

(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 2: Suit Up!

Terinas:

Heat.

That was the first thing Jasper felt. At first it was difficult to tell if he was even awake or not, except that he could feel the heat along his body. His thoughts were sluggish and slow, and it felt like something was pressing in on his skin from every angle imaginable. His body was tightly wrapped in something... was he in a cocoon of some sort? Even breathing felt difficult, like trying to suck in air through a thin straw.

As he began to grow more aware, though, it became obvious that he could move his fingers. They felt like they were wrapped in thick winter gloves, and squeaked as he moved them, but he could move them. Something clacked together on the outside of the gloves(?) as he did. His arms could move too... but his muscles complained as he tried to move them. He was laying on his side, and one arm had gone to sleep, tucked in a soft squeaky layer of something.

"Wakey wakey, little hatchey..." A voice seemed to ring in his mind, almost like it had no external source..

Arbanis:

Jasper jumped - or tried to, despite the thick cocoon of material around him - and didn't really move as much as he was expecting. "H-huh?" he asked weakly, totally lost, then sucked in another breath. "What... what happened..."

What did he remember? Something about... about animals, but they were like humans? And now he was stuck, trapped in something soft and thick, and... "What's a hatchy?" he asked, trying to get up so he could at least look around, as best he could given his situation. "What's... what's going on?"

Terinas:

Opening his eyes, he saw the world through a faint pinkish tint, as if he was wearing tinted

sunglasses. The floor was soft and squishy, coated in a speckled foam. Patches of carpeting around indicated there had once been a full coat covering the floor. It had been torn away long ago. The walls were much more inviting, however: Bright white(?) in color with a strip of wallpaper with block rainbow letters, going from A to Z, printed all around. Faded posters of cartoon characters from children's shows mingled with cartoon crayon scribbles posted in various places. In one corner of the room was a large sliding closet with cracked mirrors lining the doors.

An enormous crib was off in another corner of the room, the legs buried in a pile of plush stuffed toys, one wall had popped off, allowing access to a mattress lined with cartoony bedsheets and a few pillows, a slip of paper tucked under one of them. Next to it, partially buried by the plush pile, was a large rectangular box made of plastic jigsaw puzzle pieces. The letters "Toyche-" was visible, while the rest was obscured by the pile of soft, fuzzy things.

A large table, the top covered in white fluffy pillows, the bottom studded with drawers, was tucked into another corner of the room, next to a glowing clown-faced night light, the only source of light in the otherwise darkened room. A large brown wooden door was the last thing he saw, a thick padlock along the knob.

"You're in your room, safe and warm, sillybutt!" The voice rumbled softly. Again, it was hard to tell if it was inside him, or somehow whispered into his ears

Arbanis:

"This isn't my room-" Jasper began, then paused. Tried to take a deep breath, to get a handle on the bizarre situation on top of all kinds of bizarre situations. He was in some kind of... well, some kind of room which seemed to be made for a small child, except it was for a much bigger small child than the standard.

It felt like he was wearing something, something thick and... clearly warm... but more than that it was hard to tell. And he seemed to be locked in the room. And there was a voice, but no way to tell where it was coming from. Which was... even odder.

Jasper didn't think he'd gone insane, but it had been a very shocking day - night?

"What's going on?" he asked, looking down to see what the thing he was wearing was. Deciding that if he was imagining things he should at least try to see what the 'rules' were, and that if he wasn't then it couldn't hurt either.

Terinas:

Looking down at himself, he saw metallic brown shimmery fabric, cut in a pattern of scales, running down the sides of his torso. Underneath was what felt like rubber or latex or something like that. A brighter hue of the soft brown "scales" seemed to form an underbelly of the costume he was wearing, running along his chest and tummy. His feet were in a similar situation, with

large squeaky “paws” that ended in large white talons. He could feel his toes wiggling in the stumps of them. Balancing on two legs was a chore, both because of the state of his feet and because of a large puffy layer of something underneath the costume around his waist. It felt like he was wearing thirteen or fourteen pairs of briefs all tucked together under him. A crinkle could be heard whenever he moved his thighs.

The air he inhaled through what felt like a mesh net was sweet and almost tasted like fruit. His fingers were in a similar state as his toes: Each finger crammed into white plastic-y “Talons” that ended in brown scaly paws. There was also a rustling from just behind him, as if something was dragging behind him as he moved.

The voice spoke again. “You are being reborn, little sweetie darling!” It had a pleasant purr and a faintly feminine tone to it, like a mother was speaking to a three year old.

Arbanis:

"Reborn?" Jasper asked. "But... what?"

He marshalled his thoughts as best he could, taking in that he was apparently dressed as a dragon. A dragon which might have been supposed to have four legs, which almost definitely had a tail as part of the costume, and one for which the logistics of the costume alone gave him a bit of a headache.

Wobbling a bit before sitting back down - a little harder than he'd planned - Jasper felt over his face, trying to discern something about what he was trapped in despite the deadening effect of the layers of soft material. "Who are you? Why... why am I like this? Where am I?" Jasper tried to clamp down on his racing thoughts, and especially on the tiny part of him which remembered his dismayingly tantalizing dream...

Terinas:

Sitting down provoked another crinkle. It was almost like he was wearing pillows around his waist, because he barely felt his butt pressing against the floor. He did see the barest tip of a tail, little fabric “spikes” at the ends of it poking out between his thighs. He was sitting on it, clearly. “As parent’s cute little hatcheling!” The voice said again. as he felt one of his hands moving, against his own will, to tickle the talons against his “tummy.”

And as it did, a brief wave of pleasure washed over him. He felt his spine tremble, and a tickling sensation from his own stomach, almost as if someone were really tickling his flesh. “Be a good little princess for your new momma Molting, won’t you?”

His free hand felt up at his face. He could feel two long plastic “Horns” running back from the sides of his head. More of the soft scales lining his head. No apparent hair. His face pushed out into a large lizard-y snout, with a hooked beak that opened and closed to reveal soft-porous mesh underneath. Two pink panes of glass (or something like it) covered his eyes...

occasionally the pink tint seemed to shift or dance, as if the glass itself was alive. "Now let's see... what will Mommy's little hatchling's name be?"

Arbanis:

"The... heck?" Jasper asked, unable to come up with an appropriate way to phrase it. "This isn't some kind of radio thing... is it?" He ignored the question - both questions - and stared at his taloned-mittened hand. "How did you do that - I didn't do that! That's not... this is impossible..."

Even more impossible than the talking poodle and the ape from earlier... he thought. That could have been something like genetic engineering, which was vaguely plausible, but this was... he didn't even know what it would take. Suddenly making a connection, Jasper inspected his waist again. "Hatchling - is this - what am I wearing?"

Terinas:

(From now on Jasper can **[REDACTED!]** override Molting's attempts to make him do things, by the way.)

Arbanis:

(Gotcha.)

Terinas:

"I'm not impossible, I'm your momma!" The voice chuckled, as it purred in his mind. "And you're my sweet little Hatchling Arni! Hmm.. no... that's not the best name..." As Jasper stared at his gloved hand, he felt it tingling a bit. Almost like being electrocuted ever-so-slightly. "Hmm... maybe something a bit more effeminate? Bani? What do you think?"

At the question, the voice sounded amused. "Yes! You're wearing your mommy's skin until you get your own. Think of it like being tucked into a nice warm egg until you hatch... Mommy will take GOOD care of you until then..."

Arbanis:

"I have a name!" Jasper insisted. "Don't try and make a new one!" The tingling made him stop, for a moment, and by the time he was ready to speak again the 'momma' had dropped her second bombshell. "I'm doing what? Wearing your skin? That sounds really creepy..."

After thinking for a moment longer, Jasper made up his mind. He was going to get OUT of here, no matter what strange disembodied voices said! He got up, intending to find the key to the padlock and get out of the room. It had to be here somewhere, you couldn't lock a padlock from the other side of a door.

Terinas:

(Alright, where is Jasper searching?)

Arbanis:

(Start by seeing if it's already in the padlock, but since I don't think that's likely then going to look in the drawers of the pillow-topped table.)

Terinas:

The padlock itself was dull and blackened, a distinct iron padlock with a large old-fashioned keyhole. The key itself wasn't inside, though the hole itself was almost large enough for Jasper to fit the tip of one of his talons into. Almost. If it weren't so firm and obstructing, it'd almost seem cartoonishly large a lock. But the door itself wouldn't so much as rattle with it within it.

"Aww... someone's a little explorer!" The voice of Molting echoed in Jasper's mind as he moved over towards the padded table. Opening the drawers was tricky with his stubby, clumsy talons. But after three or four tries, he managed it. the first drawer contained... diapers. Bright, white, plastic diapers, all of them with pale pink tapes. There were also several cloth pads tucked alongside them. And seeing them was what made it obvious: This was a changing table. The sort you'd use to change a soggy baby.

Opening the drawers was an exercise in frustration. There was one drawer that had a childproof plastic covering over it that proved impossible. The third drawer, after several tries that made Jasper miss his thumbs, eventually revealed its secrets. It contained baby wipes, bottles of talcum powder, and a plastic bag filled with pacifiers of various colors and hues. The last drawer was much larger than the other three, and soon Jasper discovered why: It was actually a mini-fridge built into the base of the changing table... stuffed with baby bottles containing different colored fluids: Creamy brown , white, and pink fluids, as well as a clear red beverage. A bit of cool air hit his costume's scales as he stared down into it.

Arbanis:

Having decided to ignore the voice of the strange suit, Jasper shut the fridge again and frowned. Knowing how his luck had been going lately, the child-proofed drawer was going to be the one which actually had the key - and anything else that might be useful. The other supplies were worrying, as they suggested that his suspicion was correct and this odd creature had put him in a diaper before putting him in the suit - the suit which was the creature itself? It was confusing, so Jasper shook his head a little to discard the train of thought.

He decided to go over to the crib next, to both root through the plushies around it and investigate the mattress itself - along with that piece of paper, to see if that at least might shed some light on the situation.

Terinas:

As he started to turn and walk away, he felt the suit struggling against him. "Now now... you've been sleeping for a while, little one. Don't you think you need a drink first?" Molting was attempting to direct him to take one of the bottles.

(Make a body check, please)

Arbanis:

(Ah, dang, my weakness... Rolled a 4)

Terinas:

(Moting rolled a 5.)

Arbanis:

(Oh dear...)

Terinas:

One of Jasper's arms shot towards the open drawer of baby bottles, pulling one out. It was interesting that Jasper could feel the chilled fluid through the suit covering his body. Like before with the tickling, it was almost like the suit itself was carrying the sensations through it to him.

Or that the suit WAS him...

One of the bottles of the red translucent fluid was tugged out of the drawer, clutched with talons wrapped around it. "Now don't you fret none... you can wander around and play just fine with one arm, and this way you'll get to suckle and fill that tummy-tum!" The paw out of Jasper's control moved to his mouth, pushing the nipple up against the mesh fabric covering his lips... which parted to allow it entry, pushing the nipple up towards his mouth.

Arbanis:

The sensation of being controlled was odd, combining with the transfer of what Jasper could touch with the suit to his own skin to almost give a feel that he was spectating as something happened to someone else - which distracted Jasper for long enough he was unable to forestall the movement.

"H-hey! How are you - mmpf!" Jasper complained, cut off by the nipple of the bottle, and he reflexively took a suckle before regaining his senses.

It's okay, Jasper, he thought to himself. Focus.

Trying his best to ignore - well, everything about him and his suit - Jasper continued with his plan, at least as well as he could with a bottle nipple in his mouth and one arm taken up by carrying the bottle.

Terinas:

The liquid was sweet, but with a distinct sour tang: Cranberry Juice! A squirt filled his mouth as he suckled, and then another as his hand squeezed the bottle, trying to get him to nurse on it more. If he refused to feed, the bottle would be tilted up to allow gravity to gradually leak fluid into his mouth.

The plushy pile actually was almost as tall as Jasper himself was, just a head shorter than he while he was standing. It made for easy climbing into the crib itself, however. “Like a proper dragon’s hoard...” a voice in his head that was NOT Molting seemed to whisper as he started at it. The crib was lined with sheets showing “Captain Whitetail”, a cartoonish character from old cartoons at least ten years old: An anthropomorphic young deer who traveled through space in a space rocket. The slip of paper was half of a letter, torn diagonally. It had long since faded yellow, and part of it wasn’t legible. However, even while one arm tried to force-feed Jasper, he could read what was scribbled on it:

“<Missing or illegible> ndit,

<Missing or illegible>comidations pleasing?

<Missing or illegible>ation 3.5 treatment is proceeding. Since

<Missing or illegible>sting in attempting to escape, I’ve put a lock on the outside of the door.

<Missing or illegible>lock it later so that we can deliver food and you don’t starve.

<Missing or illegible>the closet won’t work anymore, so stop trying or you’ll get a spanking. This is your room now. Deal <Missing or illegible>

Sincerely

J[REDACTED!]

Arbanis:

Jasper blushed at the taste, trying to remember if cranberry juice had any specific things it tended to do to someone. Not managing to, he made his way over to the plush pile and tried to ignore the thoughts it made him think. There was a thing that came to mind from those old Narnia books, actually, about the boy who slept on a dragon’s hoard and turned into a dragon... no, best not to think about that for now, best to just continue trying to find a way out.

The cartoon characters didn’t seem helpful, but the letter was. It hinted that there was some kind of treatment involved somewhere in this whole mystery, that there might be a lock on the outside (locked on both sides? That sounded odd) and that there was something to do with the closet. Along with a name.

J[REDACTED!]...

That was one of the first names he’d run into while here, if not the very first. It was a potentially useful nugget of information... though admittedly the kind of thing he’d done to get into the building, social engineering, wasn’t going to help here now he was dressed in this silly dragon

costume. Blushing a bit as he tried not to think other things about the costume, notably including 'cozy', Jasper read the paper a second time.

It didn't look like it was addressed to him, so it seemed like he wasn't the first person to be stuck in the room. And it sounded like it was worth seeing if the 'closet' worked again. Mind made up, Jasper headed over to the closet to see if he could work out what the heck that was about - then nearly coughed as a particularly big gulp of cranberry juice ran down his throat, reminding him of the bottle. This much fluid couldn't be a good sign.

Terinas:

The bottle was halfway open once Jasper finished reading the note, the fluid sloshing back and forth in the bottle as he began to stumble down off of the crib. Getting down with three limbs was exponentially harder than getting up, but he managed by popping his bottom down and scooting down the pile like an infant. The suit even let him feel it along his legs.

The cracked mirror on the closet really drove his situation home: He could almost forget about the suit until he stood in front of a mirror facing himself. Not only was he unrecognisable with the suit on, but between the tail dragging behind him and the overly cutesy face mask with pink tinted eyes, he looked positively adorable!

The closet had a number of similarly cutesy overgrown outfits in it: Tutus, onsies, not to mention babyish costumes like cows and fairy princesses and more. But along the far end of the closet was something else: A hole, just about Jasper's size, cut into the wall, leading to darkness. A pair of boards appeared to have been nailed into it, but then pulled off and leaned against a nearby wall.

Arbanis:

A hole!

That had to be what the letter was talking about. A way out of this room, to attempt to escape... still, the sight of his dragon-suit in the mirror brought home to Jasper how much harder it would be to get out than it might have been before. As well as the suit making him slow and clumsy, it was obvious that he'd be easily recognizable and would stick out like a sore thumb - and it wasn't like any of these costumes were likely to help, as they were all just as odd as what he was already wearing if not considerably more so.

Still, it was this or be at the mercy of whatever was going on in here. If he got out he'd be a laughing stock, but maybe he'd run into someone out there who was able to get the suit off... heck, with how he looked right now there might even be a zipper plain as day on the back of the suit and he wouldn't be able to either see it or use it if it could be seen. Jasper crouched down, electing to crawl through the tunnel and at least see where it went.

Terinas:

The hole was dark and he certainly would have to crawl to get through it. But at the same time, he soon discovered trying to crawl with just three limbs would be... very difficult. Fortunately, the bottle was mostly finished, but his arm was still stubbornly holding it up.

Arbanis:

Scowling, Jasper did his best to let go of the bottle or at least take it out of his mouth. Much as he didn't want to contemplate the implications, the... suit... had to have gotten what it wanted by now, right?

Terinas:

(Make another body roll!)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 6)

Terinas:

And with a gentle wrenching motion, Jasper pulled the bottle free from his lips, the mesh lining pulling back down over his mouth. "Well, that wasn't very nice!" Molting murmured in his ear, as he let the bottle, a little tiny bit of fluid still sloshing about, drop to the floor. However, he finally could crawl into the tunnel and see where it lead... He began to crouch down-

And then his arm shot back up. "Uh uh uh!" Molting murmured into his mind. "What do we do after we drink a bottle all the way? Burpies! Can't go wiggling around with a gassy tummy!" He felt his arm patting himself firmly on the back for a few moments, trying to coax anything out of him.

Arbanis:

"H-hey!" Jasper protested, sure he wouldn't have to burp - he was an adult, not the infant this suit seemed to think he was!

A bit of actual wind - completely unrelated, he was sure, just a coincidence - did try to bubble up to the surface, but Jasper clenched down on it and tried to let the air out as slowly as possible. "Are you done?" he asked, once that was finished with. "And stop doing that to my body!"

Terinas:

"I'm done... for now. Go play, kiddo." The voice of Molting chuckled, the whole suit tingling a bit as Jasper's fake tail began to twitch back and forth ever so slightly. And then, Jasper felt the suit's pressure relinquishing itself. He could move again.

Arbanis:

Sighing with relief - and deciding to think about the implications of 'for now' later - Jasper spent a moment wondering what the tingles could mean. It was almost like the suit was somehow

getting more used to him, or he was getting more used to the suit - certainly the sensations it had given him just then had been odd.

But that wasn't solving his immediate problem - he should handle things in the order they came up, not get paralyzed trying to solve a long term problem before a short term one. So he crouched down, and began crawling into the tunnel - almost immediately wincing as what little light the night light shed was blocked by the bulk of his suit, so he was crawling into the dark.

Terinas:

The tunnel was small, cramped, and periodically his suit would squeak as he crawled through it. He could feel wood struts, the cool touch of metal nails... how far did the tunnel go? In the darkness, it was very hard to tell, but as long as he kept feeling wood and drywall against his sides, he knew he had farther to go.

At the same time, in the darkness, he began to hear it. Humming. Soothing, relaxing, almost entrancing humming in both of his ears. Molting was humming an oddly familiar tune. Something relaxing and calming and... hard to stop listening to, especially in a cramped circumstance where he couldn't move his arms to press his hands over his ears.

(Please make a Mind roll!)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 9)

(Though I think putting hands over ears would be a mistake if the source of the sound is under the hands!)

Terinas:

(Not even gonna roll for this. For a first check, that's higher than anything Molting can dish out)
(So you resist any sort of mental impact... thus far. It gets harder the longer it goes on though)

Arbanis:

Not wanting to tell the suit off for whatever she was doing, Jasper just kept moving - gritting his teeth, but knowing that making too much noise now might put him at risk of discovery. The thing that really bothered Jasper was that he had no idea where the music was familiar from. Coupled with how he'd been dressed in an elaborate costume while unconscious, it made him wonder what else he'd missed...

Terinas:

He kept going. It almost felt like the tunnel was going through something the size of a whole room. The longer he squirmed and crinkled, the longer he heard the music. It was relaxing. Soothing. Like something his mother had once sang to him. But it didn't distract him. It only lilted in the back of his mind. A more pressing urge was his bladder, which was making a new need

known.

He was starting to feel an urge to pee.

And then, distracting from that, his talons hit carpet! He felt something soft and fuzzy between his fingers. His arms were freed up, and he just had a bit further to go before he was free of the cramped confines and - "OW!"

The suit suddenly stopped humming. And Jasper felt a surge of pain running through him from a part of his body he didn't even know he had. Something was caught. His- some part of him was caught on a nail. Stuck on an embedded nail along the ground! And trying to push forward just made it HURT! And what made matters worse was that the pain made it harder and harder to hold it....

(Make a body roll.)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

(Welp. [REDACTED!])

Arbanis:

[REDACTED!]

Arbanis:

Jasper's fears about the amount of liquid he'd drunk came to fruition, as his confusion and the odd 'phantom' pain combined with the drink from earlier all combined to make his need to pee become urgent - and then break through his control, letting out a release which made his hidden diaper heat up and turn soggy. The sensation made Jasper stop short, suddenly mortified, and he buried his head in his mittened hands for a moment as he tried to get past the abrupt massive shock to his dignity.

"What..." he asked himself, softly, but unable to resist speaking out loud to marshal his thoughts. "But - I only just felt it... and what was that?"

Terinas:

"Aww.... feels like some little hatchling sprung a lil' leak, huh!" Molting giggled. "And is kinda upset about it, huh? Guess it's up to Momma to take care of that!" Molting's voice echoed in Jasper's mind, before something else happened... the suit began to buzz against his crotch. The wet diaper rubbed up and down against Jasper's cock, wet fabric vibrating against his body and sending slivers of pleasure up his spine. "See? It can be super-fun to be a wet little princess, can't it? You'll learn to love wetting your diapeys... learn to love wetting your diapeys..." the

voice began to speak quieter, almost subliminal, in Jasper's mind, as the buzzing continued.

Arbanis:

"Mmm!" Jasper yelped, only barely remembering to stay quiet, then tried to cross his legs a little. That didn't seem to help, so he merely did his best to ignore the words of the insidious suit and have a look around at the room he'd ended up in.

That reminded him to go back a bit and try and get unstuck, though, from... from... from whatever he'd been stuck on. Maybe the tail of his suit was tugging, and it was hurting because it was tight?

That was probably it...

Terinas:

His-THE tail of the suit certainly was caught on the nail back there. It was a bit hard to get it undone in the middle of the dark. And the longer he worked at it, the more Molting murmured, the more the buzzing worked against his cock. Ultimately, it was a bit of a hypnotic trick. Or perhaps the better term was brainwashing. Molting was trying to encourage Jasper's mind to make a link between the buzzing pleasure and the feel of a wet diaper. By linking the stimuli to the thought that it kept pushing into his mind. The longer he struggled with the nail, the more time it had to work

Arbanis:

Jasper had a sort of sense what the suit was trying to do to him, at least in the most general terms, but most of his concentration that might have been taken up on the matter was instead occupied in trying to get himself unstuck from the nail. His lack of dexterity in the clumsy mittens he was wearing didn't help, and nor did the distraction of the sound and sensation, so Jasper had more-or-less lost track of time by the time he finally got free.

The whole situation made him flush, mostly from embarrassment but also - if he was honest with himself - a little bit from the involuntary teasing arousal being forced on him.

Terinas:

The buzzing against his wet crotch did not help Jasper focus. In fact, several times the involuntary arousal stimuli (combined with the thick padded palms and talons of the dragon suit he was stuck in) made him lose his balance and undid any progress he managed to get on unhooking the nail out of his tail. And amidst the pleasure, there was also pain. Whether or not Jasper noticed, it HURT to have something digging into the tail of his costume. It was like sitting on a thumbtack, except that he didn't fully have words to express WHERE the pain was on his body. It was like the costume's tail was actually a REAL appendage for him too. It even twitched and squirmed slightly as he tried to get the nail off of it, which only made it harder to dislodge.

And the buzzing! Molting would not let up, the flesh of the suit rubbing against Jasper's wet diaper, the soggy fabric bouncing up and down against his cock. The suit's words were pretty much background noise at this point, barely registering on a conscious level to the addled mind amidst the pleasure.

What did register, after a few moments, were footsteps from outside. Soft footsteps, matched by a slight rustle of plastic being crumpled, growing louder with every step.

(Make a Skills roll to unhook Jasper's tail.)

Arbanis:

(Rolled an 11)

Terinas:

(Good enough! You needed a 10 or higher)

Arbanis:

The tail coming free from the nail with a sudden motion, Jasper had just a moment to breathe out a whimpered sigh of relief before he remembered the sound of footsteps. Eyes widening, he tried to slide back into the tunnel and hide - avoiding the nail as best he could, and trying to go as deep as possible. He didn't want to meet anyone just yet, and if there was someone moving about nearby they might be about to come into the room!

Terinas:

The door opened, and inside stepped a creature the likes of which Jasper hadn't quite seen before. The gorilla had been one thing. The anthropomorphic poodle had been another. But both times Jasper had not had a chance to really observe the creature in much detail. Events had come unglued far too quickly.

This time, Jasper could observe this new creature at his leisure, unconstrained save for the darkness in the room he'd been crawling into. For whatever reason, Molting even stopped with the buzzing and the whispering as the door creaked open and she entered.

Fur like milk chocolate in hue, with a white underbelly. Two bare breasts the size of apples that bounced as her footpaws moved. A large, fluffy, ringed tail. Brown hair the shade of coffee going down to her neck. "Oi, Moltin'!" A raccoon girl just a head shorter than Jasper strutted into the room, a bright white diaper crinkling around her waist. "Is tha bloke up yet?" She said out loud, before moving to the bed in the room and flopping down on it, crossing her legs with an audible crinkle.

Molting, the suit that Jasper was wearing, was silent. For the moment, Jasper was left on his own initiative.

Arbanis:

Jasper just stared for a moment, astonished by the sight of what could only be described as a mixture of human and animal - and, judging by the diaper, not one with conventional tastes either.

Her question made him blink, then silently start cursing - clearly she knew about him, and about the suit, and that he was supposed to be in there too! His whole plan of staying out of sight was ruined, and by the sound of things she wasn't going to be kindly disposed to an escape attempt - and if she expected Molting to hear her in the other room, then she had to know about the route from one room to another.

Jasper racked his brains, trying to think of a way out of the situation, but only one came to mind on short notice - try to sneak past, as quietly as possible. The door was still open, so maybe he could get close enough that when she noticed he could bolt for the door...

Even thinking about it inside his own head, Jasper knew it was going to be a risk. But it was the best he had, better than just trying to pretend this wasn't happening like he really wanted to!

Terinas:

(Ok. Go ahead and make a Skills roll to see if you can sneak past. I'm tempted to give you a penalty for trying to sneak in a wet diaper, but I'll be nice this time and not apply any)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 7)

Arbanis:

(Phew! It does look like Jasper's quite the sneaky sneak...)

Terinas:

(Certainly a sneaky leak. :P)

The bed was raised off the ground and the room was darkened. Jasper's best option was... quite literally, to crawl along the floor like some sort of baby. At least it was the best chance he had of getting out of the room undetected. The raccoon girl seemed preoccupied staring up at the white speckled ceiling. After taking a moment to bolster his courage, Jasper moved out of the tunnel. As he began crawling along the floor with his butt up in the air, each motion made his soggy padding rub against his bottom. The whole exercise was as effective at reminding him of how infantile he must look as it was at sneaking.

That is to say, very effective.

The raccoon girl, if she did notice, didn't seem to respond. The door was still open, and Jasper crawled all the way along the carpet with only a slight irritation against his legs and the costume.

The female he left behind never even so much as turned her head. The hallway was just as dark as the room. Off in the distance, a single flickering light illuminated four doors on either side of the room. Jasper could make out other doors studding the hallway as well, shrouded in the dark. And, since his eyes had had a chance to adjust, he could see other things: Apparati comprised of pulleys and stretched cords; of pie tins and buckets; of brooms and ropes; stretching out over the hallway. He could even see some broken glass along the floor, remains of smashed light bulbs swept to either side of the room. The place was a mess of strange constructions, refuse and trash, and doorways.

He could go either east or west. To his east, several of the odd contraptions, along with the flickering light. To his west, nothing but darkness. What did he do?

Arbanis:

Resisting the urge to sigh in relief at his lucky escape, Jasper took a quick look around - only to see more signs this place was just odd. Smashed light bulbs, odd contraptions... the first conclusion Jasper reached was that this all had to be part of some kind of coherent plan. In fact, it was a bit cartoonish, in the Looney Tunes sense - apart from all the actual broken glass on the floor, which lowered the tone a bit and made it less funny.

After his ordeal with the nail, the thing Jasper didn't want to do was to take any chance of stepping on broken glass - it was more than clear the suit wasn't going to protect him (however that worked), and the idea of more pain was something he wanted to avoid. With that in mind, the question which came to mind was... was the dark corridor dark because ALL the lights had been smashed?

Either way, it seemed like a bad idea to get into those odd constructs and contraptions - they might end up making him fall into trouble - so he turned west, heading into the darkness and still trying to be as quiet as possible. And also to view this as a moderately daring escape, instead of trying to waddle soaked out of a big building while dressed like a baby dragon.

Terinas:

The thought of "baby dragon" stuck in his mind like glue sticking to paper, as if reminding Jasper of his state. Just the memory called back to Molting's soft voice whispering in his head... the pleasure of the buzzing against the diaper...

"learn to love wetting your diapeys..."

Molting's repeated phrase echoed in his mind. Was the suit talking again, or was that just Jasper's memory of the event brought on by the idle thought? It was hard to tell. His body, hot and sweaty under the suit, tingled a bit all over, like a mild electric shock, as his tail swayed back and forth while he waddled into the darkness.

Heading away from the direction of the only light source he'd seen, it became predictably harder

and harder to see. Jasper could hear his own footsteps, the crinkle of his diapered thighs, even the faint sigh of carpet as his taloned feet pressed down into it... but it became difficult to SEE anything at all. Ahead of him, he could dimly make out a large back rectangle stretching from the right side of the hall... an open door, perhaps? A faint creaking of hinges seemed to collaborate with that suspicion.

But then he felt something firm and tense pressing up against his left leg. His limb was pushing into something stretched taut, like string or wire.

And the second it did, he heard a grinding of gears.

(Make a Body roll to avoid getting caught by one of Bandit's triggered traps!)

Arbanis:

(Well, it was a gamble to see whether the traps that were definitely there were more risky than the chance of an unseen trap... a gamble that's been comprehensively failed!)

(Rolled a 1)

Terinas:

Jasper heard a distinct "twang!" and felt something rough and fabric-ish sliding down both of his arms, his head... his horns? A net of woven cords dropped upon him, before suddenly pulling tight in four different directions. Entangled in it, he felt his legs and arms stretched out as the net pulled him down, forcing him to fall to his knees. Every moment of struggling seemed to only get his costumed body entangled more.

End Chapter 2