

(Contained within is part of the Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau session for the user Art Shark, found on Twitter! If you're interested in doing the Mad Mansion for yourself, please be warned that there are spoilers ahead! Some details of the "Game" will be redacted for readers, to preserve some of the experience. However, there's still enough here to spoil your own session if you care about plot! If you don't, read ahead.)

(It's also worth noting that the Mad Mansion is a unique experience that is designed as being very Kink-Flexible! The fetish content you see in this run is NOT necessarily what you will experience yourself. If you don't like some specific fetish, please rest assured that you can play this experience without it.)

## **Chapter 0: Character Creation**

Terinas:

*Rules and Disclaimers! Go!*

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

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

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

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

5) The bare minimum requirement for this RP experience is that the subject matter contains species transformation (changing of one species to another) and some hypnosis. If you do not

enjoy or at least tolerate either of those kinks, this might not be the experience for you.

And remember, that IS ok.

Artie:

I have finished reading the terms, and I accept all of them  
You said I could go as a pseudonym can you refer to me as just Artie?

Terinas:

Sure, that's more than fine! Alright, it's time to begin! Loading MoreauGame.Exe...

1) Welcome to Character Creation for The Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau.

*Before you can play this "Game", you must spend some time in the "Config Menu" making a few selections for your character.* The first thing we need to do is **calibrate the Genderometer**. Gender of all the characters in this Dungeon are dependent on player desire. Let me go over your options: You can choose to push the Genderometer's lever to the Left to activate All-Male Mode. You can choose to shove the switch to the Right to activate All-Female Mode. Leave the Lever in the Center Position to activate All-Natural gender mode, which leaves all characters their normal gender. Or pull the lever Down to activate Rule 63 mode (All character genders inverted). Or, you can toggle the lever Up to activate the rarely seen Herm Mode (All characters are hermaphroditic, including cuntboys, dickgirls, and all manner in-between). Lastly, if you have a special request, you can ignore the lever entirely and push the "Special Request" button to the right of the lever on your Config Console if you'd like something more nuanced and want to eschew the gender binary entirely.

Artie:

I'd like to push the lever to the left please, **male characters only**. It's okay if there are a few female characters sprinkled in, I just don't prefer them in a lewd sense.

Also, would you prefer me to rp this line?

Terinas:

Only if you want to. I'm just being colorful in writing.

2) Ok! The next one will require a bit more thought. **You need to specify two things into the Kinkulator Machine**. The first:

*Please list what kinks/fetishes you would like included in this Run of the Mad Mansion:*

(Please note that not all fetishes requested will necessarily appear, especially if you give a longer list of them. I will try my best, but I can't include a million kinks without making the story longer than it needs to be. As a general rule of thumb, the less kinks you list, the more likely they'll be worked in)

*Secondly, please list what kinks/fetishes you would NOT like included in this run:*

(The second list includes things the machine should specifically avoid working in. Any kinks not listed here will be considered fair game, so be as specific as possible!)

Artie:

**Kinks to include:**

- >Medium- Heavy bondage, all the way to immobilization
- >Pup play
- >Forced submission
- >Latex/ rubber, and droneification
- >Latex/ goo creatures
- >Chastity, null bulges, orgasm denial
- >Musk play
- >Reprogramming
- >Milking
- >Diapers, watersports
- >Bad endings

**Kinks not to include:**

- >Death, vore
- >Excessive pain
- >Scat outside of a diaper context
- >objectification

Terinas:

Noted. <3

Terinas:

3) Perfect! Now for the **gameification** aspect of the experience! You will be playing a "Character", normally starting out human, who may need to sometimes take actions with chances of failure. As such, **your avatar has a simple set of statistics** we need to calibrate for the purposes of determining your chances of success or failure. *You have three numbers: 1, 2, and 3! 3 is the best, and 1 is the worst, while 2 is in-between. You need to assign each number to one of the following statistics: Body, Mind, and Skills.* Body is for physical traits: resisting poisons, climbing walls, feats of strength, fighting, wrestling, breaking things, and also sexual

stamina under pressure. Mind is for resisting brainwashing, understanding complicated principles, hacking, researching things, resisting possession, hypnosis, and corruption, as well as other intellectual pursuits. Skills is for dexterity and proficiency, such as picking locks, picking pockets, repairing broken things, sneaking around, catching thrown things, finding treasure, and so forth. **Keep in mind two things: One, that your character sadly can't be good at everything, and two, failure doesn't always have to be bad! Oftentimes failing will take you into interesting, amusing, or kinky new situations you couldn't have gotten into if you'd succeeded!** Choose wisely!

Artie:

Body- 2  
Mind- 1  
Skills- 3

Terinas:

4) Alright! So now that you've allocated your stats, *you're being given a bit more time to flesh out your character*, if you so choose. **Please now input into the machine any details you would like the game to take into account about your character!** At bare minimum, please pick an occupation for your character, but if you want to include a backstory of any length, you may. We cannot guarantee that your characters past will come into play within the walls of the Mansion, but it just might! And at bare minimum, your character's past history will give them advantages and disadvantages on certain rolls made during the adventure. Have fun with it, and don't feel pressured to include anything you don't want to include! You can get past this section just by saying "banker" or similar one word occupations, or you can give us a lot more if you so wish!

Artie:

Artie, a rather unremarkable person, average in seemingly both his stature and his habits, lived a rather normal life. The young man only recently having finished his studies, received an odd job bookkeeping at a small family owned library. His comfortable, but rather bland way of dressing usually meant he was ill-equipped should any rain come, however he was his most comfortable. with a simple pullover hoodie, and shorts.

In short terms, **a librarian.**

Terinas:

5) Great! Next up, *you need to specify what sorts of Anthropomorphic creatures you are personally ok with!* **This includes both being transformed into, and what species/range of species you're ok with playing with.** Keep in mind your character being transformed will be part of the experience! (Most players start out human in a purely human society, unless you

really want to start out furry!) If you want the Game to decide what species you transform into, you can specify you have no preference. Like with kinks chosen, this can affect what characters appear in your runthrough!

Artie:

I'd prefer to start as human, just about any creature is personally okay!  
I would prefer no taurs or multi limbed creatures though

Terinas:

Acknowledged!

6) Ok! Last question **is we need to determine how your character gets to the Mansion**. The Mansion of Dr. Moreau is at the center of disappearing persons cases that have been occurring over the past 10 years. Your character's initial goal, and one of the guaranteed ways to unlock a "good" ending, is to uncover the truth, and escape with proof of it. Other good endings are possible, but other outcomes also can lead to bad ends. Though you may find bad endings enjoyable... *so, how DID you come to the Mansion, anyway?* You have 4 options:

- 1) Your character was kidnapped in the night and brought to the mansion against their will for purposes unknown and must try to escape!**
- 2) Your character is a private investigator, concerned citizen, investigative reporter, or otherwise, visiting the seemingly-abandoned mansion to investigate the myriad of rumors about what happened ten years ago, or the strange signs of activity today.**
- 3) Your character has been hired as a handiperson, maid, or to fill some other job put out as a want ad in a local paper, coming to the mansion to work there.**
- 4) Write-in: Pencil in your character's own unique reason to go to the Mad Mansion!**

Artie:

4) is it possible to enter the mansion on the pretense of urban exploration or something like that? New to the town, Artie, hastily got a job as a librarian, but as luck would have it, the owner of that house has quite a few overdue books, and the unsuspecting bookkeep was sent to collect believing the mansion to be abandoned

Terinas:

Yes! That works well. Ok, that's it for Character Creation! With the arcade machine now tabulated, you can begin your descent into...

# The Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau

*\*Art Shark Session\**

## **Chapter 1: Library Infiltration Mission Start!**

- Night 1 -

- Moreau Estate: The Outside Wall -

The old mansion on the hill has been around for about twenty years now, on the outskirts of the old town of Whitetail Bluffs, California. The iron sign above the gates reads "The Moreau Mansion", so that's what people call it. Surrounded by large stone fences, the only road in or out locked behind an iron gate, people have wondered for years what happens up there. Certainly, there's no shortage of rumors: That it's been abandoned for years. That the constructor was a mad architect. That the government was doing something shady there. That it's haunted. That cats lurking under the manor steal people's breath while they're asleep. But they're all just rumors.

What ISN'T a rumor, however, is much more interesting. About ten years ago, the FBI swept into the area, establishing a blockade around the manor and having a manhunt with local police through the nearby woods. Suddenly, a number of Missing Person cases associated with the Manor that the police hadn't been talking about burst into the public eye via the media, yet hard facts were impossible to come by. Loud howls and crashing noises were sometimes heard from the woods at night, and lights were on in the mansion all evening.

And then, the FBI left one day, the police went back to what they were doing, and the story died. Quarantine notices were put around the walls of the manor. Lights still were on at night. Strange noises still came from the grounds around the manor, but no one was allowed in. No one, save for trucks that came in and then out every two weeks or so.

For the past 10 years, the Mansion has been the subject of every rumor imaginable, from aliens to ghosts to three headed monkey witches. But for the most part, it's been left alone.

Until tonight...

Tonight, someone would come to the mansion from the outside world. Alone and unaffiliated, entering on a whim to investigate an old mansion. Standing outside the locked front gates, staring up at a single lit room inside, that someone is...

#### Artie:

Artie looked through the cold wrought-iron gates, a small smile touching his lips. The lanky man, in his early 20s had come dressed for the weather, his windbreaker flapping in the breeze, the tall sturdy oaks around him rustling like hushed whispers in the night.

There was something in the air, an electric feeling, charged and waiting as he peered in, at the warm yellow glow seeping from behind the curtains that shrouded the inside of the mansion. A sense of giddy filled him. Sure, he knew about the disappearances that had occurred, but none of that really bothered him. That was ten years ago now, it had all happened when he was just a boy.

There was one rumor though, that had stuck with him. One tends to pick up such rumors when working in a public place. The young librarian had heard stories from the other attendants about the grand library of Moreau, bookshelves touching the ceiling, the whole place a wealth of knowledge just waiting to be tapped, to be shared.

Just one night... In and out. To confirm his suspicions of course. he wouldn't extend his stay, and besides the lights were probably automated anyways. Likely some anti-burglary device had been set up to dissuade the avid urban adventurer.. but Artie was determined.

#### Terinas:

The first major hurdle for Artie to jump would be the problem of getting in. A large stone wall stretched along the perimeter of a vast courtyard around the mansion, which Artie had seen driving up towards the old, abandoned mansion in the woods. The front gates were both wrought-iron and shut. A small black speaker box was positioned next to them with two buttons: "Call" in Gray and "Emergency" in Red. There was no visible lock on the gates, and half the call box's speaker had been covered by one of many biohazard posters that had been pasted on the walls, most of which were so worn with age and weathering that they were almost unreadable.

Climbing the walls might be possible, or trying to figure out how to unlock the gates. There was also the speaker box itself to consider... and, if Artie was willing to walk along the outer wall to the east through the darkened woods, there was one other option... a large crumbled bit where the wall looked like it had been shattered, now low enough for someone to step through.

That was a long, dark walk through the woods to get to, though.

What did he do?

Artie:

Artie was incredibly tempted to press the call button. It was, after all, the easy way through. However, if he was supposed to be wary like the many well worn biohazard posters proclaimed, he had best avoid detection anyways. Clicking on a flashlight from his backpack, (Similarly full with a bottle of water, two protein bars, and a change of socks (Because well, wet feet were just the WORST) Artie snuck off into the woods, tracing the wall into the wood. His bright red windbreaker, while warm, was a clear indicator of his location, so he was touchy when he used his flashlight, only turning it on when the terrain got harder to handle.

Terinas:

*Ok! Please roll a Skills check. Roll 3d6 (1d6 per point, and your Skills Rating is 3 Points) to sneak around and move silently through the woods to avoid danger.*

Artie:

**[Rolled a 13.]**

Terinas:

It was a long, tense hike through the woods.

Even with the wall to follow as a guide, everything looked strange at night. He kept hearing strange rustling sounds, and more than once thought he heard growling or howling too close in the distance. The only time it was ever close enough, however, for him to fear for his own safety was the time he got the biggest scare.

He heard a rustling in bushes to one side of him. Turning his flashlight towards them, Artie saw a distinct shape. Like a wolf, but... oddly misshapen. The back footpaws looked weird. The fur was a pale pink-white color.

But before he could scrutinize it, it darted off away from the light, far too quickly for him to chase.

**[Achievement Unlocked! "What was THAT?!?" Saw your first odd thing in or around the Mansion]**

Eventually, however, he reached the broken part of the wall. Debris was scattered along the outsides of the wall, all throughout the clearing in the forest. Trees and vines were growing over the gap, spilling into the Mansion's Courtyard. Weeds were slipping in.

And so could Artie.



He saw the Courtyard ahead of him. Vast deserts of tallish grass and open space, dotted with "Oases" of small ponds with trees and flowering bushes around them. From here, Arti had a better picture of the whole eastern side of the Mansion.

The Mansion itself seemed to be a four story building. The light he saw was on the fourth floor. The front of the mansion had a walkway stretching up to a large wooden Deck, that ended in the Front Doors of the mansion. To the East side of the front doors was a two story concrete Parking Garage built into the Mansion's grounds itself. A road ran from the Front Gates he'd bypassed to this same parking garage. The backyard seemed to be dominated by an Olympic sized swimming pool, still full after all these years it seemed.

He could also sneak around to the West side of the mansion, where he'd seen a green house and what looked like a barn attached to the mansion itself.

How did he try to get in?

Artie:

Artie slipped through the overgrown vine filled crag in the wall, wincing as a branch crunched loudly underfoot, but he was in the clear. He thought back to the creature in the woods... It must have been his imagination... Right? The man shook his head dissuading the very thought. It must have been his imagination, or some lost dog scrounging for scraps.

Making his way cautiously through the underbrush, Artie neared the eastern side of the mansion, his path somewhat illuminated by lightning bugs as they drifted lazily in the night air... The more harsh wind had died down at least for now.

Artie knew the mansion, being old, might have an external cellar; many buildings had built into them some hidden trapdoor along the side or back of the house for easy entry. It was especially useful when a tornado came; so that's what he immersed himself in looking for. After all if he was to remain undetected, waltzing through the front door wouldn't be the best course of action. Glancing back up to the light several stories up, he squinted, searching it for any signs of movement. A moment later, he began settling back to his chore, looking through the brush.

Terinas:

There was no sign of movement from the light on the 4th floor.

Artie walked into the Courtyard, walking through grass that ran halfway up to his knees as he explored. Every rustle of something seemed alarming. Every snapping twig or owl hooting was enough to send a shiver up his spine. Watching the edges of the mansion he looked for something like a cellar. The entire eastern side of the mansion was dominated by the parking garage... and the backyard looked mostly to be pool.

Along the front of the mansion, he eventually saw it. A large, nearly horizontal set of doors built onto the side of the mansion's front yard, two doors that led to some kind of cellar. A perfect entry point, off on the western side of the mansion, near the Barn and the Greenhouse.

However, as he got close, he saw they were chained shut. A combination lock sealed the wooden doors shut.

*[You can try to use a Skill check to unlock the lock and open the Cellar, or you can try another way in. Be warned, a failed skill check takes up time...]*

Artie:

A smile dominated Artie's face as he came upon the cellar doors. Then he saw the chains threaded through the handles, which made his smile quickly fade. But only for a moment. Acting quickly, he knelt down, shooting a few fleeting glances over his shoulder, before gingerly taking the lock in his hand while trying not to make too much noise.

A rock in his other hand, he worked at prying the locking mechanism open, working adeptly even while on edge all the while. A detail was prying at his composure: Something was out in the forest, and he got in, so logically, it could too.

**[Rolled a 14]**

Terinas:

(Good luck, by the way. <3 There's plenty of ways to win. And lose. And win while losing.)

Artie:

(Thanks :3 I take it imma need it hahaha)

Terinas:

(You are admittedly the first person to look for a cellar entrance. Never thought I'd get to use that room!)

Artie was able to use a thin, rigid sliver of stone to pry and break open the lock holding the chains in place. Though it took considerable effort and was a bit time consuming. However, it was all worth it when he felt the infrastructure of the lock give away, allowing him access to the inner workings. With the knowledge on locks he'd read up on, he worked to jimmy the lock itself until it released. He was only a few unwound chains away from getting into the basement, and-

**“AWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”**

Then there was a howl.

Wolves. There were WOLVES in the area. And, more's the point, they sounded closer than Artie may have wanted them to be. Even worse, he heard a repeated rustling of grasses through the lawn.

Perhaps the wolves were coming for him.

It seemed very much like he had just two choices: Either cut and run and try to outrun whatever was coming towards him, or unwind the chains binding the gates and hustle into the cellar.

Artie:

Artie's chest thumped in fear. His frantic eyes darting around behind him, at the grass, before his now trembling hands began unwinding the thick heavy chains, the loud metallic clang accompanying his hasty retreat. Not taking any time, he went to throw the doors open, his heart practically in his throat. This place was meant to be abandoned, but he wasn't expecting this much trouble! Wolves?? No- He had to get away, entreat to the safety of the cellar. Artie flung open the doors to the cellar, throwing himself headfirst into the dark storage space, the light from the stars above falling away as he tumbled, awash in the smell of old must and moth eaten clothing.

Terinas:

Artie worked to unchain the door, while he heard the rustling noises getting louder. Something was padding up towards him with the speed of a charging predator. He unwound one loop of chain.

He heard panting noises.

The second loop of chain got loose.

And he could swear he smelled some wild beast.

And then the third. He had freed the Cellar Doors from their bindings.

Opening them, he quickly flung himself in.

-----

*- Moreau Estate: The Cellar -*

Artie found himself sliding down a ladder, landing on his feet with only a little "thunk" against the dull gray concrete of the floor. The fall was just enough to make the dismount uncomfortable but not nearly enough to risk any serious form of injury. Above him, he heard something slam into

the cellar doors, making them rattle and shake. There was a whimpering sound and scraping of claws against wood. But it seemed like whatever was out there, for the moment, couldn't get in after him.

The Cellar was unlit and dark. Artie couldn't see much with just his flashlight, but a fine layer of dust seemed to be covering most things. There were several rows of shelves filled with mason jars of oddly colored goops and gunks on them. He saw what looked like a few huge baby toys, like an enormous tricycle and a large baby doll poking out of a pile of cardboard boxes in one corner of the room. There was a table in another corner of the room with what looked like a broken leg supported by stacked books. On top of it were two sheets of paper that looked creased around the edges. In the dark, he couldn't see anything written on them, if anything was.

Along the floor, he could see footprints in the dust. The prints, however, looked almost like odd, misshapen shoes that were more ovular and less rectangular than a human foot had placed them. It was almost like someone had made a shoe made for an animal's paw. Either way, they led towards the other side of the cellar, where a wooden staircase went upwards towards a set of double doors to the main area of the Mansion

#### Artie:

Letting out a loud gasp of relief, Artie looked back up at the cellar doors, shielding his eyes as a shower of dust fell on him, the man finally catching his breath as he heard the wild pass on, at least for now.

Artie lingered in the cellar, groaning as he straightened up, observing his surroundings. His flashlight dimly illuminated his surroundings, flecks of dust drifting lazily around like snowflakes through the floorboards above.

As his light passed through the preserving jars, odd yellow green silhouettes of their contents were displayed like ghastly shadows on the walls. His vision ever focused on the epicenter of light, before he made his way to the sheets of paper on the table, his hands slowly, running over the well worn pages, his gaze passing over the cardboard boxes, but he would come back to those later.

#### Terinas:

*(You may make a Skills check to see if you find anything of interest beyond what I've told you about in the room, if Artie decides to spend some time searching.)*

The jars were, as Artie shined his light on them, oddly disappointing. The ones he checked all seemed to be, of all things, fruit preserves. Jams and jellies of various sorts, labeled in faded black sharpie marker along the metal lids of the jars. Some of them were even very exotic... he

saw boysenberry, elderberry, and even some weird ones labeled in different languages than English.

The slips of paper, meanwhile, appeared to be notes. The first one was written in a smudgy red material that smelled like decaying strawberries, and read, quite simply:

**"They**

**come**

**when**

**you're**

**asleep"**

In uneven spacing. It almost looked like someone painted it on the page with their finger.

The other page, meanwhile, looked like something more official. A note with a letterhead reading "*From the Desk of Dr. M.*", with the rest of the letter typed beneath it. The page was yellowed and the edges curled, but it was still readable:

**"Internal Memo:**

**Effective immediately I am once more in charge of the Generation 3 development project, replacing the late Dr. Fisk. Lab C will not be repaired due to budgetary concerns, and remaining experimentation will be conducted in a more secure facility. Also, Gen. 3-37 and Gen. 3-42 have been recaptured and secured. There will be no interaction with either without my express consent and proper security precautions put into place ahead of time.**

**Lastly, an audit of expenses is being conducted to ensure we are still a valuable asset. Please make sure to be compliant with the requests of the Auditor sent out to our little project, and DO NOT TOUCH THEM.**

**- Dr. M"**

Artie:

**[Rolled a 4]**

Artie spent some time looking around from his point at the desk, finally noticing the oddly shaped footprints on the floor. His own rubber soled footprints crossed over them in an odd pattern, as if outlining the difference in size and shape. The sheer difference sent a chill through him.

He didn't quite know what to make of the notes. Was this place a lab of some kind? And "Gen 3-37" and "3-42"... How many more could there be at this point? Either way, he was going to be careful. And not sleep, apparently.

Artie dragged a finger along the first note, the jam smearing at his touch slightly. It was mostly dry, almost like the dry cellar had dehydrated it, preserving the message. He wasn't sure what the first note quite meant but it sent shivers down his spine as he stared at it. Taking the note, he folded it gingerly, and tucked it away into his pocket... He might figure out what exactly it meant later.

Stepping away from the desk, he turned around and swept his flashlight across the room. Artie now went over to the large boxes of babyish toys, which seemed discountable. They were probably just discarded as the inhabitants of the house outgrew them; however looking through the boxes of toys and other junk might offer new clues as to just what was going on in the mansion. His hands lightly brushed the dust off the cardboard boxes as he opened them slowly, as if with a sense of reverence.

#### Terinas:

Searching the room, Artie didn't find anything particularly interesting he hadn't already at least noticed.

The boxes, meanwhile, were an odd melange of different things. One box was full of what appeared to be almost oversized baby toys: Colorful jingly keys, enormous building blocks, dolls and baby bottles... but everything was a bit bigger than you might have expected it to be. Were Artie a bit shorter he could've tried riding the trike, for example.

Another box was filled with... what appeared to be pairs of blue jeans, with holes torn in the backsides of them, just above the back pockets.

And a third box was stocked with old, dusty books. Many of which seemed to be old science publications of different disciplines... Artie saw chemistry, biology, even some physics books.

Other books had other assorted knickknacks in them. He saw a box containing all sorts of rather lewd sex toys (Including a mostly-full tube of "lubricant") while another had woman's underthings in a variety of sizes. Another box had what looked like a fake bearskin rug in it.

All in all, mostly it seemed like just general junk.

Artie:

Artie let out a short sigh, passing it on, nothing really noteworthy other than the large kiddy stuff but that really wasn't of any use to him. He half considered taking the lubricant, maybe he could use it to oil hinges to stop them from squeaking or something, however the chances of him actually needing the stuff were slim to none... Besides chances are he wouldn't need it. And he didn't fancy taking lube from some guys creepy basement.

He did run his paws over the bearskin rug though, smiling at the soft fur, before he stood back up from his spot kneeling on the ground, to head to the large double doors, the exit to the cellar. He did however snag a jar of jam on his way, stuffing it into his bag. While he did take some food, with the secrets this place had in store he didn't actually know how long he'd stay now...

Artie:

(If you don't mind me asking how close were those wolves out in the backyard? If I had chosen to run how far would I have made it?)

Terinas:

(Oh, those weren't wolves. But if you'd run, you would've had to make several successive **Body Checks** to try to escape.)

Artie:

(Weren't they wolves?)

Terinas:

(What I mean is that it was something stalking you, and it was meant to be seen as wolves. Though Artie never saw a wolf, did he? And the one thing he did see seemed oddly shaped...)

Terinas:

*- Moreau Estate 1F: The Western Hallway -*

The doors to the cellar opened up with a loud, slow creaking noise, into a wide stretching hallway. A long stretching red carpet ran down the center of varnished wooden floors, stretching off in either direction. Portraits hung on the walls, portraying foxes, wolves, and other animals in various natural scenes. A nameplate on the doors he emerged from clearly labeled the room: "**Cellar**".

There were other doors stretching out on either side of the human, each labeled with a similar silver nameplate. He could see a metal door marked "**Lab C**" on the far western end, right next

to a door at the end of the hall labeled as "**Barn Access**". Closer to him, he saw a door labeled as "**Non-Essential File Storage**" and another one opposite to it reading "**1st Floor Bathroom**". Lastly, he could see on the far eastern end of the hallway a door at the end labeled as "**Main Hall**", which was left half ajar.

And then, a bright, cheery voice echoed from down the hall, through that half-ajar door.  
"Helloooooooo? Golly, is there someone there? I didn't think anyone was up this late? Are you ok?"

Artie:

Artie let out a short gasp. Someone was here? That couldn't be right! All the lights were off! Who was this person?!? Cautiously, he peered his head out from behind the door in the direction of the voice, however he couldn't discern the form from the dark of the hallway, the distance turning it all into a dark expanse, the colors all muddled together. Clicking his flashlight off silently, he crept slowly to the other side of the hall. Surely the person had heard him open the door, so going back into the cellar would only get him caught!

No, he had to move.

The man crossed the hallway slowly but surely, making his way into the bathroom, his heart racing. If he got caught, he might even go to jail! This was a bad, bad idea.

Terinas:

"Hello? Is anyone there?" The voice, which sounded somewhat androgynous, was getting closer. Reaching the bathroom, Artie tore the door open and ducked inside. The bathroom was a single open stall, with a sit down toilet, a urinal, a sink, a mirror above it, and a large changing table.

And a woman sitting on the toilet.

The human woman had black hair done up in a bun, and a pair of small spectacles perched on a cream-colored nose. She stared up at Artie with brown eyes, blinking for a moment as if unable to process what she was seeing. After another moment, she reached down below her black skirt to pull up a pair of green Pouchmon-print panties up, a blush crossing her face. "Be absolutely silent if you don't want to get caught." She hissed towards Artie, her tone quiet and muffled. "Stand still and don't say a word."

Artie:

Artie stood aghast as he looked at the woman, his jaw dropped before he turned his head aside sheepishly, not making a noise. He looked down at his shoes awkwardly, wanting to speak to her, but incredibly embarrassed about the situation.



His face burning with a blush, he held his tongue. He had so many questions, but for now he held his tongue, his heartbeat loud in his head as he strained to hear any meager footstep or call from outside the room

Who was this lady and why was she here?

Does she know what the experiments were?

And... What did she mean not get caught? Was she hiding too?

Terinas:

The woman put a finger to her lips, as Artie heard footsteps down the hall. "Hellooooo? Is anyone down there?"

The woman cupped her hands up around her lips. "I'm in the bathroom, Pokey! Don't mind me, I just thought I left something down in the cellar!"

There was a sound like a confused whimper. "Oh, golly! Ok, Miss Kim! Just don't stay up too late, okies?"

And then, footsteps going away.

The woman, apparently named Kim, looked up at Artie. "What the hell are you doing here?" She hissed.

Artie:

Artie looked back at the woman, brushing his blond hair away from his face. "I- I was just-" He seemed to fumble for words as he aimlessly gestured behind him to nowhere in particular "-I'm looking for aaaaa library? I-" He looked back at the closed door, as if he was trying to look through it back into the hallway, a lost expression on his face "So, uh, who's 'Pokey'?"

Artie shifted uncomfortably with his backpack, sizing the woman up

Terinas:

"Don't go out there!" Kim spat quickly, reaching a hand up for him. "Just- ok, you're looking for a library, right? If you just wait a few minutes, I'll take you to one, ok? And Pokey's just the butler. He was locking up everything for the night." Kim was about a head shorter than Artie, with long black hair done up in a bun. A white labcoat was hung up on a hook next to the toilet she was seated on, and underneath it she wore a powder-blue tank top with more Pouchmon, those cute collectible video game monsters, printed on it. A black skirt and slender body completed the image. She looked vaguely of Asian descent, although the specific ethnicity was hard to tell just off of view. "If it helps you get in and out without causing a fuss, I'll show you the library, sure."

Artie:

Artie paused, eying her lab coat suspiciously, before reaching into his pocket pulling out the report he'd found in the cellar, which he had neatly folded up before. He passed it to her curiously, watching her expression to see if she recognised it at all. "Actually, uh, there was one other thing. When I came in, I actually found this weird note in the cellar. Does it mean anything to you? It's really weird. Oh! I also found another note that says: 'they come in the night', for some reason?" He coughed. "I think it was written in jam but are you sure you're safe here?"

Artie's hazel eyes held a genuine concern as he eyed her over. However she did seem to know her way around as well. The man resolved to himself that he'd better not get too close to her.

Terinas:

Looking over the note, Kim frowned. "Looks, uh, really old. Maybe ten or twenty years. It's probably not relevant to anything now." She shrugged and handed it back. The second note, however, made her raise an eyebrow at him. "I'm fine here. The only one in any danger is you, to be honest." She narrowed her green eyes. After a moment, she pushed herself up to her feet. "Alright. Are you ready to get going?"

Artie:

Artie adjusted his backpack, flattening out his bright red rain jacket. "Yeah... I'm all set to get going, I think." He folded the notes both back up, stuffing it back into his khaki cargo shorts. "Oh and I'm sorry about uhm, walking in on you."

Artie turned a sheepish glance to Kim, before turning the doorknob slowly, leaving the safety of the bathroom.

Terinas:

Kim nodded as she followed Artie out into the hallway. "Alright. Well, the Great Library is on the second floor, we'll have to pass through the Main Hall to get there, as I'm pretty sure the West Stairwell is booby-trapped and Pokey's probably locking up the East Hallway." With a yawn, she walked forward, leading him down the hallway.

The **Main Hall** was a large, lavishly decorated old-Victorian room, with no shortage of decorations. Two spiral staircases rose from the first floor up to the second, and between them were three doors, labeled "**Janitor's Closet**", "**Storage**" and "**Boardroom**", respectively. Down a central hallway were the two double-doors leading to the front of the mansion.. and opposite to the **Western Hall** they came out of, Artie could see an **Eastern Hall** door as well.

It was then that it happened. The front doors to the manor slammed open, as Artie saw what he could only describe as a bright pink furred anthropomorphic poodle... in a green camo skirt and vest. "WHERE IS ZE INTRUDER?!?" Growled the creature, sniffing the air before turning to glare at both him and Kim.

[Reference Art: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/24782821/> ]

Artie:

Artie's eyes practically bulged out of his head as the poodle burst through the door...

He had hardly any time to observe his surroundings before the door loudly announced it's arrival. It was like nothing he had ever seen before! He had heard old myths of werewolves and the like before, but this? No. This couldn't be right. The young man tried to make himself seem smaller, ducking behind Kim swiftly his heart again pounding in his throat...

"What's the deal with this place?"

In one hand, Artie readied his flashlight should he need to make a swift getaway into the dark reaches of the mansion, or smack the poodle upside the head. Whatever he committed to doing, it would have to happen fast, depending on how well the dog could see through the dark.

Terinas:

The poodle's head jerked towards Artie. He was definitely seen. As he stared at them, the poodle reached into a pocket, pulling out a large syringe filled with a pale green fluid... and then charged towards him with it.

*(Make a Body roll to avoid the poodle's attack, and another if you want to attack back)*

Artie:

**[Rolled a 6]**

(On a successful roll I think I'd rather run than fight if he has something possibly lethal like a syringe)

Terinas:

(That's probably smart. I'm rolling their Body Check now!)

Artie:

(Is the needle gonna zonk me or transform me? o3o)

Terinas:

**[The Poodle-Creature rolled a 10]**

The poodle-creature snarled at Artie, lunging forward as Kim shouted and Artie tensed his body. With one vigorous motion, they jammed the syringe into Artie's body. He felt his skin around the injection point starting to grow numb. A moment later, his body was growing stiff and he felt darkness gathering around the edges of his vision.

He probably had just enough adrenaline and energy left to do one thing, before he passed out...

Artie:

Artie let out a loud gasp as pain shot through his tensed right arm, before it was just... gone.

He let out a short scream of pain and surprise, but he couldn't hear himself, just his heartbeat, loud in his ears.

Time ticked by slowly.

He was falling backwards.

It was hard to see. He reached out, trying to hold onto Kim to steady himself, but failed to. A moment later he was hitting the ground. He landed on his back with a loud shattering noise, the jam in his pack bursting into the million pieces. Thick red strawberries oozed out from underneath him...

...As the world finally turned dark.

Terinas:

"Moreau's log. Despite not initially planning for it, we have acquired a new specimen for the next test of Generation 3.5 treatment." A pair of golden paws bent down to scoop up the unconscious body of Artie. "There'll be people yelling at me later for this security breach, but shit happens." And then slung the tranquilized, unconscious man over his shoulder feeling jam sliding down his back as he carried him along. "...damn it this was a new labcoat. Anyway, I'll have to have a word with some people about tightening up security. I should have known having Alouette and Pepper watching the yards would be pointless. If it's just the two of them they won't work together. I'm convinced Pepper keeps sneaking out of the grounds to go hunting."

Buttons on a keypad were beeped. A door opened. An elevator dinged. "This subject, to be codenamed **Splashes**, will be designated as **Subject 3.5.4** in our official documentation." An elevator went down. Then stopped, a short time later. "The donor for this experiment will be

*Galeocerdo Cuvier*. Unlike before, I will be allowing this subject to roam freely during treatment, to stress-test the safeguards I've built into this strain of 3.5.4."

A door was opened. Machinery gleamed in the darkened room. A padded table, restraints affixed in certain places, was approached. "It is my hope that this variant of 3.5 Treatment will not have the... side effects the previous variants did. Regardless, to ensure some level of compliance and monitor for any odd quirks of adapting anatomy such as what has happened before, conditioning will be performed, just in case. This is as per SOP, for those who would review these logs later. Stuffy bean counting assholes. Yes, I'm talking to you." Artie's body was stripped of any clothing, legs spread apart. Leather straps were affixed to the arms and legs. Holding him down tight.

Needles connected to tubes filled with colored liquids were pushed into veins. "To better help cope with the... side effects of the treatment, user's conditioning, as before, will include pansexual training." Eyelids were pried open. A pair of goggles was pressed down over a motionless face. Earbuds were tucked into ears. And tubes were pushed into the nostrils. "Particularly towards myself. Can't have another Bandit running around. Not that my cat and mouse with that one isn't entertaining... and useful."

Small wires and nodes were affixed on places around the man's genitals. A piston, ending in a silicon toy, was positioned right between the man's cheeks. An engine was attached. "Initiating final stages of the process. Generation 3.5 Treatment proceeding as planned."

The goggles sprang to life. A shimmering kaleidoscope of colors flashed against the man's eyes, while music pumped through the earbuds, subliminal whispers of "Relax and listen, listen and obey, relax and listen, listen and obey" danced through the man's subconscious mind. It was shortly afterwards that figures began to appear in front of the prismatic array of colors. It was tame at first: Men and women, perfectly naked, fucking each other. Often in different poses, or in multiple groups. But the images flashing began to change, slowly but surely. The men grew... fuzzier. Or scaliier. Or had feathers running down their arms. And the women followed suit: Beaks or snouts or scales or kitty ears. "This is what you desire... this is what turns you on..." words whispered into the unconscious man's mind. While at the same time, pleasure pushed through his cock from the stimulation of the tools affixed against it, buzzing and vibrating to try and help a besieged mind associate the depravity with the pleasure his meat was feeling. The process may have continued for hours. Or maybe minutes. For the unconscious, dreaming mind, would it be possible to tell?

At some point the piston sprung to life, a silicon dildo sliding in and out of his lubed up hole, again in time with the buzzing and stimulation against his cock. Again as words whispered in his ears of how wonderful it was. How pleasurable he felt it. And all while he witnessed scenes of men and women being claimed and fucked in the same position that the toy was penetrating him.

But this was not all that was happening. Merely what the subconscious mind was cognizant of. The man's ears trembled, flesh reweaving and reknitting itself. The man's teeth developed fangs, as a long, striped tail began to sprout out of his backside, stripes slowly moving up his back. Small slits began to form along his neck, as his ears began to shift and develop points. The forming, rubbery tail stretched outward, forming fins at the edges of it.

The process was beginning. The human was... becoming something new.

Eventually, the images he was being bombarded with began to change. images of a naked, muscular lion-man, his fur that of polished gold. His muzzle wearing an arrogant grin. Flexing. Stroking his bare shaft. Pleasuring others. "This is your master... you love and obey him..." The words hidden in the soothing music flooded his mind... and puffs of feline musk pushed through the tubes in his nostrils and into his mind.

The night was long and hard, and milked the man of his spunk more than once...

(Ok, if you read through all of, thank you. TLDR: Man strapped to a table, bombarded with mental and physical changes. **[ALL FURTHER OOC DATA ON MECHANICS REDACTED]** Also, Artie will awaken the next morning in a soft bed, in a room he has never seen before, with a shark's tail and stripes forming along his back, arms, and legs in the skin. He'll also have wet the bed. Like a baby. Please give him a dream!)

Artie:

**[Rolled a 4 for a Mind Check to resist hypnosis.]**

Artie:

Artie was falling.

The sky around him a myriad of colors around him, sheets and ribbons of whimsical clouds painted elegant colors, the whole world flashing and throbbing with light around him.

It was relaxing, and wonderful, like he was basking in a permanent afterglow. Suddenly though, he was past the clouds, and the world started to grow darker... It was cold... No... Where was he? The mansion... Was he still?

Artie looked down. Rippling waves beneath him tossed and churned around, white water cresting on the choppy surface, a pit falling in his stomach

The wind whipped at him harshly as he plummeted... Then...

Impact.

Artie sunk like a stone, his eyes going wide as his lungs screamed for air! But the water wasn't cold. It was thick and syrupy like swimming through pudding. Finally, he couldn't take the pressure anymore, and gasped for air. He could breathe just fine! His eyes opening up beneath the waves, and he started to paddle his way upwards before a large shark consumed his vision. It wasn't a normal shark though...

An odd cross of shark and human, with soft rippling fur that swayed through the waves.

The shark embraced him, pulling the two together and nothing seemed to matter anymore. The two melded into one as a sexual rush ran through Artie, jolts of ecstasy running along his spine, his whole body prickling in pleasure as he gasped and moaned beneath the waves, now a combination of the two.

No longer himself but something... different.

Flashes of naked bodies assaulted his mind, he pushed hard at first, blocking it out as heterosexual images pressed themselves into his mind, but he relaxed when large men filled his field of view, the shark man laying suspended beneath the waves.

He could smell them, he lusted for them so bad... Taking a paw he stroked himself off slowly, the pair climaxing over and over again in the water as one male in particular filled Artie's mind.

A golden lion..

The shark curled up on the lions lap.

It just felt right, getting pet softly by the lion... Just listen and obey...

The dream faded as quickly as it had come, Artie laying now in a soft bed, but something was off... The sheets were... Wet?

No. That was just the dream... and what a sweet one it had been.

The shark rolled over under the blankets hugging his pillow close, oblivious to the world around him.

**[End Chapter 1]**