

“I don’t know about this, Jules.”

Julius shrugged. He was a good six inches shorter than his friend, if you discounted his long ears, and a good deal rounder, with the kind of body usually described as cuddly. He was a rabbit, from his wriggly, pink nose to the powder-puff of a tail peeking out from the hole in his denim shorts. His fur was light tan, almost blond, while his eyes were a muddy kind of purple.

“I need this, Dave,” he said. If he were being honest with himself – and he wasn’t – he didn’t need this. He was still getting over a bad break-up and what he needed was some time and distance. This, he knew, very, very deep inside, was nothing more than an emotional band-aid.

“If you say so,” said Dave. He was an impala, skinny but muscular, with darker fur than Julius, tipped in black. Two impressive horns sprouted from his messy hair. His eyes were a deep, liquid gold, and they were fixed on his friend. After a moment of silence, Dave sighed and shook his head. “Alright, before I let you in, let’s go over the rules.”

They were standing under the awning of a closed and somewhat downtrodden toy store. The display window was filled with giant stuffed animals, the smallest of which was half as tall as Julius was, all gathered around a very large sign that read, “ADULTS ONLY.” The street was dark, even the streetlamps unlit, and the only light came from the soft display illuminati.

Dave unlocked the gate and entrance as he talked. “Phone, keys, wallet, leave all of that on the front desk. Don’t worry about a mess, they’ll clean it up. Don’t let them take charge.” He opened the door and held it for Julius. “That’s important. You have to stay in control at all times. If you get scared or you want out, come back to the front desk. They can’t follow past that line unless you carry them.” He pointed at a white chalk line on the ground just behind the cash register sitting on a desk right at the front. Beyond that were aisles of sex toys of every conceivable kind, slightly sinister until Dave flicked the lights on. “Don’t accept anything they offer you. Got it?”

Julius nodded, but he wasn’t really paying attention. He was peering into the stacks, trying to catch a glimpse of what he hoped to be a thorough distraction.

“Hey,” Dave said, squeezing Julius’s shoulder until the rabbit turned to face him. “Keys, wallet, phone.” He pointed at the inbox on the desk, and Julius emptied his pockets. “I’ll be back in the morning. The toys you want are in Aisle 4. There’s a mattress in the back, just put down clean sheets first.” He hesitated. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, man, I’m sure,” Julius said, a little irritable. He patted his shorts to make sure his pockets were empty. “And, um, thanks.”

Dave nodded. He looked like he wanted to say something else, but instead just shook his head and left. Julius waited until he heard the lock click before he set off into the store.

It was bigger than he had guessed, and the aisles seeming to go on forever. It was also strangely difficult to find Aisle 4, which was not visible from the front. Somewhere in the distance, a clock he never saw ticked away the seconds, but he still wasn’t sure how long it took him to find what he was looking for.

Aisle 4 was filled with hundreds of stuffed animals, like the ones in the display, except where those had been wearing cute costumes, these were all... Well, there wasn't another word for it. They were all naked. Every last one sported either a silicon dildo or a strategically placed hole, and many had both. A plush snake in the corner had two cocks. They weren't little, either.

He eyed the snake for a moment, which looked cuddly enough, with big orange eyes and a velvet forked tongue sticking out, but he couldn't figure out how its anatomy would work with his own, and so left it curled on its shelf. He imagined it looked a little disappointed, and he couldn't suppress a giggle.

His gaze fell on a stuffed calico, which reminded him, for no reason he could see, of his ex, who had been neither calico nor even a cat. The plushie was a little smaller than he was, with thick faux-fur that was softer than silk when he touched it, and outfitted with a hole but no dildo. A splotch of black covered most of its face, while its throat and chest and belly were white. Orange, tan, and more black covered its back and sides, while three of its paws – filled with beans, by the feel – were white. The last one was creamy orange. Its eyes were glass and bright green, and they seemed to follow him as he moved around in front of it. It had an articulated mouth, he found, and a long felt tongue, almost as rough as a real cat's. He had his first shock when he opened the cat's mouth and it *licked* him. He jumped back in surprise, but the cat just sat there on the shelf, mouth partially open and tongue lolling, and watched him.

"You knew that was going to happen," he told himself, taking a step towards the plushie. It purred, audibly purred, when he touched it, and its arms wrapped loosely around his neck when he picked it up. There was a collar, plain brown leather with a tag that read 'Rex,' buried in its ruff of fur.

"I guess you're coming with me, Rex."

The plush cat purred on and licked his ear.

Looking around, Julius noticed that all of the plushies had collars, each carrying a tag that had their name. He carried Rex around examining a few more – the cat seemed unwilling to let go now that it was in Julius's arms – and found a massive stuffed brown bear, taller even than Dave and thicker than two of Julius put together, sporting a tapered silicon cock longer, wider, and thicker-knotted than Julius's ex. It didn't have an articulated mouth like Rex, just a stitched-on smile, and its eyes were glittery black. It also didn't seem to be filled with light cotton stuffing, like Rex was, but some denser material that gave it a more substantial feeling. Its tag said its name was Artie.

He couldn't lift bear, even if Rex would let him put it down, but when he grabbed its heavy paw, it lumbered off of the shelf and followed.

The backroom was easy to find, clearly visible at one end of Aisle 4. There was a surprisingly large bed, currently stripped, not quite pressed up against the back wall underneath a huge promotional poster for the stuffed animals. "Purr-fect Plush®: Let Your Imagination Go Wild," it said. A sidebar listed all of the many, *many* customization options available. Julius

resolved, when he was done with these two, to go back and see if he could find some of the more intriguing options out on the shelves.

A bench sat in a corner, and Rex consented to be set down on it, while Artie stood nearby. Unencumbered, Julius took in the rest of the room. There wasn't much to take in: a low table held a large pump-bottle full of "Liquid Silk Flavored Personal Lubricant" – "Guaranteed not to stain or soak into fabric! Easy-to-clean!" – which tasted like lemonade of all things; a rack full of latex sheets, sitting next to plushie-sized clothes; and a large cabinet. Inside the cabinet, Julius discovered, were racks upon racks of sex toys. One entire shelf was dedicated to dildos, another masturbators, and the drawers that filled the lower half contained a surprising array of bondage gear.

"Who ties up a plushie?" he wondered aloud, pulling out a pair of fuzzy, zebra-striped handcuffs. With a snort, he tossed them to the side, then made the bed.

That done, he turned to Rex. "You first, I think." He carried the calico plush to the bed and laid it on its back. Splayed out in front of him, Julius got a better look at the plushie's orifice. It looked like a silicon masturbator, crystal blue in color, and shaped like an anus. However it was attached, he couldn't tell, because the plastic faded seamlessly to faux-fur less than an inch from the opening.

Rex wiggled in a feeble sort of way while Julius pulled off his shirt and shorts, as though it didn't have the strength to sit up or roll over. It didn't seem distressed, but only wanted to keep him in its sight. As soon as he stepped back into its vision, it settled and began to purr once again.

Julius climbed onto the bed and ran his fingers through the thick fur. "You are a cutie," he told it, laying his head on its chest and getting a surprisingly firm hug in return. He nuzzled into the fluff as he reached down between him and it to rub his sheath. His cock was already thickening, and a few slow strokes were all it took to get it to full attention. He let go then and rubbed between Rex's legs until he found the entrance.

It was too dry to do more than stick the tip of his finger in, let alone his cock, and he pulled away from the plushie to grab the lube. It took some doing – Rex didn't seem to want to let him go – and once he was free, the bottle was missing from the table. He turned and found Artie standing by the bed, holding the lube out to him.

"Oh," said Julius, a little taken aback. "Thanks." He accepted the gift, then sat back on his ankles to squirt lube onto his shaft. He rubbed it over his length, then tossed the bottle to the side.

He wrapped his arms around Rex's middle and hiked the purring toy up to match the tip of his length to Rex's entrance. With a little squirming, Julius managed to get the first couple of inches inside the toy. The inside was squishy and textured, and surprisingly warm, almost hot. With a groan, he worked his hips back and forth, but the angle their bodies made prevented him from getting far into Rex. The plushie wrapped its legs around his middle and clung to him.

Julius whined into Rex's fur, burying his head in the toy's chest once again. He rolled onto his back, and by pulling his feet underneath him, he was able to hilt himself in Rex. Rex nuzzled into his throat, then opened its plush jaws and bit him. Julius giggled as Rex gummed along his neck and purred. When it became clear that it wasn't going to give up, Julius started humping the plushie. His hands slid down to grip Rex's bottom, letting him slide almost all the way out before slamming his cock back into the silicon ass. The textured entrance gripped and teased and rubbed in all of the right places, and it didn't take long for him to come. He pulled Rex down, the toy's mouth letting go of his throat with a faint pop, and howled as he jerked into the calico.

It took him a moment to calm down, even with Rex sitting on him and purring and nuzzling his chest, but once he did he pulled the toy up and off of him. He had to go slow – the masturbator pulled at his shaft as he moved it, the sensation so intense he thought he might pass out – and settled Rex next to him to cuddle some more while he caught his breath.

He intended to sit for a bit, maybe even take a nap, but Artie was already there, carrying another toy, a brightly colored hawk half the size of Rex. It squeaked in Artie's paws, little legs wiggling above Julius, giving him a nice, lingering view of the crimson-colored, vagina-shaped entrance, before it dropped onto him, shaft sliding up into the toy. It wasn't textured inside, or even silicon; instead it felt like a tube of faux-fur, teasing at every nook and cranny of his cock.

"Stop!" he cried out, and all three of the plushies froze. He was panting a little bit. "Guys, I need a break. This is too much."

The hawk looked put out, while Artie and Rex looked at each other. Rex turned back to Julius and leaned its head down to nibble at one of his long ears. "Wouldn't it be nice," the calico purred, its voice so soft that he almost couldn't hear it, "if you didn't have to stop?"

Julius chuckled. "Sure. But that's not how I work."

Rex glanced at Artie, who nodded, then turned back to Julius. "You could," it told him. "We can make it right for you."

The hawk wriggled against his hips, which caused his flagging penis to harden once more and pulled a groan from his throat.

"Oh, god," Julius said. "What do I have to do?" The hawk had planted its claws on his hips and was lifting up until just his tip remained inside it, then dropping back down. The sensation was too much. It felt like his loins were on fire.

Rex purred, "Just ask."

"Yes, oh, god, yes," he howled. Artie laid a restraining paw on the hawk, holding it down against Julius's hips while it squeaked in protest. Rex, meanwhile, licked Julius's cheek with its velvet tongue, then scooted down between his legs. A moment later, he felt its warm muzzle wrapped around his balls. He wiggled, as much held down as the hawk was, as a strange feeling filled his groin. Rex was sucking on sack, he realized. It was unlike anything he had ever felt before, a subtle pressure, not too much to hurt, and an occasional tug.

Liquid warmth spread over him, like he was sliding into the most luxurious bath. Rex's constant purring was an insistent vibration around his sack. He no longer felt overstimulated, and the hawk's faux-pussy was intense but not painful. Julius started rocking his hips into the plush bird, then bucking into it, hard enough that each time it met his hips, it bounced back up an inch or so with a loud, happy squeak.

Julius grabbed the hawk and pulled it down, holding it against him as he came. He shuddered with his orgasm, squeezing his eyes closed. Some dispassionate part of his brain noticed that this felt different than normal. There was no clenching feeling, almost no sensation in his balls at all, aside from Rex's muzzle. Instead, pleasure suffused him, making him feel hot and cold all at once. It washed over him in waves in time with his twitching hips. He released the hawk with a contented sigh and was dimly aware of Artie plucking the plushie off of his shaft. His cock jerked in air as the last of his orgasm hit him, clear liquid splattering over his stomach.

It took a moment for that to register, but once it did Julius sat up, running a finger through his fur until he found the liquid. It was slippery, not sticky, and smelled faintly of blueberry when he held it up to his nose.

"Is this lube?" he asked. Artie nodded at him. "What did you do?"

Rex pulled itself off, still purring. "What you wanted," it said, its voice almost inaudible at that distance. In shock, Julius reached down to feel his balls.

His sack was full of what felt like cotton, dense like Artie. He squeezed and felt a wave of pleasure burn through his loins, more lube dribbling out of his half-erect shaft. Rex tsked at his cock, swiftly retreating back into his sheath. It leaned in and gave his shaft a little lick with its velvet tongue.

"What're you going to do?" Julius asked, a little nervous. Instead of answering, Artie reached down with a surprisingly firm grip and pulled his hand away from his balls. It produced the zebra-striped handcuffs and looped them through the headboard, locking his wrists above his head.

Julius gave them a tug, but he was stuck fast. "Hey," he said, but any further protest was stifled by Artie's impressive shaft, which the toy shoved into his mouth. It was thoroughly coated in the lemonade flavored lube, and the silicon shaft itself tasted faintly like strawberry. It was a delicious combination and Julius found himself sucking on the toy cock without thinking about it. Artie held his head steady with one oversized paw and rocked into his muzzle.

Rex, meanwhile, had pulled his sheath back to expose his flaccid shaft. The calico toy lapped at it, a soft paw wrapping around his sack and squeezing it. There was more pressure than Julius expected, but no matter how hard Rex squeezed, there was no pain, just a hot pleasure that intensified. He moaned around Artie's dildo-cock, squirming beneath the two plushies.

Despite himself, Julius felt his own shaft getting hard once again, albeit slowly. He shivered as Rex wrapped his plush maw around him, its purrs deep enough to be felt in his bones. Warmth suffused him and all of a sudden his cock became rock-hard, almost but not quite

painfully so. Another orgasm wracked him, and he bucked into Rex's muzzle. Artie pushed itself down into Julius's mouth, strawberry-lemonade flavored length grinding against his tongue.

The bear pulled out suddenly, its shaft glistening with lube and saliva. Julius gasped for breath, looking up at the silently grinning plushie as it climbed off of him. He caught a glimpse of Rex bobbing its head up and down on his shaft before Artie pulled it off of him. His hips continued to work as his orgasm finished, blueberry flavored lube splattering over his belly.

Julius sat there, still handcuffed, while his heartrate returned to normal. His erection, however, remained. In fact, his cock looked distinctly odd, almost artificial, and was an unnaturally pink color. It was a dildo, like any of the plushies.

"Oh no," he breathed. After a moment of shock, he began to tug at the handcuffs, trying to pull his arms free. Artie appeared at his side and undid the cuff on his left hand, attaching the now-empty bracelet to the bed. Julius reached down to touch his cock. It felt plasticky, and yielded when he squeezed it, which also caused a wave of pleasure to roll through him. He bit his lip to stifle a moan.

Without realizing it, Julius started pawing off, his own lube making his hand glide across the surface of his brand-new shaft. Each stroke left a blueberry-colored smear on his cock. It wasn't a stain, but rather his shaft was changing colors as he played with himself. He didn't notice, however. His eyes were closed as he writhed against the bed, pleasure building rapidly, much faster than normal. With a high pitched squeal, he convulsed, cock jumping in his hand. His climax had changed, too. It still felt like an orgasm, but he didn't spray come all over his stomach and chest. In fact, nothing came out but more lube, dribbling down his shaft and soaking into the fur at his groin.

His orgasm lasted much longer than usual, though. He shuddered against the sheets, his hand still rubbing along his shaft, spreading lube everywhere. Even when the climax had faded, he was left with a foggy, pleasurable sensation, a warmth in his loins and lower stomach. He had to force himself to let go of his length and place his free hand flat on the bed.

Julius didn't open his eyes until he felt something tugging on his wrist, and found Artie wrapping a silk restraint around it. He opened his mouth to protest, but was distracted by the sight of his shaft, still completely erect, and a deep purple that looked covered in glitter. No, not covered, he released, the glitter was part of his cock, a sparkly dildo like any of the toys. Well, he thought, stifling a giggle, none of them had a glitter dick.

Rex was at his side, holding something in its paws. It was a collar, soft leather like the toys', and with a pink heart-shaped tag that read "Julie."

Julius really did laugh. "For me?" Rex nodded. "Thank you." He lifted up his chin and the calico, with Artie's help, buckled the collar around his neck. It was tight, but wonderfully comfortable, the leather as gentle as a whisper. He shivered involuntarily as the collar locked into place, a strange feeling running up his spine.

Artie unlocked the handcuffs completely, and then helped him to roll over onto his stomach. With another restraint, he bear tied his arms spread-eagled to either bed post, then slipped something rubbery feeling under his stomach. There was the whirr of an air compressor and the rubbery something – some kind of heavy duty balloon, Julius thought – began to inflate. He had to pull his knees in to balance, which stuck his rump straight up into the air. The compressor shut off, the balloon so big that, with his arms tied down, he couldn't do much more than wiggle. His cock was pressed firmly against the slightly-yielding side of the balloon, and he shivered whenever he inadvertently rubbed against it. Artie slid something between his cockhead and the balloon, something hard and not-quite-cold, like a glass.

The bed creaked as something climbed up onto it. It couldn't be Artie, Julius knew, because the bear was rolling in an old, silver mirror, sliding it into the gap between the bed and the wall. Julius blushed at the sight of himself, helpless at the hands of a pack of stuffed animals, then let his gaze drift upwards to see what was happening.

It was a horse plushie, piebald and fuzzy, and dense-looking like Artie. It had its paws between his legs, where he couldn't see, but he could feel it stroking his cock. He opened his mouth to moan and abruptly found it full of cherry-flavored dildo. This one wasn't attached to a plush toy; Artie simply slid it into his mouth and then buckled it around his muzzle with a strap. Julius's tongue rested on an impressive knot, while the tip of the shaft nearly hit the back of his throat. He was surprised to find out that he didn't have any trouble with it, though, neither a gag reflex nor his breathing.

Julius glanced back up to the horse plushie, which had stopped stroking him off, leaving his hips quivering. Its hand was covered with lube – his lube, he realized – and was rubbing it into its ice-white shaft. The cock was equine, with a thick medial ring, but not particularly long or wide, and he didn't have any problems taking it when the horse started stuffing it into his ass. Julius moaned into his penis-shaped gag, and let his eyes close to concentrate on the feeling of being pegged by a toy. It was just as intense a feeling as when he had pawed himself off a moment ago, a hot, full feeling that suffused him. It didn't take him long to orgasm again, his cock bouncing against the glass that Artie had stuffed underneath him.

The horse followed soon after, suddenly slamming all the way forward, its cock throbbing inside of him. It was a bizarre sensation, as the plushie filled him with something that felt airy and thin, not like lube or come. It wasn't until the horse pulled out and slid away, trailing little wisps of what looked almost like cloud from its cock, that he understood that it had filled him with cotton stuffing. Well, he admitted to himself, it made sense. The dildo in his mouth muffled his laughter.

Julius expected Artie to release him, then, and he was looking forward to curling up and taking a nap. He felt foggy and a little light-headed, and had had quite enough sexual adventure. But Artie didn't untie him. Instead, the snake plush slithered up over his back side. Soon, it, too, was thrusting into his rear, its sinuous body wrapped around his legs. Only one of its two cocks was inside him, while the other rubbed between his legs, long enough that it squished his sack

against his abdomen and the tip rubbed at the base of his own cock. He came twice before the snake filled him with its own stuffing.

After that there was a black cat with a cock covered in teasing, tugging spines, and a deer with an impossibly long shaft, then another horse, bigger and thicker than the first one. A dragon, complete with wings, filled him with a shaft that was not quite uncomfortably hot, and after that an octopus that used three of its plush tentacles to explore him thoroughly while a fourth wrapped around his cock and drove him to orgasm after orgasm. He lost track after that, his brain too overwhelmed to process what seemed an endless parade of dildo-ed plush toys. Artie was in that mix, he knew, though he wasn't sure when, only that its shaft was the biggest and thickest of the lot, and it went slow, letting him feel every tiny bump and simulated vein with each thrust.

Dave was not entirely surprised, when he opened the store the next morning, to find that Julius's stuff was still sitting on the desk. He had known it was a bad idea to let the rabbit spend the night.

He found Julius still tied to the bed, inflatable balloon holding his rump up. Lube and spare bits of cotton soaked his crotch, covering his sack and sparkly, purple dildo of a shaft. The rabbit's cock was tucked into a large glass, which was completely full of what smelled like blueberry lube. His hips were much wider than the last night, and his body was soft and cottony to the touch. Even his fur had changed, longer, lusher, a pale lavender instead of tan. Julius's feet were longer, his legs shorter, and his toes wiggled as Dave watched.

The deer set the heavy glass on the end table, then walked around to examine Julius from the front. The rabbit's eyes, a little glazed and half-hidden under sleepy lids, were a bright purple and made of glass, and they tracked Dave's movement with a slight hint of confusion. His pink nose – much pinker than it had been the previous night – wiggled lazily over a dildo gag. What had been hands were now just bean-filled paws.

“Oh, Jules,” Dave sighed, checking the collar tag. “I warned you.” He ran his hands through Julius's – Julie's, he corrected himself – plush fur as he walked back to the rabbit's rear end. The cottontail now contained a squeak box, and Dave chuckled as he gave it a squeeze.

“I guess there's nothing for it,” he told Julie as he undid his pants. He helped himself to a liberal amount of the rabbit's lube, scooping it directly from the glass and spreading it on his tapered, cervine shaft. Climbing up behind Julie, he took a moment to examine the rabbit's new entrance, a purple masturbatory sleeve shaped, he suspected, like Julie's anus had been.

With a satisfied sigh, Dave eased himself into the plush bunny. Its interior was knobby, and there was a tight ring in the middle that gripped at Dave's shaft. He grabbed Julie's hips, not that the rabbit should move, still tied securely, and hilted himself in the tight, warm ass. Dave wriggled his hips against Julie's before pulling out, just to the point of that squeezing ring.

Dave was not gentle with the plush, but that just made it moan around its gag. He rutted the toy, working his hips hard and fast into it until, with a cry, he once again hilted himself and filled Julie with his seed. The deer shivered a bit, grinding into Julie's rump for a bit, letting the tight ring milk him dry, before he pulled out.

He cleaned himself off and did up his pants before he untied Julie. The rabbit lay on its side on the bed, watching Dave as he cleaned up the remnants of last night's activities. When everything was all put away, he picked up Julie and gave it a soft squeeze.

"You are pretty cute," he admitted, and Julie beamed with pleasure. "Hmm. Maybe I'll take you home with me." He set the toy down on the bench and stripped the bed, then pulled a frilly pink dress from the stack of clothes. It fit Julie perfectly, and he carried the bunny to the front desk to sit with him through the work day.