

(Contained within is the first, and possibly only, Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau session for the user Feronordie. If you're interested in doing the Mad Mansion for yourself, please be warned that there are spoilers ahead! Some details of the "Game" will be redacted for readers, to preserve some of the experience. However, there's still enough here to spoil your own session if you care about plot! If you don't, read ahead.)

(It's also worth noting that the Mad Mansion is a unique experience that is designed as being very Kink-Flexible! The fetish content you see in this run is NOT necessarily what you will experience yourself. If you don't like some specific fetish, please rest assured that you can play this experience without it.)

Chapter 0: Character Creation

Terinas:

Alright. I have a few questions I have to ask, then. First off, do you want this to be part of the experiment? If so, you have to give permission for me to clean up the Logs and upload them as an example of how different people play

Feronordie:

You have full rights to use any and all pieces of this RP on a public forum.

Terinastiger:

Ok! Now then, there's a little bit of a codeified "start" to this. ONE second...

Ok! Welcome to Character Creation for The Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau. Before you can play this "Game", you must spend some time in the "Config Menu" making a few selections for your character. The first thing we need to do is calibrate the Genderometer. Gender of all the characters in this Dungeon are dependent on player desire. Let me go over your options: You can choose to push the Genderometer's lever to the Left to activate All-Male Mode. You can choose to shove the switch to the Right to activate All-Female Mode. Leave the Lever in the Center Position to activate All-Natural gender mode, which leaves all characters their normal gender. Or pull the lever Down to activate Rule 63 mode (All character genders inverted). Or, you can toggle the lever Up to activate the rarely seen Herm Mode (All characters are hermaphroditic, including cuntboys, dickgirls, and all manner in-between). Lastly, if you have a special request, you can ignore the lever entirely and push the "Special Request" button to the right of the lever on your Config Console.

Feronordie:

I'd like to leave the lever in the default position

Terinas:

Ok. So natural genders.

Ok! The next one will require a bit more thought. You need to specify two things into the Kinkulator Machine. The first:

Please list what kinks/fetishes you would like included in this Run of the Mad Mansion:

(Please note that not all fetishes requested will necessarily appear, especially if you give a longer list of them. I will try my best, but I can't include a million kinks without making the story longer than it needs to be. As a general rule of thumb, the less kinks you list, the more likely they'll be worked in)

Secondly, please list what kinks/fetishes you would NOT like included in this run:

(The second list includes things the machine should specifically avoid working in. Any kinks not listed here will be considered fair game, so be as specific as possible!)

Feronordie:

looks at the list and begins scribbling down a few things that roll off the top of his head. "Bondage, domination, hypnosis, genderbending, and..." He taps his lip with the back of his pen, lost in thought. "transformation." He reaches over to the 'No' list and knocks it over into the trash.

Terinas:

Perfect! Now for the gameification aspect of the experience! You will be playing a "Character" who may need to sometimes take actions with chances of failure. As such, your avatar has a simple set of statistics we need to calibrate for the purposes of determining your chances of success or failure. You have three numbers: 1, 2, and 3! 3 is the best, and 1 is the worst, while 2 is in-between. You need to assign each number to one of the following statistics: Body, Mind, and Skills. Body is for physical traits: resisting poisons, climbing walls, feats of strength, and also sexual stamina under pressure. Mind is for resisting brainwashing, understanding complicated principles, hacking, and other intellectual pursuits. Skills is for dexterity and proficiency, such as picking locks, picking pockets, repairing broken things, sneaking around, catching thrown

things, and so forth. Keep in mind two things: One, that your character sadly can't be good at everything, and two, failure doesn't always have to be bad! Oftentimes failing will take you into interesting, amusing, or kinky new situations you couldn't have gotten into if you'd succeeded! choose wisely!

(You can always choose to not make a check as well, which triggers an automatic failure!)

Feronordie:

Body :: 1

Mind :: 2

Skill :: 3

Terinas:

Great! Next up, you need to specify what sorts of Anthromorphic creatures you are personally ok with! This includes both being transformed into, and what species/range of species you're ok with playing with. Keep in mind your character being transformed will be part of the experience! (Most players start out human in a purely human society, unless you really want to start out furry!) If you want the Game to decide what species you transform into, you can specify you have no preference. Like with kinks chosen, this can affect what characters appear in your runthrough!

Feronordie:

I will be human. I am fine with creatures of all species.

Terinas:

Based off of your responses any of the 20 characters can be encountered in this "game". This means that who and what you do encounter will be entirely based off of your actions in it.

Ok! Last question is we need to determine how your character gets to the Mansion. The Mansion of Dr. Moreau is at the center of disappearing persons cases that have been occurring over the past 20 years. Your character's initial goal, and the only way to unlock the good ending, is to uncover the truth, and escape with proof of it. Any other outcome will lead to a bad end, though you may find bad endings enjoyable... so, how DID you come to the Mansion, anyway? You have 4 options:

- 1) Your character was kidnapped in the night and brought to the mansion against their will for purposes unknown and must try to escape!
- 2) Your character is a private investigator, concerned citizen, investigative reporter, or otherwise, visiting the seemingly-abandoned mansion to investigate the myriad of rumors about what happened ten years ago, or the strange signs of activity today
- 3) Your character has been hired as a handiperson, maid, or to fill some other job put out as a want ad in a local paper, coming to the mansion to work there.
- 4) Write-in: Pencil in your character's own unique reason to go to the Mad Mansion!

Feronordie:

3) Handiperson. I was hired to work odd-jobs around the mansion, to keep things up and running.

Terinas:

Cool! Brb, but we are now ready to begin.

Chapter 1: Of Tails and Treats

Terinas:

It seemed like a really sweet opportunity, at least on paper. A job posting in the Want Ads of the paper, of all places, for a Handiperson doing temp-to-hire contractor work on the old Mansion a few miles out of town near the forests of Whitetail Bluffs. The range of qualifications included a need for electrical experience, telecom experience, knowledge of motor vehicles and hydraulics and a number of other more esoteric things, but the pay was over \$100,000 a year for a year long contract, and the way the ad was worded made it sound like the employers were desperate and really would be willing to compromise. The detail of having to live on site for the year seemed a bit unusual, but room and board were guaranteed free of charge, so it was still a pretty sweet gig.

At least until one saw the mansion up close. The old mansion on the hill has been around for about twenty years now, on the outskirts of the old town of Whitetail Bluffs, California. The iron sign above the gates reads "The Moreau Mansion", so that's what people call it. Surrounded by large stone fences, the only road in or out locked behind an iron gate, people have wondered for years what happens up there. Certainly, there's no shortage of rumors: That it's been

abandoned for years. That the constructor was a mad architect. That the government was doing something shady there. That people were abducted in the night and dragged to the mansion to suffer unspeakable things. That it was haunted. That cats lurking under the manor steal people's breath while they're asleep. The rumors were so diverse and colorful that hardly anyone knew what to believe.

However, that wouldn't stop one dedicated soul, approaching the gates of the mansion, watching them part to let a large truck only marked as "Food" as it drove out of the building. The electronic gates closed again as the truck drove off. A view through the bars showed an enormous front yard, with several small "islands" of lakes, trees, and shrubbery.

And beyond it, the mansion itself: An old run-down four story building, with what looked to be a parking garage on the east end, and a bright red barn built into the west end. A pool could be barely seen from the front, occupying the whole back yard. And a greenhouse was built off on the western side, with walls encircling the whole ruddy thing. Yet even the walls showed signs of age: The eastern wall, adjacent to the forest, was crumbling.

It was a dark and stormy night, and yet the new handiperson's employer had requested, nay, demanded that they arrive at 8 pm PST to get settled in, and not a moment before. But who was this new contractor, hired and perched outside an electronic gate with a voice box to call someone on the inside? Who would be the next person fed to the Mad Mansion?

(Done with the intro post. Gonna run and get some food somewhere. Back in like 30)

Feronordie:

A shiver went down his back, as Sue stepped out of the provided transport. He never once saw his driver, nor did he even hear them utter a word. He heard a phone ring, followed by a select few grunts, but nothing more. The tinted windows, even denied him the ability to see which roads they had gone down. Everything was shrouded in mystery. In his hand, he held his life. His satchel was packed with a few sets of clothes, his laptop, and a few of his various 'nerdy' trinkets. He'd never really need his die sets or his dungeon manuals, but he couldn't give them away to goodwill, as he had done with the rest of his things.

This job couldn't have come at a more opportune time. His lease on his apartment had just gone out, and he was about to be homeless. It might have

been hard to think a handyman couldn't get a job in the city, but downtown was set in its ways. Everyone knew a friend of a friend who could do the job at a little below cost and would take the pay below the table. He couldn't afford anything like that. He had just moved here to start a new life a year ago. He'd dropped out of college and abandoned everything in hopes of a more simple way of living. It had wound up biting him in the ass, but now with the mansion in front of him... He felt like everything was about to change. His second chance at life was ripe for the taking.

Terinas:

The gates opened for Sue as he approached them, almost as if someone was anticipating his arrival. Which was, in fairness, correct. The driver of his ride pulled away, a nameless, faceless entity that had done him a single favor to get him this far. A favor he could never repay. The rain spattered down against his body as he stepped through the threshold and up the concrete road towards the mansion proper. Off in the distance, he could see lights on the grounds, flitting about as if they moved of their own accord. By the time he reached the front doors, he was well and truly soaked. It was lucky he was able to keep his books from being ruined.

The doorbell didn't work. The golden knocker on the two massive wooden front doors, however, did. After a few moments, the doors were opened, and Sue found himself standing face to face with a young lady. Black hair pulled back into a bun and held together with pens. A pair of glasses perched around her eyes. A white labcoat wrapped over a black and blue top and a pair of gray shorts. "H-hello!" She stammered, giving him a very weak smile. "I'm um,..." She stopped and sighed. "Man, why did it have to be me that did this..." Pulling herself together, she folded her hands in front of him and put a poor attempt at a business face on. "I am **[REDACTED!]**, a researcher here. I was told to expect you tonight, Mr.... Sue?" She paused. "Are you sure you're not supposed to be, um, female?" With a pause, she sighed. "Well, either way, as long as you're good with tools, we have use for you. I'm your, um, liaison while you stay here. If you need any equipment or supplies, or have any questions for your boss, Dr. Janus Moreau, they need to go through me until further notice." She finally realized he was standing out in the cold wet rain. "Oh! Um, you want to get in and get dry, right? Here! Come in, come in!" Stepping aside, she waved him inside and handed him a dull brown towel. "Your room will be on the second floor. Try to ignore any strange noises, ok? We've got... 'rats'." She paused, her face falling blank, as if realizing there was a terrible joke in what she'd just said. "Anyways, do you have any other stuff we need to have brought up here? Do you have any questions for me? What's your last name, anyway?"

Feronordie:

"No, I'm sure I am the right gender. Sue was my grandfather's name and my parents wanted to preserve that part of him. He died a few months before I was born..." He said, slightly embarrassed. He put his bag down and started to dry himself to the best of his abilities. The towel worked wonders, almost like it was sucking away the water from his flesh. "My last name is Dearthas. As for questions, all I really need to know is where I will be staying. I'd like to unpack what little I have, and get ready to learn what I can about the property when the storm breaks. I can imagine a place this big has its fair share of problems...." He looked her up and down. She was cute -- a bit of a "mousey" build, but cute none-the-less. "What kind of research do you do here? This isn't some secret military base or something, is it?"

Terinas:

"Oh! Um." [REDACTED!] looked away. "N-no, nothing like that." She folded her hands behind her back. "You'll be staying on the second floor. Room 206, which isn't used anymore." She gave a nervous chuckle. [REDACTED!] was actually pretty cute, with a modest bosom and thin, yet muscular hips. "Ordinarily the butler would come and greet you, but he's a bit sick right now." She sighed and waved a hand to lead Sue to a stairwell. "Sorry, the power on this stairwell is out. We'll have to climb the stairs in the dark. If you ever have to go downstairs, bring a flashlight or hold to the railing, ok?" The two ascended in the dark.

The second floor door opened into a large hallway, with wood floors and a red carpet running down along the center of it. Pictures of men and women lined the walls, interspersed between doors. She led him to a room with a "206" on the front of it in brass letters. "Your room's pretty, uh, small-" She opened the door, revealing an enormous room with a king size bed with twelve pillows lining it, a walk in closet, a personal bathroom with shower and bath, and a large desk. "Sorry, the network port is broken. If you've got a computer, you shouldn't plug it in, ok? Might light a fire. Is there, u-um anything else?"

Feronordie:

He shook his head and walked over to the desk. He took out his computer and set it down on the desk, along with its charger. By the side of the desk, he pushed his bag back against the wall. "No, I don't have any other questions. I ate before I got in the car, so I'll probably just get to bed." He walked over to the bed

and took a seat on the end of it. "This is... holy shit, this is soft. If this is what the bed's like, I can't wait to see what else you guys have in this place!"

Terinas:

"Y-yeah. That's a thing that you can be excited f-for." She frowned, biting her lip. "Um, you should just get some rest. Tomorrow I'll have a list of stuff to be done around the manor. If you hear any noises tonight, just... just ignore them, ok?" She gave him the first sincere smile he'd seen from her. "It's really good to have you with us. I'm looking forward to working with you." **[REDACTED!]** closed the door and Sue could hear her walking off.

Fifteen minutes later, there was a loud knocking on Sue's door.

Feronordie:

Sue had just showered and was in his pajama pants, right around the time the knocking started. He'd been told to ignore noises, but **[REDACTED!]** had just attributed it to the rat problem. This sounded much larger than any rat he'd heard of... He took his toothbrush out of his mouth and spat out the paste, before going to the door. "Yesh?" He asked, as he ran his tongue along his molar, checking to make sure all of the plaque had been brushed away. "Can I help you?"

Terinas:

There was a sound of plastic wrap being crumpled up as he walked to open the door, as well as the sound of footsteps rapidly growing more distant. As he opened the door, there was no one there. A single note was tapped to the door, with letters printed in what looked to be a dribbly red watercolor paint. It simply read:

"Anyone who stays here changes."

In the hallway, nearby, another slip of paper had been wadded up and crumpled, laying in the center of the hall. The lights in the hall had been turned off, so he couldn't see very much farther away in the light illuminating from his room.

Feronordie:

Sue looked at the crumpled heap and made a dash for it. He'd rush back into his room with it and leave everything else untouched. Just what was going on here? Everyone was acting... strange. There was no other way to put it.

Terinas:

[REDACTED!]

Terinas:

The crumpled note on the floor, once he unfolded it, read simply as follows:
"Meet me in the 2nd Floor's Women's Bathroom, and I'll explain everything."

Feronordie:

He tossed the note away in his trash bin and grabbed his phone. Once he stepped out, he used the screen to light his way through the halls. If anyone asked, he could just claim that his toilet was malfunctioning or something... Now, he just wanted answers.

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

As Sue walked down the hallway, he heard, from one room, the sound of springs squeaking. A woman moaned, as someone else grunted. Though he'd not heard it from his room at the far end of the 2nd floor, closer to the center the sounds were impossible to escape. Someone cried out in euphoria as he reached his destination. The Women's Bathroom on the Second floor was in the center of the hall, right next to the Men's one. There were no doors barring entry, but rather, the hallway bent in a rectangular pattern, preventing anyone outside from going in.

Inside, a faint **[REDACTED!]** hit his ears. Someone was in one of the stalls.

Feronordie:

Inside the restroom, he walked up to the stall and knocked softly. "You called me out here?" He whispered lowly. "Is there something I should know? Something important? Why is everyone so... weird here?"

Terinas:

[REDACTED!]

Feronordie:

He grumbled and left without a word. This was a waste of time. He could have been in bed by now, sleeping or watching mind numbing videos on his phone.

Literally anything would have been more productive than this. He went into the halls, with his phone once more and started to head back to his assigned bedroom.

Terinas:

"Hey, wai-"

He left before they could finish. The trek back to his room was quiet and uneventful. And, after resting for a long enough period of time, Sue finally found himself heading off to sleep...

(Please make a body roll! Your body is 1, so roll 1d6!)

Feronordie:

/roll 1d6

/r 1d6

/r1d6

Terinas:

Er...

It didn't roll.

Feronordie:

(Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

(Oooh! Not high enough, though. You needed at least a six to resist this. One second)

As Sue drifted off, a faint smell entered the room. Gas was being pumped in. As it hit his nostrils and entered his body, his form grew numb. His sleep became so much deeper as the drug took effect. A few minutes later, the door to his bedchamber opened. "Good evening, Sue. You'd forgive my interruption of your sleep, I suppose, if you were capable of noticing." Two large golden paws picked the man up and slung him over a strong broad back. "We're going to go on a little trip. Don't worry, you won't remember it if everything goes well."

There was the sound of paws against stairs. The brief ding of an elevator

opening. The sound of a door being slammed shut.

Sue was gently placed down on a large metal table. His clothing was tugged off his body. "Moreau's log. We are beginning Generation 3.5 treatment on the third Test Subject, codenamed Comfort. The doner for this test subject will be a female snow leopard." A needle, attached to an IV was injected into Sue's right wrist. "It is hoped that this modification the the drugs will prevent the... side effects suffered by previous Generation 3.5 subjects **[REDACTED!]** and **[REDACTED!]**." Wrist and ankle straps were fastened around Sue's appendages. Electrodes were fastened around his cock. "As is standard operating procedure, the subject will be exposed to mental programming to help eliminate the risk of the physical changes causing psychological breakdowns. Subject will also receive behavioral conditioning to make them more... loyal to me." two tubes were pushed into Sue's nostrils, pushing fresh air into them.

A pair of goggles were fastened over his eyes. The inside lenses bathed his opened eyes in shimmering rainbows of color and light. Earbuds were pressed into his ears, playing lively music. Words whispered into his subconscious. "You are a snow leopard, happy and soft. You enjoy cooler climates. Feel your tongue licking your fangs. Feel your tail twitch. Feel your whiskers growing out of your face. This is what you've always wanted, always craved to be. You are a snow leopard, happy and soft..." Images of colorful anthropomorphic snow leopards, in bright shades of white fur, blue fur, red fur, green fur, all with black spots, appeared in the swirling rainbow of the goggles' lenses. For an indeterminate amount of time, the messages and images began to bombard Sue with their meaning, saturating his mind with it.

And then, things began to change. The images on screen changed to show a flexing, muscular lion, wearing nothing but a loincloth. The tubes in his nostrils pumped in a decidedly male feline musk. "This is your master. You love to pleasure him. You live to serve him. This is your master..." The words repeated, as different images of the same lion appeared; Him posing, him flexing, him gripping his crotch. At the same time, each new image Sue saw, his cock was gently stimulated by the electrodes. After a while, images of other men of various species, in states of undress would appear, interacting with the lion: Kissing him. Rubbing his body. Worshipping him. Bending over to be fucked. Women of different species soon joined them in the various orgy scenes. Sue was slowly being conditioned to have a very alternative sexuality. Very few, if anyone, emerged from the treatment not at least bisexual. Sue was being brainwashed to find the lion, and men in general, as being sexually appealing, as a slender tail began growing out of his backside, white floofy fur and black spots forming onto it as it grew in size...

(Sorry for the text dump! Please roll a Mind check!)

Feronordie:

(Rolled an 8)

(rolled in the rollz room)

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

Feronordie:

(you're the dm. I'm fine with your choices ;3)

Terinastiger:

(Just curious if you were having fun)

Feronordie:

Sue tossed in his sleep, as he dreamed. He was in a long, narrow hallway. The lights were out. Knocking came at him from all directions. Each knock was a pounding on his skull. The only change after what felt like hours of running were a massive pair of golden hands.

The hands came down and pinned him face-first into the floor. A third hand came down with a fluffy tail, tipped with a needle. In a demented game of pin the tail on the snow leopard, the giant hands pinned him. Then, he woke.

He felt a sharp pain in his backside. He had rolled onto it in his sleep and jammed the base joint against his pelvis, effectively giving him a stubbed toe on his butt... Now, if only he could calm down enough to stop panicking so that the pain would reach his brain...

(I am <3)

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

Terinastiger:

Sue awoke in pain, but shortly after it came pleasure. His morning wood rubbed against his clothing, his cock oddly sensitive this morning. Every motion against his clothing seemed to send a jolt of pleasure up to his mind, intermingling with the sensation of pain in the tail he now possessed. And also with the sensations of HAVING a tail. Having no experience with the appendage, Sue's new fluffy thing seemed to move on it's own, responding to his subconscious rather than his own will. Perhaps eventually he would master it, but for now he simply had a part of him that he'd never had in the past to cope with.

A knocking came on his door as he panicked. "Hello, are you there?" A deep voice, like the rumbling of distant thunder, came from just behind the door. "This is Janus Moreau, your new boss." The voice was quiet, but audible. As if Dr. Moreau didn't want to awaken someone sleeping, but intended to speak JUST loud enough for someone conscious to hear it. "If you're awake, I'm going to affix a list of projects for you to work on to your door. If you have any questions, you can contact me or **[REDACTED!]** using the listed number at the bottom of your worksheet from any of the emergency phones."

Feronordie:

Sue froze at that voice. He sat on his bed and waited to hear the man behind his door leave. That voice was in his dreams. That man was the hands... His tail swished around to settle on his lap. He was the reason he was changing...

This worksheet might have been a godsend, though. Some work might be just the thing to get his bearings in line...

Terinastiger:

Getting up, Sue realized his center of balance was a bit off. For some reason he felt like he was carrying a bit more weight up around his chest. His nipples were a bit swollen, rubbing against the shirt he'd been sleeping in with every step. It felt like his shirt had shrunk or something with how tight it was pressing into his chest. At the same time, though, while his center of balance was off, the tail seemed to move behind him to help steady him. By the time Sue got to the door, there wasn't anyone waiting behind it. A worksheet had been taped to his door, and as he picked it up, he became aware of the scent on it. Something masculine, musky, and... feline. Something familiar. Something which made his cock twitch. It was as if his sense of smell was slowly growing stronger, or perhaps the individual had just somehow made the note smell like them.

The note itself had six things listed on it:

- 1) The network ports in several rooms on Floor 2 are broken and cannot be used. They need to be repaired! Affected rooms: 206 (Sue's room) 208, 209, 214 (Ilya's Room), and 216 (Bandit's Room)
- 2) The rideable lawn mower will not start. The Groundskeepers will be able to assist with getting it fixed!
- 3) A Computer in Computer Lab 1 may be infected with viruses and needs to be reformatted with the data preserved. This is on Floor 3
- 4) The lights in floor 4 and the stairwell between floors have gone out. The light bulbs need to be replaced and electrical wires need to be tested
- 5) The Greenhouse's sprinkler systems are malfunctioning and need to be repaired. The Greenhouse can be found outside the Manor on the Eastern side.
- 6) The Oven in the kitchen on the first floor has a broken gas pipe and cannot be safely used. Please repair it! The chef may be able to assist.

Feronordie:

Having looked over the list, he decided that the chef would take priority. With the exception of the lights, everything else was a luxury. He would replace the bulbs later that afternoon, before he picked up on the rest of the list. First, though, he needed to get dressed.

He kept the same shirt on, since it was one of his dozens of white work shirts. His choice of pants were concealing. He wore a loose pair of sweatpants, so he could stuff his tail down one of the legs. He didn't want anyone to know that he was some freak...

With a small toolbag in tow, he headed downstairs to the kitchen.

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

Terinastiger:

The journey down to the kitchen involved descending down the stairwell in the dark, as well as a walk through a lavish central chamber with stairs that split apart midway up to the second floor into two different paths. Eventually, Sue found that the Kitchen was down a hallway to the East on the first floor, predictably between a room with a sign identifying it as "Dining Hall". Opposite to it was a wooden door reading "Lounge". Opposite to it was another labeled

"Pantry" As he opened the door to the kitchen, he heard the sound of rapid footsteps from inside. Opening the door, he saw a blur of brown and red just vanishing through a flapping plastic door that looked like it connected the kitchen to the Dining Hall directly. Someone ran through it just moments before he got into the kitchen.

The Kitchen was an example of what might have been considered modern ten years ago: Chrome everywhere: from a Chrome refrigerator to a chrome dishwasher to a chrome oven with a paper sign pasted on it, words "Ne pas utiliser" written in blue marker on it in a scrawled, uneven hand. What space wasn't chromed was covered in white counter space. A wooden cutting board was sitting out, the remains of several chopped vegetables left on it, waiting to be cleaned.

Standing in front of the sink was a tall creature, about the size and shape of a man. It's skin was covered in calico fur, different colors intermixing and swirling around, whiskers twitching from its muzzle. It licked it's lips as it turned, two slitted golden eyes looking Sue up and down as a fuzzy tail swished behind it. The creature, apparently an anthropomorphic house cat roughly five feet two in size, was wearing a pair of gray sweatpants and a green shirt, with a bright white apron tied around the front. A pair of gloves were pulled around it's front paws. "Allo!" It purred, waving a gloved paw at him as it gave him a sincere smile. Its words carried a vague hint of a french accent, which the DM will likely mangle in his attempts and apologizes in advance for doing. "Are you ze new hire zat I have been hearing about? I am Gateaux, ze head chef!" Said head chef patted his tummy, a belly that pushed out, as he smiled and sauntered over towards Sue, sizing him up with his eyes.

Feronordie:

"Y-Yeah, I'm here for two gas pipe job. I thought you should take priority on my list. People need to eat, after all." he smiled nervously. He was calm-ish outside, but on the inside he was freaking out. There was a giant cat in front of him and it talked. This was BEYOND normal. First his own tail and bow this... Just what the hell had he gotten himself into?

Terinastiger:

(Fat cat cook. :P)

The mention of fixing the open caused Gateaux's eyes to light up. "Vraiment? Ooo, you are soo good to zis little chat!" He wrapped his arms around Sue for a hug, purring and nuzzling his whiskered head against Sue's chest, rubbing at his

developing nipples. "Zat is such a noble sentiment! You will have zis chef's support!" After a few moments of nuzzling and purring, he finally let go of the young man, pointing over at the appliance that had the note posted on it. "Ze naughty thing ess right here! Such a wicked little thing! We will haff to move it out to fix it!" He moved to one side of the oven, clearly offering to help. "And in return for your kind gesture, I vill insist on preparing a reward tres magnifique!"

(Let me know if the accent gets annoying. Sorry)

Feronordie:

He walked over to the stove and started to grab at the opposite side of Gateaux. He had a bit of a half-chub from all the rubbing and affection, but it was easily hidden in his loose pants, especially with his tucked away tail. He had his tools on the counter next to the stove. With any luck, this fix would just be a quick in and out. Pipes were and easy enough fix. The only thing easier would be a hose.

Terinastiger:

(Make a body check. Add a d6 to the roll for Gateaux helping you. You need at least a 5 to move the oven, and a 7 to easily move it)

(higher rolls MAY uncover secrets, btw)

(Or you can always choose to fail, which may trigger interesting scenes)

Feronordie:

(got a 6)

Terinastiger:

Gateaux flinched and squirmed, pulling on the oven in time with Sue. The cat was clearly not accustomed to much physical labor, because he grunted and sweated and said "Zut!" several times as he helped Sue move the oven. At times they had to drag it, scraping along the tile floors. The crinkling and tearing of paper was the first hint that something was odd. Sue saw too late that a slip of paper had been slid under the oven. He could barely make out the words "test subject" written on the part poking out from under the oven it as he heard it tearing. However, with one last tug, they got the oven far enough out of it's spot for Sue to see the exposed piping. A hairline crack along a bit of PVC Piping was showing on the part that was exposed.

Huffing and puffing the housecat walked over to the kitchen sink to wipe his furry

brow with a wet washcloth. As Sue began to work, he giggled. "Do you like fruit, monsieur Comfort? Or Chocolat?"

Feronordie:

Sue got on the counter and eased his upper half down toward the pipes. "Fruit, I guess." He spoke up, as he dangled behind the stove. He was patiently working on the leak. He didn't smell anything, so hopefully the gas was off. He would make sure to do this without power tools, just to be safe, anyway.

Terinastiger:

"Hmm! Zat is good to know." The cat went off to other parts of the kitchen, busying himself. "Tra la la!" He purred, wiggling his butt in case the handiperson was watching. Gateaux, just like the rest of the denizens of the mansion, had received the same treatment Sue was going through. And of course that meant he was just as horny as the rest of them. He just considered himself a bit more subtle than most. Taking out a pre-baked crust, he frowned. "Look at vat I haff been resorting to!" With a sigh, he worked, getting berries mashed together, as he prepared a treat for the handiman. Unbeknownst to Sue, he pulled out two eye droppers, dropping a faint whiteish-pink substance and a faint brown fluid into the mixing mash of various berries. "Your treat will be ready tres bientot, Monsieur Comfort!" He said with a purr.

The job was remarkably easy. The piece of pipe was easily removable, and Moreau's supplies had included several sizes and shapes of pipe he could use as a replacement. All he needed was an adhesive to ensure that it stayed affixed, and it'd be fine. Under where the oven typically sat were many shreds of paper, words printed along them. It looks like something had been torn up under here. (Make a Skill check to fix the pipe!)

Feronordie:

Rolled a 9

Terinastiger:

(Ok! More than enough. Sue can easily fix the pipe)

Feronordie:

After a short stint with the pipe, Sue reached down and snatched up the torn bits of paper. He stuffed them quickly into his bag and dropped off the countertop.

"That should fix everything, Gateaux. You can use the oven this evening... just be sure to call me, if anything breaks in the future."

Terinastiger:

"Tres Bien!" The chef's eye slit up, as he walked over to a small kitchen table, holding a pastry in his paws. "And I have just finished creating a dessert quite magnifique to reward you!" He set it down, letting the scent of warm fruit and sugar waft into the room. "Zis Mixed berry Tort!" he set it down on the table, between a fork, spoon, and knife. "Even without an oven, I simply HAD to do something to show you my appreciation! Go, try eet!" He bounced as he stood, quite happy.

Feronordie:

(full size or personal?)

Terinastiger:

(A biiiit bigger than personal. It's not his best work, but in fairness he had to use a store-bought crust instead of making his own)

Feronordie:

Sue nodded and took a seat. He didn't eat anything for breakfast, so this was a very welcome gift. It would not last long against the young adult and his vicious hunger!

Terinastiger:

(Ok, then make two checks: A body check and a mind check. You can, as always, choose not to roll if you want an insta-fail)

Feronordie:

(Body) Rolled a 6

(Mind) Rolled a 4

Terinastiger:

([REDACTED!])

The Tort was, of course, drugged. Gateaux loved to sneak some of Ilya's drugs into his food, especially when he was faced with such a scrumptious new little

treat like Sue! Of course, he'd played with the chemicals enough to know how to compensate for any changes they made to the taste. The tort itself was delicious, the berries and the sugar balanced perfectly... as was the aphrodisiac mixed into the concoction. Gateaux wanted Sue as hot and bothered as possible, so he could hopefully play with him a bit before he made his excuse. The second drug he'd slipped in was designed to inhibit higher thought and make the eater more suggestible... with both mixed together, Gateaux hoped to be able to play with the changing human for quite some time. "Yeees, zat is wonderful! Feel how delicious it is. I want you to savor it... to enjoy it! Taste ze richness in flavor..."

As Sue ate, the cat watched him very intently, looking for something that didn't come. He spoke to Sue soothingly, telling him how good it was to relax and enjoy the food. To just enjoy it and savor it. And as he did, Sue found it harder to think of anything. His mind was fogging over, growing numb. it was hard to focus on anything other than his treat.... and Gateaux's words.... The aphrodisiac, however, did not kick in. Sue's metabolism was taking longer to process it.

(The first drug: Aphrodisiac, meant to make Sue grow uncontrollably horny and aroused. Because you got a partial success, you can determine when it kicks in, which could be soon, or could be in a later scene. The second drug: hypnotic drug meant for brainwashing. Useful for conditioning people. Sue didn't resist that one)

(Gateaux's trap was meant to condition Sue to find him arousing and appealing, to come back for more and more treats... and more and more sex. It's one of his various strategies. But I'll shut up. Sorry!)

Feronordie:

Sue smiled and leaned back in his chair. He was slowly rubbing his belly. That torte was delicious! It was quite possibly the best thing he'd ever eaten! He just sat there licking his lips and rubbing his belly. All he could think about was food. He wanted more... He wanted more of Gateaux's delicious confections! He was a dribbling fool at the moment, though. A thin trail of saliva had dripped onto his shirt, showing just how deep he was down the rabbit hole.

Terinastiger:

A slight frown creased Gateaux's muzzle. He had been watching Sue's crotch every few moments, and was expecting to see something bulging down there. But there wasn't anything. What had gone wrong? "You like the chef. You want to trust Gateaux. Gateaux ess a sweetie you could just love to play with." he said, whispering into the man's ear. He licked one of his paws, slipping it down into

Sue's pants and stroking the wet thing against Sue's cock. "What do you think of Gateaux, Comfort?"

Feronordie:

"Gateaux is sweet. I trust him..." He said softly, as he sat in the chair. His cock was still pretty limp, but the expert hands of the cat were beginning to work their magic.

Terinastiger:

"Gateaux makes the best foods." The cat purred, stroking up and down. "Eet feels so good to eat things from ze cute cat... to lick things off of him. Eet is pleasure to be with Gateaux..." He purred, stroking slowly on Sue's cock, his fingers spreading, one of them circling the tip of the shaft's head, while the others danced up and down the length. "Gateaux has such a pretty tail... such cute eyes... such skilled paws..." He purred, licking at the man's face.

Feronordie:

"Gateaux makes the best food. Everything he does is the best..." He said between soft moans. Behind him, his tail slid out of the waist of his pants and danced freely. Precum was dribbling from his cock like a weak faucet.

Terinastiger:

The cat giggled, watching the tail swish behind his little treat. "Aw... but why does zis little thing hide?" He reached back to pet at the tail. "Such a shame. Gateaux finds this sooo handzum!" He purred, and stroked faster and faster on Sue's cock, trying to push him to the brink JUST before an orgasm. "You shouldn't hide zis. If you parade it around proudly, zat will make Gateaux give you oodles and oodles of delicious treats!" He purred. "Like now..." The cat pulled his paw out of Sue's crotch, getting on all fours near the counter and tugging his sweatpants down. Spreading his legs, he reached up to grab for the bowl of the remaining mashed berries. Soon, he was dribbling the liquidish treat down along the cheeks of his ass, and between them. "Oh dear! Zat was a mistake... can you come and clean Gateaux up with your tongue? Savor ze treat he gives you?"

Terinastiger:

(Also, meet Gateaux, designed for **[REDACTED!]**)

(Among other things. He's a bit of a troublemaker.)

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

Feronordie:

[REDACTED!]

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

Feronordie:

Sue grunted blankly and dove face-first into Gateaux. HE licked, he nibbled, and sources away at the sweet concoction mixed into the cat's fur. His tail danced around behind him, flicking about as though it were an excited snake. His fingers were latched onto the cat's hips, holding his face in place, as he ate from Gateaux. The warm feeling of the concoction filling his belly was spreading throughout his body. Every inch of him was saturated with the goodness of the tart. He could quite honestly die without any regrets at this moment. With his mind locked away as deeply as it was, this was the truest sensation of bliss...

Terinastiger:

Gateaux let out a soft huff, as the changing human cleaned his ass with his tongue, feeling the moist human organ sliding across his pucker as he gasped and groaned. "Mmmm... tres magnifique!" His ears were perked, his tail lifted. A small stain was forming around the crotch of his apron as his eyes rolled back in his head and he sighed in bliss. "Mmm... you have such ze talented tongue, do you not, little petite treat? You must come back to help Gateaux with ze cooking once more... You will want to work with Gateaux, for he gives you such sweet rewards!" He purred, wiggling his hips as he leaned up on a kitchen counter. "But perhaps zere is anuzzer treat you wish to taste?" The feline thrust forward, pulling his ass away from Sue's lips, before turning around and pulling his apron away. A plump, set of fat balls hung, with a six inch cock swinging between them. The top was covered in whipped cream and strawberry sauce and sprinkled with tiny chocolate chips. It was like a banana sundae, with sauce dribbling down onto the feline's dangling nuts. "Come and get ze treat while eet is fresh, little helper! <3" Playfully, he swatted at a dinner bell near his position, the fat cat ringing it as if inviting Sue to dine.

Feronordie:

"Gateaux is so sweet..." He slurred and slurred at the saucy cock. "He is so good to me.

I love him." He took the head into his mouth and gobbled down the sweet confection. His tongue made quick work of the sauce, slipping it away from the smooth head-on and down his gullet. He even began to purr. His body was lazily leaning forth, with only the edge of the chair supporting him. His head stayed still, as he suckled and licked the banana-free sundae clean of its coating. "Gateaux spoils Sue..." He slurred, as a mixture of sauce and drool dribbled down his chin. His own cock was drenched in precum, staining the front of his sweatpants.

Terinastiger:

Sue was rewarded with fond scritchings along his head as he bobbed up and down on the tubby cook's cock. "Oooooo! <3" The housecat's tail swished back and forth slowly, as his own purring joined Sue's. His tummy bounced up and down. His hips were trembling. "Zat.... zat is... a good kitten... you are ze good kitten." He panted. "Such a good kitten, not zis icky human... you are better. You have a tail..." he purred, his precum almost tasting... chocolatey. With an effeminate squeal and a thrust backwards of his hips, Gateaux came, a dark brown fluid spurting all over Sue's face... Gateaux's cum was almost a chocolate liqueur in taste!

Feronordie:

He laid back and licked his lips. He was wiping down his face and licking his palms clean. He was still in a daze, with a lap pooled with his own personal cream. He seemed transfixed on eating every last morsel Gateaux shared. When he finished, he just absently rubbed his belly, which seemed to bulge from all of the housecat's sinful creations.

Terinastiger:

Gateaux sighed in bliss, sauntering forward and leaning down to lap up the cum around Sue's lap. With a giggle, he traced some of Sue's own cum, mixed with a smear of his own, under the changing human's nose. "Such ze sweet boy... perhaps tonight you sleep with Gateaux, and he will prepare ze fanciest of feasts! But for now, ze little sugar roll, perhaps you should sleep it off." The housecat pulled his pants back up, as he pointed to a soft puppy bed in the corner of the room, the words "For Pokey" embroidered on it.

Feronordie:

The handyman stood, with his pants around his knees. He made careful, shuffling steps across the tile floor. Each move threatened to topple him, but he was taking Gateaux's advice. Gateaux would never steer him in the wrong direction. He just collapsed onto the bed, without fear of hitting the ground. He curled up like a kitten, with his tail

wrapped around him nice and tightly. This was quite the start to his first day on the job...

Terinastiger:

(**[REDACTED!]** Of course, if you want to keep going now, I'm quite happy to continue, but are you ok with me putting this online?)

Feronordie:

(Yes and yes, just be sure to give credit to my FA)

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

(Ok, make a body and a mind check for Sue before he wakes up. The body check is to see if he continues resisting the aphrodisiac, and the mind check is to see how much of Gateaux's suggestions stuck)

Feronordie:

(I was 1 and 2 for those, right?)

Terinastiger:

(Yes. 1 for body, 2 for mind)

(And 3 for skill)

Feronordie:

Rolled a 1 and a 10!

Terinastiger:

(Ooo, a 1 on Body and a 10 on Mind!)

(Total failure on the Body, and total success on the Mind. Sue's allowed to accept as much or little of Gateaux's programming as you want him to, but when he wakes up, he's going to have a much harder time controlling his own urges for a little while...)

Sue's sleep was troubled. He felt his body flush with heat, and he awoke feeling himself humping into the pillow of the oversized puppy bed, a stiffness in his pants. The kitchen's lights were turned off. Gateaux wasn't around, though the plate his treat was on was still laying on the table, a drop of berry syrup and a few crumbs still on it. Sue's ass had ripened a bit, like a peach, blossoming outward from the added calories of his delicious treat. His nipples were swollen and sensitive, rubbing against his chest.

His tools had been taken from him, but they were laying on the table next to the abandoned plate. He could smell the scent of Gateau, the chocolate liqueur of his cum, as if it swirled all around him. Intermingling with it were scents from the puppy bed: the scent of something else, intermingly with... talcum powder? The whole kitchen seemed to come alive with the scents of food and people as he woke more and more up.

He still had the scrap of paper he'd found under the oven, stuffed in his pocket. But for the moment, he was alone.

Feronordie:

(Can I make a skill check to piecing it back together?)

Terinastiger:

(Sure!)

(Good question!)

Feronordie:

Rolled a 9

Terinastiger:

(So you're piecing together the scraps of the note?)

Feronordie:

(Yea)

Terinastiger:

The first thing Sue discovered about the tattered shreds of note were that it was only half the note. The rest was either missing, or still under the bottom of the now-fixed oven. Piecing together the shreds of paper was, in a way, like putting a jigsaw puzzle together. A few pieces were scuffed and some of the words illegible, but as Sue put it together, he began to realize what it was: A memo of some sort.

"To the Head of Remote Research:

Another <Illegible> fatalities. Either the test subjects aren't ideal, or this procedure's a <Illegible>. For all his praise, M's "Treatment" produces more corpses than viable <Illegible>. We'd have mothballed <Illegible> <Illegible> by now if weren't for the horse and bull. It's <Illegible> seeing them move around as if they were people...

M's growing <Illegible> obsessed. Not satisfied with the results, but blaming our chemists. Claiming the employees are what's flawed, instead of the <Illegible> <Illegible> got from those old journals.

You hired me here to keep an eye on M and make sure everyone played nice. From what I <Illegible>, the lead researcher's going to the project's funders to push for redevelopment. Calling it Generation 2. They'll probably just want to-"

The rest of the note was missing.

Feronordie:

Sue swallowed hard and stuffed the note into his pocket. He had to get out of here. His stomach growled. He had to get out of here, with a snack. He pillaged through a cookie jar and stole five large cookie, before he gathered the mental strength to leave the kitchen. He had his tools under his arm and his three cookies in his free hand. He needed to get back to working on his list.

With his two cookies in tow, he made his way to the stairs. He had until nightfall to get those lights changed out...

Terinastiger:

Sue's note of duties had this to say about the note: "4) The lights in floor 4 and the stairwell between floors have gone out. The light bulbs need to be replaced and electrical wires need to be tested!"

The first thing Sue discovered was that there were two stair wells, one on either side of the first floor. The one on the West side of the mansion still had working lights, but the one on the East End was entirely dark and nearly pitch black. He couldn't see how far down it went, or how high it rose. Chances are the 4th floor's halls had the same problem.

The second thing he noticed was the sudden potpourri of scents and smells in the hallway. He could smell things he didn't have words for, intermingling with musks, scents of food, scents of females... males... something he instinctively noticed was Gateaux's scent as well. Small whiskers were forming along his face as the fluffy tail he'd only recently tried to hide swished back and forth on it's own.

The third thing he noticed was that he felt a bit heavier. There was a slight bounce to his chest as he walked, every step causing his nipples to rub against the fabric of his shirt.

Had he gained weight in the chest? Before he could consider it too heavily, a wave of heat hit his body as he emerged from the stairwell, his cock tingling. Unbeknownst to him, the aphrodisiac that Gateaux had spiked his treat with was kicking in.

Feronordie:

A moan escaped his lips, as he sucked the crumbs from his fingers. His sweatpants tented before him, as he felt the aromas wash over. He had to finish this, though! He turned a hard right and tore himself away from the scents. He hugged himself, feeling a physical pain in his chest. For what reason he hurt, he did not know, but it grew with each step he took toward the darkened stairwell.

At the darkness, the scents had faded. He could think mostly clear thoughts. Deep down in the pit of his stomach, hunger pangs began to well. He wished that he had stolen more than just five of those cookies! This desire seemed more than enough to distract him from the growing erection in his pants, or the sway his hips gained to move his peach-like derriere.

Terinastiger:

(Nnngh... so tempted to tease you like a **[REDACTED!]**)

Feronordie:

(You are the DM...)

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

Feronordie:

Rolled a 6

[REDACTED!]

Terinastiger:

[REDACTED!]

Progress was slow. Sue had to be slow, since he didn't bring a flashlight and had very little light to work with. Fortunately, the lights were built into the sides of each wall along the stairs, allowing him to access them without much risk to life and limb. Repairing the lights and testing the wires wasn't difficult, but it was time consuming. Thankfully, in the concrete stairwells all the scents were gone. The things tempting him were gone.

And then, he felt something gripping his tail. Fingers rubbing up and along it. "ello there,

duddy."

There was a faint crinkling of something in the darkness. Fuzzy fingers slipped into the front of Sue's pants, stroking and tickling at his cock. Another hand spread up to rub at his right nipple. "Ooo, got a nice pair'a bouncies growin' in, don'cha?"

Behind him, a feminine voice whispered into his ears as it groped at him. "Yer'll be roit cute when yer done cookin', huh?"