

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

Rules and Disclaimers! Go!

1) At the start of this experience, I will ask if you give your consent to being part of the experiment. You may request to go under a pseudonym if you don't want your username being publically available. However, if you give your consent, as a sign of respect I would appreciate you not changing your mind later during the game itself. If you start to have strong feelings about not wanting to put it online, I will relent, but it's a bit of jerky move and will frustrate me.

2) If you consent to be part of the experience, I will approach you regularly asking to RP and continue the experience. Because I've got other people who want to do this as well and I can't do more than two people at a time, if you join in, I'll ideally want to play regularly until we want to stop, or until you hit a Bad End or get to the Good End. If you are unavailable to continue the experience for a sum total of 3 weeks, we will either put the game on Indefinite Hiatus (and I will move onto another player until you are ready to continue) or I will finish the uploads for your game session with a write-up of a "bad end" that your character reached based on your pre-existing progress. Either way, the experiment side where we upload things will end, but you can continue when we both have time and inclination through Freeplay, ask the DM questions, and whatnot.

3) During the game there will be skill challenges. At this time, you will need to roll 1d6, 2d6, or 3d6, depending on circumstances. Higher rolls are better than lower rolls. You can always choose to fail a skill challenge and decline to roll, which may lead to interesting results. Succeeding at every skill challenge may not always lead to the victory you want...

4) Your character cannot die in this game unless you choose to attack an NPC with the intent to kill.

5) The bare minimum requirement for this RP experience is that the subject matter contains

species transformation (changing of one species to another) and some hypnosis. If you do not enjoy or at least tolerate either of those kinks, this might not be the experience for you.

And remember, that IS ok.

Arbanis:

Okay, that's good to refresh my memory. I do indeed give consent, and don't mind going by this username.

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.

Arbanis:

Leave Genderometer lever as normal.

Terinas:

Alright! So on your run, you will be able to encounter both male and female characters, as well as anything in between, outside the spectrum, and whatnot. Is that ok?

Arbanis:

Yes.

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!)

Arbanis:

Kinks to include:

Hypnosis (including being brought down multiple times, even/especially if the character thinks they've escaped), **suits** (and costume paws), **diapers**, **sissey**.

Kinks to not include:

Male dom sex (i.e. anal), **forced sex**, **vore**, **gore/gross**, **transgender transformation of own character**, **fat** (as kink), **cub play** (i.e: Underaged characters), **scat/watersports** (except in context of diapers), **breath play**.

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!)

Arbanis:

(Hmm, an interesting tradeoff presents itself - if I want to run into a lot of a certain amount of situation, do I make it the dump-stat so I keep failing at it, or give it a higher score so my character lasts a bit longer...)

Terinas:

(Entirely your call. Unfortunately, as the DM I am obligated to be impartial during character creation)

Arbanis:

(Of course.)

Body: 1

Mind: 2

Skills: 3

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!

Arbanis:

Starting race: Human

Transformed into: Dragon (bronze) - flight and breath weapon unnecessary!

Others encountered: no strong aversions. Slight preference for fluffy characters and bovines, but not strong enough to exclude anything that doesn't fit.

Terinas:

Alright! So there is no limit to what characters you can include, either from gender preferences or from species preferences. Good to know.

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!

Arbanis:

Reason for coming to the mansion - (2) came to investigate, without any official reason to do so but as a concerned citizen.

Terinas:

Alright! Perfect. Lastly, please name your character, specify starting gender, and if you wish to have it change, ending gender

Arbanis:

Character name: Jasper

Gender: Male (And please remain male)

Terinas:

Perfect! Now then, prepare for your own journey through The Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau! Your own challenges, struggles, thrills, chills, and spills start here!

End Chapter 0

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...

Arbanis:

Jasper frowned up at the building, trying to see if there were any lights in the windows yet. It wasn't quite fully dark, but after so long wondering about the mansion Jasper's curiosity had finally gotten the better of him. Having decided to investigate, he'd eaten and headed up with a grab-bag of things that might be useful - a torch, for one - but standing here now Jasper suddenly wondered if he was just on a fool's errand.

If the stuff online was true, the Moreau Mansion had been here since he was three and the FBI had been involved back at the start of his teenage years. And, quite apart from anything else, the biggest question was why the FBI had left if anything was wrong - they weren't exactly known for giving up on things.

After thinking about it for a few minutes, Jasper shrugged. He was here now, so - whatever. And it'd be interesting, at least.

Shading his eyes to see if the lights had gone on yet, Jasper stepped up to the gates and started fiddling with the lock.

Terinas:

There actually was a single light on in the Mansion. On what appeared to be a fourth floor, a single window was lit, bright light spilling out of it, though it was nowhere near close enough for Jasper to see what lay beyond it. The mansion was surrounded by a large stone wall, small cherub statues mounted on top of it at various intervals. Off to the north east, Jasper had seen on his approach a collapsed section of wall at a point where the forest and the wall touched. Though it looked to be nearly a half an hour away through the woods on foot.

The wrought-iron gates in front of him were locked with a large black lock. The keyhole staring back at Jasper was about as large as his pointer finger. On the right hand side of the gate was a small plastic box mounted to the wall, and behind the environmental cover was a keypad with numbers from 0 to 9, a speaker, and a button that read "press for service".

(If Jasper is trying to pick the lock to get through the front gates, make a Skill Check. If he's trying the intercom, that's something else, as is climbing over the wall or going to the collapsed section in the woods. If you feel you've got another solution in mind, let me know)

Arbanis:

After a few seconds trying to work out if the lock could be easily picked, Jasper belatedly noticed the intercom device to the side of the gate. The clearly fairly modern device, coupled with the light, led Jasper to reconsider - it seemed much less likely that the mansion was inhabited by people who would consider themselves intruders, and more likely they considered

it their home.
Or their property, at least.

Thinking it over, Jasper knew that if he tried to break in first and was caught, he'd be in big trouble - it wasn't as if the inhabitants would be best pleased, and he'd have lost the chance to do things amicably... whereas, if he went the formal route of asking, he could at least come back to that gap in the walls on another night. Taking a considering breath, he flipped up the environmental cover on the intercom and pressed the service button.

Terinas:

Pressing the Service button rewarded Jasper with a burst of static. After about a minute longer than it felt like it should have taken, there was another one, this one with something coherent in it:

"bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzHello?zzzzzzzzzt!"

The voice was very difficult to understand amidst the noise. The speaker might have been damaged or malfunctioning, because while Jasper could make out the word, he couldn't make out much of the voice itself. It sounded hollow. Artificial. And badly distorted.

Arbanis:

Swallowing, Jasper said what he'd been rehearsing in his head for the whole wait time.
"Hi, yeah, uh... this might sound like a silly question, but I realized recently I've got no idea what actually happened here. Is there any chance I could come in and get the details?"
After a moment, he added a bit extra. "I'm not with the news, or anything... just curious."

Terinas:

"bzzzzzzzzOh golly!zzzzzzt!"

There was a moment of silence. And then another. It went on long enough for Jasper to start to wonder if he'd been forgotten. But then the speaker came back to life.

"bzzzzzzUm, well, if you-zzzzzzzzt!"

"bzzzzzzzzzz-then I guess it'd be-zzzzzzzt!"

"bzzzzz-just remember that-zzzzzzt!"

And then, after another moment, the wrought-iron gates made a slight "Clank" noise, and the lock unlocked itself, the rightmost gate gradually drifting inward, allowing Jasper entry. The speaker crackled again.

"bzzzzzz-be careful-zzzzzzzzz-meet-zzzz-at-zzzzz-doors!"

Ahead of him, beyond the gate, was a gently winding river of dried concrete, heading up to a

large two-story parking complex on the eastern side of the Mansion. West of it was the mansion itself: An enormous building, four stories in size, with a single light on in one of the windows. A smaller concrete tributary broke off from the driveway to head up to a deck in front of the mansion, upon which sat a pair of wooden double-doors. On either side of the driveway was an desert of green grass, dotted with oases of small ponds with trees and bushes and flowers circling them. Moving along this desert, Jasper could make out small glowing balls of light, three of them, like little will-o-wisps drifting through the dark night air.

Far to the west of the mansion itself was what appeared in the dark as a large Barn of some sort, with a bunch of rows of plants in front of it.

If Jasper strained his eyesight, he could even manage to make out what looked like a large, well-lit glass building far off to the west behind the Barn(?), and what looked like concrete off to the eastern side, just peeking out beyond the manor proper.

What would he do next?

Arbanis:

Jasper walked a little hesitantly along the concrete, taken aback at the size of the 'car house' now he had his first good look at it, then resolved to head directly to the front doors of the mansion.

As he did, though, the balls of light caught his attention, and - baffled - he couldn't resist trying to see what the closest one was. It wasn't something he wanted to do so much he'd abandon his journey to the doors, but a little detour would surely be fine..?

It was really quite amazing just how much there was here in the way of buildings - not just the mansion itself, but also the quite large buildings around it. A parking complex made some sense, but a barn? Did this place date back to when horses were a big thing?

Terinas:

He sneaked off the path, walking into the grass. Into the dark. Mosquitos buzzed around him. There was a howling of wolves off in the distance. Nothing he wasn't expecting when he'd first come up to the mansion in the first place. Moving down into the brush, however... it was clear that this lawn wasn't the most kept. The grass went up to his knees, and it was badly in need of mowing. but the estate was huge. It'd take a full staff of groundskeepers to keep EVERYTHING looking good, right?

As he moved towards the nearest glowing light, his eyes were adjusting to the darkness. The nearest glowing wisp was heading towards a small cluster of bushes and trees planted around a lake. But Jasper was closer to it than the light was. If he hurried, he could make it there and hide. Or he could sneak through the grass on all fours and spy another way. Or whatever he wanted....

(Make a skill check if you want to sneak up on the light without being seen. This is a Moderate check, so you'll need a number between 7 and 12 to be successful, though I won't tell you the exact number you need)

Arbanis:

Nervous of being caught, Jasper vacillated for a moment between going back to the path and heading to see what the light was. Curiosity won out, and he dropped to all fours in the tall grass - hoping to remain unseen - before slowly creeping up to try and see what the light was. Just seeing whether it was a torch, or something actually floating, would be enough for him. He thought.

As he tried to creep through the grass, every rustle made him wince. But grass rustled all the time, right?

...right?

$1d6+1d6+1d6 = 1 + 3 + 4 = 8$

Terinas:

(Thankfully, anyone who would hear you rolled absolutely TERRIBLY)

He heard paws on the ground. Rustling through the grass. As the light drew closer, he heard something snort. Was there a dog or a beast of some sort nearby?

And then, through the tall grass, he saw it. A large, pronounced canine muzzle. Bright white fur, almost pink-tinged. A large thing, almost like an oversized toy poodle, stalking through the darkness... in what looked like a pet sweater, with a large ball-light dangling from a collar. Even with the light source so close to it, Jasper could barely get a good look at it. Because it quickly sniffed the air and darted off in the other direction.

Arbanis:

Seriously confused, Jasper waited a moment to be sure the thing had gone, then began heading back to the path the same way he'd gone. As he did, he tried to work out what the heck he'd just seen. Maybe it was just something the mansion owner did? He didn't know much about dog breeding in any detail, but the points that did come to mind were that dog breeding could produce results very quickly and that poodles had originally been created as an intelligent breed to do things like fetch ducks and hunt.

So maybe this was just the result of someone doing dog breeding to make a much bigger, more capable poodle? It seemed awfully prosaic if it were true, so Jasper decided there had to be something more to it than that.

Reaching the path again, Jasper broke into a jog for a bit, trying to strike a good balance so he arrived at the door at a slow walk without seeming to have been too long for how fast he was walking.

Terinas:

The mansion's Front Porch had seen better days. There was a whole set of lovely wicker furniture all clustered around several glass tables... but two of the three tables were shattered, the glass gone and only an iron frame remaining. The wicker furniture was rotting in places and stank. Someone had clearly removed some of it, either in looting or just to be conscientious. Either way, it didn't look safe to sit in.

What did look well-maintained were two large wooden doors, each engraved with images of forests with wild game and hunters stalking through them. Along both doors was a large tarnished golden knocker, in the shape of a asian dragon's head, with a ring through the nose that one rapped against the door. For the moment, no one had opened the doors...

At this point, waiting around the Front Porch, Jasper saw two of the lights off in the distance. Heading straight towards his location. Did he try to get inside? Knock on the door? Run for somewhere else? Something else?

Arbanis:

The sight of the dilapidated front porch confused Jasper all over again. The whole situation didn't seem to be producing a single coherent picture for him - one moment there was a sign that a great deal of energy was being put into the mansion and grounds, another there was something that made it look like it really had been abandoned for a decade.

This was no time to try and work it out, though, with guard dogs (?) headed for him. Certainly there wasn't going to be much chance outrunning guard dogs on their own ground, so Jasper decided his best hope was to try and make it clear he was here for good reason.

Taking the ring of the door knocker, he rapped it twice against the door.

"Hello?" he called, taking pains to sound firm instead of worried - if the dogs heard him, they'd react to his tone of voice. "I had a few questions? Only, there's some - some thing coming towards me."

At the last moment, he remembered he shouldn't really know the lights were on the collars of guard dogs.

Terinas:

The doors slowly slid open. One door swung out, the golden knocker swinging with it. "H-hello? Sorry it took so long, I had to get dressed!" Beyond the doors was darkness. Jasper could barely make out a long hallway stretching inward, lit by a few candles, a red carpet covering the center area of it. Standing between him and it was a short figure, possibly five foot two if Jasper

was being generous with his measurements... wearing a bright blue butler's uniform... as well as a large navy blue hood and what looked like a veil covering his face and eyes. "Er, you wanted to have some questions answered? Come in!" The figure waved a hand, stepping aside to beckon Jasper inside.

Arbanis:

Stranger and stranger... or perhaps even 'curiouser and curiouser'...

Jasper nodded, stepping inside through the door and past the figure.

As he did, he wondered about all the things he'd run into already - the strange mixture of well-kept and very badly aged, the lights, the giant poodles, and now someone who was bafflingly short and wearing a veil.

"Thanks," he said, remembering he should speak up. "Yes, it's something I've been curious about for a while... to tell the truth, the whole of the mansion has this real mystery around it."

Walking a few feet down the hallway, then stopping to wait for the other figure, Jasper kept talking. "It's one of those things where 'everyone knows' something happened, but nobody seems to know what." He shrugged.

Terinas:

The other person shut the door behind him, locking it with an old fashioned, ornate key. The hallway that Jasper had found himself thrust into was nearly twelve feet wide, with hardwood floors and a long red carpet that ran down the center of the floor, with gold embroidery showing leaves and vines running up either side. Along the walls were several still life paintings: Of men, of women, and of landscapes, both the real and the dreamy and ethereal and unworldly.

Two doors faced each other on either side of the hallway a bit further down, just at the edges of what Jasper could see. However, the hallway seemed to go farther down still. Though he could dimly see light fixtures built into the ceiling, the only light in the room was from several lit, flickering candles: two on little fixtures on the walls between the front doors and the two doors Jasper could see, and one on a little silver candlestick holder held by the veiled speaker.

"Golly! Something happened here?" The figure tilted its head. Though the veil made it hard to make out their words, the figure had a high pitched voice, almost prepubescent in tone. "U-um, well, I'm the butler around here, but I'm new. So I might not know what happened, but I can answer any questions you have! Yup yup!" Something under the hood of the butler's uniform twitched. "Come on. Let's go into the Main Room. There's lights there, and we can talk while sitting in the chairs! I can even get you some refreshment if you like." The figure walked forward down the hall, carrying the candle with them.

Arbanis:

"Well, yeah," Jasper replied, frowning. "Something happened here - about ten years ago..."

He trailed off. "I guess you might not know, if you're new. Uh, sorry about that."

He shook his head. This first look at the inside of the mansion was... unusual, though he wasn't really sure what to expect. It did remind him a bit of the outside, though instead of a contrast between new and decayed there was a contrast between unused modern fixtures and a much more old-fashioned style.

Kind of like there was some kind of period piece being filmed here, where they hadn't bothered to cover up the more recent conveniences.

"The main room sounds good," Jasper went on, trying to push past the awkwardness and his silence. "And... yeah, refreshment would be nice, if you don't mind. Do you have any kind of crackers or biscuits? And... if you've got any, some cocoa. But only if it's not too much trouble, you already said I got you out of bed."

That wasn't quite what the butler had said, but Jasper just filled in the blanks. Why else would he have not been dressed?

Terinas:

The Butler nodded, something under their hood twitching again. "Oh! Gosh, yes, I can get you some cocoa!" There was a slight giggle in their tone. "I'm certain there are crackers or biscuits or something bready I can find too." He walked along, something in the outfit crinkling slightly. "It's no trouble at all! I love helping people! It's why I'm a butler!"

Passing down the darkened hall, the pair found themselves at a wooden door with a golden nameplate on it reading "Main Hall", which the butler opened. Beyond it was a brightly lit, enormous room. A large staircase rose up to a second floor, splitting in twain midway up and going off to the left and to the right. Up above them, Jasper could see the second floor, a narrow strip of floor running between each half of the staircase, and beyond, with wood railings blocking his full view. The first floor, however, was a sight to behold itself: An ornate door to the west reading "West Wing and Barn", and another matching door to the right reading "East Wing and Garage". On either side, under the staircase, were two more doors with nameplates, reading "Utility Closet" and "Server Room" on the west and east sides, respectively.

In front of the stair case were two lounge areas: Several comfy chairs and a couch each, arranged around a mahogany table. The butler waved Jasper over to one. "Take a seat! Take a seat! The, uh, master is in his chambers right now, or I'm sure he'd want to meet you himself! But I'll try SUPER hard to answer any questions you have. And if I can't, I'll ask my friends!" The butler giggled. "I'll go run to the kitchen for some cocoa! Sorry about the hallway, things are always breaking down. The lights haven't worked there since last July." Something crinkled in the butler's outfit again. "Um, before I go, I could answer one question real quick if you want?"

Arbanis:

Jasper pondered the odd crinkly sound, wondering if his guess about having pulled the young man (?) out of his bed had been incorrect. Perhaps he'd been doing something involving an apron, instead...

Puzzling over it, sure it had to form part of the jigsaw puzzle of the mansion, Jasper took in the sights of the mansion interior. It was certainly an example of the old but very impressive half of the dichotomy he'd noticed earlier, and it was interesting to note at the same time the existence of a garage and a server room - both again examples of something quite modern.

Server rooms were more than ten years old, Jasper knew, but they certainly weren't a hundred years old, or however old the place was styled...

A little belatedly, Jasper realized that the butler had offered him a quick question.

"Oh, um... well, I saw some lights on the way up to the door, and I was wondering what they were. I know some of my questions will take longer to answer, but hopefully that one's a quick one?"

Terinas:

"Oh! Those are the guard dawgs!" The butler grinned. "They're so cool, aren't they? They patrol the grounds of the mansion at night!" The butler paused for a moment, before heading through the door marked "East Wing" and leaving Jasper alone.

A minute passed. Then two.

What did he do?

Arbanis:

Jasper frowned, thinking about what to do.

There hadn't been any sign of security cameras, not that he'd noticed anyway... and the last time he'd done a bit of snooping it had actually helped out. The slightly odd butler had certainly told the truth this time, which had let him verify that at least...

It wouldn't take too long to get cocoa and biscuits, but it was also something you just couldn't do too quickly. So Jasper might have a minute or so, but he couldn't count on more.

Jasper decided it was worth taking a purposeful wander around, climbing up the stairs to get a better look at the second floor. It was something which he could easily pass off as curiosity without abusing the hospitality of the house - there was, after all, no closed door in the way.

Keeping an ear out for any sound of a returning butler, Jasper stood to head over to the stairs. Not too fast, and looking for anything that might be interesting or useful in making sure he asked

the right questions.

Terinas:

There was no sound of the returning butler, at least nothing that Jasper heard. The second floor had it's own version of the Main Hall: Similar carpeting, with two lounge areas that only were different from the ones below because the chairs and couches were in different positions. Hallways stretched to the West and East, lined with doors along either hallway. Some of them had gold nameplates, others did not. The lights were on in the second floor as well.

Over on a table in one of the second floor lounges was a stack of crinkled, ruffled papers that looked like they'd seen better days. Off down the eastern hall, laying haphazard and open face down, was a book, the binding creased.

Arbanis:

Jasper paused for a moment, wondering if it was worth risking it to pick up either of the collections of paper, then made his choice - of the two, the book was something which would be less 'problematic' to pick up. If it had been discarded, Jasper could even explain his having it simply by it having been dropped - he wouldn't outright lie, but just saying it had been on the floor would explain his having it.

Or, at least, that was his plan. So he headed quickly to pick up the book, ears still alert for any sign of movement, planning to snag it and then head straight down to the ground floor to await the butler's arrival.

Already, he had his excuse ready - he'd been waiting long enough to get bored and had decided to see if there was anything to read.

Terinas:

Grabbing the book wasn't difficult at all. The title on the spine simply read "Second Skin", and the book itself bound in something that unsettlingly felt a bit like leather. As Jasper picked it up, one of the doors down the hall started to creak open.

Arbanis:

Swallowing nervously, Jasper did his best to back away without looking like he was trying to back away - a bit of a tricky task at the best of times. He moved the book so he was carrying it under his arm, by his side, and readied himself to apologize to whoever it was who was about to come out of the door. As a stranger to the building, he'd have to be careful what he said...

Terinas:

The door opened, and what Jasper saw was quite simply... inhuman. The creature LOPED, knuckle-walking with two legs and one arm, a fourth appendage curled up with a magazine branded as "Swole" pressed up against a pink mouth. What parts of the being's body that weren't contained within a white muscle shirt were mostly covered in gray-black fur, save for the

very simian furless face, and much more bare-hands. A literal goddamn gorilla, wearing nothing but a metallic green speedo underneath the hood turned to stare at him with blue eyes. A baseball cap was turned, the brim facing backwards, as the creature looked at him. "Uhhhh.... sup, bro?" it said, in a very confused expression, for a moment staring at Jasper.

Arbanis:

Jasper stared.

He couldn't help it, but he just had to stare - for long enough to make it awkward, if it wasn't awkward enough already - before shaking his head slightly to get rid of the cobwebs. "H-hey," Jasper replied, voice uncertain as he tried to get around the fact there was an actual gorilla talking to him. After a further moment, Jasper nodded at the arm with the magazine. "Good read?"

It was all he could think of to do - try to get the situation off the fact of the gorilla, so he could concentrate on something less bizarre than gorilla, and get himself back on an even gorilla keel.

Gorilla.

Admittedly, Jasper had heard of that one gorilla in a zoo who'd been taught sign language, but this seemed a whole lot more advanced - the small part of his mind not going gorilla instead updating his guess about the building he was in, from "experimental dog breeding" to "general animal research".

Terinas:

The large gorilla blinked. "Uhhh..." He put the magazine down to respond, but was stopped short by the slamming of a door down below.

"WHERE IS HE?" Growled a voice from down below. "ZE INTRUDER!" There was a hint of a french accent in the voice, though the tone was very difficult to place as feminine or masculine.

The gorilla blinked. "You an intruder, bro?" He tilted his head. "Ally ain't usually that pissed about anythi-well, ok, Ally's usually that pissed. But just, like, in general. Not at anyone specifically. You know that sort of person, bro?"

The creaking of another door from downstairs prevented Jasper from replying immediately. "I brought cocoa and biscuits!" Announced the cheery voice of the butler. "Now we can-huh?"

Arbanis:

Jasper chuckled a little nervously. "Well, I came around to see what was going on - I was mostly just curious. The butler did let me in, so I don't know if I'm an intruder..." Internally, he winced. It sounded like he'd put his foot in it somewhere, and it also sounded like the butler might not have had permission to let him in. "I'd better go and apologize to - to Ally, and try and sort this out,"

he said. "Sorry - nice to meet you, I guess."

With that, he headed for the stairs - hoping that he could excuse himself by appealing to his genuine curiosity and interest as the cause for his mistake. Honestly, though, it was starting to sound like he should have headed for the hills as soon as he saw the giant guard dog.

Terinas:

The gorilla didn't stop him, as he walked downstairs. The smell of hot cocoa filled Jasper's nostrils, but he only had a moment to enjoy it. Because, growling at him with a snarl and bared fangs, was what could only be described as a large, anthropomorphic poodle. Wearing a bright pink collar with a glowing ball of light bouncing around against it, wearing a bright green and white outfit, and holding a syringe, the creature snarled at him. "YOU! Ze scent I smelled earlier!"

And then charged.

Arbanis:

Jasper was paralyzed by the shock.

The large guard dog had been one thing. The clearly intelligent gorilla was another. But the two-legged poodle, the collar, the ball of light, and the mention of 'Ze scent I smelled earlier'...

There was no other way to interpret it. This **was** the 'guard dog' he'd seen earlier, and that meant the whole situation was far beyond anything he'd remotely expected - or had any capacity to deal with.

Too surprised to do anything that might have saved him, Jasper reacted far too late to actually do anything about the incoming canine.

Terinas:

(Image to reference: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/24782821/>)

(So if you want to react, it'd be a Body roll. Otherwise, if you fail, you'll see what happens from there)

Arbanis:

(I think in this situation Jasper's not really got the mental capacity to react - all those rationalizations he'd been making for himself finally fell through - so I'm going to elect to autofail, partly because of my abysmal Body score meaning there's not much chance anyway...)

Terinas:

The creature paced at him, darting and jamming the syringe into his neck. Jasper felt a growing numbness spreading through his neck. He felt his vision growing fuzzy. He couldn't feel his shoulder. Then his chest. Then his body. His vision shifted as his body fell to the floor. The sight

of the creature looming over him grew blurry. And then everything went numb as he whited out.

"Moreau's Log, update ninety-seven. I'm going to have to have a word with our butler, whose loneliness might have created an incident where there otherwise might have been none. Thanks to that, an unaware, uninvolved figure was invited into our home and my test facility. And I have a report I have to give to our remote authorities that I am NOT looking forward to." Two fuzzy golden hands reached down to sling the unconscious Jasper up over a large lab-coat covered shoulder.

The figure turned to walk down a hall, pushing a painting up and inputting several buttons into a keypad hidden in a false panel behind it. "I am not ungrateful for the opportunity, but I am annoyed at the consequences. Still, it will be nice to have a test subject for continued development of Generation 3.5 treatment..."

A door hidden in the wall opened. "I will be using a doner animal of-" And then, the limp body of Jasper was snatched up off of the speaker's form. "OH BLOODY HELL!"

Another figure took off running down the hall.

(Jasper will wake up the next morning in some... very unusual circumstances. Until then, please give him a naughty and/or lewd dream of your choosing!)

Arbanis:

Ideas swirled in Jasper's mind. Experiences, sensations, memories... mixing together, cross-pollinating, and forming new ideas in his sleeping brain.

One which surfaced, getting stronger and stronger as he paid more attention to it, mixed together the talking dogs with the odd sounds from the butler's clothes with the name of the book he'd picked up, and suddenly Jasper was imagining a kennel of half-a-dozen men and women forced into close-fitting, clumsy-pawed latex dog suits. Imagining them trapped as if in second skins, fumbling uselessly to get the suits off, not even able to get off the suits on one another by working together.

The dream became more heated, lewder, and now the clumsy attempts at cooperation became rolling around, the pawing at zippers or locks became pawing at anywhere they could reach, and the suits inflated and became puffier with every movement - trapping their wearers in useless cycles of squirming, wriggling lust and panting moans... while a voice told them all they were such good dogs...

End Chapter 1