

(Contained within is the Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau session for the user Zarrow. 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. Let's start with character creation!

Character Creation:

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.

Zarrow:

Rarely seen? Hmm, it's tempting...Sure, let's give that a try!

Terinas:

Interesting. So you're going with Herm Mode?

Zarrow:

Yep! There is variation within that it seems, so i'd like to give it a try. Unless Special Request just means that there would be varieties of hermaphroditic genders included with the base genders. Because that's probably more my speed

Terinas:

Weeeellll... Herm mode basically means that everyone is some variety of hermaphroditic, but

Special Request means you can customize things a bit more.

Zarrow:

Ahh, then let's do special request. I'd like a lot of variation: Some male, some female, some herm, etc. (Unless that's already included, in which case I can just go with the standard mode). Sorry if I'm being confusing

Terinas:

Male and female are included standard. As for herms... well, that's something I can work in pretty easily. Nifty, I get to use those subtypes of the characters! :3 I'll refine more what that means as we go on.

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!)

Zarrow:

Kinks to include:

Hypnosis/Mind Control

Growth/Overproduction (Cum, milk)

IQ play (Dumbing down or other messing with the mind)

Reality Alteration (Possibly? Make the character believe a certain thing is unalienable or true)

Transformation

Lactation

Mild Hyper (Fairly larger than average, but not absurd to the point of getting too much in the way)

Feet/Paws

Musk/Scent play

Dirty Talk/Humiliation

Sissy/Crossdressing Play

Master/Pet or Slave play

Shemales

Zarrow:

To not include:

Diaper Play

Death

Weight Gain (To absurd amounts, getting slightly chubby because it fits the character is perfectly fine)

Sorry if that list is too big

Tried to keep it restricted, don't know if I really succeeded

Terinas:

Alright. Based on your list, the only thing I can't GUARANTEE could happen would be Reality Alteration. At least not in a supernatural or magical way. Making someone believe something different however falls more under hypnosis for me, so that's much more likely an interpretation. Everything else I can easily work in, though it's more likely your choices will determine specific kinks that play out.

Zarrow:

Ahh, wonderful, and that's more what I was meaning, apologies for the confusion

Terinas:

Based off of your list, I will say that currently the only characters that is excluded from your run are **[REDACTED!]** and **[REDACTED!]**.

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!

Zarrow:

Okay. Let's go with Body: 1; Mind: 2; and Skill: 3

Terinas:

Alright! So now that you've allocated your stats, you're being given a bit more time to flesh out your character, if you so choose. Please now input into the machine any details you would like the game to take into account about your character! At bare minimum, please pick an occupation for your character, but if you want to include a backstory of any length, you may. We cannot guarantee that your character's past will come into play within the walls of the Mansion, but it just might! And at bare minimum, your character's past history will give them advantages and disadvantages on certain rolls made during the adventure. Have fun with it, and don't feel pressured to include anything you don't want to include! You can get past this section just by saying "banker" or similar one word occupations, or you can give us a lot more if you so wish!

Zarrow:

Hmm... Private eye might be fun. Got into the business after the boom by far so just works odd jobs to make ends meet while he's not hired. "Self-Professed" Private Eye.

Terinas:

Great! Next up, you need to specify what sorts of Anthropomorphic 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!

Zarrow:

Enjoy cetaceans, avians, or reptiles, but open to seeing/being anything.

Terinas:

Different! I approve.

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 10 years. Your character's initial goal, and one of the only guaranteed ways to unlock a "good" ending, is to uncover the truth, and escape with proof of it. Other good endings are possible, but other outcome also can lead to a bad ends. 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!

Zarrow:

Oops! I mean, I'll definitely go with 2 then, as it (accidentally) fits the character.

Terinas:

Ok then! Character Creation is done. We can now begin at your leisure

Zarrow:

We can begin now!

Chapter 1: A Pleading Missive

Terinas:

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 it's haunted. That cats lurking under the manor steal people's breath while they're asleep. But they're all just rumors.

What ISN'T a rumor, however, is much more interesting. About ten years ago, the FBI swept into the area, establishing a blockade around the manor and having a manhunt with local police through the nearby woods. Suddenly, a number of Missing Person cases associated with the Manor that the police hadn't been talking about burst into the public eye via the media, yet hard facts were impossible to come by. Loud howls and crashing noises were sometimes heard from the woods at night, and lights were on in the mansion all evening.

And then, the FBI left one day, the police went back to what they were doing, and the story died. Quarantine notices were put around the walls of the manor. Lights still were on at night. Strange noises still came from the grounds around the manor, but no one was allowed in. No one, save for trucks that came in and then out every two weeks or so.

For the past 10 years, the Mansion has been the subject of every rumor imaginable, from aliens to ghosts to three headed monkey witches. But for the most part, it's been left alone.

Until tonight...

Tonight, someone would come to the mansion from the outside. Someone would go into it

seeking the truth of what happened there. And that someone was...

Zarrow:

The letter came in the early evening and Jane found it only when he nearly slipped on the padded envelope on the floor of his apartment. The envelope was hefty, and without address as Jane deftly broke the seal and peered inside. The first thing that jumped out at him was the stack of bills inside the package, which he pulled out and counted to roughly \$1000. There was a letter enclosed as well, and so he read it out to the dingy walls of his empty, tiny apartment.

"Jane Parsons,

I'm writing you because I have no one else to turn to. The police won't listen, the feds left ages ago, and I'm getting to be the old crazy man on the stoop. Recently, my daughter went missing. Just up and vanished one day. I'm pretty sure she went to that mansion up on the hill and I want you to go find her. The fee enclosed will increase tenfold if you manage to find her....or at least what happened to her. I'll be keeping tabs and expect you to start promptly.

Sincerely,

M"

"God that's creepy..." the 27 year old man muttered to himself, but he quickly grabbed the odd gear he had for situations like this: a camera with a decent lens, a pocketknife, a set of lockpicks, and his wallet; and set off, not going to bother waiting til morning. \$10 k was a lot of money, and a "haunted mansion" couldn't be that scary. He soon found himself ducking through a gap in the fence and standing on the creaky wood at the entrance of the huge house, oddly on edge.

Terinas:

The mansion was surrounded by a large stone wall, stretching all around an expansive grounds. Along the road, the wall was divided by two large wrought-iron gates, closed and locked by a mechanical lock. Through them, Jane could see, off in the distance, what looked like a barn and a greenhouse to the west side of the mansion proper. On the eastern side, there was what looked almost like a two story parking garage built into one side of the mansion, with a small booth in front to manage traffic.

There were small patches of trees, bushes, flowers, and artificial ponds dotting the lawn beyond the gates. Far to the back, Jane could barely make out what looked like a small patch of forest on the eastern side of the mansion, and maybe even the slightest hint of a pool in the backyard. Every so often, he could see a light flicker on and off in the front yard, in different places. But beyond that, there were no lights anywhere to be seen... none of the mansions windows were lit up, and he couldn't see any other signs of light. Off on the far eastern side of the mansion there was even a place where the wall and the nearby forest met where the wall was crumbling, letting the wild spill in. But that was a walk away from where he was.

In front of him lay the iron gates, closed, and a small electrical speaker box built into the wall

next to it. Two buttons, "Call" and "Emergency", white and red respectively, were built into it.

...what did Jane do?

Zarrow:

Jane studied the buttons for a second, but decided against letting any inhabitants know he was there. Instead, he made his way to the crumbled wall and studied it for a second, working out if he could climb the crumbling stone.

(Can Jane try to climb?)

Terinas:

(You can, with a Body check! You'd need about a 7 or above)

Zarrow:

(Ah, so I can't roll high enough to do that then.)

Jane keeps looking at the wall for a second, but he never knew himself for being very... strong. Instead he came back to the gate and sighed, pressing the emergency button and ducking to the side behind the stone work as he waited.

Terinas:

(It's not advisable, no. These are about 8 feet tall and made of stone. You might be able to sneak in at the crumbling section of the wall by walking through the woods if you wanted, or try to manipulate the electric lock, or do other things, such as what you just did with the emergency button)

There was a loud sound of static blaring as the emergency button was pressed... and then nothing happened. After a few moments, there was another peal of static, and then a very garbled voice.

"[incoherent static noises]llo hello? What's [incoherent static noises]n?"

Zarrow:

Jane sighed for a moment, then steeled himself. He didn't expect the mansion to be occupied, but would swing with it if necessary. Better to be up front and make sure the girl wasn't here than get arrested for breaking and entering. Well...mostly up front... "Hi there, uh...sorry for the late call, but my cat went over the wall and i was wondering if i could search for her real quick, I just want her to come back, she's not normally an outdoor cat."

Terinas:

"Awww! A [unintelligible static] kitty got lost this deep in the [unintelligible static]"

"U-um... well I guess [unintelligible static] if you need to [unintelligible static] but be careful!"

"Please make your [unintelligible static] to the front doors of the mansion, so I can [unintelligible static] so you don't [unintelligible static!]"

The gates of the Moreau Mansion shuddered, squeaked loudly, and began to open. The way was clear.

What did Jane do?

Zarrow:

Jane watched the gate creak slowly open, giving him a clear path towards the large house. If he was just able to ask a few questions and put his client's mind to rest he'd be able to leave, and maybe sleep tonight. Knowing the people who lived in this town, the missing woman had probably just gone on a bender but hey, money's money. He walked up to the front of the house, watching his step on the steps, not knowing how sturdy they were, and knocked on the door. "Hello?"

Terinas:

(So just going to the front doors, right? Make a Skill check if you want to go up there without being seen or noticed by... anything)

Zarrow:

(Front doors, yes. 3d6 = 8)

Terinas:

The front of the Mansion had a large deck, decorated with furniture of some sort that Jane could barely make out off in the distance. It was a ways away, up a long and winding concrete road that branched off in two directions: To the parking garage and to the front deck. He could see two large wooden doors in the front of the mansion. And next to one, a light flipping on, shortly after he crossed the gates. Someone was definitely waiting for him!

And something else took notice. As he made his way to the front gates, he saw a light blink on in the grassy lawn. A small glowing mote of light heading off in the distance, heading towards him. If he stopped and watched it for even a few moments, he could see it was attached to something. Something moving on four legs. Quite quickly.

Zarrow:

Jane sees this sprinting figure and sprints himself, trying to make it to the door before whatever this was caught up to him.

Terinas:

(Make a body roll!)

Zarrow:

(6!)

Terinas:

(This time they rolled a 5. You beat them)

Zarrow:

(Can I glance back to see what it was as I make it to the door?)

Terinas:

(Leeeeeet's call that another skills check. But this time an unopposed one. Get a 4 for partial success, or a 7 for full success)

Zarrow:

(15!) He glances back as he sprints up the stairs, slightly tripping as he makes it to the door.

Terinas:

The figure hadn't gotten too near yet, but he could make out white fur... a light hanging from a collar around a neck... floppy ears... some kind of dog or something? It was the size of a wolf at least!

The front doors were closed as Jane tripped up the steps. But as he hit the wood of the deck, he found the front doors open. A very BLUE figure waved a gloved hand to beckon him in. "Sir! Please step inside!"

Zarrow:

Jane tripped inside, catching his breath on the floor a moment before looking up at the figure that welcomed him in. "What are...what is.." He was at a loss for words as he sat there temporarily exhausted.

Terinas:

"Huh? Did the Guard Dawgs chase you?" The looking down at him was short, and squat. He was wearing a bright blue outfit that looked almost like a butler's uniform, except a bright shimmer blue with a white undercoat. The figure's face was hidden by a veil and a hood, showing nothing but a pair of green slitted eyes. Contact lenses, perhaps?

The speaker's voice was high pitched but boyish. He wore long, slender blue gloves. His entire body was covered in clothing save for the gap in his eyes. "I did say they might chase you if you didn't move quickly. I'm sorry about that!"

Bending over, he offered a gloved hand for Jane. "Do you need a moment to breath?" The man turned and flipped a lock on the front doors. There was a sound of clawing and scrabbling

against wood from outside. "If you'd care to wait, I can ask for the grounds to be cleared."

Zarrow:

Jane took the proffered hand, standing up to meet the butler on a more even field. "I think I have my breath back. You really need to fix that voice box, I could barely make out every other word!"

He looked over the figure again, surprised to see someone dressed so proper in a house that looked abandoned from the exterior. "What's with the-" He gestured his hand in front of his face, in an obvious effort to learn more about his accidental savior while he took in the appearance of the foyer.

Terinas:

Something under the hood twitched. The figure helped Jane up, before chuckling. "Oh! Well, it's part of my uniform! I'm the butler around here, yup!" There was a slight giggle in the figure's tone. "Um, if you want to search the grounds, I need'ta go get you permission and get the hounds out of the area, so you don't get hurt. Would you please follow me to a waiting area? I can get you a snack while you wait?"

Zarrow:

"Oh, um, sure if you don't mind. Though now I'm worried for my cat's safety even more..." The strangeness of the whole ordeal had him a bit on edge, and his lie may have been peeking through in his tone just a tiny bit. He followed the shorter figure, trying to figure out more about the person. At the same time he was looking around the house for anything out of place, anything strange as he was led down a hallway.

Terinas:

If the butler picked up on his lie, he gave no hint of suspicion. "Golly! Well, look at it this way: If you go outside and the Guard Dawgs get you, then there's no one who can help your cat, right? So better to have the grounds clear first." He waved the man down a long hallway, the floor made of stained wood, with a red carpet running down the center.

There were paintings of men and women framed on the walls. Two doors flanked either side of the Front Hallway, with nameplates on them. But the butler led Jane further down, towards the door on the opposite end of the hall. "D- the Master's asleep, so I'll have to wake him for you. Is it alright if I ask you to wait in the Dining Hall while I do that?"

Zarrow:

"I can do that." He let himself be led into the dining hall. "I hope I'm not being too much trouble, I know it's late and you and the master of the house probably want to sleep." He trailed off, still curious about the home but also feeling odd about the place. It was too neat inside, too perfect, and a butler? In this century?

Terinas:

They passed through a lavish Main Hall the DM will gloss over describing since the two don't spend much time inside it, and down the Eastern Hall. Jane saw four doors in the Eastern Hall, two on one side, two on the other. They were marked "Food Closet" and "Lounge" and "Kitchen" and "Dining Hall" respectively. On the far end of the Eastern hall was a glass door leading to the Garage.

"Right this way!" The butler waved him into the Dining Hall, a large room, walls painted a deep navy blue. An old, long dining room table made of stained mahogany wood filled the center of the room, with enough seats at it to seat at least thirty people. Off in one corner of the room were several sofa chairs around a small circular table, papers strewn about it haphazardly. A chandelier with several electric lights built into it hung from the ceiling. A flapping door on one end of the room joined it with the kitchen.

The butler walked to one of the chairs in the center of the long table and pulled it out for Jane. "Take a seat! I'll fix you a snack and then go ask the Master for his support. Do you like steak sandwiches?"

Zarrow:

Jane, not wanting to be ruder than he was for barging into a home late at night, accepted the chair, sitting down and waiting for the butler to leave. If he was here to investigate, he might as well do so, and those papers might be pretty interesting.

Terinas:

The butler finally left, going through the door to the kitchen. After a few minutes, he returned, carrying a tray with a large steak sandwich, made of crunchy, grilled bread, with burn marks on it. The steak was warm and juicy and slathered in steak sauce. And he'd brought it in less than ten minutes.

"Alright! Now I'll be back inna bit, ok?" He turned to walk towards the door, before leaving.

Zarrow:

Jane picked up the sandwich and took a few quick bites before tearing himself away from the delicious meal and wiping his hands with a napkin. Once he was sure that the butler wouldn't return he quietly got up and made his way over to the jumbled mess of papers, sifting through them quickly to find anything of interest.

Terinas:

The papers were... scientific documents of some sort. Many of them appeared to be tattered and worn and yellowed. A lot of the words were blurry or unreadable. But at least one sheet was somewhat legible:

"The treatment, designated for now as Generation 1, will be discontinued. The process was originally developed to be performed on animals, after all, and has unfortunate side effects

when attempted on the human body. For now, we are halting all new experiments until further notice.

A new treatment, using the more chemical methods of Generation 1 is being researched at this time, and may in time replace it. However, all surviving Generation 1 patients must be vetted and evaluated for re-integration, or, if too far gone, rehabilitated to live out their last days within the facility."

(And now make a body check!)

Zarrow:

(6)

Terinas:

(Alright. The sleeping drug in the steak sandwich is going to start kicking in and putting Zarrow to sleep. You have about one post worth of actions left before he passes out)

Zarrow:

He took pictures of these documents as he looked over them, they might be useful later, and attempted to put them back into the same sort of disarray.

(Oh, oops, okay!)

Terinas:

(Nah. Is that what you're gonna be doing?)

Zarrow:

(Actually, yeah, might be useful later for something, to have pictures of what they're working on here.)

Jane felt off and as he messed with the papers some more it was getting harder to focus, though he was still taking pictures. He was feeling pretty heavy though, so he slogged his way back over to the chair and sat down, attempting to look like he fell asleep sitting down. "Fuck..."

Terinas:

The last thing Jane saw was the door to the kitchen flipping open, as what looked like a large, golden furred man stepped inside, a bright brown mane crowning his head. Then, the young man's vision got cloudy. His last word sounded coherent in his head, but as he spoke it, "Fuck..." became slurred nonsense. At last, the world went white, and Jane the private investigator stopped thinking entirely.

"Damn it!" A deep, rough voice, like the sound of distant thunder, rumbled through a concrete hall. A large figure had Jane's body slung over it. "I let myself get careless playing with Ilya and didn't see the signs. I should have sent Dawgs up there the second Pokey let him into the Mansion. Now we've got an unauthorized entry, and I'll have to contact the fixers, and that's another pain in my back... no. Calm down. This changes little."

A door was opened. Jane's naked body, riddled with four injection wounds along his back, was laid on a padded table. Restraints were fastened around the man's wrists and ankles. "Doctor's log: Due to an incident with one subordinate of mine that will need to be reprimanded, we've just gained, unwanted, the newest Gen 3.5 test subject. Thankfully, they ingested some sedatives before making any major damages to the facility or its secrets, but still..." There was a low, gruff snort. "To prevent the fixers from insisting on termination, ergo to save the subject's LIFE, we will be injecting him with Gen 3.5 treatment. The donor for this will be a rare Rainforest Red-necked Tanager." A paw reached up to stroke a chin. "Generation 3.5 treatment will require three nights of treatment, and happen over the course of three days. Sidenote: It'll be a bit interesting to watch this one change. I've never done anything with feathers since the LAST time back in Generation 2.

Needles were injected into Jane's veins. Colorful liquids were pumped into him. "A non-mammal is a pretty huge change, but still within viable testing parameters. With luck, this newest form of Gen 3.5 treatment will be able to correct for the side effects it triggered in subjects 3.5.2 or 3.5.3. However, there may be some mental degradation from such a drastic treatment. Changing species isn't nearly as intense as jumping from Mammalia to Aves. The growth of feathers ALONE is going to be painful initially... we will be using full restraints, in case he wakes up during the process"

A leather restraint was fitted around Jane's neck. His legs were spread. "As is standard operating procedure, hypnotherapeutic and sexual conditioning treatment will be applied to new subject 3.5.3, codenamed Melody." A small device that looked like an engine attached to a large tube that narrowed at one end into a soft point was placed between Jane's spread legs. A gloved paw smeared it with lubricant. "Subject will receive mental conditioning to accept his condition, and the conditions of other subjects. Subject will also receive sexual conditioning to help him properly manage his new... TASTES..." A set of visors were pressed over Jane's eyes. Tools inside them opened the lids. A swirling rainbow of colors appeared on the visors. Earbuds were pressed into his ears. Soothing music was piped into them. At the same time, electrodes were affixed to his cock, gently stimulating it as the treatment began.

In the rainbow of colors, Jane's subconscious mind was bombarded with images: Images of fuzzy males, scaly males, feathered females, anthropomorphic animal men and women. All in the nude. Each time a new image was shown, his cock was gently stimulated. "You like these creatures... you crave these creatures. You are a bird, an animal... you like these creatures. You crave these creatures. You are a bird, an animal..." The words filled his mind, buried in the soothing music. The images, at first just casual nudity, soon shifted to grow increasingly sexual:

Beastmen sucking each other's cocks. Blue jays sucking each other's rumps. Naga females kissing while stroking each other... getting in threesomes, foursomes, moresomes... as the images Jane was helplessly assimilating grew more lewd, the piston between his asscheeks began to pump slowly into him, a fleshy dildo, slick with lube, stretching his ass and flooding his mind with sensations.

The intent was to normalize the images he was seeing, kill any surprise his mind could feel to them consciously. And to try and condition him into a more fetishistic appeal to it... but also to distract him as his skin began to darken, bright blue colorful feathers forming along his shoulders... his lips tingling, darkening and growing harder... the very beginnings of a black beak forming.

After hours of this treatment, the images shifted to all focus predominantly on a single figure of a lion. The figure was brawny and muscular, with a rather large cock hanging between their legs. But at the same time, a pair of sizable breasts, b-cups at least, bounced up and down in the pictures... was this creature some kind of intersex creature? Either way, they seemed brazen: Posing. Fucking others. Flexing and showing off Two tubes were pushed into Jane's nostrils, pushing the scent of the lion into his nose. The words in his ears changed, as the anal and oral stimulation continued. "This is your master. You love and obey them. This is your master. You crave their touch, their cock, their body... This is your master. You love and obey them..." The words repeated endlessly into Jane's mind as the night of treatment continued.

(Jane will wake up in a soft,, warm bed with bright blue feathers crowning his shoulders, stiffer, more rigid lips (not a beak yet, but enough to make him lisp a bit as he talks) and pain in his backside, like a long workout. Please give him a fun dream before he wakes up tomorrow morning!)

(Also, I hope that was fun to read. I had fun typing it)

End Chapter 1