

(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 5: Little Headspace

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.

Terinas:

The rush of it overwhelmed Jasper's mind, flooding into him like the flood of white goo into his nappy. "No Control"... the words felt like they sent a shiver down his spine and up into his cock. There was a rush, a sensation of energy. As he came, he felt an enormous wave of blissful

release. His mind whited out for a few moments... before he snapped to, the sweat from his body making Molting cling to his scales all the more.

"Aww... that's a good Bana!" Mommy Molting cooed in his ear, the buzzing against his cock calming to stillness once more. "She knows how to use her diapeys for fun things as well as accidents! Such a smart little hatchey I have!" And then the suit fell silent, leaving Jasper to gradually recover from his recent ordeal.

Arbanis:

After a few somewhat ragged gasps, Jasper closed his eyes and did his best to remember what he'd been doing before that incredible rush of pleasure. He was... hiding, right, and the person he'd been hiding from had gone? Yeah, that sounded right. And now he needed to, um... okay, he needed to make sure he had the files and stuff he'd come to get, and he needed to get upstairs so he could get changed.

It would mean he'd have to be careful - he was all stinky, after all, and moving made him aware of the squishiness of his diapers not just from sensation but also from sound - but it was a plan, and he was sure it would work. After all, he needed to make his hoard bigger, right?

Something about that last thought seemed odd, but when Jasper turned it over in his head he honestly couldn't see where the flaw was.

Terinas:

Sitting on the counter at the help desk of the library, back down on the first floor, was a file Jasper hadn't seen before. It looked similar to the one he'd found upstairs, the "3.5 Observations" file he already clutched in his talons. But this one was marked only with a few numbers: "3.5.4", listed on the identifier section of the file itself. Inside were a few sheets of paper.

The library was otherwise quite empty, which worked in Jasper's favor. With a diaper that was best described as "overburdened", he was painfully aware of the squishing sounds made whenever he attempted to waddle on his back two legs. Every move of his tail produced a crinkle, and he could smell himself if he took a moment to sniff.

(Still intent on heading back to the 4th floor room Jasper woke up in and hiding there?)

Arbanis:

(Intent on changing there, at least, as Jasper needs to get changed - his diaper's plenty overloaded - but I'm planning on taking these files.)

Terinas:

(Perfectly fine. Should I continue writing to narrate you back up there?)

Arbanis:

(If nothing of interest happens, I'll just do a quick summary of the experience.)

Terinas:

(Lemme roll on the possible encounter table...)

(Ok, no encounters with anyone on your list)

(You're good!)

Arbanis:

The walk - or waddle - back up to Jasper's hiding place was long, and squishy, and deeply embarrassing. Every step reminded him of his full, squashed diaper, and even once in the stairwell - even the disused part - Jasper remained hyper-aware of the possibility of running into someone in the state he was in now. Once he even tripped over, mushing his diaper, and producing a blush and a whimper.

At the same time, Jasper couldn't shake the sense that something about this was just... right. It was a niggling thought, but a persistent one, one which pointed out that he had no control so this was just to be expected, that he was a little dragon and so it was okay to be clumsy, and that mama had him so he didn't need to worry.

They were seductive, powerfully convincing thoughts, but Jasper did his best to focus on what had to be done, and for a wonder he reached safety without any trouble - crawling back through the tunnel, feeling faintly relieved at being able to do so instead of toddling on his hind legs. He wanted to get reading his prizes, but the first thing he needed was to get changed... and he wasn't entirely sure how to do that, given how tightly momma-Molting held him...

"...can I get a change, please?" he asked, feeling mortified for needing to ask the question.

Terinas:

"I don't know, can you?" The suit buzzed in his ear. "Maybe if you ask Mommy reaaaaaal nice, she'll clean you all up. Can you be a bit sweetier, hun?"

Arbanis:

"Mrff..." Jasper mumbled, not sure quite how to feel in this situation. He needed to be changed, but... um...

...there wasn't really much choice, was there? Momma-Molting had all the control in this situation, and he had no control.

"Mama, can you change me please?" he tried. "Pretty please? With a cherry on top?"

Terinas:

"Aww... a'course I can, lil' shimmerscale!" There was another buzzing along the bottoms of his

feet, a gentle tickling that ended in a matter of seconds. After a few moments, the suit began moving Jasper's body, pulling his arms up to make him crudely and clumsily crawl up onto the changing table he'd gotten used to seeing in Bandit's old, trashed nursery.

The suit pulling away from Jasper's body wasn't a welcome sensation the second time around. Cold air hit the pale pink-bronze of his scales, a shimmering and rippling coat of metallic hues that ran down his neck and along his tummy. He felt an involuntary shiver run up his spine as the bronze-scaled dragon plush suit pulled off him bit by bit. First his head, revealing a pair of tiny straight horns pulling back from his forehead going towards his tail. Then, down his shoulders and arms. There were still spots on his body, small, tiny spots where the pink of his bare flesh were unscaled. Those spots felt vulnerable. He was like a creature that had hatched too soon, a baby lizard who badly needed protection.

His second skin pulled down his waist, revealing a bright purple diaper, the shade Molting had said was for little sissies, quite discolored in the front, and quite saggy in the back. For the first time, the full extent of the mess hit Jasper's draconic snout. His tail, smaller without Molting clinging to it, curled almost involuntarily. Whether he enjoyed the scent or not, he couldn't deny it was a powerful odor.

Molting stood before him, a hollow suit that looked almost like a dragon in its own right... but with empty eyes, sagging bits that didn't quite bend right... The only bits that were rigid and stood on their own power the parts "She" was immediately using. "There we are! So nice to see my sissy sweetie is asking to be changed now!" The suit tickled his tummy. "Can you smile for me, lil' one? Can you?"

Arbanis:

Jasper felt an odd sense of dysphoria, looking at his body - it certainly wasn't right, wasn't what he was supposed to be, but the odd thing was that he didn't know in which direction it was wrong. He looked too humanish, then too dragonish, and it flip-flopped back and forth on different things at different times until he stopped paying attention just to avoid being confused. The sight of his 'sissy' diaper was also a cause of plenty of blushing, as he realized momma-Molting had just done what she thought was best no matter what he'd said, and he knew deep down that that was exactly how diapered hatchlings were and should be treated. As for Molting herself, she looked bigger than him - which was right - and any oddities were still there, but somehow just didn't seem as important.

The teasing tickling that Molting gave him made him blush, wiggling a little, and he wondered about resisting her instructions for a moment before remembering that she was in charge. So he smiled, as best he could despite the cold air, hoping to get the change he'd asked for.

Terinas:

"Now just hold still! No fussin', alright lil' shimmerscale?" the suit bent down, undoing the tapes, and getting his diaper flipped open. Jasper could feel a hollow hand wiping his cock, gently

rubbing the sensitive flesh before allowing it to sink back into his smooth crotch. The wipes had a gentle, floral scent to them, and Momma wiped up and down his shaft several times while getting his crotch cleaned.

During the whole procedure, Jasper watched Momma Molting's empty tail swish back and forth behind "Her". A happy, trilling hum escaped the suit, almost like a gentle lullaby. The suit seemed to be ever so happy about the prospect of doing this. Was Jasper making his mommy as happy as she was making him?

Cleaning his bottom was a tickling sensation, and Momma Molting used several wipes to clean the mucky stuff around his scaly bottom. Thankfully, his scales seemed pretty easy to wipe clean, or so Molting assured him. Another purple diaper was pulled out of the stash that Jasper had looted from the Nurse's office. Jasper wasn't given the chance to choose. Momma knew best, after all. He felt his tail getting tugged through the hole in the backside, and then bright, lavender scented powder being rubbed into his butt and crotch. "AlIIIIlmost done, lil' shimmerscale!" Molting's voice was sing-songy, as she tucked the diaper up around his crotch, fully padding him up once more. With the tapes being fastened, he was fully sealed in.

Laying on the changing table, Molting looming over him, Jasper could only watch as she reached down into the changing table to pull out a bright pink butterfly pacifier, the tip caked in a white powder. "Can you open your snout for Momma now, lil' One? After you're all ready to play, Momma has to go out for a bit. Got some errands to run. So she's gonna set you in your crib for nappies, alright?

Arbanis:

That idea was... well, both of those ideas were...

Jasper couldn't help but blush, looking down, and swallow. If he was going to get pacifier-ed, momma probably wasn't going to give him much choice in the matter, so there wasn't a huge amount of point trying to object. But maybe he'd at least get a chance to read those books and files he'd retrieved - and he didn't need his mouth for that.

Being put down for a nap might put a crimp in it, but... well, Jasper decided to try. He nodded, accepting the instruction, then looked down again. "Can I have the light on, mama, so I can read?" he asked, before looking up with his mouth open to accept the pacifier.

Terinas:

A hand went to her hips as she held the pacifier just inches away from his mouth. "Gosh, I dunno... it's mid-afternoon, lil' ones ought t'be down fer their naps... I guess I could leave a night light on, if you're scared of the dark... are you, Bana?"

Arbanis:

There wasn't really any way to reply to that that wasn't at least something of a compromise, and

Jasper picked the option that would get him what he was after. He nodded. "Yeah... it's kinda scary to think what might be hiding there!"

Terinas:

The suit made a show of scritchng it's floppy chin with two talons. "Well.... guess there ain't no harm in letting you have some light." The suit pressed the pacifier into Jasper's snout. The tip tasted sweet, almost like it was caked in powdered sugar. At the same time. Molting began to wrap back snugly around the overgrown hatchling's body. Molting being back on him almost felt homely. It was at the very least much warmer this way.

He felt the suit standing up and moving his legs back towards the crib. It was still surrounded by a mound of ruined stuffed toys, emptied stuffing, and the other things he'd awoken with. Thankfully, the suit let Jasper keep carrying the two files he'd acquired. As it moved his body to a laying down position inside the crib, Molting slowly pulled off of him again, exposing him to more cold air... once fully free, it lifted the open wall of the crib, locking Jasper in. A moment more, and he felt the suit clipping some stretchy straps to his pacifier... and then tug them around his head. With a clicking sound from the back of his head, it became obvious what was going on. Jasper had been gagged with a pacifier! It wasn't going to be easy to spit the thing out now, but he could suck back and forth on it without risk of losing it.

Molting pulled away from him. "Now Momma's gonna go on walkabout fer a bit, alright?" She went to the changing table to pull something else out of a drawer, and then walked to a power outlet near the crib. He could just barely see what it was: A night light, with a little glass cover looking like a dopey, smiley, friendly dragon on it. When she flipped a switch, the dragon lit up, shedding a bright purple light into the room.

It became the only light in the room once Molting flipped the light off. "Now be good, alright?" "She" came back to the crib one last time to hand Jasper one of the least-mutilated stuffed teddy bears, and then to tuck him under the one bedsheet on the crib. And then, she left the room, leaving him alone.

Arbanis:

Tongue flicking around the sugary coating on his pacifier, Jasper pulled the bedsheet tighter around him and tried not to shiver. He felt cold, but he also felt kind of triumphant, if in a slightly naughty way - he'd managed to get what he was after, which was a light and a chance to read those files he'd retrieved from the library.

It was true that he'd ended up under a bedsheet in a locked crib, clad in a thick purple sissy diaper and with a pacifier gagging his mouth, but still - it was a victory, and he was eager enough for those recently. Shifting a little, feeling the soft padding of his diaper pressing against him, Jasper opened the 3.5 file to see what it said - propping it up so he could read it by the bright purple light of the night-light.

Terinas:

The file was several pages long. The first few pages were covered in complicated scientific formulae and similar jargon. The more he read of it, the more muddled it became.

(Roll a Mind check to make any sense of this stuff!)

Arbanis:

(Mind Check: Rolled a 4)

Terinas:

(Sadly, not enough. But that doesn't mean it wasn't worthwhile. Partial success!)

The first few pages were difficult to muddle out, but Jasper could make out that they appeared to be chemical formulae... complicated combinations of elements and molecules that were meant to interact with "Doner species" and **[REDACTED!]** The full technical details were as clear as mud to Jasper, but he also saw mentions of "**[REDACTED!]**" that was utilized to "help subjects cope with rapid **[REDACTED!]**"

The last page, thankfully, was much less dense in it's language:

"3.5 Overview

-Statement of Intent: Generation 3.5 treatment is the term used to describe variants of Generation 3.0 treatment, designed to grant administrators greater control over the results within subjects during treatment. Generation 3.5 treatment is also meant to **[REDACTED!]**

- Addendum: 3.5 treatments may vary in chemical composition as changes are made to refine the process. Until a final hypothetical treatment, codenamed Generation 4, established, all generation 3.5 treatments are considered to be beta model products.

-Observations:

-> 3.5 treatment takes place over the course of 3 days time, with **[REDACTED!]**

-> 3.5.1 developed **[REDACTED!]**

-> Due to unplanned **[REDACTED!]** between 3.5.1 and an administrator, it was discovered that Generation 3.5.1's variant of 3.5 treatment still allows for **[REDACTED!]**

-> Further observations will be added to file upon completion of Subject 3.5.2's transition.

Arbanis:

Jasper frowned, taking that in.

He didn't really understand most of the chemical stuff, but the idea that hybridization was going on... he'd already got that idea, from some of what Bandit had said, but the more concerning point was about **[REDACTED!]**.

That was oddly scary, though the little dragon couldn't quite work out why... Shrugging mentally, he switched to the other file, the 3.5.4 one. If this one was about 3.5.1, then 3.5.4 had to be a later one.

Arbanis:

So, I think Jasper was moving on to the 3.5.4 file?

Terinas:

The 3.5.4 file was much... less detailed. A single sheet of typed text, with some handwritten things added to the margins:

Subject 3.5.4

Designation: Arbanis

Doner Animal: Didelphis Virginiana

Current Status: MIA, abducted pre-treatment

Medical Notes: Subject has not undergone any medical examinations, and as such we cannot determine the viability of Generation 3.5 treatment on subject. Pre-existing medical conditions may cause 3.5 Treatment to become fatal in final stages.

"Observation Notes: The subject we designated as 3.5.4 may have been a matter of counting our chickens before they hatch. Initially an unidentified figure who infiltrated our facility, he was subdued as per Kizinski Protocol, and the necessary arrangements were made with our remote benefactors. However, before treatment could begin, the subject was abducted by a certain meddlesome raccoon. It's unlike Bandit to take actions she knows damn well will piss me off that much. Although security has begun searching the facility, I must confess it seems more likely that Subject 3.5.4 has already escaped the grounds of my home. I am confirming with fixers, and the 3.5.4 designation will be repurposed for a new subject going forward."

Hand written into the margin in purple, swirly script was a sentence: "Bandit has proven exceedingly closed-mouthed about her involvement, even upon triggering her more... pliable mindset. Possible 3.5.4 is still within the facility?"

(Also, make a Body check)

Arbanis:

(Body Check: Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

(Bad numbers. That means Jasper's **[REDACTED!]**. You've got one "post" before you take another body check to clinch it.)

Arbanis:

The information provided in report 3.5.4 made Jasper blink. Was that... him?

It explained why mama kept calling him 'Bana', which was a plausible diminutive of 'Arbanis', and some of the other things fit as well... he remembered sneaking in, though he was a little unclear on the details, and Bandit's involvement made sense as well.

The detail about remote benefactors made him wonder if maybe there had been a deal struck, all those years ago when the place had been just left by itself... but the thing that was most worrisome was that pre-existing conditions could cause the treatment (a treatment he was presumably undergoing?) could be fatal.

The puzzle of how he could be undergoing treatment when he was clearly a dragon was sort of like a sore tooth, something which Jasper found caused little twinges when he poked at it, and as he wondered what to do about it he combined the detail about mental treatment with how many of his memories didn't quite make sense to come to a conclusion.

He was being changed, somehow. Something they were doing to him here was changing him, in ways he wasn't quite sure he understood, and that might mean to his mind as well.

Yawning a little, he looked around to see if the journal he'd taken from the nurse station was here as well. If it was, that could be a useful thing to learn from too...

Terinas:

The journal wasn't with the files, but a few moments of examination told him why that was. The journal was laying on the changing table he'd been laying on as Momma changed him. She'd neglected to bring it with him. One bit of his hoard was out of place. AND he was in the crib, too far away to reach it.

And what made matters worse, he felt a yawn escaping his lips. The dark lights and the night light were getting to him.

Arbanis:

Jasper groaned, feeling oddly upset at the missing journal, and the groan turned into a second yawn a moment later.

Why was he feeling so oddly... tired? It was just a night light... wasn't it?

(Body Check: Rolled a 1)

His worries continued, but they were overcome by another yawn, then his eyes began to flutter closed. Everything that had happened had just been too much...

Terinas:

(Ok! Jasper is asleep until someone wakes him back up. Please give him a dream! If I may suggest a theme, sissification would be something to tap into if you're wishing to further what's coming. Otherwise, go ahead and have fun with it!)

Arbanis:

Jasper ran, as fast as he could.

He was being chased by something, and it was faster than him, and he was just trying as hard as he could to run away and avoid being caught, and - and...

A pair of arms picked him up, lifting him easily, and dropped him in a playpen. The walls seemed to loom over him, like they were taller than the sky, and a voice boomed out that he was such a cute hatchy-girl.

He protested, shaking his head and insisting he wasn't either, but when he looked down he was a lustrous-scaled dragon with his scales polished to a mirror shine, and he was wearing a thick pink diaper and a nightie.

He shook his head again, blushing and insisting this wasn't right, but when he looked down again the diaper was thicker and covered in plastic panties, and the nightie had become a frilly dress.

Again, and the dress became thicker still, and thick paw-pads went over his own paws, and a moment later a wave of sparkles went over him and he was wearing a thickly-padded poodle costume at least an inch thick at the thinnest point which described him as a prissy sissy poodle pup.

Blushing, trying to pretend it wasn't happening, Jasper tried to run, but could only waddle as a whole new dress and diaper formed over the outside of the poodle costume - then he was wearing a maid's outfit, and the playpen vanished as someone told him to clean the room quickly or be punished.

Humiliating situation after situation played themselves out in front of him, ideas sparking off the dog-suit dream he'd had before and combining with his experiences of the living suit and the thick diapers, and all Jasper could do was put his puffy paws over his ears and try to concentrate on something - anything - else. But as soon as he thought of something that would be worse, there it was - ribbons on the tail, a cute bonnet... all swirling around and around as he tried to stay at least somewhat focused.

The idea it was a dream never crossed his mind, not least because of how odd things had been already, and he could only try to squirm and blush and...

Terinas:

Something was rubbing against Jasper's face. Something with a point, that felt slightly uncomfortable. After a few moments of prodding, he finally managed to open his eyes. The room was noticeably different now: The dissected stuffed toys were gone, replaced with... a mound, some might even say a HOARD of book and papers, ranging from the purely infantile and adorable cardboard-cut to thicker textbooks.

There was a stuffed blue dragon tucked up next to Jasper's body, and his head was resting against several pillows, most of which hadn't been there before. He was also warmer, and felt more snug. Molting had tucked him in under several blankets. The room was now brightly lit, the night light missing. "Aww... is Bana startting to wake up after that nappy-nap?" Molting's empty voice echoed, a soft giggle of sound as the creature reached down to pat his tummy.

Arbanis:

Shaking himself out of the grip of the dream, Jasper shifted for a long moment - luxuriating in the warmth that had been missing when he went to bed. As he gathered his senses again, he realized that he had, indeed, had a nap - and that while he'd been asleep, momma-Molting had significantly improved the room. The collection of books and papers were a little odd, at first, but realizing they were his hoard made him calm down slightly - though he wasn't quite sure why.

"Y-yeah," Jasper agreed, mumbling around the paci lodged in his mouth. "Whaa timw ish it?"

Terinas:

"Hm? Oh, almost time for you to go on that playdate wiht your little friend! Don't worry, Momma's gott some stuff prepared for you for din-din first!" The creature gestured over towards a new piece of furniture in the room: A large high chair, easily large enough for Jasper to sit in without his legs touching the ground... and several jars of different colors and a bottle sitting on it. "Had to bribe Gateaux, but that kitty really came through!"

Arbanis:

"Din-din? Oh, dinner," Jasper mumbled, his speech still a little mangled by the pacifier.

The playdate was presumably the thing Bandit had talked about, so it was good that that was still on, but as for dinner... Well, it had been a while since he'd had anything to eat, so it seemed like a good idea to have something, even if 'something' looked like it was going to be baby food. Hatchy food?

Jasper shrugged that off as less important, in favour of noting the new name. Gateaux, presumably a cat or cat-morph, and linked to food. Jasper yawned, stretching, and tried again to say something coherent despite the pacifier in his mouth. "Okay, I gueth..."

Terinas:

The outfit walked over towards him, undoing the crib wall, and then affixing itself to him again. It felt nice to have Momma Molting back on him, even if it was only for a bit. The suit drove his

body around to climb into the high chair, before taking itself off of him and locking him in. Undoing one of the jar lids, Molting scooped what looked like fibers or pureed something brown onto a spoon, and undid the pacifier gag. "Now Momma knows what her little carnivore wants! Do you want some pulled pork, lil' shimmerscale? Do you?" She held the spoonful just out of his reach, a tangy scent of sauce teasing his nostrils.

Arbanis:

The smell was pleasant, and after his expectations of having baby food the idea of pulled pork - even pureed - was such a nice surprise that Jasper didn't even hesitate before nodding. "Yep!"

Being in a high chair, especially locked into one, was embarrassing, but by this point he'd more than concluded that being embarrassed was just how things were going to go today. (He did hope it was only today.)

Terinas:

The animated costume moved forward, pushing the spoon into his mouth. It was indeed pureed pulled pork, with a tangy aftertaste and a gentle amount of spice. This was fitting, though... as something in his anatomy started to get revolted by the idea of eating green growing things. Dragons were carnivores, tops of the food chain, and they ate MEAT!

Which is why it may have felt somewhat distressing as a large amount of the spoonful he was being offered fell down off the spoon, landing on his bare chest scales with a fine "Splat!" and not into his mouth.

Arbanis:

"H-hey, be more careful," A- Jasper whined, then blushed at the sound coming out of his mouth.

He blushed, looking down for a moment, then made sure to swallow the next spoonful with enthusiasm. "Can't I do it myself?"

Terinas:

Molting put a hand on it's hip. "Are you sure you're old enough for that, Bana? You're so little you haven't even had your scales come all the way in yet!"

Arbanis:

"I am - I can hold a spoon," he protested, cheeks flaming at being referred to like that. He was a big hatchy, not a...

Wait...

If he was, why hadn't his scales all come in? Dragons didn't molt like snakes, their scales changed a bit at a time, so if his were all still partly soft that had to mean... but what about that

bit he'd read about treatment?

The sore-tooth feeling came back as he tried to reconcile the two, and after a moment Jasper realized that either way it wouldn't help convince Molting of what he wanted to tell her. He took a deep breath, then tried again. "I'm able to hold a spoon, mama," he told her, as seriously as he could, and missing the term for her that just... slipped out.

Terinas:

"Mama" chuckled, an odd hollow sound, before reaching down and pushing the jar of pureed pulled pork, plus a bright, colorful baby pink plastic spoon towards him. "Then go ahead! But Mama's going to watch to make sure you can do it and not make a big icky mess!"

(Make a Skills check... but since Jasper has talons now instead of proper hands, roll twice and use the lower of the two results... fingers are much more flexible than stubby little claws. If you want more infantile treatment with few game-mechanic consequences, you can also auto-fail)

Arbanis:

Jasper nodded, realizing that was the best he was going to get, and took a deep breath to steady himself.

He was going to do the best he could, to show mama-Molting that he wasn't just a little hatchy. So he picked up the spoon, concentrating on using his talons without letting the spoon slip, and dipped it into the jar to pick up some of the pork.

(Skills Check: Rolled a 5)

(Skills Check: Rolled a 9)

Terinas:

The spoon danced in his hardened fingers, slipping and sliding. It was difficult to make any kind of honest effort to lift, and the first spoonful of meat he got ended up landing on Jasper's diaper, the spoon clattering to the floor. Molting actually had an advantage here, since her body was empty: She could bend her proportions around the spoon and grip it, while Jasper simply couldn't.

The suit laughed. "Heeheehee! Silly little Bana... Momma already knew you couldn't do it. You're not old enough to feed yourself... that's why you HAVE a mommy!" "She" wrapped her hand around the bottle, filled with juice. "Let's take a break from numnums... Momma thinks you need some juice in your tummy-tum!" She pushed the bottle up towards him, waiting to see if he'd take it without protest.

(You needed a six or above. Sorry. T.T)

Arbanis:

Blushing, both at having failed and at what Molting was presenting it as, Jasper hesitated before sighing and meekly opening his mouth. He wasn't going to win any arguments here, not unless he was very careful and picked his fights, and here it looked like trying anything would be picking the wrong fight. He still could barely believe how badly that had gone. Surely he'd held things before?

Terinas:

Molting smiled and cooed, as she held the bottle for him, a tang of cranberry juice filling his mouth. Vaguely, in the back of his mind, something whispered that stuff was a diuretic... but whatever that meant was nebulous and hard to think about. Not while the scent of food teased him! Molting had left the jar open and on the counter of the high chair. And while he sucksucked, his tummy was growling.

Arbanis:

Liquid splashing into his tummy, Jasper suckled on the nipple as hard as he could. He wanted to have food, and the best way to have food would be to have the drink as quickly as possible! That seemed like logic, so he closed his eyes to suckle better - barely tasting the cranberry tang as it went past his tongue and down his throat.

He shifted a little in his seat as he drank, feeling his diaper crinkle under him. It felt nice to have a diaper on... and that was something else that sounded odd when he thought it out loud, but it didn't seem important enough to distract him for long.

Terinas:

The feeding continued for about twenty minutes, as Jasper nursed, draining the bottle until it was bone dry. He'd gotten so caught up in the act of nursing that it took him a moment to realize that the bottle was empty. "More yummy pork time!" Molting got a spoonful of the pulled pork, holding it up and right in front of him. "Here's the naughty knight flying on a pegasus! Neigh!" She said, wiggling it about to try and make it enticing for him.

Arbanis:

Jasper blushed - sure, he was being treated like a hatchling (child? The word caused a kind of fuzziness, so he wasn't sure which was more appropriate) but he wasn't someone who needed his food made more 'playful'.

"Can I just have it, please?" he asked, then opened his mouth to let momma-Molting put the spoonful in.

Terinas:

"Aw, lil' grouchy today, huh?" The plush suit sighed, and then nodded. "Sure, we can just do it plain and simple." A spoonful of the pureed meat was pushed into Jasper's lips.

It tasted nearly divine.

Part of this might have been because of the changing dragon's body. Dragons were largely carnivorous, and he had a tongue with newly-minted taste buds telling him that meat tasted much better than most other things out there. But another part of it definitely was the sauce as well. There was just a slight tang, along with a sweetness and sourness that were evenly balanced. Whoever had made this pulled pork knew how to prepare meat. In many ways, it felt like the first time Jasper had ever eaten.

Almost like his body had never tasted anything before.

Arbanis:

Jasper was too pleased with the taste, the feel... really, with everything about the meal (apart from, perhaps, the presentation) to complain about the idea that he was being 'grouchy'. With this kind of taste, in fact, he was willing to take it just about any way it was given to him. His tail flicked a little from side to side, the gesture barely noticed, as he swallowed down the mouthful and waited for the next one.

Terinas:

The feeding happened slowly, with Molting taking moments to coo over "her little darling" and moments where, in spite of Jasper's feelings, she would pet or caress him or slip back into trying to feed him like a little baby by making a game out of it. The suit seemed like it had trouble keeping the desire to fawn or adore over the hatchy under control. And the antics and games always seemed to make a mess of Jasper's snout when they started back up: He was wearing a solid ten percent of the pulled pork by the end of the jar, mostly due to Molting's antics.

Arbanis:

Crossing his eyes, Jasper tried to lick at his snout - partly to clean it, and partly to get at some more of the tasty food. He flushed as he did - knowing he looked immature as a result of the ministrations of the maternal suit - and did his best to concentrate on what was important.

He had something to do with Bandit later, right? He'd just have to make sure that went well...

Terinas:

"Hold on, lil' sweet pea!" Molting reached out with a wipe, cleaning the smeared pulled pork off of the new dragon's face before he could lick it off. "There we go... nice and clean! Momma's lil' angel." She cooed at him, tickling him under the chin as she undid the high chair, releasing Jasper from his plastic prison. "Now Momma'll just get right back on you, so nice and snug, and then you can go play with your silly coonie friend, alright?"

Watching the suit slip back up onto a body was a bit of a trippy experience. Molting's body contorted in ways that anyone with bones never could, flowing up Jasper's scales and skin in a way that could best be described as "fabric oozing up along a body". Each bit of his body that was coated felt briefly moist, before the Plush suit settled and the sensations of his Second skin

became all he could feel. Molting seemed to replace the sensations of his inner body, or at the very least had a way of feeding him sensory input from outside his body as if it were his own.

From outside the formerly-ruined nursery, Jasper heard footsteps and a vaguely-cockney voice cursing. Bandit was in the room adjacent to his, accessible through the tunnel in the closet. Or the door, if he wanted to undo the barricade.

End Chapter 5