

(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 4: No Control

Terinas:

Dropping off the stuff he'd found wasn't difficult. Jasper had already sprung the one big trap between Bandit's room and the 4th floor's eastern stairwell. And now that he knew to keep his tail and wings from being snagged on the crawl between the empty guest room and Bandit's room, it wasn't difficult to get back into the relative privacy of Bandit's room to stow the spare diapers and supplies, and the journal. He was uninterrupted, save for the occasional brief flash of Molting's muttering. It was actually kinda soothing though. The sound of someone talking, even if he couldn't quite make it out, was a reminder that he wasn't alone in a creepy, abandoned building or something.

Besides, Mommy's voice always felt soothing...

Leaving Bandit's room, however, he could hear crashing and thumping and the distant sound of Bandit CACKLING like a madwoman off down in the darkened hall. Someone else was cursing, and the second voice sounded distinctly similar to the voice of that angry angry poodle lady(?) he vaguely remembered from before waking up in Mom-Molting's clutches. Whatever was going on, he'd have had to dart into the darkness and risk more traps to see it.

The third floor was brightly lit, a welcome change to the darkened halls and trash-lined floors of the 4th Floor. Like the other two floors, however, it was studded with doors on either side, a single long, bent hallway shaped vaguely like a boomerang. Presumably there was another stairwell on the far western side of the hall, opposite to where Jasper exited. He found more doors with symbols and more doors with nameplates interspersed along the hall: A symbol of a Frying Pan, a Symbol of a metal studded collar, a symbol of a french flag, a symbol of a polka-dotted bikini top, and a symbol of a syringe filled with a red fluid. There was also another room with brightly lit cartoony letters reading "Pokey's Playroom!" on it, and various cartoony pastel stars and hearts on it.

There were also several rooms with nameplates: "Security Main Office" with a thick electric lock around the knob, "2f Lounge", "Locker Room (to Pool)", "Grotto", "Study", "Office Supplies"

“Janitor’s Closet”, and lastly a room marked “Auxiliary Lab”

There wasn’t much else to see: no windows, and aside from paintings of various distinguished men and women, not much else in the hallway.

Arbanis:

Going over the list of locations and clues in his head, Jasper realized the obvious conclusion - the symbol name plates referred to the inhabitants of the building, in some way which didn't rely on their names, except perhaps for the one labelled as a playroom.

With the... was it three? On the second floor, and the five or six on this floor, it seemed like there were more than a dozen people in the building. An intimidating number, to be sure, and one to be worried about... especially with how different so many of them had been so far, no two actually being at all alike.

The paintings were vaguely interesting as well - men and women, not animal people, presumably left over from before the transition to animal-person ownership one way or another. But what really interested Jasper was the rooms with the nameplates.

The very fact there was a pool on the third floor was odd - was that a feature of many old mansions? When had they gotten the workmen in to add it? - but it sounded like the places which were most likely to yield anything of interest were the study, the library down on the second floor, and the auxiliary lab.

Jasper started towards the study door, then hesitated.

Perhaps he should complete his mental map of the mansion first... head down to the first floor, and see what rooms were available there.

Terinas:

(Ok... do you want me to go over a list of rooms again? Or is he headed to the first floor?)

Arbanis:

(He's headed to the first floor.)

Terinas:

(I have to check first to see if he runs into anyone though.)

Terinas:

The first floor was oddly familiar. Reaching the base level of the Eastern stairwell, he found himself running into a single door off on the far eastern side of the concrete structure. A large glass door with a steel frame labeled as “Exit to Garage”, with a simple metal turnlock built just above the bent metal door handle. Through it he could see a large, dimly lit parking garage, with a ramp leading up to what a sign advertised as a second level. There was a single road out,

with a small booth and a wooden crossbar blocking a car from driving out. He could also make out three vehicles: A beaten up blue van, a fancy red sports car, and a more modest purple car covered in dust. He even saw what looked to be a work area, with power tools and a large table with what looked to be a dismantled wooden chair resting on it. Off in the shadows of the work area he could see SOMETHING moving...

There was also a door off to the west, leading to the "Eastern Hallway". Through it, he saw a shorter hallway than he'd seen on the higher levels: Doors marked "Dining Hall", "Kitchen" and "Pantry" lined one end. The other end had a "1F Lounge" and a "Bathroom", with a large stretch of green wallpapered wall between them.

And lastly, there was a large door on the other end of the hallway marked "To Main Hall".

Arbanis:

A bathroom... of course, there had to be people who didn't wear diapers in this place. But with that being a common factor among everyone he'd actually run into since waking up, it was a little hard to remember that sometimes. Jasper suddenly wondered if the western staircase contained other places to go... but no, that would be too risky. Bandit was doing something there, so there'd be more risk of running into someone.

Best to check later, if at all. But it was good to know there was a garage present, even if it probably wasn't safe to go there just yet - nor was it a good idea, with someone moving around. With his choices clear, Jasper headed back up to the second floor, to the library. Hopefully there would be somewhere he could huddle into a corner and read... even though a small and quiet part of him wanted to be read to by momma, instead.

Terinas:

With a crinkle in his steps and Momma Molting whispering in the back of his mind, Jasper felt entirely safe. Why wouldn't he? He was in a fresh nappy, had a tummy full of milk, and was wearing something snug and warm. His tail even thrashed behind him as he climbed the stairs. Climbing however, was met with some difficulty, due to the thick poof between his legs. Climbing UP was much harder than going down, and by the time he'd reached the second floor he was sweaty on his inner and outer layer of scaly skin!

Hey, at least it was a good workout!

The second floor wasn't empty. He heard, off in the distance, a door opening and then shutting. But he couldn't see anyone in the hall, so it was likely on the far western end of the bent-arrow shaped hallway. He had a free run to get to the library...

Which was an enormous room filled with shelves and shelves of books! The library even seemed to have a second floor, with no obvious exits from it to the third floor hallway. Just a single staircase on the right side of the library from the first to the second floor. Reading tables

were scattered in front of the aisles of books, with comfy chairs, four in total, around each one. Several books were stacked on one of the tables, with one even opened haphazardly to a pair of pages.

There was an enormous amount of knowledge stored here... if he wanted to spend time searching for it.

Arbanis:

Jasper smiled for a moment, happy to be in a situation he understood, then frowned - the expression a lot more exaggerated than it might have been otherwise. He needed to prioritize, that was the important thing. To work out what he wanted to do, then to do it. The first thing to look for was whether there were any recent books. Anything newer than... was it twenty years ago? Ten? That would show that the library wasn't static, but was being updated... though it would take ages to check each individual book, so the best approach would probably be just picking some random books and checking their print dates.

The next thing was how big each of the sections was - whether there was a section that was especially big. Then... then there was whether there were any books which were just interesting. He had some hours to spend, and it'd be easier to stay interested if the book was interesting to begin with. Perhaps it would be best to start the whole project with the books on the reading table. That, at least, gave some structure to the question. Maybe, if the books were actively in use, they were important?

Terinas:

(Alright, make a Mind check and a Skill check to best utilize the library)

Arbanis:

(Mind: Rolled an 8)

(Skill: Rolled a 12)

Terinas:

The library was an open book to Jasper. The clever little dragon looked around to find a front counter, where he found a computer and a filing system! The computer itself was a very bare-bones, old Nifty Doorways 98 machine with very little but a digital card catalogue system and no internet access (And minesweeper!) but it was unsecured and anyone could seemingly use it to locate books, search the library's total contents, and even flag books with comments or notes for other users to see.

The library was divided up into two main sections, each with subcategories. A HUD on the computer read:

1) Fiction

- 1a) Children's Stories
- 1b) Great for Baby
- 1c) Fantasy and Science Fiction
- 1d) Adult Literature
- 1f) Other Literature
- 2) Non-Fiction
 - 2a) Non-essential Archives
 - 2b) Medical & Biological
 - 2c) Other Sciences
 - 2d) Historical
 - 2f) Legal
 - 2g) Periodicals
 - 2h) [Bloody Stupid Nonsense]
 - 2i) Culinary
 - 2j) Other
- 3) /Null

Further research indicated that there were "new book entries", as in new literature added to the library as recently as the last 3 months. Though most of what had been added 3 months ago was in the "Fiction" section, save for a few added copies of "Geneticist Monthly" to Periodicals and an entry entitled "3.5 Observations" added to Non-Essential Archives. There was ONE entry more recent than that, an entry added literally yesterday, entitled "Subject 3.5.4", but it was listed as being checked out by another user in the database.

Arbanis:

Monthly periodicals on genetics? That was... interesting, but hardly conclusive. It was entirely possible they'd just been arriving by monthly subscription or something, though admittedly given what it had been like for Jasper to get to the front door...

...the thought of which made him frown, wondering why he'd been so surprised by what he'd found, then decide it wasn't important...

...the mail deliveries must have been interesting.

The fiction books were something else, but material about '3.5' sounded the most interesting as it was the most recent, so Jasper decided to look up where the 3.5 Observations might be found. It was a pity the 3.5.4 one was missing, but the other 3.5 stuff might give a clue. Then he could see about the books on the table, in case they *included* the one he was after.

Terinas:

(Clever! Ok, so is he looking over the books on the table first or going for the 3.5 file? This is important to note)

Arbanis:

(File first.)

Terinas:

(Hmm... flip a coin and tell me if it's heads or tails)

Arbanis:

Heads.

Terinas:

The files that Jasper needed were on the second floor of the library. He crinkled upstairs, stopped only momentarily by a stomach cramp, before rooting through a bookshelf. Eventually, he found the file he needed! "3.5 Observations" lay right in his taloned little hands. His whole body tingled for a few seconds as he stared at it. Just as he had found it, he heard the sound of a door opening. From his vantage point up above, he could creep his dragonish head between two bars of the railing to see who had come in, if he wanted to risk it...

Arbanis:

It was tempting to look, but Jasper wanted to stay safe... the idea of being caught was something he wanted to avoid as long as possible, and to look out would just be adding risk. So, much as he wanted to know who was in the library, Jasper decided he would have to just listen - and hope he wasn't found.

Terinas:

It was quiet. He heard footsteps from downstairs. Soft footsteps, the clack of high heels against the library's hardwood floor. After a few moments, he heard typing on the keyboard. "Huh." A soft, sedate feminine voice with a faint hint of an asian accent spoke. "Hm. I'll leave a flag on this file. It's not nearly as complete as we'd like, so I should suggest revision. Let's see..."

And then, Jasper felt his tail flagging. His stomach cramped, and he felt a sudden and intense churning in his gut. He needed a toilet! And he needed one NOW. Pressure that didn't seem to be there before was suddenly white hot and pressing... if he didn't get onto a potty in a matter of minutes he wasn't going to be clean or smell nice anytime soon

Arbanis:

Jasper winced, trying to work out what he could do...

There was someone in the library, and they were going to be in the library for... at least a few minutes, which was no good on that front. He needed to go to the potty, but... wait, hold on, not the potty, the toilet, that was the right word...

...wasn't it?

That was a distraction! He needed to either use his diaper or do something else, but... but

wouldn't he be noticed if he used his diaper?

He'd be noticed anyway if he left, wouldn't he?

It wasn't going to be possible to get out without being noticed, certainly, he'd crinkle as he waddled around. But... but there was a small chance he might be able to avoid notice if he just held out for as long as he could, and maybe the woman (?) downstairs would leave and he could leave before he had an accident?

The only way Jasper could see to avoid being caught was to hold it in as long as possible, and if he did have to go in his diapers to do so as quietly as possible. But... It was such a difficult tradeoff, and he wished for a moment that he didn't have to make it. But not being caught was the most important thing, he decided, so he would stay put... even if it meant messing his diapers.

Terinas:

(Make a body check if you're trying to hold it then. At a minus 2, for the laxitive.)

Arbanis:

(...dangit)

(Body: Rolled a 1)

Terinas:

(Body checks were going to happen at some point, bucko)

Arbanis:

(Yep...)

Terinas:

Jasper's tail flagged up. He heard himself fart, and rather loudly. There was no resistance. No control.

"No control".

That thought echoed in his mind as he felt a warm, wet, mucky mass pushing out into the backside of his diaper. The padding swelled, as he felt his tummy churning, emptying out the contents of his breakfast out into his rump. The backside of the diaper puffed outward, his legs pushing farther and farther apart as the laxative he unknowingly carried in his system did it's work. Not only were his muscles down there entirely paralyzed, but the drugs were encouraging his body to empty EVERYTHING out. He even vaguely felt his bladder emptying, a warm, soggy mass engulfing his coc- his peepee.

"Woaaaaah... what's happening? Momma leaves you alone for a little bit and suddenly little

Bana is a big stinker?" Molting's voice buzzed in his ear, just loud enough for him to hear. "You got no control whatsoever, do you?"

"No control."

The words stuck in his mind. Evidence was mounting that he really didn't. That he really needed his diapers. It was actually rather hard to remember when he'd last used the potty... all his memories when he thought about it were just of some weird pink skinned thing without wings or a tail sitting down on the porcelain throne. No dragons. No mama.

"Well, if you're gonna have pottypants time, at least you should learn to love it..." Molting said with a sigh, beginning to rub the front of his diaper against his sensitive bits as Jasper emptied himself into his padding. He felt sudden flashes of bliss, white hot and intense, flooding his mind as he passed gas again.

"No control."

Arbanis:

It was so hard to think of anything else... even the fact that he'd almost certainly alerted the woman downstairs... the only thing running through his mind was those words. No control, no control, no control... Part of him tried to fight it, tried to insist he had control - but it felt more like the stubborn insistence of a child than anything else.

Terinas:

(Make one last body check to stay coherent during this whole affair)

Arbanis:

(Any penalty?)

Terinas:

(Nope! The penalty was for the laxative, which this is unrelated to)

Arbanis:

(Body: Rolled a 5)

Terinas:

In spite of the overwhelming flood of sensations: The sights, the smells, the feeling of the buzzing, the WONDERFUL buzzing... Jasper managed to keep his head at least slightly clear. Enough to hear the voice from below say "Hm? Is someone here? What smells?"

Before hearing footsteps climbing up the staircase. "Pokey? Bandit? Is that either of you?"

(If you want to hide, that'd be a skills check. Though moving miiiiiight cause Jasper enough

friction down there to make him squirt a third way)

Arbanis:

Damn it...

Someone was definitely here, someone who was on the way up to find him... and a combination of embarrassment and the still-strong conviction that he didn't want to be found made Jasper sure that he had to get out of here - he had to avoid being caught! It might mean being found, but... he could move, to try and hide. And if he did well enough hiding at first, he might be able to get out another way by heading for the staircase before the woman could catch him. Struggling to concentrate, Jasper went for his first instinct - try and hide, rather than just lying here to be found.

(Skills: Rolled a 10)

Terinas:

(You beat her!)

Terinas:

(Rolled a 6)

Terinas:

The saggy hatchling got up, waddling barely (Jasper found he needed the bookshelves for support!) and darted up under a reading desk someone had set up in a corner of the second floor. From there, with his padded behind mashed up against a wall, he could watch. It was the safest hiding place he could find.

"Seriously, if this is a joke it's not funny." Walking down the aisle, looking around but never looking down towards where he was, Jasper saw a human woman. Shorter, with straight black hair pulled up and done into a bun with a pair of pens holding it up. A pair of spectacles were halfway down the bridge of her short human snout, brown frames bouncing slightly as she wrinkled her nose. "Ok, I can smell whoever that is. You know, I'm not going to play hide and seek!" She grumbled, pushing some wrinkles out the white cotton jacket she had on over a button up baby blue polo shirt. With a grumble, she turned, walking away from the desk. "Ok, ok! Funny joke. I'm not going to hang around and get caught up in whatever this is, stinker." She grumbled, turning and going back down the stairs.

Arbanis:

It was almost stranger to see a human woman, by now, than another animal-person. But... but if she was someone who was involved with whatever was going on, then it wouldn't be safe to come down and say he was a- Jasper blinked. Why had he thought he was going to say he was a dragon? She could see that without being told, and... but...

The thoughts gave him a bit of a headache, so he shook his head and disregarded them. He needed to focus on something else, like... like what he'd learned from that. So... so there were humans in here, or at least one. And she knew about the kind of people in here, better than him - not that that would be difficult. It sounded like she was leaving, as well, but Jasper decided to wait until she did. Then maybe he could... well, he needed to get his diaper changed again, but perhaps he could take the 3.5 report upstairs? He did have changing materials up there, and momma could change him...

Terinas:

It was as he heard the door closing below them that the buzzing intensified. "Come on, Lil' Bana... make stickies for Momma... you need to learn to make stickies in your diapeys, just like you do stinkies." The voice buzzed in his head, just as the wet fabric of the diaper buzzed and bunched against his cock, rubbing up and down it and sending a wave of heat up along his body.

Arbanis:

Bana? Why did momma keep calling him Bana?

Jasper's paw went to his head as he tried to concentrate - as best he could, at least - and as the pulsing, thrumming sensations went through him. He... he probably shouldn't make stickies - no, that wasn't the right way to put it, he shouldn't... shouldn't do that! It was something which felt good, the very idea was pulling at him like an undertow, but part of him knew it had to come with unwanted side effects...

Terinas:

(Make one last body check for the scene to resist going what I'll generously call number 3)

Arbanis:

Body: (Rolled a 4)

Terinas:

(Nope. Not high enough)

Arbanis:

(Should I do a response? Not sure of the appropriate person to do so here.)

Terinas:

(Do a response, sure. It needn't be long)

Arbanis:

Jasper knew, deep down, that he had to resist. To hold out. To do as much as he could to avoid...

To avoid...

losing control-

-and as soon as that thought entered his mind, he realized suddenly that he had

no control

And if not going sticky would mean control, then because he had

no control

he had

no control

over this as well, and he gasped before doing just as momma wanted and making a sticky in his
diapeys.

It was like the reward for remembering he had no control, adding another link to the association
forming in his mind.

End Chapter 4