

(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 4: Into the Greenhouse

Zarrow:

Jane himself giggled at the sight of Bessie losing her composure. His predicament, while quite odd, wasn't something he could get angry or nervous about, especially when it felt so nice. The giggle had him relaxing some as well, better to be a bit more relaxed about the situation. He took in a deep breath and stood back upright a bit, after doubling over in his laughing fit.

As Bessie stood back up he had to take a step back to avoid Bessie's bosom smacking him against his face...yet that idea wasn't the worst thing he could think of. He smoothed the front of his overalls, that tingling in his chest and cock causing him to shudder a bit before he brought himself to listen to Bessie's next instructions.

"Rake? I can do that! Though it looks like the greenhouse itself needs some raking. Be right back Bessie!" She was so carefree, it was a relief from the confusion he'd had at the mansion thus far. He started his trek towards the greenhouse, paying attention to his stride as to minimize the amount of rubbing his nipples and balls would do on the slightly rough surface. That sliding of fabric against sensitive flesh did start him flushing with arousal eventually, just as he made his way to the door of the greenhouse. He opened up the door, thinking the rake should just be around the entrance, focused on his own body regardless.

Terinas:

The rubbing of the fabric against Jane's body didn't help with the tingling. Nor did the realization that slowly dawned on the changing bird that his center of gravity was changing. The further he went away from Bessie's Garden, the more top heavy he was getting. A pair of small, yet swelling breasts were growing out of his chest, making the top Bessie had provided him with press tighter and tighter against his feathered skin. And at the same time, his balls were rubbing against the fabric of the pants Bessie had given him. The things were swelling out almost in time with the growth of his new pair of breasts. They churned, as he felt the tingling sensation race up and down his sack.

By the time he reached the greenhouse, he had enough heft along his chest to bounce

whenever he took a step. There was an odd feeling of fullness as well, as if the breasts themselves were water balloons filled near bursting. Below the belt, his balls ached with additional pressure... Bessie hadn't been kidding about the growth she'd warned him about.

The Greenhouse itself, compared to his changing body, seemed blessedly mundane by comparison. It looked almost like a little patch of Rainforest had been cut out of the southern american landmass and carried here: He could see all sorts of exotic plants and tree, all of them overgrown and pressing up against the walls of the greenhouse. Smaller flowers and plants and even fruits grew along the center, growing over any walkways that there were, obscuring them.

The air was warm and humid. Sprinklers from above spritzed mist down along the plantlife. Somewhere, Jane could hear the whirring of a fan or twelve and a faint rattling sound. On the opposite side of the greenhouse from the entrance doors, he could see a small metal shack set up, with a rake laying along one wall.

Zarrow:

Jane stopped at the door to the greenhouse, taking a deep, unsteady breath. It was all he could do to not right then and there start to fondle his new weight. It'd take quite a bit of getting used to, his breasts and balls bobbing with each step. He might even have to ask Bessie for something to support him...and a milking. He put that thought to the side for now, he wasn't going to reduce himself to a barn animal. Yet the pressure was building behind his nipples, and it wasn't altogether unpleasant. He let out one last heated huff of air, opening the door and stepping into the humid greenhouse.

And boy it was humid. Near immediately, he could feel sweat starting to bead on his skin, sticking his overalls to his already slightly-wet chest. "Greenhouse...greenhouse...there was something about the greenhouse." He pondered aloud, spotting the rake and starting to walk towards it. He couldn't help but stop however, and look at some of the flowers budding within the muggy shed. The beautiful reds and yellows and whites of tropical flowers standing out along the lush green. It was quite a beautiful sight, but he had a mission. He made his way to the other side of the greenhouse, grabbing the rake and turning around to make his way back towards the door. The sooner he could get back to Bessie, the sooner he could get support for his chest, and possibly a walkthrough on how to relieve his swollen milk-filled tits. His tits, what an odd thought...

Terinas:

Walking along the obscured walkways of the Greenhouse, Jane felt various leaves brushing against his legs, his face, his arms, and his tailfeathers. Vines and branches rubbing and tickling along his body as he walked forward. This greenhouse was vastly different from the lovingly maintained and manicured garden outside it. It was hard to imagine Bessie keeping this place this disheveled and overgrown.

Fetching the rake itself was not too difficult. However, as he retrieved it, Jane could hear a loud

rustling behind a few nearby shrubs. Was something there? It didn't seem like there'd been any animals in here...

Zarrow:

Jane jumped at the rustling. It had seemed so tranquil in the greenhouse just a moment ago. "H..hello? Is someone there? I'm just grabbing a rake for Bessie." He looked about, eyes focusing nervously on the bushes that he swore he just moved. "I've got a rake... Fair warning..." He stood back against the wall some, brandishing the rake in a manner he believed was threatening, though it just made him look more unsure.

Terinas:

(Make a Skills roll! For, um, reasons)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 6.)

Terinas:

Aaaand nothing happened. Jane waited, back against the wall, as the shrubbery rustled, as if whatever was going on had no notice or care of his words or actions.

Zarrow:

Jane crept forward slowly then, giving as wide a berth as he could to the rustling bushes. The door was in his sight, and as long as he could make it out he'd be fine. It was probably just some birds or something...that was it. "I'm just going to leave...if that's okay? Lovely greenhouse you have here, it's really nice."

Terinas:

The door to the Greenhouse was shut. Jane hadn't shut it before him. As he moved towards it, the rustling stopped.

Zarrow:

Jane visibly relaxed some with the stop of the rustle. Huh, he didn't remember the door being closed. Maybe it had just swung shut behind him. Either way, he tried the handle to the greenhouse, turning his back to the rustling for a second.

Terinas:

As Jane rattled on the handle of the Greenhouse door, he noticed something. It didn't open very far. It was STUCK on something! The sliding door stuck just a quarter of the way along the frame, and it looked like it needed some extra force to push open.

(Make a Body roll to force the door open!)

At the same time, he heard another rustling noise. This time closer. And with it, something else.

A rattling. Like beads in a hollowed out gourd bouncing around as it was shaken.

Drawing closer...

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 2)

Terinas:

(No such luck. So far.)

Zarrow:

(Oof)

Jane rattled the handle, trying to push on the door, leaning his whole weight against the handle. In his effort, he didn't quite process the rattling noise behind him til it was too late. He turned around and wielded his rake. "Uh...um... I'm er...just here for the rake..."

Terinas:

The door rattled again. As he pressed his body against it, his tits squishing against the glass, milk leaking out from the pressure... he heard a rattling noise getting closer. Closer and closer. As something bright orange and green and brown lunged from a nearby tree at him.

(Make a Skills check to avoid this!)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 17)

Terinas:

There was a slam against the glass, as the door popped open. Jane barely managed to duck out of the way, as what he could only describe as a large, colorful naga, a bipedal, hooded creature lunged at him smushing up against the glass with a loud THUD, as it reared up, coiling up in front of the door. "Ssssssssslick movessss..." the creature said, as it coiled in front of the door, looking over at Jane.

Zarrow:

A startled gasp escaped Jane's mouth, the changing birdman stepping back instinctively. The rake fell from his hands and he shook a bit, not the most courageous individual. He kept his eyes focused on the naga in front of him, not shifting his gaze for fear of the snake-person making another quick jump. "Look, I mean no harm. If this is your rake, I'll find another? Just... Bessie is expecting me." He was all too aware of how predatory the gaze upon him was, the looming naga reminding him of what he'd been told: "Beware the greenhouse."

Terinas:

"There issss no need to be ssscared..." The creature reared up, and for the first time Jane could see it fully. The creature had bright green scales, with a pattern of browns and oranges along the hood flaring out on either side of the creature's head. It spoke in a low, rumbling voice that dripped with oil. Two slitted, emerald-green eyes locked with Jane's pair. "Ssshe will wait for you. But for now, I jussst wish to talk. Sssso we should both jussst RELAX and talk..." He twitched his tail, the rattle on the tip of it shaking, soothing background noise in the back of Jane's mind, as the snake eyed the bird.

Zarrow:

Jane stepped back some as the snake leaned forward towards him. That deep, smooth voice was positively sultry as the naga layered it on thick, causing Jane to shiver as if warm oil was being drooled slowly down his back. Every advance Jane made another slight retreat, but it was getting precarious, especially with how vine-covered he knew the floor was. Just one false step and he'd trip and be at the colorful snake's mercy. "Eheh....You are very beautiful....sorry, could I get your name at least?" He found it hard to tear his gaze away, those slitted eyes like emerald pools drawing his focus in.

Terinas:

"My name is Ssseth... there. Now we're both friendsss, so we can just RELAX and lissssten to each other." Seth smiled, the rattling continuing at a steady pace. At this point it'd faded into background noise for Jane. The snakeman's eyes were locked with Janes, as he relaxed, uncurling part of his body, straightening out his long ropey frame, as he put his hands on his hips. "There... no chance I can pounce. Jussst RELAX and lissssten, as you feel yourssself calming. There isss no danger here. No caussse for alarm..."

(Make a Mind roll)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 7)

Terinas:

(And now he rolls...)

(Rolled an 18)

Zarrow:

(Oh wow... That's quite a bit higher!)

Terinas:

(His Mind stat is **[REDACTED!]**)

Zarrow:

Jane nodded slowly, stopping his retreat and just staring into those beautiful green eyes. It was really relaxing to listen to Seth talk...just so lovely, his words like honey to Jane. "O..okay..." He was breathing a little deeper, a bit more regularly now that he knew he had a friend in the greenhouse. "Sorry for acting out like that. I'm Jane." He stood still as Seth inched closer, gaze locked and mind a bit more relaxed than it had been.

Terinas:

"Yesss... that's a nice name." Ssseth spoke calmly, gently, as he began to slither around Jane, in a loose, lazy circle, his length lazing behind his torso. "It'ssss a pleasure to jussst listen and RELAX, isn't it?" He hissed, slowly drawing closer, a scaley finger gently stroking along Jane's left arm. "Jussstt RELAX and listen, let your worriesss melt away as you RELAX and focusss on the sound of my voice. Let yoursssselt melt away as you focusss purely on me. RELAX nice and deep, as you sssettle down and relax, listening to my voice as I help you drift nice and deep, sinking down into a nice, deep, obedient trance..."

(Make another mind roll.)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

(Rolled a 9)

Terinas:

(Welp. That's... full failure. You **[REDACTED!]**)

Zarrow:

Jane's eyes were glazed over now, as he listened, letting his mind slip deeper and deeper. There wasn't any point to doing anything else, was there? No, there wasn't. It was most important to just relax and listen to the naga. To focus on his words and listen and obey. He didn't want to do anything else...

Terinas:

The naga drew closer and closer, his body wrapping up around Jane's frame, coiled muscular serpentine body hugging Jane all over, his body rubbing along Jane's sensitive tingling cock and breasts. "That's right. Jussst RELAX and listen. Lisssten and RELAX..." A forked tongue kissed one of Jane's shrinking ears. AT this point, Jane's head was nearly entirely feathers, and a beak was growing along his face more and more, lips sprouting outward and hardening. He'd been changing for nearly the full day.

"Now then... sssinking into a nice, deep trance." He slithered up to hold his head just inches away from Jane's, locking eyes. "You're ready to lisssten and obey, aren't you? To focus ssso

nice and deep, to do my bidding... to enjoy my pleasssures..." He reached a hand down to slide into Jane's overalls, trailing cool, scaly fingers along the changing creature's shaft.

Zarrow:

Jane had barely noticed the coiling snake tail pulling around his body, but as Seth started to enclose him more he merely relaxed into those warm coils. The voice of the naga was just so pleasing, just so perfect, and he wanted nothing more than to just follow every single word that sultry snake slipped through his lips. His arms hung limply at his sides, legs no longer supporting his weight as he let the snake hold him. Each sliding scale against his sensitive cock, his budding breasts, causing him to pant slightly, the pressure having built quite a bit since he entered the greenhouse. But right now all he could do was listen and relax, as that's what Seth told him to do.

"Yes sir, anything to obey..." Jane let that whisper of desire slip past his beak, there wasn't a way to call it anything but at this point. Then he felt the cool touch of Seth's hand on his shaft, bucking forward some and spurting some of his pent up precum against the slick scales of the snake. "O... oh~"

Terinas:

(Achievement Unlocked! "*Luscious Coils*": Get wrapped up by Ssseth.)

Zarrow:

(Sweet, I'll add it to my Steam achievements, that sure wouldn't cause any questions *whistles innocently*)

Terinas:

The naga chuckled. "Anything to obey. You love to obey ssssuch a smart sssserpant..." He grinned, his hand giving gentle strokes to Jane's cock, reaffirming each submission of the changing bird creature with pleasure. "Obedience givesss pleasure. The more you obey, the better you will feel... repeat it for me." He said, and with every word Jane would repeat, he would be rewarded with a stroke

Zarrow:

"Th.. the more I obey, the better I feel..." He lazily repeated the words, mind in a daze. The stroking started as he repeated, only driving him more. Eagerness was starting to drip into his tone "The more I nnf...obey the better I feel. The moooore I obey the better I feel!" He hadn't meant for a moo to slip out there, but being so relaxed, so at the mercy of another, was coaxing out those parts of him. Even though he was relaxed, the occasional weak buck would meet Seth's stroking hand, his repetition becoming a bit more fervorous as Seth stroked. Precum was slickening the naga's stroking hand, and the scales of the coils surrounding the changing bird. His production had definitely increased on account of Bessie.

Terinas:

The snake chuckled, a high pitched, amused hissing sort of laugh. He pulled his hand away, his coils tightening, as he watched the large amount of precum dribbling down from his hand. "My my... sssuch a lot of load! You've got a bit of Bessie in you, don't you?" The snake sounded amused. "That was rhetorical. I know you do." He turned around, to rub at the changing bird's forming breasts, watching as they swelled out in his hands. "Do you need a milking? I think you do. Silly empty headed bird loves it when she sits on the seat to empty her teats... repeat what I just said, and accept it as true."

Zarrow:

All of these ministrations by the snake only brought Jane further under Seth's sway. That coiling of the snake around him to access his breasts pulled him tighter into the smooth muscled coils of the devious hypnotist. As prime access was granted to his chest, Jane eagerly leaned forward for Seth's hands to rub and grope. His words were honey to the bird's mind, and each suggestion left him... her... wanting more. "Silly empty headed bird loves it when... when she sits on the seat to empty her teats..." She breathed out a sigh of pleasure and want, nipples trickling ever so minutely as they were now getting direct attention.

Terinas:

The repeated phrase was rewarded by Jane's nipples being rubbed. Ssseth had undone the suspenders holding the outfit up, and was rubbing her swollen nipples. A wash of pleasure hit Jane's mind. The milk was changing him up there at a rapid pace, his nipples were swollen and the touch of them sent a shiver of pleasure up his spine. "Again. Say it again, little busty birdy."

Zarrow:

The touch of those fingers against her nipples was electric, bliss shocking its way to her mind and displaying itself as a moo-ing moan. The bird breathily repeated again the words "Silly empty headed bird loves it when she sits on the seat to empty her teats!" That consistent teasing, constant groping making it harder to resist and so easy to just do as she was told. Especially when being told what to do felt so good! A little nagging voice in the back of her mind would try to pipe up and tell him to push back, to get out of there, but that was quickly drowned out by the puddle of pleasure filling her head.

Terinas:

The snake watched as milk was dribbling out of Jane's pert, erect nipples. She badly needed to be milked, and the pleasure of being fondled was intermingling with the blissful relief of some of the pressure in his growing, swelling tits growing on her body. "That's right... and whenever you think of being milked, you'll remember this feeling... this wonderful blissssss..." The snake snickered. The idea of breaking this creature into a happy, horny birdcow was HILARIOUS. And he was just getting started. Slithering around to stroke at the creature's feathered back side, wiping the milk from his scaled hands, he hissed, tongue flicking against one shrinking ear.

"Now it isss time to go deeper. To obey more... To experience more pleasssssure..." He said, tail rattling right in front of Jane's forehead. "What isss your gender?"

Zarrow:

Jane nodded, following every syllable of each word, drifting deeper along on those slippery serpentine words. She was at the mercy of Seth's movements, coiled tightly at this point. When the snake tongue flicked against her diminishing ear the snake was met with a tinkly whimper through open lips... well, open beak.

"Male... male sir." She had her eyes closed, reveling in the feeling of those muscular coils sliding along her body, the naga's cool skin a contrast to her heated body.

Terinas:

The snake reached up with his free hand to stroke that beak, now almost fully formed. A slender finger slid down along it to kiss the tip. "Oh? How confusssssed you are... don't worry... just take nice, deep breathsss and RELAX... remember that want to obey me." He stroked along the changing bird's bare bosom. His coils had bound up Jane's legs entirely. Even if he broke the trance, there was no escape.

"Jussssst RELAX and listen... for you ssssee, this whole time you've been ssssoooo very confused. You have been brought up tthinking ssssomething wrong. Do you want to know what it is?"

Zarrow:

Her beak was much longer than she remembered it being when she entered the greenhouse, but Seth's words brought her back to relaxing in that carefree hazy mindspace the serpent was gifting her. All she did was nibble slightly at the finger teasing her beak, and listen to those gorgeous words. She nodded her head to his sweet whispers, leaking like a good happy bird should.

"Confused? Wrong... Yes sir." She wanted to know, wanted to be right for him, that was all she desired. "Tell me please..."

Terinas:

(Bessie's milk accelerates growth. :P)

Zarrow:

(Oh I know, I was getting in the mindset of Jane was all)

Terinas:

The snake was having the time of his life. He couldn't help it. His cheeks puffed out as he broke down laughing a bit. After a few minutes of tittering, he pulled himself back up. "You ssssseeee..." He reached up and groped "Her" chest, making half-circles with his thumbs. "You believed yourssself to be male, but males do not have thesssse, do they? And you've had them for quite ssssssome time. You don't have to think about it too hard. Just RELAX and obey

my wordsssss: you are a girl. A female. And you always have been, alwayssss wanted to."

His tongue flicked out to kiss the changing creature's base. "Any other thingsss that contradict that belief are simple and eassssy to ignore. Becausssse you know you want to obey deep down, and you know I want you to become a girl. Ssssay it. Say it with conviction that you are a girl." His hand moved to "her" cock, ready to reward her, while his tongue flicked back and forth in her face, eyes locked with the bird's.

Zarrow:

The bird breathed deeply, Seth's words a revelation to her lust- and hypnosis-addled mind. He was right...he'd always been right. She must be a girl, it just made sense! After all, would a male have such a lovely, full chest? Of course not. It was all too easy for her to accept this suggestion, embracing it as the naga told her to repeat. "I'm a girl..." She breathily whimpered out, "I'm a good girl!" It was impossible to see herself as anything but that, and his honeyed words washed away any lingering doubt.

Her beak was hanging open in a breathless moan, it just felt so good to be told these things, especially as the sexy snake leaned over and grasped her cock, the average-size length throbbing with a warmth behind it that was getting too hard to ignore, the swollen balls beneath it churning and driving a small buck of the hips from the bird. Well, an attempted one, save for her legs being constricted. "Mmnph..."

Terinas:

The snake grinned at the statement, stroking gently and in time with Jane's new revelation. "Even your name... Jane.... that'sss never been a boy's name, hasss it? It's a girlsss pretty name. Remember growing up in dressssssses and panties. Remember your firsssst crush on a boy.... and then on another girl. Remember your firsssst kiss.... if you don't remember them ssssoo easily, don't worry... just consssult your helpful imagination. It will help you make thosssse important memories up...help replace thossssse silly confused boy memories sssso they never bother you again...>"

Zarrow:

Jane giggled some at that suggestion, even as that stroking coaxed more of her pre to splurt over Seth's stroking hand, the pleasure only leading her deeper into 'memory'. She 'remembered'... remembered how her first dress was so pretty and pink, how she loved to dress up in cute skimpy clothes. She remembered the first boy she crushed on, then flirted with, and how she sucked him off behind the bleachers at the football stadium. She remembered how when she got excited her skirt would rise up, causing her to be embarrassed yet also strangely proud of her girlcock. All of these things were imaginary, but they felt right, and slotted right into place of the old 'boy' memories that had once been there. "Mnn...I'm a good...hnnf...girl..." She was making sweet little gasps in time with your stroking motion, her voice even pitching up some to match her new gender. The teasing and stroking was so intense, so much, and was bringing her so close to the edge. "C... close sir..."

Terinas:

And then the snake pulled away from touching her. "Thatssss a good girl. Whenever you hear someone call you a "Good girl" you'll remember thossse feelings of lust and pleasssure. You'll feel a rush of it, each reminder calling back to thissss pleasant time when you embraced your proper gender." The snake hissed, glinting. He did so love giving people triggers.

"But it'ssss not yet time to blow your load... girlsss like you need to be milked, don't they? You need to go ussssse Bessie's milker to drain your tits and ssssssisssy stick. In fact, you're excited about it, aren't you?":

Zarrow:

Shivers ran through Jane's body as the hypnotic naga pulled away, leaving her throbbing dripping shaft begging for attention. But she knew what that meant! "I... I need a milking... gotta be good girl for the farm..." The suggestion had taken hold, so excited for her first use of the machine. She'd been waiting to use it for awhile... had she? It didn't matter. What she did know is that she wanted it now, wanted her sissycock and girly tits to be milked dry. "I'm a good sissy girl..." She trailed off, wriggling some as the desire to be milked was running through her brain, drawing her a bit out of that limp relaxed trance, as she was now on a mission.

Terinas:

The snake hissed, his tongue tickling her beak as he began to loosen his coils. "Good girl. Now then, it issss almost time. You will waken when I count to three and clap, remembering nothing of your trance here. Insssstead, you remember we had a nice chat, and you wanted to come back to visssit again and again..." He pulled away from her, looping his coils around a tree. His cock was hard. He loved pranking people THAT much. Butt he didn't want her first climax to be with him. The milker would probably BREAK her. creatures less than Bessie were usually overstimulated by it. And he wanted her pent up and needy for it so he could watch.

Ssseth loved to watch people at their climaxes...

"One."

"Two."

"Three."

And then he clapped, a rippling, sharp sensation that pierced through the dreamy fog that had been encircling Jane's mind.

End Chapter 4