

Dares aren't something that Creo could ever refuse to engage in. It wasn't just about the reward, but the *thrill*. When presented with the dare of sneaking into a costume storage unit for abandoned Disney mascots, the otter didn't think twice about taking up his friends' challenge.

Armed with a satchel full of gadgets, he quickly snuck past the guards and deep into the staff-only area. Even if he got fined, the amount of support he'd get online from people congratulating him for documenting what could possibly be lost media would definitely be enough for bail. Of course, maybe he could be lowballing the amount such a massive company would fine someone, but it was his first offense—not just that, but no one had ever managed to sneak into one of the holding units for the discarded costumes. Most people online would talk big game about how they would try to sneak in, but they always 'conveniently' disappeared from the internet after saying it. He had seen enough online tales of people faking something for a morsel of clout to know that they were all grifters and liars. *He*—on the other hand—didn't mind dirtying up his hands for some clout.

Turning on the flashlight, Creo took the lockpick from his satchel as he stood in front of the door. However, as soon as he flashed the light against it, he realized that whoever was in charge had left the door open. Not even that they forgot the lock, no; it was half open, a portion of the room visible. "Geez, I thought that they'd have tighter security..." With glee, they kicked the door open, skipping inside as they took out their night vision camera out, turning the lens towards his face as he started recording. "Alright, guys. This is what you wanted to see, right?"

He then turned the camera to the rows of discarded merchandise and park decorations; cardboard cutouts, giant plushies, and most striking of them all, the mascot suits—Mickey, Stitch, and some other non-movie animal suits. They hung off the racks lifelessly—just like in those horror movies he loved so much. "Dude, this stuff could sell for thousands of dollars if I sold it to a collector..." Curious, he ran his hand down one of the costumes. The lion costume's fur was freakishly realistic. Creo was as impressed as he was disturbed. How in the world were they managing to make such realistic suits back in the 2000s? It was no wonder why kids loved to visit the park if this was what was greeting them each time.

He giddily inspected each costume, playing up his excitement to the camera. He had an audience to impress, after all. That was until he arrived at a gap between the row of hanging costumes. Between a Jumba costume and a Gantu one, there was a hook without anything attached to it. Instead, there was a post-it note stuck to it with something hastily scribbled down.

**"PLEASE RE-STOCK BOLT COSTUME."**

"Damn. I was hoping I'd get to see a Bolt costume." It was one of his favorite movies, even going as the titular character many times on Halloween the following years after the movie's release. "Hell, there's even a Chicken Little costume, but not Bolt? These guys really don't know what they threw away, didn't they—" Creo stopped dead in his tracks, blood running cold as a wet splash echoed through the stuffy storage unit. He didn't know what he stepped on, but it

certainly wasn't water. He didn't dare to look down, but he could tell that whatever he was stepping on, it was thick and sludge-like, almost as if he had stepped into the shore of a swamp. Slowly—with a grimace forming around his face—he looked down and pointed the camera alongside with his gaze.

“What is this...?” He couldn't see it clearly. All that he could tell was that it was a white substance that looked sort of metallic as well. It reminded him of those slimes with the silver paint aero sprayed on top, just large enough to completely engulf his feet. He quickly tried to pull away, but the goop held onto his foot like a wild animal clutching onto its prey. “Oh, oh what the *fuck*? What is this?” His pulling turned frantic, clutching onto the hook above. “No, no! What did I even step on?!”

Holding his breath, he realized that the white goop had slowly begun to smear across his shoes. Once simply holding onto the sole, the white slime began to creep up, reaching up to the uncovered spot between his socks and jeans. The goop made contact with his bare skin, the liquid cold to the touch. “G-guh!” The sudden low-temperature shock made him drop his camera, the device clattering on the ground. “Wait, no! That cost me a fortune!” He tried crawling to the floor, but in his haste, he accidentally ended up dipping his knees onto the goop. “Oh, shi—”

The goop got even colder, Creo drily gasping and holding his breath. Somehow, he felt the goop make contact with him. He tapped his legs in confusion, the denim texture of his pants having suddenly vanished. The only thing between him and his body was the crawling goop. “Dude, what is *this*?!” Looking at his hands, the realization that he spread it even further only made the dread seeping through him plunge even deeper. “Oh, nonono... Oh, what did I do?! *What did I do?!*”

The slime around his palms crawled up to reach his shoulders, coating his arms in shiny white. Looking down, he saw that even his boxers were engulfed and then promptly disintegrated under the pressure of the goop. Bracing for the worst, he clenched his eyes as he felt the cold splurge cover the entirety of his nullge. He was expecting sharp, deadly pain. Fists clenched with fear, he waited and waited... and nothing happened—at least at first. The semi-solid liquid wrapped itself around his entire bottom half, yet besides the cold, it seemed completely benign. Of course, the problem of being stuck remained, but before he could even get his train of thought started, he felt a sudden spike of pressure rush downwards to his behind.

“GUGH!”

At first, the pressure was mild, but it quickly turned into a sharp, intense sensation that made him arch his back and grit his teeth. The goop seemed to be pulsating around his waist and hips, traveling up to his ass and writhing inside of it—waves of pleasure sent through his body. Almost immediately, both his physique and mind betrayed him, pure lust overtaking him. He tried to resist, tried to fight the sensation, but it was impossible. The pleasure was too intense and overwhelming, consuming him completely. He moaned, his hands trembling as the goop kept pulsating around him, caressing his ass as more and more crawled up it. The accumulated white sludge formed what he immediately recognized as the shape of a silicone dildo—the one shaped like a knot, specifically. He could feel it writhing inside him, moving as if it

belonged to something of flesh and blood—carrying the same passion as someone trying to mercilessly breed him would.

“Fuck, fuck... Oh my god... whatever this is, don’t stop, please...” He moaned out to the empty storage unit. He mindlessly rubbed against his nullge, trying desperately to achieve pleasure. The null sensation often didn’t interfere with his daily life but now? It kept him in a titling haze where he was always chasing a climax that could never come. The squeaky, ear-piercing sound of rubbing against the rubber-like coating brought by the slime only drove him to continue further, the constant *SKRK-ing* almost challenging him to push further in his foolish pursuit. “*Fhuuuck...*”

Seconds turned to minutes, minutes to hours, and hours to days—at least that’s what it felt like. The concept of time eroded as he remained stuck to the confines of the puddle, mind-melting pleasure frying the parts of his brain unconcerned with pleasure. The constant moaning left his throat burning from dehydration—his legs began to hurt from being knelt down for so long in combination with the rubber knot wriggling inside of him—pushing in and out of him, but his mind was clear and focused on one thing; the mindless pursuit of pleasure. “Mgh, agh... So good... Can’t... stop...” He muttered to himself as the slime toyed with him, bringing him closer to climax before backing down to a dull pace.

Almost as if it knew that its victim was being pacified, the slime began to morph around Creo’s body. It completely covered his chest, only leaving his head free from its grip. The part of the substance around his arms vibrated, slowly expanding outwards like a balloon. The clear distinction between each one of his fingers got lost as large, mitten-like nubs encompassed them completely. Cartoonish details sprouted atop the domes of rubber as more and more filling began to swell inside, forcing his hands inside the layer of goop into a fist.

The goops’s slow pulse quickly picked up into a constant, powerful, and fervent movement. As he felt the tightness from the pulsing of the slime, his own self-stimulation further increased his body’s sensitivity. With such thick mittens around his hands, the separation between his crotch and his fervent hand grew wider and wider. The pulsing forced blood to constantly rush downwards, the clunky humping of his poofy hands taking away the last bit of pleasure he could get.

With the layer of the sludge coating his body, the white shell he had been coated with began to pulse more and more forcefully. It pushed outwards, forming creases and folds—a neckline that jutted outwards to form a head with a distinctively canine shape. The last sliver of sanity urged his body to try and stop it from forming, thrusting it upwards to prevent it from covering his head, but it was for naught. The white slime head locked his head into place, a red collar suddenly forming out of thin air and *snapping* into place to keep his new head secured.

“W-wait a minmphhhh!” A burst of slime went down his mouth now that it completely encased his head. Just as he expected, the goo solidified into a phallic-like shape. It expanded outwards, growing so large that he couldn’t stretch his mouth enough to spit it out. The canine dick gag pushed downwards, inching the inner walls of his neck as he was forced to deepthroat it.

“Ahhh, it’s good to be back out! I thought that they were gonna keep me in here forever!”

The voice that came out made Creo’s eyes widen in shock. It sounded like a recording, yet he felt the slight hum inside his neck of his vocal cords resonating. Not only that, but he knew the owner of the voice almost instantly.

*Bolt?*

Everything clicked. The white suit—the canine paws—the dog collar. He could barely contain his excitement. He was *inside his favorite character*.

“You really couldn’t even guess?” Bolt said excitedly. “Yeah, it’s me! The *best* action hero in the world!”

Even while not being able to see—soft padding encompassing his entire head and pushing against his face—Creo couldn’t resist but squealed his glee. *I can’t believe it’s really you!*

“And I bet you’ll love this next part, bud. Watch!”

Creo let out a muffled moan as he felt the shaft inside his ass suddenly began to writhe viciously. He felt it hum and vibrate as it began to stretch backward, settling deep inside his rectum while a protruding appendage sprouted from his butt. It didn’t take long for the distinctive outline of a dog tail to appear.

“Aw, that’s what I’m talking about!”

Bolt began to wiggle his tail, causing the dildo inside Creo’s ass to writhe side to side, stimulating the otter’s prostate.

“Oh *yeah!*” Bolt moaned out into the empty storage unit. “Gotta love being a hero!”

Creo’s body locked up as he emptied himself into the puddle. He felt his brain disconnecting from his body as Bolt’s vibrations carried a slight buzzing sensation from his head. It was as if the character taken straight out of the movie was moaning from his own mouth, a fantasy come true. It wasn’t long before he was humping against his hands once more, the slow pulsing of the dog dick filling him as he squeezed out a second load. Each time he bucked his hips, he could feel himself losing his mind—pieces and bits replaced with heroic and bombastic memories from his new host.

“Thaaaat’s the spirit…” Bolt moaned, his tail wagging faster and faster as he bucked and humped back at his ass.

The second that Creo heard Bolt’s howl, he felt the dog dick quickly back out from his ass before ramming back in so hard that he felt his hips pop from the impact. His eyes rolled backward, and as the impact reverberated through his head, he felt himself slowly fade away.

“And… end scene!” Bolt announced, panting as he bowed. “Man, it’s been more than a decade since I’ve been out! I can finally breathe. About time too, the park could really use a star like me!” He quickly noticed the camera on the ground, picked it up, and smiled at it

before finishing the recording. “Now, off to make sure that all my merch and attractions are up! If not, I’m sure I can convince the park owner...”