

“Damn, all out of juice, huh.” Toon said as the automaton that he had repurposed finally gave up the ghost. This wasn’t the first dungeon he’d found himself unwittingly delving into but it was the first time he’d done so without his tools and usual equipment.

Toon was shorter than the average human, black hair, tanned skin. Fortunately he’d been wearing darker clothing too, allowing him to stick to the shadows of this sprawling subterranean construction. Something which was all the more vital now he was without a protector. The automaton had been due for maintenance to begin with, likely why it was so easy for him to hijack and puppet it to aid him.

He’d left a discreet trail of battered and bruised denizens in his wake, beings that had varied between wanting to introduce the man to their blades just as often as to their cells.

Still, this dungeon felt like its own society in a way. He wasn’t even sure who or what had brought him here, though it seemed strange to drag an outsider into your home, only to be alarmed when coming across them. It was inhabited by monsters and creatures of a kind he’d not run into before, not all of them aggressive either.

More surprising still was the striking difference between the dungeons construction and its decor. In some areas it was decidedly warm and lived in, with brighter electrical lighting and flashy decoration that would fit a modern setting despite the hewn stone that made up the majority of the walls.

Furthermore, in the last few twists and turns things had grown all the more luxurious with posters advertising happenings that one might expect near a theatre.

As such it wasn’t entirely surprising when Toon managed to stumble across a map, one which was framed and fixed to the wall.

He had to duck back into a dimly lit alcove first as he heard two figures wander by, engrossed in mumbled conversation. Their plain dress lacked any protective element but all the same, he didn’t need an alarm called out if he was spotted and deemed to be a rogue element.

Toon held his breath, counting for a few beats before he dared to move closer. The peace lasted long enough for him to truly study the detailed map and it was quite detailed. He traced his path on the map, grimacing as he realised he’d probably started far closer to an exit than he’d realised.

Furthermore he saw that his path had led him through the security and enforcement segments of the underground domain, no wonder he’d met with hostility. Those areas were likely restricted and would be hell to try to wander back through.

No, by his understanding the best way to an exit lay before him; At the end of the narrow passageways behind an auditorium, one not too far away and due to be having a stage production put on shortly. That would make travelling the public routes more perilous as

denizens would be roaming, yet, when the show started it would be ample distraction for him to slip behind and flee this pace.

He may end up running into performers as it looked like his path sent him down past a spread of changing rooms, but it shouldn't be a concern. With his objective in mind, Toon took his time and worked his way at a steady crawl through to make it closer without being seen.

The halls he'd picked had been mercifully sparse of others, allowing him to make his way here. Even through the walls he could hear the growing hubbub in the air of an audience already comfortable and waiting. A door opened near him as he moved through, prompting him to step quickly to hide the only place he could; directly behind it.

The performer who emerged seemed to squeak with each step, followed by a vaguely familiar scent, that of rubber. It was some manner of full body costume that they were quite at ease wearing, glossy sheen catching Toon's eye. Someone still inside the room pulled the door shut, making him tense but fortunately the performer seemed focused on the backstage region ahead of them, rather than turning around to look behind. They dipped out of view, and Toon was on the move again.

He made it more than half the way across the corridor, the last bend before the exit was even in sight before an affable voice carried across the air to him. "Hey you, what are you doing rubbing against the walls there? The carpeting is much softer to walk on."

He turned, seeing a new figure, like many of the dungeon dwellers there were distinctly animal features to the speaker, though with how light seemed to shine off the fox-like figure's orange and brown fur, it could have been another rubbery costume.

That thought was dispelled as the face shifted with emotion, smiling, jaw flapping and lips talking, fully articulate. "Besides, you don't wanna be here! You'll miss the show."

Toon looked between the newcomer and the passage ahead. "No no, that's quite alright, I'm not all that interested in watching." He tried to reply with the same genial energy he was presented with. "Not to mention, I don't have a ticket to watch."

"Ticket? Watch? Oh no, no, no! You're going to be performing!" As the fox spoke he made a theatrical gesture with his arm, to which the nearest door slammed open. Where he might have expected to see a changing room lit up with pieces of costume and fitting mirrors, instead there was an unnaturally deep darkness broken as several shadowy hands reached out.

"What- What are those? No, get away!" Toon was already in motion but the arms were sweeping and too numerous to dodge, he was seized and dragged back.

The fox smirked, tilting his head in goodbye as the man was pulled out of sight, the door slamming behind him. "I'll make sure you know your lines and directions by the time you're done."

In the darkness he was tossed around in the air, the arms treating him as though he were weightless as hands dug into his clothing, pulling off what they could, simply tearing the rest.

As he squirmed and tried to fight free he bumped into more cloth, cool by comparison, having been at the room's ambient temperature instead of carrying the body heat that the rest of his clothes had. It was softly padded, deliberately pushed against him, an undersuit of some kind.

He couldn't see it in the darkness, there was no light for his eyes to get accustomed to. Keeping him defenceless as four hands struck out for each of his limbs, folding the elbows and knees back. "Nnngh, stop it! Stop! Put me down!" He knew there were automata aplenty in the dungeon but these felt far different, too fluid and controlled. Still, the source of their motions didn't seem to care.

The padded cloth was dragged over the top of his bent limbs binding them down, keeping them compressed before the suit seemed to tighten up of its own accord along his back. It was tightest against his waist, looser at the hips and chest with a soft and squishy amount of padding palpable as he was manoeuvred around like a thing.

Fake breast forms and wider hips hid his figure away, disguising his body to replace it with a more typically feminine stature. From his buttocks to his neck the cloth layers tightened as the last of the threads melded together, he knew it was time for his head even before the hands held him upward and braced him, two grasping claws even dragging his jaw open. "Nnngh, w-haahgh?" The way his grunts echoed back quickly was all the warning he got as a thick bulb shoved into his mouth, attached to the back of a masking plate which clicked into place adding further pressure and weight. The feeling was unwieldy enough that he could already tell his human features were gone completely, disguised behind it. "Mhhgh! Mhhhghngh!"

Still the arms weren't done, he felt tugs and bumps at his elbows and knees, something rigid pushed to the tips of them, cradled in more softness. These limb extending props were attached in the same way, sewn on to return his appearance to that of a biped instead of the quad-suited shape he'd been forced into.

Light suddenly returned, flooding away, the hands dissolving as though the shadow forced them back. Somehow Toon remained standing on the costume's legs, even though he couldn't move his own. The door to the changing room opened and two anthropomorphic animals hurried in. "Come on, come on, why aren't you dressed yet?!" They whispered as his surroundings became a mundane changing room, with outfits on racks and all.

“Mmmngh?! H-hmmllhm!” He murmured, yet from their reaction it was as though no sound got through at all.

The two figures pulled out an outfit, turning on Toon, spinning him so that his eyes caught a mirror. Instead of a human where he expected and hoped to see one, a soft, grey-furred rabbit woman in a mascot-like mask, coated in matching fur to blend in, smiled placidly back. There wasn’t so much as a visible seam or zipper for him to use, not that he could have reached.

Even without the tell tale clothing they were gathering, Toon recognised the face of Judy Hopps. It was only confirmed when he was pushed into a chair and the police-uniform commonly associated with her was pulled up the legs and over the arms. Vest emblazoned with a shining badge.

“Right, get out there and show ‘em what for!” One of the attendants encouraged him as they finished. The stilted limbs moved on their own, wrenching one of his arms up as the prosthetic hand within gave a salute and on he walked. He was being controlled!

If there were any doubt as to the source of the puppeteering, it vanished as ‘Judy’ left the dressing room to walk into the fox with the shining hide who smirked gleefully. “Welcome to the cast, I should probably introduce myself. I am Blake, the overseer of this dungeon’s theatre. I’m glad you accepted our full time *permanent* position. Now, run along, Hopps, the crowd is eager to see your athletics.” He said before controlling Toon’s costumed body once again.

“Mmmhh, mhhh!” The human moaned from within the mask, yet as his steps pulled him closer to the stage, he couldn’t even hear himself over the roaring of the eager crowd.

It was showtime...