

(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 3: Meeting Master Moreau

Terinas:

Previously on "The Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau":

Artie flushed as the moment was already over the soft crinkly diaper trapping his now diminishing albeit still throbbing member. It felt good, the sweet smelling powder making it feel softer and warmer. He giggled back covering his face again in embarrassment "You know I don't make puddles all the time." He whined already feeling more submissive, smaller. "N-no I can pull on my pants by myself, I'm notta baby! I'm only wearing this because I haaave to. Don't you think it's any other way, ya hear that Pokes?"

Pokey nodded then, tossing the assless chaps to Artie while waddling over towards the rolling cart of food. "Sure you are, Artie! Now hurry up an' get dressed! Daddy said that if I don't get you to him in an hour we're both in trouble, an' it's been forty minutes already!" He whimpered. "Oh, an' keep that nappy on! You have to wear it for being naughty."

And now, the thrilling continuation!

Artie:

Artie groaned the diaper and his tail were certainly something he would have to get used to... If the shark had half the mind to, he would have taken off the diaper then and there. But it really WAS a good replacement for his underwear. Or, at least, the best one on hand... God he disliked his new tail!

He clumsily pulled the leather chaps on, the tight pants smaller than his frame hugging his legs, and even more embarrassing, his thick diaper contouring it within the shiny black confines the

light of the room clearly illuminating the bulky undergarment. He huffed as he waddled off after Pokey. "And who do you mean by Daddy?? Is he the person who owns this place?"

Artie took a stray muffin, snacking on it absentmindedly, crumbs of the blueberry and raspberry dough crumbling onto his shirt. He didn't seem to notice the crumbs, more fixated on correcting his stride. With the new limb growing from his back, he found he was having to press his legs tightly together just to walk at a normal pace.

Terinas:

The outfit left little to the imagination. The assless chaps clearly indicated the diaper's crotch (which was printed with little pastel blue-white fishes, now that he looked at it) and the rump were on full display. He couldn't help but crinkle as he walked, and the thick padding spread his legs slightly apart. It was going to be obvious to anyone who looked at him what he was wearing for underwear. There was no hiding it, and right now he looked like some kind of punk baby.

At least he had something that fit over his tail, though.

"His" tail. It was odd that he'd had it for less than a day, but it felt entirely natural. He could move it around with a thought, just like his arm. As easily as one could breath. Or if he didn't think about it, it would move on it's own, based on his mood. The rudder at the end, long and wide, twitched at his thoughts. He could feel sensations through it... and the new limb was both very weird but oddly natural at the same time.

Pokey led the way, his own padding, now more swollen against his onsie, clearly used and squishing against his legs as he waddled around into a large hallway going to the left and right. "Daddy owns the mansion. I'm Pokey Moreau!" He said, tail wagging and diaper crinkling and squishing as he waved Artie towards a large metal door marked as "East Stairwell". "An' then I have momdaddy Moreau, an' my... um, brother Bandit..." He giggled. "An' all the other friends that live with us in the mansion!" After a moment, he added as an afterthought. "Careful down the stairwell. The lights are broken again, so cling to a railing and let yourself go slow down the stairs. We have to get to the first floor, and your room is on the third."

Pokey talked in the darkness, his slitted eyes glinting as they walked downwards. "Anyways, Daddy said he needed t'meet with you when you woke up. 'bout lotta important stuff, but I'm too little t'get to know what it is." He whimpered a bit. "But first I was 'sposta feed you, not play with you like that. If we're late, it's 'cause it's my fault." his voice started to sound increasingly despondent. "A-am I a bad dog?"

Artie:

(Aweh he's just a friend now I feel baddd. Shouldnt have lewded my friend hahaha he's so pure.)

Terinas:

([Comment REDACTED Because it reveals details about Pokey the DM doesn't want future players to know!])

Artie:

Artie let out a short huff, of embarrassment, toying with his shirt collar.

This was all so blush-inducing! He didn't even need diapers and yet here he was... And anyone he might come across would be able to tell!

It wasn't even plain white like he originally thought.

His face burned bright red before he pushed those feelings aside, looking at the dogs fleeing from heading down the stairs. Artie followed along after him at his heels, the diaper making him take awkward steps downwards into the dark

"No. Of course you're not a bad dog! You're a great friend pokey!"

He couldn't tell what it was but it was something deep down inside of Artie, some sixth sense that he liked the dog. That they were meant to be friends.

He shook his head, before rushing down the stairs into the inky dark. A mischievous look played along his face, Pokey falling away behind him with the fading light. "C'mon Pokey we gotta hurry then I can't let you get into trouble!!" He kept on without a sense of disabandon hoping Pokey would rush along after.

Terinas:

Pokey yipped and ran behind him. "Wait! It's dangerous running down stairs in the dark!" He whimpered, before the pair of them burst out into the...

- 1st Floor, East Hall -

Pokey yapped, grabbing Artie's shirt, and looking around. "This is the **East Hall**... Daddy's **Study** is here, next to the **Lounge**." The golden retriever boy pointed to a number of doors along the hall. One one end were doors with signs reading "**Moreau's Study**", then "**Lounge**", and then, after a large painting of a lion roaring on a cliff, there was a third room labeled as "**Electrical Room**", with a lock on the doorknob. The other end of the hall had a similar setup of doors: A door for the "**Eastern Stairwell**", then a "**Dining Room**", a "**Kitchen**" adjacent to it. and then lastly a "**Pantry**" next to the kitchen. At one end of the hall lay a door labeled "**Main Hall**" and on the other end was a door labeled as "**Garage Entrance**", a large glass door with a steel frame. The rest of the doors were wood, save for the stairwell's metal door. The floor was

hardwood, with a red carpet with frayed tassels on either end stretched along the center of the hall from end to end.

Running towards the door to Moreau's Study, Pokey opened a door that led to darkness. "Hurry! You gotta go in!"

Artie:

Artie turned around to cast a sideline glance at the golden Shepard. Pausing for a moment, he spent seconds looking around at the stairs before gazing back to the dog. "I thought we were going to see Moreau your... Your uhm- your- Your 'daddy'?" He fumbled with his words as he pointed at the other door. "Can't WE just go in to the study? I don't know why you're so hasty to go into the Lounge all of a sudden, but..." The sharkish human frowned slightly, before following Pokey into the room, looking out from the doorway. "Gosh what's got you all worked up all the sudden? Didja loose your ball?" The shark-man chuckled softly at his quip before turning his back to the hall, shooting a soft smirk in Pokey's direction. He wasn't intending to be mean, only trying to poke fun at the seemingly overreacting pupper.

Terinas:

Pokey blinked. "Oh, right!" He gave a nervous giggle. "Um, sorry." He walked away from the Lounge to open the door to "Moreau's Office". Which also led to darkness. There weren't any lights on. "Sorry about that! Daddy likes it dark in rooms when there isn't a need for light. Saves on energy, you know. And just in general. Too much light makes it hard for him to think he says." With a waggle, Pokey giggled. "And I'm 'sposta go back to my regular duties once you meet with him." He looked up. "But do you wanna pway tonight after my work is over? We can go to my room and I can show you my game systems!"

Artie:

(Aw heck... I wanna play but I need tonight to explore! Then again that note said 'they come in the night', didn't it? Maybe sleeping somewhere else could be beneficial.)

Terinas:

(I'll say this much: Each day is structured to allow you some freedom to explore, after an initial event, such as this meeting. You typically get to explore two to three things a day before "night" falls.)

Artie:

Artie beamed to Pokey. "I'd be glad to play some games tonight!" He thought back to the note... And to the events that had happened leading up to this morning. He was trying to put on a desperate face for the dog. "Do you think I can uhm... Sleep with you tonight? My room is way

too big and it's really scary there by myself..." The shark trailed off, even sniffing slightly for effect. He was gonna play Pokey like a fiddle. Besides it wasn't going to be all that bad anyways, Pokey was admittedly kinda hot, and it was scary being in such a big place just by himself.

Terinas:

Pokey's eyes went wide. He clapped his paws together, wagging his tail and giggling. "Yaaaaay!" He bounced eagerly, before leaning in and hugging Artie, while bouncing excitedly. "I can't wait! I can show you all my fun toys and my crib and all my games and-" he blinked. "Aww... I gotta go. Daddy's still expecting you. But I'll make sure we get to have a sleepover tonight!" He nodded, towards the door. "Ok, you gotta go in." He looked towards the door to Moreau's Office. "Daddy will be really mad if you don't."

Artie:

Artie gave a half smile in Pokey's direction, before he turned back to the office door, his tail flexing instinctively. He breathed out a short anxious sigh, before he cracked the door open, peering inside from the hall.

And then went in.

Terinas:

The room was dark, but Artie could make out some faint light peeking in from windows on the far wall. Four massive windows were covered by blinds, faint light peeking around them in the cracks, and radiating through the thin blinds themselves. There was enough light in the room to see the outline of a fine mahogany computer desk, and a large office chair with the back turned away from Artie behind it. He could see animal furs covering a hardwood floor like a crude carpeting, and along the walls he saw large shelves filled with... odd shadowy shapes of various sizes and shapes.

Something seated in the chair behind the desk caused it to creak as they leaned forward.

"You may come in, good sir. I am Janus Moreau." The voice sounded like the distant rumble of thunder. At once an amused, playful purr while also a warning of something intense going on somewhere. "I'm quite eager to have a moment alone with you." There was a pause, as Artie heard a rap of something against the wooden desk. "Please, do step into the darkness with me."

"We have much to discuss."

Artie:

Artie's amber eyes glinted in the darkness as he made his way inside

His emotions bubbling up within him... *Who was this man?? Did he do this to my body? What's even going on here?!* But no. He held his tongue instead of blurting out his concerns. The door closing ominously behind his form enshrouding him in the same darkness. He took a few steps forwards, the soft crinkle of his diaper the only noise other than his soft footfalls on the carpet.

Artie's eyes searched around, locating the voice. The purr that rolled like thunder through the room.

Terinas:

The door shut behind Artie, leaving him alone in the dark with the person speaking. Presumably from behind the chair, but with the resonance in the room, it was hard to tell. The chair creaked again. There was a rumble that flowed through the room, a quiet growling like an engine.

"Before we begin, I would like to congratulate you. It was a splendidly unconventional job interview, but then we hadn't actually gotten around to posting an application. So I suppose now we don't have to."

The voice was deep and bassy. It was the source of that distant thunder. Artie got the impression that this figure could be terrible when angered... at least in terms of how he spoke.

"But I am supposed to do an interview first. Protocol and all. Even if you can't leave now."

Artie:

Artie's eyes caught the light in the room again, glinting in the darkness as he tried again to discern the form from the dark, finally speaking. "And why exactly can't I leave? What have you done to me??" Artie's voice stark and accusatory a drastic comparison to his more jubial tone with Pokey. However it stood out against the deep baritone voice of Moreau, deep but smooth like a rich mahogany.

Terinas:

There was just a faint hint of anger in the voice. The thunder was getting closer. "I did nothing to you." Janus Moreau said, a distinct growl in his voice. "Did you or did you not ignore the biohazard posters on the outer wall of the facility? You crossed into a quarantine zone. Dr. Kunari, whom you met last night, was vaccinated. You have not been." The chair squeaked, as whoever was behind it rocked backwards a bit.

"And, as your new appendage can state, you already see the consequences of that decision."

[This text is REDACTED! Personal Insights into Janus Moreau's mind to avoid spoiling the experience for new players. Story continues beyond this point] "My agent attempted to sedate you last night before the damage was done, but you were already starting the process

by the time we found you. If I let you go now, you'd start a plague that could sweep across the entire nation."

The growl subsided. The thunder was further away. "So, instead of that cataclysmic event, you'll work for me. Your old life as you knew it is over. It is best that you come to peace with that revelation now."

Artie:

Artie shook his head in the darkness.

That wasn't the truth.

It *couldn't* be!

Making his way forwards through the dark he fished around in his windbreaker pocket, withdrawing a now slightly worn note, the very same note he had originally found in the cellar. The crisp sound of him unfolding the paper made his new sensitive ears perk up, before he set it down on the desk in front of the form.

The man's presence, his voice, his tone, felt overpowering. Like being smothered by a thick wool blanket... but Artie needed answers. "You're lying... *Good sir.*" Striking the man back with his casually formal lingo. You could have at least used an alias... 'Dr. M'." His eyes went up from the dark to settle on Janus' shadowy figure. "You can't keep me here, there is no plague. Care to rephrase the lie you're trying to feed me?" Artie smirked slightly, maybe he was getting in over his head but taking all this out on someone just felt right. It felt divine to put the pieces together, and the voice was clearly lying. That much at least, was certain.

Terinas:

"Oh?"

In the darkness, Artie heard something unzip. "And what reason would you believe me to have for lying? The evidence is as clear as the new appendage between your legs, is it not?" There wasn't even an increase in tone. There was no irritation. The thunder stayed distant. If that had gotten under Dr. Moreau's skin, he wasn't showing it in his voice. And Artie still couldn't see him through the office chair to gauge how his face looked.

There was an oddly familiar musk filling the air of the room. Something that hit Artie's nostrils and made his whole body tingle. A sensation that made something primal in the back of his mind cry out "**Master!**". For just a moment, he almost thought the scent was that of a horny lion about to pounce and rut him...

It was getting harder to focus.

"If you've got some reason to dispute my claim, *do* speak up. I'm curious what an educated professional research scientist missed that a librarian seems to have discovered. Or, you could just get on all fours and crawl around here behind my desk and see what further evidence I have."

[Please roll a Mind roll to stay focused... while Moreau's scent is starting to trigger memories of the brainwashing designed to make you grow horny around him.]

Artie:

[Oh heck, my mind is my weakest skill! Aaaaa!]

Terinas:

[You'll need a 5 or above for this, so it's not impossible for you.]

Artie:

[Rolled a 5]

Terinas:

[Fair. Artie's going to be able to keep himself focused for now.]

Artie:

Artie let out a short groan, rubbing his head. That *smell*... It was so familiar, so close, he remembered something odd when he smelled it. Something about flashing lights... But the memory flitted away from his thoughts as fast as it had come. "I-in the short time I've been here, I've found a note describing old medical trials, been drugged, and woke up stripped of my clothes, with a shark tail attached to me! Now I can't quite guess as to what part you play in all of this, Moreau, but I'm certainly not buying your story. Now, actually, I do have a question for you." His eyes narrowed, as a growl crept into his tone. "How do you know I'm a librarian? Sure, I have talked to Pokey and Kim, but I never actually revealed that fact!" He was reeling. Searching for something, anything to grab onto as evidence. But as panicked as he was, he didn't let the slightest quiver creep into his voice. He had to give a show of remaining calm and collected.

Terinas:

The doctor laughed.

It was a loud, rumbling purr that struck Artie like thunder. "Of COURSE there were old medical trials, silly boy! Why do you think this place was quarantined in the first place? We are, all of us, trapped here after an experiment that went horribly wrong. A virus we created that got out of hand... I am as much a prisoner as you are, now." There was a faint ***schlicking*** sound in the dark. Like something moist rubbing against something else that was moist.

"How do I know you're a librarian? Simple. You've been asleep for nearly twelve hours. While I am a prisoner, I am a prisoner with connections. Your occupation is public knowledge. A background check would tell me that information in less time than it would take for you to suck a cock." The chair began to rotate. With a clap, electronic "candles" lit on shelves on either side of the room. Artie could see shelves full of knickknacks and odd assortments of things in jars intermixed with books and statues along the walls. A stack of papers lay along an end table on the east side of the room. The floor was covered in skinned animal hides of various animals. One wall was adorned with Zulu spears and other tribal imagery. Even the desk was carved to look like some still image out of a Lion King movie.

On either wall, opposite of the windows, were enormous bookshelves filled with binders, books and papers in folders. Undoubtedly there were all sorts of secrets behind them. There was even a filing cabinet that likely held secrets. But it probably wasn't what Artie was looking at.

Behind the desk, seated in a leather office chair, was a lion. He was tall, at least six foot five, clad in only a white lab coat and a pair of khaki blue shorts. There was no shirt on under his unbuttoned coat. His shorts were unzipped, and a large, bright red pointed feline prick was being stroked by a large golden paw with black pads. Brown freckles dotted where his whiskers grew out. His mane was elegantly styled. His expression was clear: "I own you" was all it said, over and over again.

Dr. Janus Moreau stroked his cock, leaning back in his chair so Artie could see.

"Why don't you put that mouth to work, Mr. Librarian?"

[Make one more roll for resisting the conditioning attached to the good Doctor's musk. Or choose to flee from the room without any further answers. If you pass this one, you're immune to his musk for the scene. If you flee, you can't get any more answers out of him or search the room. Up to you. As with the previous roll, you need a 5 or above.]

Artie:

Artie's chest fluttered his ears sinking against his head in anger as the mad doctor belittled him. "So I was right!! I'm just another one of your experiments! Why did you drag me, of all people, into this!?!?" Something was off, that smell... The delicious, spicy-superior fully-encompassing smell... it was dizzying in its aroma alone. But no! He pushed it aside. Artie couldn't help but shudder. Then, he was turning around. He was about to come face to face with his captor.

He shuddered again as the chair spun around-

Oh my God he was big!

Artie's eyes grew focused on the lion's mighty prick, his eyes lingering lustfully before he managed to pry his eyes away.

"Why don't you quit the games Doctor?" He spat on the carpet to show he meant business, folding his arms. "Your tricks won't work on me, I'm no mere simpleton." His eyes finally went up the lion's body to lock into eye contact. He had scanned past the bigger man's immaculately carved abs, as if taken from a marble statue.. A perfect physique- His amber eyes locked with that of a predator. Despite his stature in the chair he very much had his paws at the young man's throat and could pounce at any moment, but he had to resist. Artie had to find a way out..

If he flustered the doctor just enough he might slip, revealing a clue that might just provide invaluable

Terinas:

The lion's smirk contorted along his muzzle into a snarl. "YOU broke into my lair. YOU came to MY HOME, boy." He stood up, seven inches of cock wagging as he put his paws on his hips. "You chose this. Anyone else would have fled." With a growl, he walked forward. "You are no mere simpleton. You want to know what's going on here? You have the evidence right behind you." He gestured. "I was once a man. Now, I am what you see before you. You were once a man. You will soon be something far different." There was a distinct growl. Lightning struck nearby Artie. "You make a lovely shark. Though I can see there will need to be more restrictive measures employed to teach you to be compliant. Generation 3.5 treatment has already started, and you will have to adapt to it-"

He froze and blinked. "Wait, you're in a diaper?"

The lion's eyes went wide. "Did something happen? There's no point in lying to me. Pokey will tell me whatever I need to know."

Artie:

Artie blinked, looking at the lion standing flabbergasted before him, he tried to speak, his voice catching in his throat. He tried to speak, but was so caught up in the moment, it was like the world stopped revolving for a second. The tension in the air between the two of them felt palpable. He covered his front with the note he placed on Moreau's desk, his face an odd mix of embarrassed, humiliated and furious that just screamed: "Don't you dare ask."

Terinas:

The lion just sighed, moving a paw up to cover his muzzle. "Nevermind. I think I've figured it out already. If I'm right, it means I've failed. IT failed." Sounding less angry and more exasperated, the lion just rubbed his temples with one paw, his other still stroking his juicy cock. "I'll have to adapt your conditioning. Bother. I had hoped this time I'd cracked the nut." His tail thrashed back and forth, writhing like a snake, before he looked back up. "Mmmph. You're still here. Bother." He rolled his eyes and walked back towards his desk. Pushing a button, he leaned down towards an intercom. "Spike, please report to my office. Bring a sample of 3-12a with you. Or a cage. Whichever is more immediately within reach. We have a test subject who will need to be broken."

[Roll a Body roll to try and run away, and assume you'll be pursued.]

Artie:

[Rolled a 9]

Artie's eyes went wide as he backed towards the door, as if to run. A part of him very much wanted to prove a point: that he could leave at his leisure. However desperate an attempt it felt like in the moment to try. No. He would at least be prepared. Lunging forwards with reckless abandon, he snatched anything he could manage off the lion's desk. Anything stray he grabbed, before fleeing out the exit.

He wasn't just gonna sit there and fall into the lion's trap again!

Making his way into the walkway, he paused, his heart in his throat, before remembering Pokey's fear of the dark. Perhaps misplaced, after all he was childish. But the fear seemed more real, focused now that he was fleeing from something. Careening himself into the darkness of the east hallway, Artie thundered up the stairs, before coming to a stop somewhere between the second and third floor, pressing himself up against the wall.

If this "Spike" was anything like the poodle he met the first night he would have quite the keen sense of smell. He just hoped being in the lions presence and having enough of his articles would manage to mask his scent the darkness enshrouding him the lions musk melting him into the background destroying his scent trail

[Hopefully the baby powder, Moreau's musk and Pokey's puppy spunk is enough to mask Artie's scent.]

Terinas:

[Ok, make a Skills Roll as well, to grab things off of Janus' desk. The higher you roll, the more you get.]

Artie:

[Rolled a 12]

Terinas:

Artie grabbed things off of the lion's desk, snatching up a pile of papers before taking off and bursting out of the door. Walking down the hallway from the "Main Hall" was someone new.

The man looked by all accounts to be a doberman pinscher of some sort, save walking on two legs, and clad in a vest that looked like a military camo. A small dark stain graced the crotch of a pair of khaki shorts he was wearing. Dog tags jingled along his neck as he watched Artie stumble out into the hall. "Hey!" The brown-eyed dogman growled. A box was tucked under one of his arms. It was, unfortunately, the same arm that he tried to grab Artie with.

The box fell to the floor, something inside it cracked, and a black substance began to pour out of it. At the same time, Artie felt himself being momentarily restrained.

[Artie rolls Body to escape his captor: A 9 is rolled]

[Spike rolls Body to restrain Artie: A 6 is rolled]

Artie ripped away from Spike, taking off like a shot, darting into the stairwell and scrambling up the stairs in the darkness. Behind him he could hear the door opening and something following him, most likely Spike. "GET BACK HERE, YOU PUNK!" He growled, clear irritation and anger in his voice. "Fuck, this stuff is already getting into- nnggh, catch the jerk FIRST, Spike..." he growled, climbing stairs.

Artie's hiding place was at risk. He had to make a choice:

- Keep hiding **[Skill check, but there will be a -2 penalty, there's not a lot of places to hide in the stairwell but it IS dark]**

Or

- Take off running

Artie:

Skill check please!

[Rolled a 12 after penalties.]

Terinas:

[Last question: What floor would Artie try to escape into? There's 4 floors on the mansion, and he's between 2 and 3.]

Artie:

[He's staying in place, but imma going to hide near the exit to floor 2, I think Pokey might be my salvation.]

Artie held his breath, not even letting the shortest of whimpers escape his lips. His tail curled defensively around his left leg as he shivered slightly. If he was found, chances are it was all over. His ears strained as he desperately tried to hear the canine pass him. His heart was racing. He could die here!

No.

No, he wouldn't be found.

He wouldn't LET himself be found.

Terinas:

[Spike rolls Skills to find Artie. A 13 is rolled.]

Artie froze in place, hiding in the shadows, trying to avoid notice, while he heard the dog lumbering up the stairs. "You know, I can hear that none of the doors are being opened. I know you're probably still here in the stairwell." The doberman's voice was gruff and low, a deep tone that had a bit of bass to it. He growled, looking around. "I'm going to be stuck in Treatment for hours because of you, so that just makes me pissed enough to actually do my damn job!"

Artie heard his footsteps in the darkness, as he saw the doberman walk towards him... and then past him. "Hmm... maybe he kept going upstairs, and snuck into the third floor or the fourth floor." Spike growled, flexing his arms.

And then, with the reflexes of a striking cobra, he spun around and grabbed Artie by the shirt. "Which is what I would say if I didn't have a big doggy nose, you paranoid ex-humie. Not that your crinkly underwear wasn't doing you any favors. Speaking of, let's get that junk off..."

[You can roll a Body roll to try and escape Spike's hold.]

Artie:

[Rolled a 7 on a Body roll to escape.]

Terinas:

[Spike rolls an 8 on a Body Roll to maintain the hold.]

Artie:

Artie let out a short shriek as the doberman pinned him against the wall. He threw a punch at the larger dog, dropping the papers he'd collected from Moreau's desk in the process. He tried desperately to escape, slapping at his captor with his tail. Before growing more desperate.. a soft whimper escaping his lips. The canine's grip was that of iron, keeping him held firm. "H-hey we can talk about this... Yeah? You can just let me slip away, that lion would never know!" Artie was desperately grasping for some shred of hope.

Terinas:

Spike growled. "So what? You slip away and sneak out of the mansion, and ruin everything? Yeah... nah." He frowned. "Though... I could be persuaded to let you run upstairs if you did me a little favor..."

His eyes glinted. "Suck my cock. If you can make me cum and quick, I'll give you five minutes to run." Moving down, he cupped at a rather large bulge between his khaki shorts. IT looked oddly round and bulbous, a bit like a coconut that was about to explode.

Artie had a choice to make. He could try to escape again, but if he failed there would be no negotiating.

Or he could try and suck the dog's cock, hoping that whatever was down there was trustworthy and this wasn't some kind of trick...

[To escape you'd have to try one more Body roll, but you'd get a -1 penalty because he's already grabbing you. So anything you roll is lowered by 1 point]

Artie:

A short whimper escaped the sharks maw as he knelt down in front of the doberman, his hands fumbling with the khaki shorts

The doberman had easily found and overpowered him before and should he struggle he would just get hauled off away again anyways..

He crinkled softly as he leaned forwards still trying to get the shorts off. It was extremely difficult to see in the dark, and harder still to locate the button in the canine's coarse belly fur...

Terinas:

"Yeah, that's right... get right to it. No point in taking it slow, I'm not the only guard that's probably looking for you right now." Spike smirked, thrusting gently into the changing human's face, giving Artie a whiff of his musk while the changing creature fumbled with his buttons.

Eventually, Artie could feel the button giving way, but at the same time, something else was becoming a problem. With all the panic and exertion, he was feeling a need to pee. It hit hard and strong, and though he could ignore it, sooner rather than later he'd need to drain his bladder. And hopefully not into his baby pants...

Beneath the dog's shorts was... something odd.

It looked a bit like underwear, at least at first. But it was bright black, almost rubbery, and looked like it was clinging to his skin as if it was adhered. Where the dog's cock and balls were, there was a single large black squeaky bulge, with a small golden lock along the front of it. It wiggled and bounced as Artie freed it. "Yeah, you trapped me in this when you tried to run away and I dropped the box." Spike snarled. "Sample 3-12a. An extract of Thorn. It's kind of a sentient chastity cage. I'm going to be stuck like this until we get it off in Treatment, which takes hours. Hours before I can bust a nut again, waiting around doing nothing but letting Kimiko work on me. Feels good to stroke and rub it, but I can't ever get to the money shot. So there's really no chance I was going to get that cock of mine sucked anyway."

Two paws gripped at Artie's shoulders as he was down there. "And this was an objective lesson in why you shouldn't fucking make me work harder than I have to." Spike growled, as he yanked Artie up and slung him over one shoulder. "At the very least, you accomplished one thing. We'll just have to use the metal chastity cage for you."

Artie:

Artie's eyes went wide as the doberman's shorts fell around his ankles. With a tentative hand, he pulled at the Latex cage giving the dogs voluptuous balls a squeeze before he snapped back to reality, the shark pressing his legs together desperately before his sudden need to go to the bathroom subsided.

"W-wait what about our deal you can't do this!! Just let me go!"

Artie's world flipped as he was lifted with ease placed over the canines strong shoulders. His hands pounded into his muscular back but to no avail.

"S-spike just put me down!! I don't know why you do what that lion out there says but there are options!! I'm sure there is a cure, we can both leave this place!"

Artie desperately trying to convince Spike, to turn him to his side, the squirming human desperate for any sympathy sounds of their struggle echoing quietly in the dark cold stairwell.

Terinas:

[Make a skills roll. You need at least a 6]

Artie:

[Rolled an 11.]

Terinas:

[Noted! Artie isn't going to wet himself during what happens next.]

Terinas:

The dog just carried Artie, holding one muscular arm down to drag him up the stairs towards the third floor. "Pipe down. Ain't like there's anyone here to hear you anyway. Bandit's having a nap." He grumbled, opening the metal stairwell door and walking into...

- Moreau Estate: 3F East Hallway -

The different doors along this hallway were marked oddly. Some had strange symbols on wooden placards on the doors themselves, while others had metal placards on the sides of the doors. Artie didn't really have time to take in the scenery, however, as Spike carried him into a large metal door marked "**Security Office**" by a metal placard.

Inside was a very compact, tight filled room. Artie saw a large set of monitors showing different places in the Mansion along the far wall, in front of a large computer console and a dingy office chair. nearby it was a plastic table covered in racy and illicit magazines, intermixed with crudely scrawled notes like the one he'd found in the basement, and what looked like a few memos of some sort or another. A large metal cage filled one side of the room, with a sign on it reading "Bandit's Time-Out Corner" and a wooden stool and a rocking chair inside it for some reason.

And along one wall, there was a changing table.

Spike dumped Artie down on it, tugging down his diapers and his leather chaps. "Alright." He reached up for an unlocked and ajar safe on the wall. "Time to get you properly sorted." He opened the drawer, revealing a large container of lube, and what looked like an odd set of interlocking metal rings with a metal lock and key.

The dog tied a leather strap around Artie's arms and chest, pinning him down, and spurted some lube onto on paw. "Now then... I wonder how long it'll take to make you moan." Without further warning, he began rubbing the changing creature's cock, trying to nurse it to stiffness.

Artie:

Artie groaned softly as he was unceremoniously dumped onto the changing table, he tried one final time to swing at the doberman, but he swiftly managed to block the blow, pressing his paw down hard against the changing table. "Spike!! Stop! You don't have to do this!!" Artie cried out desperately, his ears flattening out against his head as he squirmed on the changing table, folding his tail up neatly over his crotch, sandwiching it between his thighs a last resort.

His feeble attempt to cover himself was thwarted as he expertly unwound the large rubbery tail, pulling down the leather chaps and untaping the diaper with a satisfying little "strrrrp" Each elastic tape giving way to eventually reveal Artie's not so very flaccid cock. As much as he hated to admit it, something about all of this was just... Deeply arousing. A loud moan escaped his mouth as the doberman started to stroke him off. The sharks feet scrabbling against the table as he tried to find purchase, eventually thrusting his pelvis off the table away from the doberman, a pitiful whimper escaping his lips again as he gave a pleading look to the morose canine.

Terinas:

The big dog just shook his head, his bulging black null sphere shaking. "I'd rather see you moaning and groaning than stop. Unless you've got something worth my time, just quit making girly noises and enjoy it." He growled, squeezing his lubed up paw against Artie's shaft. He stroked it, his grin getting a bit wicked. "Yeah, I'm going to get you all riled up. So close, and then once you're near popping, you're going to get locked up so you have to beg to cum." His tail wagged as his eyes locked with Artie's. "You'll learn to be obedient, won't you? Good boys get to make stickies."

Artie:

Artie whimpered louder, as he started to pant softly short pleased moans escaping his lips as the dog stoked and squeezed his length. Massaging at it with an expert vigor. Artie whimpered again. All the stimulation was turning his limbs into jelly. Something about the changes that had happened to him... Everything was just so much more pleasurable! He twisted and turned pressing his thighs together trying to escape the stimulation before giving up the feeble attempt, slowly humping into the well lubed paw

Terinas:

The dog growled, going nice and slow, as he smirked, looming over Artie while licking his lips. "See, you might think putting the cage on while you're at your biggest size is a bad idea, right? But this cage, well, it's self-adjusting. You'll get soft again eventually, and when you do it'll relax

with you, and hold your cock in a flaccid state." Spike gave a triumphant snort. "So if you cum now or not, it doesn't matter too much. I still get you caged." His paw pumped up and down Artie's shaft, teasing him without ever picking up the pace. "You're not going to cum again for a long, long time."

Artie:

Artie's demeanor completely changed, becoming frantic, his hips bucking hard into the canine's paw as he tried desperately to finish, he was already close to the edge he just couldn't manage to push himself over, the task enormously daunting in its prospect. His toes curled his hips lifting off the padded changing table, loud grunts and moans escaping his mouth in between loud panting breaths. Even his tail flicked back and forth slowly. "S-spike.. mnh.. p-please just.. g-ghaaaaaahh juhst oh god p-please let me cum"

He was humiliated, blushing a bright red while he desperately begged to get off just one more time. Spike had to be joking!! A cage like that- How would it even **work**! He didn't have time to contemplate that however, solely focused on finishing, his stomach churning, he could practically feel it in his balls, already tensing, ready to blow his load

Terinas:

The dog just watched. At the begging, he reached up, pulled the metal loops off the shelf, and began fitting Artie's shaft into them. There was a clanking, and a feeling of cold metal and oiled up leather. "Why would I do that? You've been so very naughty, after all. Only good boys like Pokey get to cum." With an oddly parental "This hurts me more than it hurts you" tone, he began slipping the hoops down along Artie's cock. "Only naughty boys who run around disobeying orders and making me work get put into cages. You kicked up a hornets nest, and then you got stung. If I let you cum, you wouldn't learn anything." The dog growled, making sure the cage went down the full length of the changing human's shaft. "I bet you were so naughty you didn't even notice how your body's still changing, did you? Silly little Sharkie." He chuckled, before pressing a lock down to trap Artie into the cage.

And holding up a tiny silver key.

"Now this is going to go into my pocket for now, boy. Maybe if you're good and play nice in the mansion, you can have your weenie back. But for that I have to be certain that you're a GOOD boy and not a naughty little stinker. Understand?"

Artie:

Artie's desperate attempt to climax turned frantic, jerky and misguided. He thrust into the cage in a valiant attempt to reach the orgasm that would never cum. He whimpered all the louder his ears falling against his head as he slowly stopped, fully focused on the cage around his throbbing member it was tight, God it felt so warm, the inside was slick with lube but no

matter how he thrust he couldn't manage to find any friction. His orgasm was already slipping away, a garbled moan escaping him as the heaving shark collapsed from his tensed position holding himself up off the table defeat deepest in his eyes.

He turned his eyes up to spike, the glittering silver key catching his eye... If he could just get it!! God...

He would never be a good boy!!

But... He couldn't be locked up forever... He already felt his lust boiling up inside him, almost growing harder again only for the confines of the cage to cut him off again. "I-imma good boy! I-I'll be good! Just please!!" He begged finding it hard to speak, tears welling up in his eyes

Terinas:

The dog gave a shrug. "You want to cum? You stay here for a day, or you get one of the docs to tell me to let you out. But if you *leave*, you'll never know anything but blue balls ever again." And with that, Spike undid the leather strap holding Artie down. "Now get your ass out of here. I've got some important things to do." Artie wasn't let off that easily, though. He felt his diaper being tugged back up, trapped around his waist, before the dog lumbered over towards the computer chair and turned towards the monitors, viewing them and yawning a bit.

Artie:

Artie let out a short groan as he sat up on the changing table rubbing fervently at the diaper, it's crinkling loud and obnoxious as he tried to stimulate himself. Between the diaper and the cage himself he might not have been rubbing at all, he could hardly feel anything! It was probably useless to beg for the key from Spike, at least until he had something the canine wanted... That was the least of his worries though. He had to get this cage off, and he had to escape, and as a human, at that.

His ears against his head in embarrassment, his face blushing bright red he darted out of the security room, back out into the hallway. His reddened eyes looked around at the corners of the corridor looking for a camera, anything that might give away the canine was watching him.

As he waddled off towards his future, and his descent into the madness of the Mansion...

[End Chapter 3]