to his phone as his black furred fingers run across his screen, while his orange furred ears are turned in his partner's direction as he slips out of the passenger side.

Ryley places his cobalt blue furred hands over the phone, "Whatever it is going to be. It's going to be that way when you get back. No use worrying about it now. Take a moment, enjoy nature, three day paid mini-vacation."

"You're the one who is working, not really a vacation."

"When you love what you do, every day is one," he says, wrapping his fingers around Casey's, and on the second day we'll be visiting the bad mouth caves. You'll get to look at all the geological splendor there is," he says with a playful wink, leaning up against him, showing his strength within their relationship despite being a few inches shorter than his fox counterpart.

"How did you pull that one off?" he asks, adjusting his glasses as the trunk pops open as they pull out their camping gear. Casey is wearing a pair of skinny jeans and a blue V-cut shirt. His hiking black padded boots have a thick zipper down the side, matching Ryley's.

The mouse smirks, wiggling his nose, "I offered it, and we got enough people to sign up and pay for it. Though I did get one joke applicant," he says, pulling out the gear from the back with ease. Dressed in green park ranger gear, grey skinny jeans, and a slouch hat, that gives a strong hint to the origin of his accent.

"Right, you were telling me about that. Didn't they pay ten over the amount requested?"

"Yeah. I figured it's a joke, and the park isn't going to touch the money till we're sure it's cleared. It would be nice though if it weren't. We could always use a bit more money to help preserve the wonders out here." He swings his heavy bag around his shoulder, looking to the small cabin ahead of them, "Let's go pick up the others and get going."

“Sounds good, though I-I wonder one thing.”

“Yes?”

“Do you think we could have a moment between us?” he asks, his fur fluffing out.

“Out in this bush? I think we can find a way,” he says with a wink, the pair stepping into the cabin where four hikers are ready to go. At a glance he could see the wolf is novice, the rat and turtle have some experience, and human is one of his regulars, “*I knew that last one was a joke,*” he thinks, gathering everyone outside, he says with a loud and clear announcer voice, “Now remember, stay close. Don’t wander off, and this three day bushwalk will be a fun and memorable experience.”

Just then a black limo pulls into the gravel parking lot. The out of place vehicle draws everyone’s attention and a few mutters of curiosity. The door swings open with a surprising force, that the door almost bounce closes back onto the occupant, “Sorry! This one is late. It had no idea that the roads here weren’t good for the limo. If it knew that, it would have taken a smaller car here!” exclaims a feminine voice. Squeaky noises filter out from the limo as a sleek black rubber looking steps out. The sergal’s cyan hair shines in the light, her entire form glimmers in the light like well-polished chrome.

Ryley’s ears twitch, “This just became interesting...” he mutters, approaching the sergal.

“This one is so sorry for being late. It hopes it can still join the hike,” it says, the toy’s hips swaying. The sergal has black and cyan banded cuffs and collar around its body. The D rings jingle with clear heft, and lettering that reads in fine cursive lettering “Fuck Toy” along the band. Outside of that, and a fanny pack around its waist, its butt naked. The sergal’s iconic clit hood is tightly pressed against its sex.

“Ah, pardon me, but who are you?”

The sergal turns its attention to him, approaching as it towers over the mouse-dog by nearly a foot, “Sorry, this one has not introduced itself,” it says, leaning down to be eye level with him, the toy’s breasts squeezed together by its arms, causing a loud squeak. It extends its sleek black rubber hand, with delicate yet eye drawing, cyan claw tips, its entire form is simple black or Cyan with almost no color in between, “This one is K-2003. It signed up for this three-day hike as part of its research and toy development. It did remember to write that on the application it thinks, didn’t it?”

He shakes the toy’s hand, its smooth and sleek, warm to the touch, “*Did this person wear a suit to go hiking?*” he wonders, quickly catching himself as he answers, “Yes, I remember that. And as the ranger in charge of this group, your health and safety are important to me. You understand that though this is an intermediate trail, and you need the protective gear and equipment.”

“This one has. It has its emergency beacon and a satellite phone here,” it says, shaking its fanny pack that is clipped to its black and cyan bondage belt, “It wearing protective footwear as it did read that was a major requirement,” it says lifting its foot to show leather toeless foot gloves that look like this is the first time they’ve ever been worn, “and...”

A silver and pink sergal toy places a massive back pack beside the sergal, “Here you go Toy Mistress. It’ll see you in three days.”

“K-2003 smiles, and wiggles its rump, “Thank you. Drive safe, feel free to take the car next time.”

“This one told you the limo was a bad idea, but you didn’t listen.”

“Well now it knows,” it says with an affirmative nod, picking up its hiking pack that weighs at least a hundred pounds if not more by the looks of it with surprising ease, “It has all the gear you suggested along with some others that it read as must haves on the internet.”

Ryley gives a curious look over what he can just see attached onto the hiker’s backpack, “*So much of this is not needed. Over packing a novice mistake, but I’ve never seen anyone go this over the top.*” He smiles at the toy, “Well ah, Miss K-2003 was it?”

“K-2003 will be fine, but you may use K-toy, or simply toy since this one is the only toy here, so I don’t think there will be any confusion on who you are referring to.”

“I see. Well Miss K-toy. My name is Ryley Mausen and I am in charge of this bushwalk. Please stick close to the group, pay attention and if you have any questions don’t be afraid to ask. The handsome fox over there is my partner Casey Fauxe.”

“Oh, you two are an item? How lovely!” K-2003 exclaims.

Casey feels his cheeks burn, his heart racing, as he’s been unable to tear his eyes away from the lewd sergal before him, “R-ryley...”

“We are, but what I want to say is, though he’s not in charge, if he says something, I want you to take it as if its coming from me, okay?”

“This one understands completely. This one is so excited, it’s never been on a hiking trip before, and this is the closest place that allowed someone like this one to participate.”

“We do have a yearly nudist hike, but that was two months ago.”

“This one knows, but it wanted something more traditional. It’s looking to expand to have more traditional outdoors experience.”

“*Then why did you come dressed like that?*” he wonders, shaking the thought away, “*It’ll be fine. If she’s real that means the money is, and I don’t want to give a bad impression. I can understand the draw of wearing latex out here.*” He clears his throat, “Now that’s out of the way, are you ready?”

“Yup!” it says with a squeaky rump wiggle.

“Good, let’s get going, it’s a few miles to the campsite, and I’d like to get there before it gets too late in the day.”

The group was off, with Ryley and Casey’s latest member walking right behind them. The toy’s towering stature made it stick out more than it already did. The mouse’s canine tail wags a bit quicker as he checks up on the group along the way. Moving through the green forest, hearing the birds sing, the wind rustling through the trees as the toy’s squeaks makes it a uniquely odd mix that no one else was expecting.

“This one read it should bring lots of water. Though it doesn’t really need anything because it made sure to be charged up before leaving. But it would like to know how much on

average is needed?" the toy asks, moving through with them with surprisingly ease that catches Ryely off guard.

"The rule of thumb is about two cups of water per hour of hiking for a human. Taking that much for most other species is more than enough, so I go with that. It's better to have a bit more water than you need than be left dehydrated. But some species, say a camel, definitely wouldn't need to bring as much, even on a warm day like today."

The sergal holds a note pad and jots the information down, "Okay, what else should it know?"

"Watch where you are going. If you need notes, we can go over that once we reach the camp. Knowing where your feet are is very important."

"Of course, this one knows where its feet are. They are attached to its legs and on the ground," it says with an affirmative nod, putting away the notepad into its fanny pack.

"I mean where you put your feet. You don't want to slip and fall. And I would have recommended not toeless footwear. You're going to get your feet cut up and suit damaged."

"This one's latex is very tough, no worries on that."

"I'd also recommend not to overpack, but you already did that. Didn't you read the notice I sent that said to pack light?"

"This is light for this one, and it read that it should pack for all weathers."

"That's good at least. The forecast said clear and sunny through the week, but you never know it might change."

"Yup, this one packed for rain, sleet, snowstorm, tornado, hurricane, flash flood, lightning storm, polar vortex, a meteor shower."

Ryely face palms, "It's summer. All weathers is like heavy rain and the like. It's not going to snow."

"You never know," it replies.

Casey feels a rush being so close to the sergal. His heart flutters a bit, glancing over at his partner, then back at the larger-than-life rubber kinkster, "S-so, w-why do you want to cum, I m-mean... why are you so curious about the outdoors?" he asks as he takes a swig from his water bottle, the only thing sweating more beside the human than he is.

"A lot of this one's products are in-doors, and many toys like itself don't get out all that much. It is an exception to that, but an exception doesn't nullify the rule. And though Toys-4-U toys are able to be taken outside. Going out doors on trips like this? That is just not doable. And it like to do some research to change that. And so, this one is here. The best way to learn is to do."

The name of the company rang a bell within Casey's and Ryely's minds, both feeling a tingle run down their spines, as they try to hide the recognition when the human unexpectedly saves them, "Toys-4-U? That adult toy company? Is that where you got your suit? I thought I recognized the quality."

K-2003 spins around, walking backwards without missing a beat, it's raised up and over the mouse-dog, giving both he and his fox partner a clear view of the toy's goods before it stands normal once more, "This one isn't wearing a suit. It is what it is, a toy."

"Sure, but you just said that Toys-4-U toys can't be out here, why can you?"

"This one has a special classification which grants it rights and privileges of users, so it is the only one currently eligible to fulfill this task."

Ryley quickly interrupts, "Miss K-2003. Please turn back around. It's not a good idea to walk backwards on the trail."

"Okay," it responds, adeptly turning back around, moving with such elegance and ease that one wonders if there really is anything in that backpack at all. But when they make it to the camping ground mid-afternoon the heavy thump of the bag as its placed down, says otherwise.

Casey checks his sleeping bag within their shared tent, "So, uh, t-that was an unexpected extra, wasn't it?"

"I wouldn't say unexpected extra, more just plain unexpected. But I am concerned."

"About what?" he asks, poking his head out, looking up at him.

"She's not eaten or drank anything since we started the trip. She has to be dehydrated and no amount of dedication to role play should take priority of one's health."

"True, and it looks like she's having problems with her tent," he adds, looking over to the toy that is sitting on the ground, all its tent supplies next to it, not even unpacked yet while it reads through the manual.

"Even the new guy is done, and she hasn't started," he says with a sigh, "I'll go help."

"I'll help too," he replies, rushing after him.

Ryley looks down at the toy as it reads through the instruction manual, "Need some help? Everyone else has set up camp and you haven't even started."

"This one just wanted to read through the safety and do's and don'ts."

"That's good but it's best to set up your tent while there's still daylight. Here let us help you set up. It looks like you got a Hilleberg tent... big enough for four people with an annex extension, it's a good brand, but I think you went a bit over the top for your first outing. I would have recommended something not so expensive."

K-2003 tilts its head, "Are they bad? This one did research, and the reviews were good, and the quality is very high, much like the toy models we sell, high quality toys at a high-quality price."

"No, nothing wrong with them. They are a very good quality brand. I just think you over prepared for this."

"Better to be over prepared rather than under."

"S-she's right. It is very high quality, and it does matter," he says, feeling his cheeks blush a bit, squirming a little bit as he helps set up the toy's tent.

The mouse chuckles, "Yeah, I can agree. Good quality is preferred when going out. But if you are only going to go out once, it might not be a good idea to get something so pricey is

what I mean,” he says, working with his partner to get the tent squared up, the toy helping wherever it can.

“This one does intend to go out a few times. It has to do a lot of research and it thinks it can chalk these up as a business expense. Toy’s accountant verified that it would work,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“I wouldn’t know much about that, I’m just a simple guy. I love nature. It’s given me so much relaxation, its beauty, my job, even the love of my life and future husband,” he says with a bit of dreaminess at the end.

Casey feels his fur stand up on end, a warmth filling his cheeks, “Ryley...” he mutters just as he finishes helping set up the toy’s tent.

K-2003’s eyes light up figuratively and literally, “Oh! You two are together?! That’s wonderful to hear.”

Casey continues to blush muttering, “Ah... he didn’t say it was me.”

“This one is good at reading people. It can see these things. It’s a big part of its job, to understand the wants, needs, desires... hidden away fantasies that are held within the depths of one’s mind, body and soul, and safely, consciously, and lovingly set them free.”

“I-I see... Ryley does hold the key to my heart.”

The mouse smirks, “And so much more.”

The fox lets out a soft yip, squirming a little, “R-ryley.”

He smirks, “I appreciate the warm wishes. Though we haven’t tied the knot yet.”

“Oh? Still in the planning stages then?”

“I want to get a job before we plan it. Getting married costs a fair bit if you want to do it right. And we both want to make it one to remember.”

“That’s just wonderful. This one is a big fan of true love and people getting together for the rest of their lives. And if you ever want a special ceremony at one of its stores or get well-equipped for the honeymoon, don’t hesitate to let this one know. We have a newlyweds discount on our website. Good for one month after marriage, providing a marriage certificate. Are you signed up to our Toys-4-U website?”

Casey listens with a jaw dropping blush, hands covering his crotch, “Ah... I... um...”

Ryley chuckles, “You are just a walking advertisement for your company. And let me tell you. Your sight is nice? We’ve been there, but we aren’t here to talk about your business. This is a time to get away from the world and see nature. And as the ranger in charge, I have some concerns.”

“Concerns?” K-2003 asks, tilting its head, “Oh, is it that you two helped this one with its tent? It thanks you. It should have said it earlier, but it got distracted. And don’t worry, it will have this booklet read tonight and it will get its own tent packed away and set up for days two and three.”

The mouse-dog gets close to the toy, which leans in close to him, the sweet smell of grape scented polish and latex hangs in the air around it, “I’m concerned about your well-being.

Being in a latex suit all day has to be atrociously hot. And unless you're a camel, a fennec fox, or something along those lines, you need water."

"This one is fine, it can operate at much higher temperatures without needing to cool down, as long as it's not four hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or two hundred four-point four repeating, it's fine from any heat based damages. Though it wouldn't recommend getting that close to that temperature. Though it is amusing there are a lot of fours in the Celsius."

"Funny, but I am serious. I know you want to stay in character for your kink, and I can respect that, but your safety is paramount to me."

"And this one couldn't agree more. Safety of customers is our top priority at Toys-4-U. Its glad to see we are in agreement."

Casey gets closer, looking over the sergal's sleek smooth black rubber back, "Is this the press and seal technology I've heard so much about?"

The sergal's ears twitch. It thinks, "*Oh, they are into that? This one might have to do some research on them,*" the toy's smile grows wide, "Oh, we have that yes, but this one is not in a suit. It is a toy, a thing, a fuck object, and by law a living rubber being. In other words, it is not in a suit. If you want to check, you can get a good look, but be careful," it says, opening its mouth nice and wide.

Ryley moves in to inspect the sergal's mouth, "Be careful of what exactly?"

The toy doesn't respond except with "Ahhhh."

He sees the toy's forked tongue, the salvia that is faintly cyan translucent, it's hard rubber teeth that shine like its body and it doesn't take long for him to realize that there is no possible way there is a person in a suit, "Oh my... You're actually one of those fuck toys I've heard about. That are on your website."

"Yup!"

"So, they are real and not just paid actors or paid pleasure company?"

"Well, you do have to pay for them to own them. But we have free toy testing rooms. Try it before you buy it. Find a toy type and personality that is right for you."

Casey huffs, "Can we test you out?" he asks, blushing harder as he catches himself, shocked at his own words, "I-I..." he stutters, in a failed attempt to apologize.

K-2003 leans back, looking up at him, "You can if you want. Though this one is not for sale. It has plenty of room in its tent," it says with a wink. The toy's ear twitches, "*Ah, that really got him. How sweet to be so constrained.*"

"I-I think I'm good right now. Right, Ryley?"

"Right. Well, I don't know much about how you work, but make sure you take care of yourself, alright?"

"This one will, it appreciates your concern," it says as there's a vibration within its pouch, "Oh, sorry, this one has to take this call. Probably business."

"You get reception out here?" asks Casey with a hint of envy in his voice.

"Satellite, this one is still on the job you know," it says with a rump wiggle, slinking into the tent.

Casey sighed in relief, “T-that was unexpected,” he says, adjusting his shorts, “Let's get something to eat. I'm famished.” He adjusts his glasses, smiling at his partner.

“I'll cook you something right up,” he replies, the two walking off hand in hand.

K-2003 grabs its back still in a phone conversation, booting up its laptop as it gets to researching, “*Too early to tell but perhaps. Toy has found the right material to head its new adventure.*”

The following day, Ryley and Casey will awake to the surprise of K-2003 completely packed up and wearing to go, which wouldn't normally be any issue, but they got up at the crack of dawn and everyone else is still asleep, “Ah, Miss K-2003? Did you sleep or do toys not need that?”

K-2003 wiggles its rump, sitting on its hiking backpack, “This one had too many meetings, but it will tonight.”

“Are you going to be okay skipping a night of rest?”

“This one can go for a while without sleep, it'll be fine.”

Casey remarks, “I wish I could have done that during my studies.”

Ryley cautions, “Just be careful. We are here to relax, not exhaust ourselves. Our next stop will be at the Bad Mouth Caves. We should get there by a few hours past non. More than enough time to have a good diner.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Don't you mean supper?”

“Hmm?”

“Dinner is more of a heavy meal. This one doesn't think we're going to have a heavy meal but something light, more akin to supper.”

He gives the toy a curious look, “Right...”

Casey pipes up, “Though true. The words can be used interchangeably. So you are technically right Miss K-2003, but both are actually right.”

“Which is the best kind of correct,” it says with a big grin.

The hiking toward the caves was uneventful. Another warm day, and though the wolf had some trouble keeping up, and slowed their arrival to the mouth of the caves by a little bit, there's nothing else to note.

Ryley calls out to the group, “Okay, we'll be setting up camp here. Rest up, enjoy the wonders of nature around you. But do not go into the caves. Everyone is exhausted and tired, and best we do our introduction to spelunking in the morning. Once camp is set up, Casey and I will quickly explore the caves and make sure everything is safe.”

“What if something happens to you while in the caves?” asks the wolf with concern in her voice.

“We'll have walkie-talkies for communication. One of which we'll leave here. If anything happens, we'll call for help. Otherwise wait for us here.”

Casey approaches the wolf, “Don't worry. We know how to take care of ourselves. And I'm a geologist. Rocks are my bread and butter. We don't expect anything dangerous to be there, but we want to be safe rather than sorry. Okay?”

The wolf nods, her tail wagging a little, "Okay."

The fox smiles, heading back to his partner, and once everything is set up they are off into the caves with hard hats, flash lights, and small backpacks strapped to their backs. They venture into the damp caves, the natural light fading quickly. Their footsteps echoing through the rock face, as stalagmites and water dripping stalactites, give the look of a crooked mouth in much need of a good orthodontist.

"How does it look?" asks Ryley, shining the light over the cavern walls.

"Very stable. Doubt there'll be an issue. Rocks are hard and steady."

The mouse smirks, "And how do I look?"

Casey turns around, shining his light on his partner, his pants pulled down, cock out and throbbing, dribbling a bit of pre-cum as he uses his backpack as support.

He gives a playful wink as his eyes give an eerie reflective glow, "Perhaps you can help me handle this stalactite?"

The fox licks his lips eyeing the pink throbbing cock, a hand caressing his pants, feeling his pent-up member underneath, straining to break free. He pulls out a mat from his backpack, laying it before him as he gets onto his knees, caressing his lover's length, fondling his grey furry balls, "You know it would technically be a stalagmite since its pointing up toward the ceiling," he says, adjusting his glasses.

He rolls his eyes, "You want to help me with this?" he asks, gently thrusting his hips against him.

The fox gives a long tender lick from the base of the throbbing member, working slowly his way to the top where he gives a soft tender suckle, tasting the salty pre-cum on his tongue and lips, pulling away with a long teasing caress of his tongue, "Only if you help me. That toy has made me so pent up. And y-you know how hard I get for rocks."

"Yes, you do get rock hard," he chuckles.

Casey is now the one to roll his eyes, wrapping his lips around this lever's sensitive member, curling his tongue around it as he bobs his head up and down, taking the entire length within his hungry maw, enjoying every inch of him.

The mouse moans, bucking his hips against his partner, rubbing the back of his head, gently scratching behind the ears, while using his other hand to keep himself propped up and steady, "Hmm, fuck yes. That's it. I'll admit it. That toy got me going the other day, but I couldn't risk us moaning in our tents. At least here." he grunts, as pre-cum drips out of his member.

The fox pulls his mouth from the throbbing cock. He gently massages Ryley's balls, before giving a few firm strokes, "We're deep enough, no one can hear us moan," he says, with a blush, tail swishing, the thought of someone still *could* come in and get the jump on them remains in the back of his mind, making him strain and be teased.

That same thought, the chance of someone coming in to find them, catch them red handed lingered, and caressed his thoughts, adding to their mutual pleasure. And it wasn't long when Casey put those expert lips of his back around his aching flesh that his rocket was sent off.

His white creamy essence shooting up into his lover's maw, which is hungry drank down. The high slowly fades, his member twitching as Casey licks it clean, giving a few pumps, squeezing out any hidden essence.

"Ah there we go. You were pent up. I haven't seen you go that fast in a while."

"Well... you know. I was saving myself for this moment."

"Awe sweetie, you shouldn't have."

"I know, but I wanted to do it for you."

Casey blushes, "Awe..." his tail swishes, "Perhaps you can return the favor?" he asks with pleading yellow eyes.

Ryley grins, "Perhaps, let's see how you look," he says, giving his lover a gentle pet on the head, guiding him up onto his feet, "Maybe I can help you, maybe I can't. Just depends how tight of a situation you are in," he teases.

"Come on, that's no fair," he huffs.

"We'll see," he says, pulling down the fox's pants revealing his pent up but bound throbbing penis. Hidden behind a hot pink sheath chastity cage. The fox's cock tip peaks out through the cages cum slit, pressing up against the opening as it struggles to get free. The metal lock jingles as he shifts, "Oh my, aren't you just a needy one," he says, giving a gentle lick across the tip.

He yiffs softly, "P-please Ryley. I don't know how much more I can take. I feel like I could blow right through my cage."

"Maybe I can help you with that," he teases, gently caresses his lover's balls, giving another slow lick across the small, exposed tip, "I know you've wanted to do that. Cum through your cage. Maybe today is the day. Locked up, the chance of someone finding us... it's exciting isn't it?"

He whines in response, tail swishing furiously behind him as he pre-cum oozes from the tip, "Hmm, yes, fuck yes. Please give it to me."

"I'll give it the college try." He wraps his mouth around his lover's sheath, his tongue slipping into it, the cage separating his tongue from the aching length except for a few small touches along the contained shaft. His nose bumps against the lock again and again as he works his magic.

Casey shudders, curling his toes, squeezing tightly onto the backpack, doing his best to support himself as he's at the mercy of his lover. That delightfully rough tongue toying within his body, his sheath sensitive, causing him to leak out more of his pleasure juices. But as he's worked over the next several minutes. Ryley having to stop to catch his breath, before nursing the tip before diving back in. He still doesn't hit the climactic end they are both gunning for, but it certainly leaves the fox melted and puddy in his lover's hands. He lets out a whimpering whine, "Please let me out... I need to cum so badly."

Ryley gives a defeated sigh, "I was so hoping I'd get you over. Next time I suppose," he says, reaching into his shirt, pulling out a hidden heart shaped locket. He opens it up, there's a picture of them together, but hidden inside is a metal pink key, "You deserve it."

“Thank you, thank you,” he whines, eyes locked on the key, following it as it slips into the lock and with an audible click his cage is removed, his member slipping out so fast that the cage is left dangling at the tip.

“Anything for you my sweet,” he replies, taking the cage, and placing it on his half hard length for safe keeping. He grips the throbbing member, feeling up the knot, “How’s that feel?” he asks, given a few good knot strokes.

With a soft, needy whine he replies, “Yes, yes, a bit more, just a bit more,” he cries out. The throbbing aching length burns with need. The warming pleasure building up in his loins as his balls ache to be released. Their weight sinking deep into his mind, “I need it so badly. I need you.”

“That’s so wonderful for you to say. Perhaps I should edge you a bit longer? I love it when you talk niceties to me love.”

He huffs, arching his back, tail bouncing around him like a ping pong ball that has gone crazy, “Please... I don’t know how much I could take.”

Ryley’s fingers caress the cock, feeling each throb, the sheath juices coating it. The lovely aroma that he just sniffs up, giving a few strokes before licking across the tip, “I think you could take more than you know love,” he says, wrapping his lips around it, beginning to hungry suck.

Casey yips, his aching arousal now turning against him. He’s been on the edge for so long that he’s finding it difficult to get over the edge. He bucks against his lovers muzzle but is held down by him. His strength and power corralling his primal instincts as he squirms about. His mind says, *“No one can hear you. No one can hear you. It’s just us... just us,”* his cheeks blushing as he wonders if they’d get caught. If any of the hikers will notice anything odd about this spot in the caves. His heart thumbs with arousal and fear that they’d get caught, “Oh God,” he moans, looking at his lover, tensing, so close, yet just a bit more, just a bit more.

He looks up, seeing blue cyan eyes looking at them, glowing cuffs that read the lettering “Fuck Toy.” The toy’s glow is surprisingly alluring, but then he blinks realizing it’s not his imagination.

“Hello, this one is here to help, are you two okay?” K-2003 asks.

Casey shudders, climaxing hard... harder than he ever has before, his toes curling, his essence shooting out of him like a fire house, as he slips and tumbles back, the back of his head hitting a rock, while Ryley caught completely off guard gets a single drink down before he literally chokes on his lover’s seed, some of it going down the wrong tube.

K-2003 gasps, “Oh no! Are you okay?” it exclaims rushing over to check up on Casey, then pats Ryley on the back as he slowly catches his breath.

Casey his cock still throbbing, cum dribbling down his length, “Ahh....”

“This could be a concussion; how many fingers is it holding up?”

“T-two...”

K-2003 gives a sigh of relief, “Ah good. Good. It was worried. It guesses that helmet protected you.”

“Yeah, it did...”

Ryley clears his throat, swallowing what seed still remained in his mouth, “Miss K-2003... why are you in here? Didn’t I specifically say not to come in till we checked this place out?” he asks, scrambling to pull his pants back on, the chastity cage fumbling of his cock and onto the cavern floor.

Casey is left in shock and fear, eyes following the cage into the darkness then back to the glowing toy.

“Yes, but you said only to come if you needed help. And this one heard both of you say help me, help me, and in a tight situation. So, it came to help,” it says with a nod.

Ryley gives a dumbfounded look, “H-how did you...”

K-2003 points to its ears, “Sergal hearing, it's legendary as this one has been told many times.”

Casey finally manages to pull his pants up, rushing to get the pieces of his cage and pack them into his pack.

Steadily Ryley clears his throat some more, letting out one more cough, adjusting his clothes, “Ah, I didn’t know that. Miss K-2003. I appreciate your concern, but we are fine. We were just finishing up our... uh... duties here. So, why don’t we all head back to the camp and enjoy the evening, okay?”

“Sounds good. This one is sorry for startling you two.”

“It’s fine, you didn’t mean to,” he says, looking at Casey, who has a visible bulge in his pants, and has that look of fear, and excitement painted on his face. “Though... can you do us a favor and not tell anyone what happened?”

K-2003 nods, “Not a problem. Your secret is safe with this one, and toy can assure you, it’s very good at keeping secrets.”

The pair look at each other as tension steadily leaves them, “Good, good, let's get back then, shall we?”

Casey leans close to his partner, squeezing his hand, “Yeah, I agree, let’s head back.”

As they make their way back, K-2003 watches the pair, mulling the thoughts in its mind, thinking, *“This one will have to do a deep dive on them. It is sure their material is perfect for its and their needs.”*