

(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 6: 3.5.4

Terinas:

"Hold on, lil' sweet pea!" Molting reached out with a wipe, cleaning 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

Arbanis:

Feeling a little out of it at first, Jasper pondered before deciding to go through the tunnel. The door barricade might still be useful, and though he couldn't imagine how it was pretty clear that 'imagine' was a starting point for what happened in this strange place - not the end.

The idea of talking to Bandit again was a little worrying, but Jasper shrugged that part of it off. He was pretty safe, after all.

Terinas:

Molting's mutterings and murmurings resumed shortly after Jasper had fully fitted the suit back on. Not that it mattered... Jasper couldn't hear what she was saying, but Molting was his Momma, right? She just wanted what was best for him. It wasn't like there was anything

dangerous about words he couldn't hear.

Bandit was sprawled on the bed in the room as Jasper crawled into it, the smell of wet raccoon hitting his nostrils. Bandit was clearly soggy, and even in the reduced light of the room the dragon could see her diaper was puffy and yellowed. She didn't seem to care. The raccoon had a cigarette in her muzzle and was puffing on it, smoke lazily drifting up into the air above the bed. "Hm?" She looked up from rubbing her tits with her paws, and sat up. "Oh, yer 'ere." She broke into a very wicked grin. "Almost thot yew'd puss out on me." She snickered, sitting up properly. "So, yew still up fer stealing sum evidence 'n shit?"

(Bandit is a very bad role-model: potty mouth, smoking... not asking politely to get changed...)

Arbanis:

The sight and smell of Bandit mainly made Jasper wince - wanting to be sure he would at least avoid letting himself get into quite that state - but he put it out of his mind. She was helping him, after all, and he had to be polite.

At her question, Jasper hesitated for a moment - making sure he still agreed with what he'd decided earlier - then nodded. This was still something he wasn't totally sure about, but then again nothing really would be - and it was an opportunity, one he couldn't let go past.

"Sure," he said. "What do I need to do?"

Terinas:

Bandit sat up. "Well..." The raccoon girl scritch'd her chin for a moment, before taking another large puff on her cigarette and blowing a cloud of smoke out up into the air. There was something odd about the smoke, like the scent was just slightly different than what Jasper was used to. He didn't get much time to think about it though. "There's two places oi don' have an easy time goin', and both'a 'em are where the stuff yer lookin' fer is gonna be." She cleared her throat. "Tha' first is 'ere on the fourth floor: Ol' Doc Moreau's research lab. The place's chock-a-block loaded with their research, but 's also pretty much locked, an' only two people have the key: Dr. Kimiko Kunari, an' Dr. Janus Moreau." She grinned. "Yew'd hafta sneak into one of their bedrooms an' swipe tha' key first. They're both sleepin', should be pert near easy."

The raccoon's eyes glinted. "OOoooooooooooo... yew could go straight to t'source. Treatment labs. They're hidden under the mansion, but oi know where t'go t'get into 'em. And oi stole the head'a the guard's security passcode t'get in." Bandit snorted, looking mighty pleased with herself. "There's all SORTSA incriminatin' stuff down there... oi think. Ain't been down there before... that oi kin remember."

After a moment, she pointed at the dragon. "An' now yew gotta choose!"

Arbanis:

The two choices were pretty far apart, by the sounds of things, and it sounded like the choice was fairly difficult - only to be expected.

The fourth floor one was the one which they knew had something good in, which made it more tempting right off the bat, but the idea of sneaking into the bedroom of one of the two researchers (with the problems he'd already had trying to stay hidden) was a little worrying.

Then there was the basement option, which was further, but which sounded like it would involve less effort to actually get in if Bandit had the passcode.

Actually...

"How come you've not gone down to the basement place already?" Jasper asked, still thinking. "Or is it that you only got the passcode recently?"

Terinas:

The question caused the smirk to fall from Bandit's face. "Eeeeeeh..." She leaned back on the bed, scratching the back of her head. "'s comp'li'cated. Oi only tried stealin' the passcode today, but oi coulda tried earlier. But... uh..." She squirmed and looked away from the dragon, unable to meet Jasper in the eyes. "Oi jess din't wanna, is all! It's BORING down there. This is fer yew."

Arbanis:

That brought a smile to Jasper's face - he was touched! "Thanks, then," he said, then got back to thinking. Boring... boring probably meant safe. "I'd hate for you to have done that without needing to," he decided. "I'll go there, see what's down there."

Terinas:

(Oh dang. We're going THAT route. Well, this will be interesting)

Arbanis:

(I guess 'boring probably meant safe' was really kind of asking for it on Jasper's part!)

Terinas:

Bandit's grin returned. "Righteous!" She hopped off the bed with a crinkle. "A'kay! Come on!" Grabbing the dragon's right arm, she started trying to lead him out of the guest room. "There's an elevator goin' down on the first floor, hidden b'hind a wall." Her tail gently wapped against him as she led the dragon downstairs. This close to her, the smoke smelled rather strong. It was like a miasma that clung to her.

"Yew move a paintin' on the wall t'find the access panel, and then input the code to get t'the elevator! From there it'll be smooth sailin' fer yah!" Bandit's eyes were lit up like a little child's as she led him towards the stairwell, practically doing all the work and pulling him.

(Make a Body check to **[REDACTED!]** Dragons tend to be pretty smokey and fiery themselves, right?)

Arbanis:

(Body Check: Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

(High enough to start with. The longer you **[REDACTED!]**)

Arbanis:

The smell was sort of nice, but Jasper wrinkled his snout. Smoking wasn't something he'd ever done before, and starting under these circumstances seemed... a bad idea.

Terinas:

They didn't encounter anyone this late at night, thankfully. Arriving on the First floor coming out of the Eastern stairwell, the pair found themselves in a long corridor with green wallpaper. Several doors lined either side of the hall: On one wall Jasper could see two doors marked by nameplates as "Lounge" and "Pantry". On the opposite wall were two more: "Dining Hall" and "Kitchen", both of which were very close to each other. Several paintings of distinguished looking humans lined the walls.

One of which, a picture of a tall man in a military uniform with a distinguished floofy mustache, Bandit just stared at. After a moment, she tore it off the wall and let it drop to the ground. Behind it was a small metal pad with numerical buttons on it. At this point, the raccoon took a few steps back, letting Jasper get between her and the panel. She almost shrunk behind his back. "Kay! The code is 90235, an' once yew get down there, yew'll need'ta find whatever looks 'criminatin' down there. Oi'll wait up here an' keep watch, ok?"

Arbanis:

Jasper nodded, repeating the code back. "90235, got it."

He took a deep breath, then typed the numbers in one at a time - being careful to make sure he didn't accidentally press two buttons at once, as that would be very bad.

Terinas:

The wall trembled.

After a moment, there was a slight click, and then the part of the wall the metal number pad was attached to pulled inward, before sliding to one side. What lay beyond was a bright chrome elevator, the contents gleaming and unblemished. At this point, Bandit nodded to Jasper, waiting for the dragon to get inside. Inside, there were several buttons: 4, 3, 1, and "Sublevel".

"Press... press Sublevel." Bandit said, looking inside the elevator before shuddering and pulling

back out. Jasper watched as she backed away from the elevator shaft rather drastically, pressing her back against the opposite wall.

Arbanis:

Bandit's reaction was... odd. She'd been very confident earlier, but now she was - well, terrified.

Wondering what could have done that to her, Jasper slipped into the lift and gave her a nod - then pressed the sublevel button, just as she'd described. A momentary frown creased his face as he wondered why there wasn't a second-floor button...

Terinas:

The elevator door closed, leaving Jasper staring at his draconic reflection in the polished chrome surface of the door. There was a slight rumble, and then the sensation of an elevator going down. Faint, upbeat music played in the background, only slightly more audible than Molting's mutterings. It was actually easier to listen to what Molting was saying in the stillness of the elevator shaft: Something about "good girl" and "pretty sissy".

(You can make a Mind roll to resist more of Molting's conditioning if you want, with a needed 8 or above for partial success and a 10 or above for full success)

There wasn't really much else to do.

Just wait as the elevator went down.

And down.

And down.

And down some more.

And then the elevator stopped. The door made a happy "Bing!" before sliding away. The air smelled cool and musty. The walls were made of metal, with exposed light fixtures embedded into a concrete(?) ceiling of gray stone. Several of the light bulbs flickered, making lighting in the long hallway Jasper found himself in intermittent. There were several places on the walls where bright white black patches of posterboard were put up over parts of the wall, for some reason. There were distant sounds of fans or ventilation. Air was being cycled in and out of this place.

The hallway stretched down to a large circular room with branching pathways, each leading off into the distance. Each one was clearly labeled. One simply read "Holding Cell A" with a bright green light underneath the sign. Going clockwise in order from that one, there was "Elevator" (Which Jasper had come from). Then there was "Treatment Lab 1" and then "Holding Cell B" with another green light underneath it. Then there was "Treatment Lab 3" and "Holding Cell C", which had a red light on it. Lastly there was a "Processing Cell L-S" and one last hallway leading to what a sign advertised as "Security Locker".

Arbanis:

Mind Check: rolled a 6)

Holding cells? Treatment labs? There was no treatment lab 2, which was odd... but what was a processing cell?

Thinking logically, Jasper decided that the lights had to indicate something about the rooms - the most likely one being whether or not the room was occupied, or in use - but with some lights green and others red that meant he was in a situation where one of them HAD to be occupied. A little nervous, Jasper decided to check the nearest holding cell first - at least see whether it had a window or something - while staying out of sight as best he could. That would tell him what the lights meant. After that he'd head to whichever 'treatment lab' had the kind of light that indicated an empty room.

All nice and logical.

Terinas:

(As you may have guessed, the mental check is for starting to attack Jasper's idea of himself as male)

(Molting wants a pretty sissy dragonlet, after all)

(So are you heading to Holding Cell A, B, or C?)

Arbanis:

Holding Cell A, as it's the closest.

Terinas:

(As a result of failing that check, Jasper is going to start dissociating with being a boy, in favor of being a girl/sissy. You're welcome to express this however you wish)

A sense of lightheadedness hit Bana... Jasper... as he walked down towards Holding Cell A. It felt a bit odd, being a little girl in a dark, spooky place like this, didn't it? A boy. Boy?

For a moment, Jasper found his mind blanking out.

There was nothing but Molting muttering in the back of his mind. And then it stopped after a few moments. Molting's words growing more quiet. More manageable. Nothing to worry about.

The hallway Jasper had chosen to go down ended in a large, elaborate metal door. An LED display read "Thorn" in bright green letters, displayed on a black screen. Above it was a large circular handle, pointed towards large green block letters reading "Secure". Nearby options on the same handle read "Terminate" in red block letters and "Security Lock Release" in Orange Block Letters.

Above that was a translucent window into a room lined with white padding from floor to wall to ceiling. The only bits Jasper could see without getting close were white.

(Also roll 1d6)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 1)

Terinas:

(Duly noted. Nothing's happening right now, go ahead and post.)

Arbanis:

Jasper's first response was to stare. The LED display was one thing - was 'Thorn' a name, an instruction, a designation? - but with the options on the handle including "terminate" he couldn't help but feel worried about this.

Maybe she'd gotten in a little too deep...

Not noticing the mental dithering between 'boy' and 'girl', Jasper frowned. Maybe the green and red lights referred to the green and red options here? His tail flicked around, and he took it in his paws, twisting it a little in a nervous reaction he didn't realize he was doing. It helped her calm down, a little, and she took a deep breath before coming to a decision.

She still needed to find out if this room was occupied, so she crept up to the door - doing her best to look in while exposing as little of her head to view as possible.

Jasper was feeling increasingly nervous, like this was one of those moments where someone was creeping through a house and in danger of being surprised, and he felt scared already before even seeing if anything was in the holding cell.

Terinas:

(Ok.... leeeeet's call this a Skills check. To see what's inside without being seen yourself. Roll your Skills)

Arbanis:

(Skills Check: Rolled an 8)

Terinas:

(Awesome! You can easily see what's inside!)

"Good little girl... Bana, not Jasper... Momma's pretty little girl... so cute in her pink scales..."

Molting's whispering was barely audible in the background. With every thought, there was a slight buzz against Jasper's crotch. Just a brief flash of pleasure. Something that happened and then rapidly faded. It didn't make focusing any easier.

Jasper craned his snout to look inside... and could make out a few things: A book open nearly down the center, with a small yellow bookmark tucked between the pages. A dollhouse, off in one corner of the room. A few different sets of women's clothing, folded into the corner of the room.

And a large, shimmering puddle of green goop in the center of the room, looking almost like Mercury, if the color wasn't so metallic green. As Jasper watched it, it started moving... something, almost like a hand, no, a paw... began to rise out of the fluid, dripping a bit before taking on a distinct, furry form, reached for the book and groped around, before taking the bookmark out and flipping a page.

Arbanis:

Bana-Jas-b-j... Bana put a paw to her mouth, holding in a startled gasp, then waddled slowly backwards before turning and hurrying back to the main lab room.

What was that?

He -she... h-he swallowed, wondering just what had been in that holding cell. Some kind of living liquid?

It was a moment later that she remembered her momma-Molting, who was a living suit, so... so it kind of made sense... but it was just so odd! This whole place was odd... Clenching a clawed fist to help h-her concentrate, J-Jasper forced herself to think about this in a rational, sensible way.

So the green light holding cell was occupied. That was good to know. Next came the decision of how to get that evidence h-he'd come down for... that would mean a treatment lab, and it was a choice between 1 and 3. B-Bana nodded to herself, still absently twisting her tail, and headed for treatment lab 1 to see what was in there.

Terinas:

(Roll 1d6)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 4)

Terinas:

"Sweet lil' girl. Little girl dragon. Pretty. Pink. Cute in her diapers. Loves her diapers. Loves being cute. Loves playing with toys..."

Molting's muttering seemed to be faster than it was before. The brief flashes of pleasure happened every few moments. It made thinking rationally hard to do without being distracted. But Jasper continued nonetheless.

Treatment Lab one was... cluttered. In the center of the room was a large metal table, partially covered in bright white padding and cloth. Leg and arm restraints, made of leather, were attached. Nearby, hanging from rolling metal apparati, were large sacs of various colored fluids, all ending in tubes that ended in syringe needles. Above the table, connected to a large number of cords emerging from the ceiling, was a large pair of adjustable goggles... or more accurately, a headset of some sort, with sliding panels that looked like it could accommodate a large number of different shapes and sizes of head. Small switches and buttons lined the outside of the headset, but it was too far away from J-Jasper to really figure out what they were.

Surrounding the table was counterspace on all sides. And much of it was covered in stuff. There was a bright pink baby rattle sitting off on it's own, next to several racks of lead-stoppered tubes of different colored fluids. Nearby were several burners and what looked like distilling equipment. There were several rows of thick science textbooks held up on either end with bookends, and another section of the countertop that had a half-eaten plastic ramen bowl with a plastic fork sticking out of it. There were two locked cupboards above it, a fat padlock with a turning security handle mounted onto it.

Shoved in the corner of the room was a filing cabinet, next to it a trashcan filled with crumpled papers. Near that was a cage containing what looked to be a live, white-faced opossum, that stared at B-bana with quiet black eyes while clinging to the cage. Next to it was what looked like a mini-fridge, the top covered haphazardly in papers.

The room was quiet. Still.

The only sound coming from the crinkle of a little dragon's diaper.

Arbanis:

Torn between fighting hard to keep his thoughts on one track - to work out what was going on, through the pulses of pleasure - and just ignoring it to focus on what was important, the hatchie

was momentarily unsure what to do at all.

Deciding to just get on with what h-he'd come down to do, Bana waddled h-his way over to the mini-fridge to look at the papers. All s-she needed was something that would be proof - proof that could be carried - and then, then it would be possible to get out. As she waddled, though, Bana couldn't help but pay attention to the odd combination of things present. An opossum was an odd thing to find in a lab, and so were all these odd liquids, and especially so was the metal table with restraints!

It was a pity she didn't have a camera...

...and part of her was thinking it was a pity she didn't have a toy, like that rattle right there...

Terinas:

(Make two rolls, please! one is a Skills check, the other is just a 1d6 you need to roll for... reasons)

Arbanis:

(Skills Check: Rolled a 12)

(Reasons Check: Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

"Pretty little sissy in her cute dresses an' bows, Bana cuddlin' up on a pile of stuffed toys, Bana getting her diapey checked by Momma after a nap..."

Molting was starting to give the dragon a headache. It was hard to think about anything else with the flashes of pleasure and the words echoing in her mind...

But in spite of the difficulty, the hatchey was enormously lucky. The papers had a lot of nothing useful on them: Incoherent mathematical formulae, silly doodles of cartoony animal men, occasional notes like "did you order pizza?" "We're in a secret facility" "you still coulda ordered some for me!" and other nonsense. Buuuut... buried in the trash was a treasure. A single page of a document, typed and printed on what looked like an old dot-matrix printer page.

[The Moreau Project]

[Statement of Intent: The purpose of this project is to experiment with **[REDACTED!]** by the late Dr. Moreau, and recovered by **[REDACTED!]**. It is believed that these **[REDACTED!]** can be weaponized or somehow adapted to a larger purpose to be determined later.]

[Risks: The method of treatment outlined in Dr. Moreau's research notes was initially developed **[REDACTED!]** and must be adapted to **[REDACTED!]**. This procedure involves **[REDACTED!]** as well as the administration of many chemicals that react adversely to painkillers. The current treatment, heretofore referred to as "Generation 1", is estimated to have a very large percentage

of fatalities when performed on patients.]

[Goals: Initially, to create a **[REDACTED!]** to serve as a Proof of Concept. Extensively, to refine this procedure and reduce or eliminate the loss of life with a future "Generation 2" treatment.]

The page cut off there.

(Roll another 1d6)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 2)

Arbanis:

The information in the documents was... worrying, that was the best word b-Bana could come up with to describe them. The idea of a treatment that might be fatal...

Still, it wasn't enough. There had to be something else. The mini-fridge document was useful, but what else might be? The headset was worrying, and -Bana didn't want to get too near it... but maybe it would be useful to find out what they were labelled? The needles were scarier, so no good trying there...

...the muttering by his momma-Molting was distracting and he did his best to ignore it...

The locked cupboards would be ideal, but there was no sign of a way to get them open... but the filing cabinet and the waste paper might be useful too. 'Bana decided she would bend down and rummage through the waste paper bin, looking for anything remotely useful, then quickly rifle through the filing cabinet to see if she could find any categories that looked promising.

Terinas:

(It IS possible to try and pick the lock on the locked cupboards with a Skill check, though I'll admit that in the plush suit with Talons I'd have to give you penalty)

Bana bent down to rummage through the waste paper bin. There were a number of interesting things inside it: What looked like a flash drive with shattered plastic casing, a number of tattered, folded, and crinkled post-it notes with various mathematical functions or equations on them. A few sheets of crumpled paper that, when unfolded, had dirty or gross food rolled up around them... including one that was, disgustingly enough, a chewed up lump of what was once pizza. However, unfolding it proved to possibly be a blessing in disguise: The page, as grease stained as it was, had something interesting written on it:

***"[A lot of stained and illegible text]**ment was originally derived from notebooks and journals recovered from my old Grandfather's estate; I have them locked in the safe in my study. They're hooked to a deadman's switch, if I die or if anyone tries to open it without the proper password,*

it will cause an explosion and destroy the contents. But it needn't come to that. We can refine-[Illegible text]

[Illegible paragraph ruined by food stains]

To this end, I am appealing to the Office of Science for funding. I'm certain you can see the possible applications for genetic alteration and augmentation technology... and I have a great personal motive to refine and improve upon the work started of my grandfather. If we work together, we can both get what we wish...

Dr. Janus Moreau"

The last thing of interest was a post it note on the bottom of the waste paper basket:

User Name: Kkunari

*Pword: asngrl01 (***crossed out***)*

*asngrl02 (***crossed out***)*

*asngrl03 (***crossed out***)*

Arbanis:

Grimacing slightly at the mess in the bin, Jas-

-Bana winced, wondering about why he'd just sort of had a headache for a moment, then shook himself and tried to concentrate.

What had he learned...

There was a password, which could be useful if the new one was *asngrl04* or later - and it probably was. Bana hadn't heard of the Office for Science, but it was obvious to her what it had to be for, at least. And it was increasingly clear from multiple sources that what was going on was genetic alteration, augmentation, and that it was serious business. The idea that some of the material this was based on was actually set up to be destroyed by an explosion if it was accessed... it worried her, and she looked again at the locked cupboards.

Then she shook herself. That wasn't a safe, she didn't have to feel worried... at least, not about that. She had some important information, but again too much of it was circumstantial - information that nobody would consider to be proof. Bana tried to wonder whether her status as a dragon would be proof, but that brought on such a wave of dizziness - as she tried to reconcile it with her deep, conditioned understanding that she'd always been a little hatchling - that she abandoned the attempt after just a few seconds, and resolved to find proof.

That would mean the cupboards or the filing cabinet... and the files seemed like the next place to look.

Terinas:

(Roll another 1d6)

Arbanis:

(Rolled a 1)

Terinas:

(Ooo... finally. Alright. So is Bana going to go for the filing cabinet or the cupboards first?)

Arbanis:

Filing cabinet.

Terinas:

"Giggling sweet lil' darlin', sleepin' on a hoard of plushies, mommy's little hatchy princess..."

Molting's mutterings might have been missed amidst the must and dust that came out of the filing cabinet as Jas- As Bana opened it. Tugging the top shelf open was enough to rattle the whole cabinet, which appeared to be structurally unsound and creaked as she tugged it open.

But what was within was interesting: Racks of paper files, with dividers marked "Gen. 1" "Gen. 2" "Gen. 3", "Gen. 4", as well as a few others: "Infrastructure Blueprints", "Chimerization Records", and "Terminated Casefiles".

And it was at that point that Bana heard footsteps from outside the room.

Arbanis:

(To make sure I understand, there's only one door, right?)

Terinas:

(That Bana knows of? Yes. Any possible hypothetical secret doors/passages that may or may not be there are outside her awareness. But to clarify, the door your character came in from is the door that Bana is hearing footsteps coming towards)

Arbanis:

(Yeah, that was about what I expected. Just checking how panicked Bana's going to be...)

Damnit damnit damnit!

Bana couldn't quite tell how long he had before the owner of the footsteps arrived, but their arriving at all was a big enough problem - he was exposed and guilty, and he needed to do something urgently to avoid being caught! But Bandit had said she was keeping watch, so did that mean she'd been found? That was bad news all by itself, because that probably meant that

whoever this was knew she was down here - so hiding and waiting for them to do away wasn't going to work either.

All that went through Bana's mind in a moment as she tried to think of a solution, then one presented itself - leave the cabinet open, hide behind the table, and try to sneak or run out as whoever it was investigated the open cabinet! It wasn't much, but it was the best she could do under pressure...

Terinas:

(Make a Skills check to hide!)

Arbanis:

(Skills Check: Rolled a 14)

Terinas:

(Dang, you're lucky when it counts.)

Arbanis:

(Perhaps the process has made him a luck dragon...)

Terinas:

(Welp, she can't beat that with 2 dice in Skills, so I'm not gonna even bother rolling for her.)

The door creaked open. And inside stepped... a slightly familiar woman. Or maybe not. Had Bana ever seen this lady before? If he hadn't, it was oddly familiar to see her now. Asian. More importantly, HUMAN. Slender, with black hair done up in a bun, held together by two crossed cheap black pens. She wore a labcoat, with an ID badge clipped to a pocket. Rectangular glasses lay down near the tip of her nose. She had her palms on the fronts of her gray sweat pants, as she pushed a wrinkle out of them. Walking into the room in a pair of sandals, she bit her lower lip and looked around.

"I can't believe I'm doing this..." Reaching into a pocket, she pulled out a small slip of paper and stared at it. "I mean, we agreed that Thorn was best left alone..." Spinning the lock on the cupboards, she inputted in a combination: 23-54-81, and then popped open the lock. Revealing row after row of syringes, each labeled and filled with different color fluids. "But we need something to find Molting with..."

She pulled one out and then walked off with it, towards the door.

Arbanis:

Bana could hardly believe her luck. Not only did she now have the code for the cupboards - and what was in them - she'd managed to avoid being caught. She stayed silent as the woman left,

but her mind was racing.

Thorn - that was who, or what, was in the containment cell she'd seen earlier, right And they were talking about using it to find momma-Molting? But that would mean finding her as well... that meant Bana had to sort things out quickly. Pick up her proof and get out.

She waited until she couldn't hear the asian woman's footsteps, then got up and hurried over to the filing cabinet. The case files would be enormously useful, almost any of them, but the most valuable would have to be the 'terminated' case files.

They had to represent people who'd died. And, grim though it was, that might be the best way to get attention.

Bana had come to her decision while waiting behind the table: Pick two random terminated casefiles, and one random one from each of the marked generations, unless there was too much weight involved. Hurry back to the lift. Get up. Get out. Get to safety... The thought of the word 'safety' produced another odd frisson, as Bana's idea of 'safety' oscillated between being out of here and being in Momma-Molting's soft embrace, but she tried to concentrate on the need to be as quick as possible.

Terinas:

(Ok. So just confirming: two "Terminated" files chosen at random, one from each of the 4 generations, and that's it?)

(Not stopping to read any of them, right?)

Arbanis:

(Yes. Bana's in 'gonna be found out soon' mode, so is basically in a bit of a panic!)

Terinas:

There were many files in the Terminated section and a large variety in the Gen. 1 records... but less in Generation 2. And then a larger number in Generation 3. And then none in Generation 4.

In the end, Bana ended up with 5 files overall.

Arbanis:

The inquisitive part of 'Bana, the part of him which had gotten him into trouble so much already, wanted to find out what was in the files. To learn what was going on here NOW, instead of waiting.

But the other part of her wanted to just leave - to get out while it was still possible, before whatever Thorn was came after Momma - and after her - and she got caught.

She slid the cabinet drawer closed again, then headed for the elevator back out - trying to tell if she could hear something or someone coming back, in case she had to hide again.

Terinas:

Retreating back to the central hub, Bana found Molting's continued whispering impossible to hear. Because shortly after she got back to the central hub, there were loud sirens that began to blare. Red lights in the ceiling began to flash! *"Warning! Warning! Holding Cell A Safety Disengaged. Security Override required!"*

Bana kept running for the elevator. As she did, the noises stopped. The lights went out. She could hear something squelching behind her, off in the distance.

(Make a Body Check to run to the elevators!)

Arbanis:

(panic panic panic...)

(Body Check: Rolled a 4)

Terinas:

(Luck's run out, I'm afraid. They rolled an 8)

Bana moved, but the sound got closer. And closer. Until he felt something smooth and slick, wet and yet so very firm, wrapping around his right ankle. And YANKING.

(You may make one last body check to escape or else we hit endgame challenges. But you'd need a 6 or above)

Arbanis:

(Body hail-mary! Rolled a 4)

(Looks like a no...)

Terinas:

In a way, it was like Momma putting herself on him. He felt something squeaky and rubbery spreading up his lower leg... engulfing his talons... covering up Momma Molting, who was gasping and crying out around him, panicking entirely. His whole body was being swallowed up.

By *Latex*.

Trying to struggle or pull away didn't help. The last thing he saw before his snout and eyes were swallowed up was a bright green, single-color fox lady rising out of a puddle of similarly colored goop, her body dripping, tendrils or pseudopods or SOMETHING stretching from her back over towards Bana. Next to her, the asian woman, her glasses fogged over and hiding her eyes, as she watched things happening.

And then blackness.

“Good little Bana. Good little Dragon. Momma’s so sorry she wasn’t able to take care of you. But that’s ok... good little dragon.. Momma’s little hatchey. Momma’s little princess...”

All Jasper could hear was Molting’s words. Whispering into his mind.

How long had passed?

Was he alive or was he dead?

He couldn't feel anything but Molting’s second skin clinging to him.

Couldn’t hear anything but her whispering about what a good little sissy dragon he was.

There wasn’t any escape.

(Make a Mind roll to resist mindbreak. Need a 10 or above.)

Arbanis:

(Mind Check: Rolled a 9)

Terinas:

“Good sissy hatchey happy sissy hatchy wet sissy hatchy wet diapeys feel good-“

Bana woke up at some point in the future after a lot of scary dreams, resting in her crib, atop a pile of bright, colorful stuffed animals. The new golden-scaled baby dragon was wearing nothing but a white diaper, quite yellowed in front, which was quite swollen and puffy.

The nursery was bright and colorful, a far departure from the dull and dingy place that she remembered napping in before. The walls painted pink, with cute pegasuses and silly unicorns prancing and flying around on it! A stuffed bear at least twice as large as Bana was laying in one corner of the room, out of reach of her as long as her crib walls were pulled up... but she could see a new brightly colored pink toychest, and a matching changing table nearby it in the room as well.

What did she do?

Arbanis:

A surge of worry rushed through her. She'd been caught, she needed to-

She had to work out how to get-

The thought slowed down, smothered in befuddlement and soft feelings, and Bana wondered

why she'd been so worried. She was just where she should be, right? That thought felt much gentler, softer around the edges, and the sourceless tension drained out of Bana as she calmed down.

She blinked, looking around, and every new sight made old patterns of thought crumble away like a sandcastle in the rain - the new ones fitting her environment much better.

She was wet, that was right. And she was warm, and cozy, but she was a bit bored too - she'd had those soft toys for ages! What was in the toy box?

"Mama?" she asked, pleased at how she didn't sound upset! Much...

Terinas:

For a few moments, the cry went unheard. Bana was alone...

And then the door opened, and two figures walked into the room. The first was familiar: The hollow, floppy, silly pink scaled impression of her Mama! "Why hello there, Lil' Bana? Did you have a nice nappy?" It walked towards her, arms outstretched, to hug the hatchling and cuddle against her, hood puckering like oversized lips to give the hatchling a bunch of smooches.

The second person entering the room was less familiar: A bright green fox lady who squeaked whenever her footpaws touched the carpet. Her whole body glimmered like a shimmery emerald as she entered the light of the room, save for a single, squirming human hand, which was shortly engulfed by the green, becoming another bright, puffy fox paw. The creature walked over to the crib, bending over and kissing Bana's cheek. "Hello, little one. I am also a Mommy... Molting and I have come to an agreement. She wishes to let me take care of you as well... you get too mommies. Isn't that nice?"

Arbanis:

The sight of the green fox lady made Bana hesitate, feeling that odd sense of a foreign, hard-edged worry - something about how the green fox lady was a problem... but then the thought was smoothed over, again, as Momma gave her a hug and the soft feelings that brought on wiped away Bana's concern.

When the new fox lady gave Bana a kiss on the cheek, the sissy hatchy was still a bit concerned - but not concerned enough to do anything more than fidget a bit, as she thought about the words.

Mommy was good, so to have mommy and another mommy? That had to be better!

"Y-yes, mommy," Bana agreed, blushing a bit, then moved on to her main concern. "Mommy? I'm all wet... can you change me please? I wanna play!" There was one last little frisson of confusion, this time making the hatchy wonder at the words coming out of her own muzzle, but it

felt a lot sleepier.

Why wouldn't she ask for a change? She didn't know how, and she had no control, and momma was here. And playing was good, and she couldn't get there herself!

Terinas:

Molting looked over at the fox lady. "Thorny, darlin' do you wanna do it? I'm gonna go get out some toys for the little dear!"

The fox lady smiled. "I would adore it." She bent down to scoop Bana out off the crib, carrying the adult-sized baby dragon as if she weighed nothing. Her fur squeaked against the baby dragon's diaper, as she carried her over to the changing table, giving her many fun bounces in the air to make the ride fun! "Little Bana just wet? or do you have a muddy butt too?" The girl felt a tendril of latex sliding up the backside of her diaper, checking her. After a few moments, she chuckled and pulled the tendril out. "Nope! All clean back there."

Bana felt her soggy, squishy butt pressed down on the changing table. A foxy paw pressed down on the front of the diaper, rubbing it against her sissy stick inside. Thorn's fluffy tail swished behind her. "You'll get to play in a moment, darling child. But first, you need to make a sticky mess for Mommy. She needs to make sure you've leaked it ALLLL out."

And she began to rub.

Arbanis:

Bana wriggled a bit, not really because this was unpleasant so much as because she felt embarrassed and blushy and because she loved what both were doing to her. She mrawred, the sound at once strange and familiar on her ears and her tongue, as momma-Thorn stimulated her and made her feel all fuzzy and happy.

That small part of Jasper that was still in there - very small, and getting quieter as he was smothered in layer after layer of happy sissy softness - objected, insisting that everything about this was wrong. But everything else felt good, wings stretching out a little and tail flicking and diaper squishing as momma rewarded her...

Terinas:

Momma-Thorn giggled, green emerald eyes locking with Bana's. "Good little baby Bana, Momma's sweet little gem. Good little sissy gonna leak out alllll that silly big boy thinking so she can be a sweet little sissy for her mommas for ever and ever.... good little sissy Bana loving her pretty plush suits and wet diapeys and toys..."

The last of Jasper was about to leak out with an orgasm, as the fox's paw stretched apart into three paws, all rubbing all over the diaper, stroking and teasing and caressing every bit of Bana's body.

And then, more foxy paws emerged from the back of Thorn's body, stroking and caressing and rubbing at Bana's body. Touching every sensitive spot. Every zone that gave her pleasure when petted. There was no escape from Mommy Thorn's love.

Arbanis:

Bana couldn't muster either any resistance or even any reason to resist, her only reason to not want to orgasm immediately being to want to stretch out the loving attention for longer... longer...

...until, finally, the pleasure broke through the dam, and Bana gasped cutely as she made her diaper a little squisher than it had already been. She panted, feeling vaguely for a moment like something had been lost, but there was nothing left to be worried about that so she just relaxed and let herself luxuriate in the pleasure - and the love.

After a long moment, she spoke up. "Fankyoo mama... um... can I have a pretty plush suit please?" That was all right, right? Momma-Thorn did mention it, and it sounded cute!

Terinas:

(Alright. One last post. For this, I want you to end it. Between Thorn and Molting, they can create the perfect plush suit for the new baby hatchy. Describe what you think would make Bana squeal with glee and get so excited she'd wet herself again just by seeing it)

(Then the curtain drops)

Arbanis:

Thorn gave her a loving hug, and a pat, and smiled. "Of course you can, sweetie... let's just get you changed, and then your mommas are going to sort you out a perfect pretty plush suit for you to play in!"

Bana could hardly wait! She lay down obediently, letting momma-Thorn change her - taking off her much-used diaper and replacing it with a perfectly fresh one - then waited, tail twitching and talons clicking, because momma-Molting had told her not to peek.

After several minutes - Bana had lost count several times, but it was a lot more than sixty seconds - momma-Molting's paws went over her eyes, and momma-Thorn picked her up to turn her around.

"There it is!"

Bana stated.

It was... perfect!

It was a big, super-thick, massive-rumped, boofy-pawed, soft-tailed, big-headed, soft-winged griffin suit! A pair of super-big comfy lion's paws for her feet, a giant diaper so everyone knew she was a little hatchy, cushy coverings for her wings so they weren't left out in the cold or folded uncomfortably... and it was even wearing a lovely sun-dress as well! The mittens had little holes for her talons, so she could play with whatever she wanted, but all the rest of it would leave her in a perpetual cozy soft hug!

"Thankyou thankyou thankyou!" she enthused, giving first momma-molting then momma-thorn a biiiig hug! "I'm so lucky to have two great mommas! I can't wait to put it on and play!"

"And we're lucky to have you, sweetie," momma-Molting told her, as momma-Thorn unzipped the back of the pretty plush suit with a tendril. "That's why you'll never want for anything."

And, really, there were far worse fates. Lots of them, in fact.

Terinas:

Game Over!

Good? Ending: The Plush Playmate Ending!