Foxy couldn’t help but swallow as he constantly turned around—gaze affixed at his almost wholly naked body. He knew that this was the best alternative to being completely taken off Fazbear Entertainment’s roster, but that did little to soothe his worries. Stage fright was once a completely foreign concept to him. He had been built with the grandeur and bombastic stage presence to entertain an entire saloon of kids!

Kids; that was the key word in his directive that landed him in this anxious predicament. He was meant to entertain easily excitable minds with memorable catchphrases and daring cowboy pirating adventures! Their imagination did almost all of the heavy lifting for him—suspension of disbelief a factor that didn’t even need to cross his mind as he pretended to reign in cows and bulls by pulling on cardboard standees of the animals in question.

Now? He was meant to entertain… *adults*. All of the animatronics were technically allowed to access any information that the internet could provide—not because of any intentional design detail but because the company couldn’t be bothered with installing specific blockers for what they didn’t want them knowing. That exposed them to countless examples of pornography that some found themselves fascinated by. In turn, seeing a profit for certain *fans* of their characters resulted in this bizarre arrangement that Foxy still couldn’t fully wrap his head around. “I’m a darn cowboy, not whatever… *this* is.”

His cheeks flushed the same tint as his fur as he forced himself to look at his reflection; almost all of his body exposed to the naked air with just the bare minimum covering him. He was at least allowed to keep… *some* of his cowboy pirate aesthetic—his hat, eyepatch, and neckerchief placed in their usual spots. The problems came when he looked at the rest of his outfit. His elaborate and expensive costume had been replaced with practically nothing. A pair of leather suspenders were fastened onto a western-style corset with three buckles on the front—fiercely hugging his waist. Even worse was an obnoxiously tight denim thong that had brown fringes draping his upper, muscled thighs.

He once again tugged on the thong to see if adjusting it would make it look less… *revealing*. He pulled on the waistband, biting his lip as he felt the tight denim shift his cock around with the movement. “Fuck.” He hissed, trying to push away the slight rush of adrenaline the action brought forth. No matter how much he tugged, the thong stayed firmly in place and his cock stayed one false step away from getting exposed. “This is… unbecoming of a captain like me. I can’t believe that I let that ruffian Montgomery drag me into this…”

The crocodile was, as always, relentless in his mocking once he found a weak point to laugh at. The second that the higher-ups announced that his saloon and the area in Kid's Cove were going to be shut down thanks to controversies with his log ride, Monty was more than happy to point and laugh at his apparent demise—touting how 'they finally recognized true talent around here' and 'there will be more space for the real stars of the Pizzaplex to shine’, among other taunts that no one had the heart to shut down.

Maybe he offered him this gig as another way to taunt him. The way he presented the offer was intentionally vague and what *was* explained was delivered through snark and coyness. Monty said that he wasn’t enough of a man to face a challenge, and of course, when presented with a duel, Foxy was compelled to accept. Animatronics like him didn’t get contracts or any bureaucratic process for job positions. This was just his job now—no questions asked as soon as he said ‘yes’.

A sudden banging on the door made Foxy jump, almost managing to make him fall from his vanity seat. "Shit!" He said angrily in a whisper. He quickly got on his feet, prompting himself to rub his behind to soothe the pain, only to then jerk his hand away as he made contact with his bare skin. “Eugh.” He still wasn’t used to having most of his body exposed, shuddering at the thought of dozens of perverted gazes focusing on his curves.

“Are you DONE already, Foxman!?” Monty screamed, his loud booming voice managing to even overtake the sound of his fist smashing against the door. “I need to get you through your orientation! Bonnie’s booked for today already, so it’s up to me now.” He grumbled—his disdain palpable through his words.

“I-I’m coming, lad! Wait a minute!” He opened the door, only to be met with Montgomery and his similarly skimpy outfit. His tongue stilled as he sucked in dry air, words leaving him as his gaze instinctively wandered downwards.

Monty stood before the crowd, his scaly body revealed in its entirety save for a small strip of sparkly purple fabric that barely covered the most intimate portion of his body. While Foxy had *some* empty space between his crotch and the garment, the gator stood proudly while wearing even less. The thin thong clung tightly to his shape, leaving little to the imagination as it molded around the outline of his reptilian cock. He scraped his tongue against his lips, looking at the nervous fox with ravenous intent.

“About time you came out, Cap'n.” Monty purred, yanking Foxy’s neckerchief towards him. “I’m sure that an old timer like you is a lil’ nervous when trying this out, but”—he moved his other gloved hand down the side of Foxy’s waist, reaching a part of his furred behind that the denim thong failed to cover and giving it a firm squeeze—“I’m sure that you’ll fit in. You still have a loooot of appeal. Sexy cowboys are a timeless classic.”

“W-well, I’m a cowboy *pirate*, so I dunno if that still fits the, u-uh… bill…” Foxy felt like he could barely breathe with Monty squeezing his ass. Those large, mannish hands massaged his cheeks—expertly caressing them with finesse that Foxy didn’t expect from a brute like him. The robotic vulpine squirmed against the sudden touch, torn between rejecting it to maintain his decency and giving in the flowing pleasure. He felt just not his face but his entire body heating up, heart racing and drumming incessantly.

“Oh, don’t worry about that. It’s a more unique theme.”Monty winked, before grabbing Foxy and pulling him through an area of the Pizzaplex that the pirate had never seen before.

It was a basement floor—normally completely off-limits from animatronics under normal circumstances. The numbers went down on the electronic display as the two of them remained silent—both constantly exchanging glances at each other's bodies.

When the door opened and the display marked -7, Foxy was shocked to see that they had ended up at what looked to be the entrance of a nightclub. Unlike the faux, glorified 70's aesthetic that littered the Pizzaplex, the sight in front of him felt more genuine and down to earth. A dim, sultry glow bathed the room in a palette of deep purples, blues, and reds, casting an unsettling veil through the entire space. The thick scent of incense hung in the air, instantly dizzying Foxy.

“What in the devil is this place, Montgomery?” Foxy asked reluctantly stepping inside, feeling his feet sink into the thick, carpeted floor. A small table for drinks and snacks stood between a red satin couch and a flat-screen television. On the back of the lounge was a small bar with an array of drinks that were foreign to Foxy. Then again, most of his diet was comprised of root beer and salted peanuts, so his palette wasn’t the most refined.

"This is where we wait for our turn. I thought that I'd do your orientation here. Get you accustomed to being around these parts." Monty planted himself on the couch—spreading his legs outwards boldly. “Show me what you got. Pretend that I’m a client if that makes it easier for you.”

"A… client," Foxy said, uncertainty hanging off his voice. "In all honesty, I have no bloody idea what I’m supposed to do. I mean, am I supposed to…” He closed his eyes as he *attempted* to sway his hips seductively. The movement was more akin to an uncomfortable wiggle that didn’t pair well with the clear discomfort on his face. “Like, er, this?”

Monty took a deep breath, sucking air through his teeth. “Yeeeeeah, I expected this.” He patted the empty spot on the couch next to him. “We have an initiation video to show you the dos and don’ts. Be grateful that I’m the one here, the higher-ups would’ve given you a harder time. It’ll take around thirty minutes. Give or take.”

“Okay, but I really don’t think that I’m fit for this—“

“Well, it’s either that or just getting sent to spares forever, old-timer.” Monty taunted. “Now come on! Let’s watch.”

Foxy did as told, swallowing as Monty switched the television told. There was just something… off about this endeavor. He couldn’t put it into words, but the bombardment of obscene yet glamorous imagery made him feel as if he was peering into another world. Worst of all was that he didn’t even know if he hated it, liked it, or both.

The screen flickered to life as Monty pressed down a button on the remote, showing a similarly scantily dressed German shepherd. He was more of a heavyset—thick, log-like thighs forcibly stretching an already slim dark violet thong. Foxy could feel the heat of embarrassment radiating off his cheeks as his eyes were glued to the screen—the dog making a sexy strut as he walked over to a pole for the camera. The image quality was off—strange graphics, which he assumed to be just glitches from a damaged television, flickered in and out every few seconds—but that didn’t bother him enough to comment on it.

“I don’t think I can do that.” He said bluntly, eyes wide.

The animatronic dancer's body began to sway sensuously to the rhythm—the thong barely clinging to his body—as he wrapped his fingers around the pole, fingers gracefully tracing the sleek metal. With a fluid motion, he spun around the pole, back arched, and legs spread wide, spinning around the pole and showing off his built legs to the camera. The labored, clearly exaggerated sensual breaths that were coming from the canine only made Foxy even more overwhelmed.

Another glitch went through the skin, and Foxy felt his cock shoot *straight* up—denim straining as the thong strained. “G-guh…" He looked down at his throbbing cock, trying to will it down. Of course, he couldn't as a torrent of pleasure suddenly rushed through his veins. It was like the slow buildup of sensuality was moved up to a hundred, a torrent of pleasure making him arch his back involuntarily. “W-what the…?”

His head was beginning to pound. No matter how hard he tried to look away from his screen, it was like his gaze was being forcibly drawn to the sight of the pole-dancing German Shepherd. The persistent thump of the music and the hypnotic movements of the canine filled his ears—so loud that it was starting to drown out his own thoughts. The German Shepherd's sleek fur shimmered under the stage lights—so beautiful that it was mesmerizing to an almost addicting degree.

The feeling was so good that he didn’t even question why he couldn't break free from the entrancing display—the sensual sight of the shepherd's bare legs twirling around holding him in a trance. That plump, spotted ass jiggled with the sudden movement while the canine’s dick flopped and moved frantically in unison, Foxy’s eyes darting as they remained focused on it.

As the performance continued, the room seemed to close in on him, and the music echoed relentlessly in his ears. There was just something… *carnal* about the way the shepherd was dancing. He could picture thousands of aroused, ravenous men practically howling at the sight of such arousing dance. Sultry, almost derogatory comments were thrown his way as they coveted him as a piece of synthetic, robotic meat.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Monty whispered into his ear.

“Yes…” He replied back, his breath hanging off the words as he aired them out meekly. His cock continued to pulse with more arousal, the denim turning a darker hue of blue as pre began to flood out of his tip. His legs quivered, electric jolts of pleasure threatening to spill out of him and onto the floor. The thump of each beat grew louder and louder as the music seemed to sync in with it, drawing him in further.

“Make sure you’re breathing sloooooow and easy.”

“Okay…” A wave of relaxation crashed over him, dousing whatever stress was beginning to simmer inside of him. Maybe he just overreacted a bit. The shepherd was doing well enough in the video, so why couldn’t he?

Monty glanced over at the timestamp on the corner of the video. "Alright, two minutes in, time to move on to the next step." He muttered under his breath, pressing a button on the controller.

With loud, mechanical whirring, a trapdoor on the carpeted floor became undone—letting a pole slowly rise from the pitch-black hole underneath.

Like a moth drawn to a flame, Foxy stood up. He didn't even think about the action—his limbs moving as if a puppeteer were moving him from above. Yet still, it felt right. This was something he had to do. The pulsing in his brain was almost non-stop now, drumming and thumbing as doubts were quickly shoved into the deepest crevice of his subconscious.

His hips swayed just as the shepherd's did; a uniform, sensual movement meant to appease the coveting eyes of others. It was good. It was what he was best at. Foxy moved closer to the pole, feeling its cold, metallic surface run across his fingertips. As he began to feel up the metal pole, trying to find the best way to move around, he felt words whispered into the side of his head.

***Now just let yourself go, Foxy.***

***Let your hips sway—Your arms swing—Your body move.***

***Don’t think, just feel.***

***Feel the music, feel their gazes, feel the room.***

***Take it all in and let it flow through you.***

***You are an object. You are to be viewed. You exist to let them empty their seed into you.***

A droopy, wavy smile spread across his muzzle. Not thinking was good. It'd get in the way of putting up a good performance, after all. He was just there to make them horny—his thoughts and opinions were completely irrelevant to his profession.

Foxy began to move around the pole, his eyes closing and his head tilting back as he immersed himself in the music. His movements now were completely shameless, completely immersed in the concept of showing off. He was made to be looked at, after all. He made sure to give Monty an equal look at his throbbing cock—barely contained by the tight denim thong—and plump, vulpine cheeks.

“Now that’s what I wanted…” Monty said as he went to the counter, rummaging behind it to pull out a pair of objects that immediately captivated Foxy, making him stop mid-dance; a long, silicone dildo and a hefty bottle of lube. “Time to make sure that you’re all loosened up for the clients.”

“Yes!” Foxy squealed, jumping from the pole and immediately grabbing the items. He uncapped the bottle, gingerly spraying the toy with lube. "Thank you..." He sultry said to Monty, eyes fluttering as he already dreamed of a man's cock being shoved in and out of him.

Bending over and making sure to put up his butt as much as he could, he tugged the back end of the thong to the side to allow proper entrance. Monty made sure that each client got a good view of the thick, curved plastic shaft entering him—not that he minded. He was more than happy to have a witness that could attest to how much of a hungry slut he was. He grunted, feeling the pressure of the sliding as it went deeper within him, letting out a few, almost feminine and high-pitched ‘*ahhs’* here and there for emphasis.

Foxy’s movements became more and more frenzied, as he began to take the dildo like a professional despite it being his first time; faster and faster until his breaths became heavy and desperate. The room filled with the sounds of wet slaps, the fox not ashamed in the slightest to show his hungering pleasure.

Monty watched, mesmerized as he stroked his own cock through the thong. It grew stiff, a monster of an appendage slowly growing even larger than it already was—ten inches of reptile meat being pleasured as it grew harder and harder in unison with Foxy’s speed.

"Mgh, MGH!" Foxy moaned, biting his lip as he felt the dildo slide in and out of him. Monty’s slow but unmissable panting only served as further motivation, trying to take the toy faster and faster. He wanted to be praised—to be objectified. Nothing but the thought of showing off his body filled his head, tongue hanging out of his muzzle as he failed to contain himself. “Mgh, like what you see, big boy?!”

“S-shut up…” Monty groaned, taken aback by the sudden teasing.

“M-mgh, well, if so…" Foxy stopped for just a second, waddling over to the gator with shaky legs and falling to his knees. He gripped those scaley, muscled thighs before Monty could protest, inching his mouth closer to his mouth. “…I know something that can help…”

They were going to arrive a little late, but Monty was sure that the higher-ups wouldn't mind too much…