

(Contained within is part of the Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau session for the user Katie on Telegram. 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:

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.

Katie:

I'll leave the lever in the central position.

Terinas:

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!)

Katie:

First list : breath control / choking, bondage, pet play, biting, heat/estrus, knotting, body control

Second list: cub play, scat, watersports

Terinas:

Noted! Next up, I need to ask if you want this to be part of the experiment or not, and if you do, if you would prefer I use a pseudonym for your screenname or not

Katie:

I'd love to, any and everything can be linked to Katie Desper, which is my alias for all things furry.

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, fighting, wrestling, breaking things, and also sexual stamina under pressure. Mind is for resisting brainwashing, understanding complicated principles, hacking, researching things, resisting possession, hypnosis, and corruption, as well as other intellectual pursuits. Skills is for dexterity and proficiency, such as picking locks, picking pockets, repairing broken things, sneaking around, catching thrown things, finding treasure, 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!)

Katie:

Body : 1 Mind : 3 Skills : 2

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!

Katie (#4224):

All mammals preference towards canines and lupines

Terinas:

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!

Katie:

#1 makes the most sense

Terinas:

Cool! Ok, I can roll with that.

Katie:

One thing I will tell you is as a former gm I get very mentally into my characters, so I get a bit consumed by thinking how I believe they would. So I get very into character, character creation included.

Terinas:

That's perfectly fine. I approve. So ideally we'll start tomorrow. I'm excited. Thank you!

End Chapter 0!

Chapter 1: Jailhouse Fuck

Terinas:

Ok, so you wanted something more oriented towards pet play, breath control (First time doing that for me, wow!) and bondage and whatnot. I can roll with all that. And you wanted to START

the experience by being abducted and having to try and escape, right?

Katie:

Being abducted, always start at the beginning.

Terinas:

It doesn't matter how you got there, but Whitetail Bluffs was the PITS as far as vacation spots go. The school and the mall were both interesting sights, but beyond that, there wasn't anything worth interesting tourists with. The sleepy California town was just a backwater. Almost no clubs, almost no sights to see, very few shopping stores beyond the common. Nothing but the natural splendor of the area itself. Which was nice for a while, but gets tiresome after you've stared at it long enough. After being bored long enough, one tends to get reckless. Maybe that's why it happened. Why you went for that walk outside your hotel at night. Why you walked down that alley when you heard the rustling of something within it. Why you felt an arm clamp around your neck, a hand with a rag pressing up against your nostrils and mouth.

Why everything afterwards was darkness.

You remember vague flashes of what happened next. Sensations of being strapped to a table. Having goggles pressed around your limbs. Of something tingling as it was pushed into your wrist. And all throughout, the words echoed into your mind. "You are a wolf. You are a wolf. You have always been a wolf. Feel your nose twitch as you sniff instinctively. Feel the fuzz along your paws. Feel your tail wag and your hackles raise and lower. You are a wolf. You have always been a wolf..."

You would wake up just moments later, in a cool bed, without bedsheets, and without any idea of where you are. Your body feels heavy, and itchy in places, as if you're growing hair that's just started to come in. But who are you? Your mind is beginning to clear...

Terinas:

(For reference, your character is starting out human, which I believe we discussed, though... with something changed. Once you introduce your character, I'll elaborate on where you are)

Katie:

Katie slowly awoke, her mind hazy but clearing, the sensations slowly coming back to her as her mind sped up, intellect whirling like it always did. Her thoughts a hurricane as she tried to sit up, trying to find just where she was. This was a nice bed but it wasn't her bed, and why did she feel so strange? Wanting, no needing to find out more about her situation she tried her best to look about the room and sit up.

Terinas:

The room itself was cool and dim, the only light coming from a single hanging lightbulb that sputtered and flickered in places. It was separated from Katie by a set of metal bars cutting the

room in half. On her side, the sleepy maiden saw spartan circumstances: A single white, polished toilet. A cot she was laying on, hanging on a wooden baseboard supported by chains coming out of the wall. A sink with a faucet that was dripping. The splash of water echoed through the silence. On the far side, things were much more interesting: Brightly painted teal walls, with red lettering reading "Cell 4" on it in smeared, sloppy letters. Counters with papers strewn along them, as well as a few various knicknacks: A large blue wrench, a card of some sort hanging from a lanyard, and a few books. A filing cabinet. A television suspended from the ceiling of the room, currently turned off. A box that looked like it had things inside it.

Oh, and what appeared to be a large anthropomorphic doberman pinscher, his fur thin and wirey, deep black with creamy brown highlights in places. He was sitting on a chair against the bars of Katie's cell, flipping through pages of a magazine every so often, looking down at it and not at her. At the sound of her stirring, he turned, deep green eyes meeting hers. "Morning, Sleeping beauty. You kept me waiting a while." he barked casually.

Katie, for her own self, felt normal, if a bit sluggish. Perhaps she hadn't slept right. But her chest itched, possibly because of a large diamond of pale gray fur growing out from the center of her torso, spreading along the front of her torso. She was wearing what looked like a pair of bright pink pajamas with little white rabbits on them. Her pockets had been emptied.

Katie:

She scanned the room slowly, taking in every detail, her mind slowly beginning to calm until her vision centered on the doberman, the shriek that came forth was pure instinct, in a contest of fight or flight she almost always chose flight as she immediately curled up upon seeing him. She barely reacted to his words before she saw that growing diamond of fur on her chest before she screamed again and tried to spread herself as far away from it as possible, only managing to straighten herself out again. Her eyes flitted around everywhere trying to focus on something, anything other than the doberman and the fur on her chest. Just trying to use something to maintain her grip on her mind.

Terinas:

"Hey." The doberman spoke just before she shrieked, and the cry evoked a response from him of folding his magazine and covering his ears with two large black paws. "Yeah. Get that out of your system now." He grumbled, flinching from the loud noise. "Not like some of us have sensitive ears." He waited, lowering his head, for her to run out of breath at least. "You know, screaming about me isn't going to make me go away." He sighed, before releasing one ear and opening up his magazine to start reading again.

Katie:

His words had somewhat of a calming effect, pulling her away from her moment of gut reaction. Mind still spinning she defaulted to one of her most common reactions to stress, asking questions. Her words beginning to spew out before she got a hold of herself and slowed down "Whatisthisplacewhatareyoudoingwhatareyouhowisthishappenedwhywouldyou..." taking a long

shaky breath she started again. "Who are you, or..... what are you?" her eyes unable to focus on him for long before an uncanny valley feeling settled in and she had to look away. Trying to take her focus away from the constant feeling of the grey fur spreading on her chest.

Terinas:

The dog turned, his face a long snout, pointed towards her. The creature was wearing a bright red collar with a pair of military dogtags hanging from it. Below that, he had a bright white muscle shirt on, and a pair of pale khaki shorts with a sizable outline of something snaking down his legs. The dog was muscular, thin fur only barely covering the abs and pecs of his chest as he closed the magazine and looked up. "I'm a dog. Can't you tell?" he rolled his green eyes, before snorting. "Name's Spike. I'm kinda a security dog around this place. Guard Dawg. I was waiting up for you to see what you wanted for breakfast. What's your name, sleeping beauty?"

Katie:

She nodded slowly, "Yes... I can see that you are a dog..." she was bothered by how he spoke about it, as if it was not only obvious but normal and that it was strange for her to ask.

Responding to his question her voice hesitant, "My name is Katie.... where are we?" as she spoke she realized just how hungry she was, the burning sensation on her chest as the hair spread masking the callings of her stomach until she paid special attention to it. "and... and what is happening to me...?" Her voice got very quiet, staring down at the growing diamond on her chest. Fear began to creep into her mind again as she tried to hold it out, the questions keeping it at bay.

Terinas:

Spike folded his arms. "You're a test subject, miss. This is Holding Cell 4. That's all I'm allowed to say, so my lips are gonna stay sealed unless you give me a reason to open 'em again. I'm supposed to make sure you've got something to eat. What would you want?"

Katie:

Test subject, the words rolled around in her mind, words with terrible connotations, taken and experimented on like some lab rat. "What do you have?" asking more just to ask a question than anything else, still trying to focus her mind, unable to bring herself into any reasonable state of composure. What was the test, why was she growing grey fur, what was going on?

Terinas:

This provoked a laugh from Spike. "Hah! The one good thing about your shitty situation is the food. Name a dish. Any dish. I'll have the cook bring it to you. Doesn't matter what it is. Something exotic might take a bit longer though. If you can stump the cook, I'll open the cell door myself." He chuckled.

Katie:

The laugh nearly causing her to jump as she spoke again, her words more her mind leaking out of her mouth than anything else, a meal from her childhood coming to mind, "Tatws popty

beef..." her thoughts dragged back to her younger years for a moment before coming back to the world.

Terinas:

(Well, I'll give you credit. I did NOT recognise that when I read it. Almost thought you were making your character lisp. Since I had to google it, you win that little bet)

Katie:

(Welsh power)

Terinas:

Spike scratched his head. "Huh. Well, no idea what that is, but it's beef, so it's probably delicious. I'll go talk with the chef and see if we can figure out out. Be good and wait here, ok?" Standing up, a tail waving back and forth behind him while poking out of a hole cut in the backside of the shorts he was wearing, the big canine walked out, leaving Katie alone for the moment. The door went shut as he walked off

Katie:

Finally uncurling from her position on the bed she stood, beginning to pace her cell, staring out at the room that the bars separated her from, briefly giving an exploratory touch to the fur growing on her. Experimentally she tried to see if the magazine was within her reach, she wanted to see what the dog... person, had been reading, and some magazines had dates on them, there was the possibility she could know what day it was. She had no clue as to how long she'd been asleep.

Terinas:

The magazine, labeled "Big Jugs", was surprisingly enough not a porn magazine. Though it did feature a number of scantily clad women on it, which didn't do it any favors, it officially was a paintball magazine, advertising various different markers, camo outfits, and other peripherals. Including the titular "Big jugs", large hoppers that store enough paint for a whole game without reloading. As Katie pulled it to her, a small metal nail file fell out, clattering to the concrete floor just to the right of her.

Katie:

Quickly scanning the magazine for a date of some kind, trying to find anything. Quickly seeing the file fall to the floor she grabs it, snatching it off the floor. The magazine didn't help much but the file might, that was for later though, she wasn't sure how long Spike would be and didn't want to be caught when he arrived. Mind already scanning for possibilities on how to escape.

Terinas:

(Please make a Skill Roll! Since your Skill is at 2, roll 2d6, and tell me the results)

Katie:

(Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

The only obvious way that Katie could find to escape from the cell was the door itself: Metal bars with a large square of metal around them, and a latch with a padlock around it. Though the lock was hanging from the outside of the door and not the inside, it could be picked, possibly. There was also a ring with a few keys on it on the far counter, though it was out of her arm's reach by itself. There could be other options, but she was just too nervous to see them. Spike had not yet returned. She could wait for his return, or try to escape herself.

Katie:

Her fear almost pushed her to attempt escape immediately but her cautious nature held her back. She needed more information, she needed to know what was going on, and even if he wasn't going to intentionally give it away she might be able to wheedle it out of him with careful words. If she was caught trying to escape she worried the punishment would be severe and it might be over right then and there. So she would wait for now, trying to conceal what she'd done, patience was a virtue she had plenty of.

Terinas:

The problem with being trapped in a prison cell was that there wasn't any noticeable way to tell time. Katie waited, her stomach growing more growly, for what could have been forty minutes or could have been four hours. There were no windows and no clocks, and no way to tell time. Not even a television turned on to watch. Eventually, the door opened again. "Fer the last time, I'm not on Bad Girl duty day, Alouette. Quit trying to make me do your work and just track down **[REDACTED!]** already!" Spike was growling into what looked like an old military walkie-talkie. Setting it down, he walked over to Katie, carrying a tray. Steaming meat and potatoes, plus crunchy bread and a pat of butter stared up at her. "Sorry for the delay, sleeping beauty. Turns out that old cook had to look up what you wanted in a recipe book. Took him forever to find the right one." He grabbed the ring of keys and unlocked Katie's cell, opening it and sliding the tray of food into her cell before closing the door again. She even had utensils. A fork, a butter knife... a spoon. "But here's your dinner. Hope it's good."

Katie:

Slowly grabbing the tray off of the floor and setting it in her lap she looked over to him, "Who is Alouette...?" cautiously taking a taste of the food before her. She had more questions but she thought starting with an easier one might get the ball rolling. She had sat patiently and had thus far proven to be obedient and not troublesome so she was hoping that would get her somewhere.

Terinas:

Spike turned away from Katie, his dog tags jingling. "Another guard. Has a stick jammed up the butt. No one you really want to meet." He took a seat back and picked up his magazine. "Huh, guess it slipped off the chair." He shrugged and sat back down.

The food itself was actually not bad. Warm. The potatoes weren't too dry. The meat was moist and felt well seasoned. It wasn't the best example of the dish Katie had ever eaten, but it was far from the worst, either. There was a slightly sour aftertaste that seemed to stick to Katie's tongue from the bite she took, however. Whether it was something dangerous or just her nervous feelings was up to her to decide.

Katie:

After her first experience with the aftertaste she would stop eating, if they'd gone to the trouble of trapping her, experimenting on her, and then after all of that spiking her food, why would that last step be necessary? Why not just do all the experimenting in one go, why keep introducing new elements to the equation. It couldn't just be her overthinking things, she was certain, the logic didn't make sense, there was too much here that suggested that the food had been messed with. After a small cough she spoke, "Why me? Just wrong place wrong time?" trying to conceal her sudden pause at eating with words.

Terinas:

The dog was rubbing the front of his shorts, as he sat away from Katie. "Dunno. Wasn't my call, for what it's worth. We're supposed to keep people out, not drag more people in." He grunted, setting the magazine down with a slight shudder of his body. Katie could see his muscles tensing. "If it's any consolation, you'd make a very pretty wolf." He said, slouching a bit, the back of the chair bumping lightly into the metal bars.

Katie:

She was listening to his words, moving food around the plate to give the illusion of eating but at his last words she stopped, "A... a pretty what..?" the words she vaguely remembered from being strapped to the table echoed in her mind. She really hoped she had misheard him, but with the fur spreading on her torso and the way he looked she was fearful that she'd heard him correctly. Sparking a whole new brand of fear inside her.

Terinas:

(So not eating the food at all after the first taste, huh?)

Katie:

(Stopped after the first taste of the sourness)

Terinas:

The dog shuddered. "S-shit. I gotta take a bathroom break." He stood up and walked for the door. "Back in thirty, sleeping beauty." With a dart, he ran out of the room, a sizable tent on the front of his shorts as he retreated.

Katie:

She allowed herself to panic for a moment more, before drawing herself back into her head. She

needed to do something, anything to try and get out. Filing through the bars would take hours if not days so there was no point in doing that. Maybe she could search for some kind of weakness, anywhere the bar's were flimsy or some other part of her prison was assailable.

Terinas:

(Make another skill check!)

Katie:

(8)

Terinas:

(Much better! Ok, pick either the door or the bars)

Katie:

(Door)

Terinas:

A through investigation of the door revealed that the lock was somewhat old, and rusty. With a keyhole large enough to fit a utensil. With the fork and knife, Katie could conceivably jimmy the lock open, giving her one closer step to freedom.

Katie:

A slight smile creased her face as she found an opportunity that not only allowed possible exit, but also re-entry. She could jump out and back in, pretending nothing had changed. She took the knife and approached the lock, trying to keep her movements as silent as possible, she needed to plan and for that she needed information, that was all this was, gaining information about her environment.

Terinas:

(Alright. I'm not going to make you re-roll a third Skill check to jimmy the lock, after you already rolled an 8. So we can just say Katie can get the door open if you want, without making any major noise. If you want to come and go I'll insist on other checks but for now, you're good if you want to investigate anything in the room or make a run for it.)

Terinas:

With a faint "Snk!" sound, the lock popped open, and the door was openable.

Katie:

Continuing her quiet movements she went over to the desk covered in papers, examining them briefly, a quick skimming before checking out the lanyard and wrench. She needed to be quick, getting back in the cell before Spike returned. This was her first chance to gain some legitimate information on what was going on here.

Terinas:

The lanyard was an ID tag of sorts, but very simple: A white plastic card with a name written on it: "K. Kunari", attached to a black fabric hoop to wear it around the neck. The wrench was a large wrench with an adjustable head, the sort of tool that Katie might imagine a plumber might use to work with metal or pvc piping. The pages were a five or six pages that seemed to have very little relation to each other. Several of them were covered in medical jargon and were confusing to read, however. There was only one that Katie could easily make heads or tails of.

(Make a Mind Check to understand the other papers, and I'll let you know what you do learn once you've rolled it)

Katie:

(Rolled a 13)

Terinas:

The easiest document to read, the one Katie could easily understand, was... a profile of some sort:

"Subject Profile:

Patient #: 3.5.3

Designation: Lupina

Given name: Katie Desper

Medical History: No inclement medical issues that would endanger Gen 3.5 treatment found.

Doner subject: Grey Wolf

Age: Indeterminate

Gender: Female

Information: Lupina is the first generation 3 test subject who may be a potential danger, as she is the first with an actively predatory donor. Though subject 3.5.2 was a scavenger with some predatory features, the donor was not specifically a potential threat to bipeds. It is hoped that the modifications to the treatment will prevent the side effects suffered by subjects 3.5.1 and 3.5.2, which-"

The page ended there, with none of the other pages continuing it.

The next document appeared to be medical records discussing possible medical conditions that

"Subject Lupina" might encounter within the next twenty years of her life, as inspected by someone named "Nurse Velveteen". The third document contained many complicated chemical formulas that Katie could tell were meant to produce drugs used to sedate the human body, as well as a few more complicated formulas that interacted with viruses and human genetic code on a molecular level. The fourth page of paper was an expense request for replacement leather straps and metal restraints. And the last page was rather confusing, but seemed to discuss "The psychological aspect of Generation 3.5 treatment"

A small slip of paper was also stapled to the front sheet, with a smeared bit of red ink on it. A little gift box of red paint was drawn on the slip of paper, with words "For u" was written crudely, underneath it. It looked almost like someone had finger painted on a small slip of paper

Katie:

(Do these pajamas have pockets?)

Terinas:

(Yes. Small ones, but pockets on either side of the pants)

Katie:

Taking the lanyard and putting it in one of the pockets before gathering the papers and folding them up. Taking these newly folded papers she would slid them into the waistline of the pants, pushing her shirt over top of them, trying to conceal them as best as possible. Quickly checking around to see if anything would prevent her from returning to the cell and trying to make like nothing had happened. She wanted her actions to remain secret for as long as possible.

Terinas:

Katie went back into her cell, locked the door back up, with her purloined stuff back in tow. And then waited. And waited. And waited. About thirty minutes passed, and as it did, Katie became aware of her new fur itching slightly, especially around the edges. Was it spreading? Or was the sensation of having hair where there wasn't before just new and sticking in her mind? At the same time, the food she'd taken a bite of and then ignored sat there. The smell of the beef filling the room. Her stomach growled. How long had it been since she had a proper meal? It almost felt like the smell was MORE intense than she remembered it being.

When the door opened next. Spike returned, standing upright and walking with a grace he hadn't fled with. His bathroom break seemed to have done him a world of good. At the same time, Katie noticed, for the first time, his scent. There was a smell of lust and dog and man in the room that she hadn't quite noticed before, and it was rather strong as the dog went back in and sat down on the chair on the other end of the wall.

(Please roll a body check!)

Katie:

(I think I'm going to opt to fail this)

Terinas:

(Ok then. Let me explain a bit what's happening right now, for clarity. Right now, Katie's body is consuming available nutrients and stored energy to restructure her body, as you can guess by the fur. Basically, it's rapidly starving her while altering her body. So in failing this request...)

Katie's stomach growled. Loudly. Every moment felt more like she was going to pass out if she didn't eat something. There was an almost predatory instinct in the back of her head telling her she needed to consume. To devour. Or else she would have less energy for the next hunt. For the next moment she needed energy. The smell of cooked meat and potatoes and bread and butter, though suspicious, lingered in the air.

Spike reclined against the bars of the cell, reading the magazine. His nose twitched as he turned a page. "So you gonna bother with the food? Guess not." He turned to reach for the plate, to pull it back out...

Katie:

Her hand slapped down on the side of the tray, pulling it back away from the bars. Her other hand held to her face as she groan, "No no, I'll eat." she shakily brings the plate back and slowly begins to eat, searching for that sour taste again as she does. Still holding her head with one hand her nose sniffed the air, the new strength of scents pervading her mind as she slowly ate, glancing up at Spike out of the corner of one eye as she did so.

Terinas:

Spike smelled of sex and lust and... desire. She could pick up a mind sense of interest he had in her, though she didn't quite have an explanation for how she knew that. The food did have a slight tart taste to it, the sourness that she'd tasted before. The smells and tastes of the food seemed to intermingle with the other scents in the room as the room itself seemed to come alive to her: She could smell dust, some mildew on the wall, as well as scents that seemed more... alive: other people that had come and gone recently. The sensitivity of her nose increased gradually, not overwhelming, but it got stronger and stronger as time went on.

Thankfully, the food didn't seem drugged or poisoned, just... not tasting exactly as she was used to. Or at least, she felt fine after she finished eating. Spike turned to face her, a long snake outlined in the front of his shorts. "Lemme see the plate when you're done. It's almost dinner time here, so I'm gonna go eat. I'll take the plate with me so I can have it cleaned. You doing ok? Well about as OK as can be expected on day one?"

Katie:

Her nose twitching as it took in all of these new scents and the understandings related to them. Finally finishing the food she began to worry that she'd just been giving into her paranoia and nothing was wrong with the food. She slid the tray over, but then came over to the edge of the

bars herself, her nose sniffing the air, her eyes drifting to the outline before averting her gaze. "I'm as alright as I'm... going... why do you smell so... so... good?" she couldn't help herself, the smells that clung around him filled her nose and she needed to know why, because it smells just wonderful.

Terinas:

The dog gave her a shy smirk, as he heard her speak. "I do, do I?" He reached down to unzip the front of his shorts. "Tell me, does it get stronger now?" The scent of him, and his lust seemed to increase as he opened his fly. It soon became obvious: She was smelling a horny male dog. His musk. His meat. "First thing you gotta learn: The process makes you about as horny as a teenager. And that's when you're not in heat." he grinned, rubbing the growing shaft outlined in his shorts. "It sounds like you're feeling a different hunger for the first time..."

(I'm not always going to do this, but I will share this time that choosing to fail basically was the smarter option in this case. Succeeding would have had Katie been able to resist eating the food, which would have had her pass out from hunger exhaustion and taken away any control you had until Katie awoke again)

Katie:

As he unzipped his shorts and smell hit her harder she let out a small whine, "Y-yes, it's stronger..." the scent of his musk filling her nostrils as she stood at the edge of the bars, listening to his words, nodding along but her mind had fixated onto the smell, seeing him stroke it as she wanted to pull back but it smelled soooo good.

Terinas:

Spike snorted, swaying his hips as the cock under his pants twitched. He put his fingers along the waistline of his shorts, pushing them down slowly. Revealing a pair of tighty-whities with the tip of a fat black cock poking out of the right leg hole. "How about now?" he pressed up against the bars of the cell, as close to her as he could get without being inside. His bulge poking between the bars. "Is it stronger now?" His scent was almost dominating the room as he drew closer to her, or at least with him so close it was harder for her to smell anything else.

Katie:

Watching him work, sliding his pants down and revealing his large cock she let out another small whine, the smell calling to her. As he pressed himself against the bars of the cell she nodded, her eyes focused on his dick instead of him, "Yes... it smells so good..." the scent was the only thing in her mind as she lowered herself to her knees next to it, wanting to get closer, wanting to smell more of the musky aroma.

Terinas:

"You know, it's even stronger if you tug the underwear off..." He reached down to pat her on the head. "With your teeth." He licked his lips, with a little snort. His body was tense, his muscles flexed, as if expecting some reaction... so close to him, she could smell sweat and cum and

musk. Had he been jacking off in the bathroom? It could explain why he'd left so quickly. "You know, if it smells so good, what would it taste like, bitch?"

Katie:

Her mind wasn't truly acting in charge anymore just noting the sensations as her body acted, his words entered her mind and felt like they could make sense, she took his underwear in her mouth and began to pull downward, sniffing deeply, letting the smell fill her. At his words she look up at him, her mind had been thinking the same thing, if it smelled good it probably tasted good was well, and he'd called her bitch, that aroused her in a strange way... it felt... right. Looking up at him she spoke in more of a whimper than words, "May... may I taste it?" She desperately wanted to taste it as she took in deep breaths of the heady aroma. She barely noticed she'd be salivating, so hungry for a taste.

Terinas:

Spike's cock was at least four inches and it was still flaccid. As she tugged his undies down there was a moment where his balls actually smacked against her face, filling her nostrils with that yummy scent. "I dunno... do you promise to be a good bitch and get me off?" He grunted, his cock stiffening as he rubbed his cock gently against her face, never letting it get near her face.

Katie:

His cock fully exposed she breathed out a shuddering moan as the smell was just so much. Feeling the dick rub against her face she stared at it almost dreamily before looking up at him to answer his question, "Y-yes of course... I'll be a good bitch... please just let me taste it!" Taking in deep breaths through her nose, trying to take in as much of the musk as possible. Kneeling before him behind the bars as he rubs his member across her obedient face.

Terinas:

The dog let out a soft "whuff!" sound as he nodded. "Yes... go ahead and taste it." he grunted, as a bead of precum formed on his head, like a perfume comprised of the scent that was driving Katie so crazy. She felt his fingers scratching her head. "Good girl... a good bitch does whatever she can to make males happy and horny, doesn't she?" His cock twitched, smearing the precum along her lips, a salty, musky, savory treat as his cock hardened.

Katie:

Licking her lips, tasting the precum she took his cock in her mouth, suckling on the head first she whined. He was right, it did taste good, it tasted so good. Her mind recognized this as she began to slide him up and down her throat, her eager gaze fixed on his member as the smell filled her nostrils and the taste filled her mind. She could barely hear his words but nodded along with them.

Terinas:

The big dog's fat cock stiffened in her mouth, growing about as plump as a thick sausage. His

full seven inches, unknotted, began to slide back and forth along the roof of her mouth, smearing and dribbling precum inside her and splashing it against her tongue as his crotch pressed against her nose, the scent of his mating musk filling her nostrils. "Look at how honest you are. You know deep down this is what you want. To be bred like a good bitch, fucked over and over again, tummy fat with doggy cum. Isn't that right?"

Katie:

Feeling his cock grow in her mouth she moaned around it, the taste of it combined with the precum she was eagerly swallowing feeling incredible as she planted her nose in his crotch, breathing deeply through her nose, trying to take as much of his scent in as possible, it was... addicting. His words fell into her ears and she again did her best to nod with his dick still in her mouth and throat, she wanted this, her body told her so, she wanted to be bred, to be fucked, to feel his cum roll down her throat and deep inside her. As her throat massaged him her tongue ran along the bottom teasing as best she could, trying her best to stimulate him, if he smelled this good, and he taste this good, what did his cum taste like?

Terinas:

The doberman's cock swelled, pushing Katie's lips apart, as he rubbed her head like she was a dog. The more he spoke to her, the better it seemed to feel. Spike began to make grunting, humping, canine noises as Katie went to the dogs, feeling wave after wave of his precum coating her mouth and throat. And then, as her tongue flicked along the bottom of his mouth, she felt the cock pushing away from her. Was he pulling out for some reason?

No!

A fat bulb of a knot was growing, pushing her lips back further up the cock, larger than she could easily swallow. Katie felt Spike's body tensing, his cock twitching in her mouth, pressing up against the roof of it. Moments later, a wave of yellow-white cum washed down her tongue and along her throat, tasting of salt and cream and masculinity, flooding her body and nearly choking her with the amount of it.

(Roll a Mind Check!)

Katie:

Swelling in her mouth she sucked needily, wanting desperately to feel his seed pour down her throat. His hand rubbing across her head making her moan deeply, his words sinking into her as she whined and whimpered. Feeling his member push out of her she briefly looked up at him, her expression upset, worried that she hadn't satisfied him. The knot inflating, proving the exact opposite as she felt it at the edge of her lips, teasing it with her teeth as suddenly she felt his cum begin to flow. A flood of his wonderful seed pouring down into her throat, the sheer quantity of it filling her mouth. Her eyes rolling back a bit as the overwhelming taste of his seed filled her mouth as the smell of his musk filled her nose, it all felt so good.

(Rolled a 14)

Terinas:

(Ok. The good news is that you are allowed to resist any influence or mental effects, if there were any to resist)

The dog grunted, relaxing a bit, slouching forward and leaning against the bars of the cage.

"F-fuck princess... you've got a really hot mouth." He panted, crouching down and cupping her chin, as he pulled her up to meet with her. Eyes locked with eyes, as he leaned in to kiss her, a paw stroking her breasts through her shirt, another one moving down to slip down the front of her panties as his muzzle pressed against her mouth and his tongue pushed inside her.

Katie:

As he slouches forward she is still swallowing, running his cum around her mouth, tasting it deeply before swallowing the last of it, panting heavily as he grasped her chin. Slowly pulling her upward until they were as close to level as they could be, she let out a moan as he praised her, only cut off by his kiss. Feeling his paw stroking her breast was odd, it felt good but at the same time the uncanny valley was there, he had paws, and even though she'd seen them before it was different to be touched by them. But her thoughts were cut off as he slipped a paw into her panties, feeling just how wet she was from her earlier task. Accepting his tongue into her mouth she moaned loudly, her new senses still ruling her mind as she wrapped his tongue in hers, tasting him and letting him taste the remnants of his seed.

Terinas:

The dog growled, letting the kiss be broken as she groaned. Soon he looked into her eyes. "I heard that moan." A padded finger slid along her moist cunt. "Does that feel good to the bitch?" He smirked, pushing the finger gently inside her. "Does that make her squirm?"

Katie:

Pushing against his finger as it wormed it's way to her folds she let out another moan and a gasping "Y-yes...." her gasp cut off by a loud needy whine as his finger pushed inside her. A shudder of pleasure passing through her body.

Terinas:

This prompted the doberman to smirk. He turned his gaze down to her crotch. "Drop 'em. Bitches never wear panties, they only get in the way." He said, authoritatively, as if he were the leader of some sort of pack. "And once you do, you'll get to feel so very good."

Katie:

Responding to his tone and actions she slid her panties down her legs and discarded them. Nodding along with his words as right now the only thing on her mind was wanting to feel good, to have him make her feel soooooo good. She let out another needy whine as she finished discarding the unnecessary clothing and looked up at him, the need obvious in her eyes.

Terinas:

(I'm not even having to have you make mind checks. :P)

Katie:

(Mind ruled by lust for now, reason will return later)

Terinas:

The dog squirmed his finger inside her, grinning. "Good girl. Such a good obedient bitch." He pushed against the bars of the cell. "Now can you press up against these for me?" His cock was already rock hard again. Doggies could rut for hours once they were knotted, couldn't they? Spike at the very least seemed to recover quickly. "It's time for your first breeding." He winked.

Katie:

Pushing against his finger, trying to push it in as deep as possible before he spoke. As was speaking she eager followed along, whining at his praise and she pushes up against the bars, her body moving almost on autopilot as the frenzy of arousal clouded her mind. At his final words and wink she stared into his eyes, her neediness burning through everything else, for now she was his.

Terinas:

The lady felt the tramp pushing his shaft slowly into her, bodies pressed through prison cell bars as his cock stretched inside her, going slow and letting her feel every moment. Long black furry arms wrapped around her, as he slowly began to thrust inside her. His girth stretching her inside. His flesh rubbing at her walls. He panted, his body sweaty and muscled as he leaned down to nibble at her neck as he humped inside her, trying to get her off.

Katie:

An initial gasp left her lips as he first slid inside, followed by steadily louder moans as he pushed steadily deeper into her. His large member stretching her wet pussy as it tried to tighten around him. His arms wrapping around her as he held her to the bars and slowly thrusts. Her warm cunt enveloping his shaft as it plunged all the way down his knot kissing her folds before she was slowly pulled away. Her eyes were locked onto his, every gasp, every moan, every shudder, she wanted him to see them all, to she just how much of a good bitch she was.

Terinas:

Big strong arms wrapping around her, Spike grunted, looming over Katie as he thrust first slowly, then faster and faster. Each motion sending waves and trickles of pleasure up and down her spine. His knot kissed her lips, rubbing at her outsides whenever he thrust, inside her, stretching and trying to push inside her. But never quite getting all the way in. The bars between them kept him from getting close enough to get fully hilted inside her, even if she was flexible enough to take it.

Katie:

Her cunt massaging at his cock inside her, warm walls contracting around him as he thrust inside. She gasped and cried out, the ecstasy so much that she could barely think, feeling his

knot kissing her folds below she moaned every time it teased her. She arched her back against his firm hands but found herself unable to take the knot due to the bars between them, she wanted that knot inside her. Looking up at him she was barely able to get out, "Please! Come in here! I need it all inside! Please breed me like the bitch I am!" Her words fast and nearly cut off by her moans and cries. Her eyes full of need, she wanted to feel that whole knot inside of her.

Terinas:

The dog grunted, slowly pulling back out of Katie, as he looked her in the eyes. "On your bed. Spread your legs. Play with yourself." His words were commands, short and barked, and intended to be obeyed. He turned away from her, fat doggy cock dribbling precum all over, as he grabbed the ring of keys and went to the door, unlocking it. He was clearly too pent up to even talk extendedly. Opening the door, his body loomed over her bed, each step making his cock and balls wiggle, as he growled, horny and looking over her. "Mate.... rut..." he grunted.

Katie:

Whining as he pulled out of her but too needy for his knot to argue she quickly situated herself on her bed, legs wide for him, cunt dripping onto the side of the bed as she plunged three fingers into herself, trying to mimic the thickness of his cock. Watching him approach and seeing his large dick spewing precum everywhere she let out a low moan and wiggles her hips, accentuating her spread legs and wanting cunt. She wanted to show him just how good of a bitch she was, a good bitch to be rewarded with his knot.

Terinas:

Spike mounted her, tugging her needy fingers out, and pushing inside her. He was too horny and too pent up to think about locking the door behind him, just leaving it sliding open and clanking against the concrete wall. Growling, he pushed down inside her immediately, plunging into her depths, while his fangs tore at her shirt, tearing it to shreds. In moments, his paws had begun massaging her breasts as his knot kissed her lips. Straddling her body, Spike growled, pinching her nipples as he pushed again, his knot slooooooowly stretching her human body as he pushed inside her. The dog nearly came from the act of just getting inside her

Katie:

Gasping at his reentry into her needy pussy she cried out again as he began pushing deep inside her once more. Tearing apart her shirt she tipped as his paws found her breasts, pinching at her sensitive nipples while his knot stretched her wide. Her body didn't know how to respond to this much pleasure combined with the pain of the wide stretching, she began to bark more like a dog than a human, her cries of pleasure sounding like a bitch in heat as he rutted deep within her.

Terinas:

(Hmm... make one more Mind check before we wrap up this scene)

Katie:

(Rolled a 11)

Terinas:

(Alright. [REDACTED!] gauge doesn't go up.)

Terinas:

Spike's motions became less elaborate, less drawn out, but more rapid as he knotted his newest bitch. Less than one-inch humping, grinding his fat knot inside her, as he whimpered and grunted, cumming another load of his white-yellow mancream into Katie. With a grunt, he flopped over, licking her breasts for a few moments... before starting to fuck again. Having knotted the bitch, he was going to breed her until he had no energy left.

For what felt like hours, Spike rutted his new bitch, endlessly telling Katie how good a bitch she was to take every bit of it. His knot wiggling back and forth inside her stretched clit, milking it for orgasms and lubricant as the dog buried his bone, pumping into her, while occasionally he bit at her neck to remind her of her place. It wasn't until Spike was too tired to continue the mating, both bodies caked in sweat, that he flopped over on top of Katie, before rolling on her side, closing his eyes to nap.

(Make a body check to stay awake!)

Katie:

(Rolled a 5)

Terinas:

(Not bad... ok. You can either have Katie stay awake AFTER getting orgasm after orgasm and exhausting your guard, or you can take a nap and see what happens. Your call)

Katie:

(She's probably out for the count, her small body is not built for stamina)

Katie:

Katie was exhausted, only the unending ecstasy and her instincts kept her going. Spike's constant praise and dominant reminders had her whining and screaming over the course of the entire encounter. At the end her body was ragged and her mind was frayed at the edges. Passing out with a whine and a small yip her well fucked body collapsed beneath Spike.

End Chapter 1!

