

You might've heard baseless rumors about our newest prototype of flexible animatronics ripping someone's arm off and having a strange fascination for costumes and/or deception, but we can assure you that just like tales about murderers in rabbit suits, those are nothing but false stories made up by lunatics who wish to use our brand to bolster their stories.

*Here at Fazbear Entertainment, just as we moved from rigid endoskeletons to flexible robots that can fit into **any** robotic shell, we now have moved past simple animatronic shells to something beyond the masses' imagination!*

Introducing our newest product; The Fazbear Entertainment Nanomachine Animatronic Shells, or F.E.N.A.S for short. These new animatronic shells can change and morph into whatever design our 3D modeling team can make. With enough nanomachines, we can even recreate the glory days of DJ Music Man before we had to retire him for maintenance purposes. (Any rumors regarding the possibility of DJ Music Man crushing a worker's spine are unsubstantiated slander.)

Await new variants of classic Fazbear characters; Easter Bonnie, Shamrock Freddy, and more will debut on August 14th in the newly rebuilt Freddy Fazbear Mega Pixaplex.

WARNING: The only officially operating Freddy Fazbear Mega Pixaplex is operating in Toronto. The one placed on Hurricane, Utah is no longer operating and we have no plans to ever use it again. Any message that implies that there's something or someone inside the old Pizzaplace should not be listened to at all costs.

Have a Faz-tastic day!

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REBOOTING_MONTGOMERY GATOR

Location_Unknown

Safe mode activation... FAILURE

Safe mode activation... FAILURE

Safe mode activation... FAILURE

Unable to reboot into safe mode

Rebooting into standard mode.

The last thing Montgomery remembered was chasing... *something*. He was drifting through a strange, murky body of water while pursuing his prey. There was nothing on his mind but the wish for carnage. Every part of his body ached—pain so intense that he almost believed that he fully came to life, only for the agony to continue until he was nothing more than an empty shell looking to kill whatever inflicted that pain on him in the first place.

The world slowly came into view as his systems revved up for what felt like the first time in forever. After the massive fall, he took thanks to the little shit running around the Pizzaplex, Monty almost forgot what it felt like to be... *himself*; strong, determined, and most importantly, *two-legged*. Words wouldn't be enough to describe the absolute bliss of being able to wriggle his metallic toes—hearing the slight whirring of the machinery that composed them—after spending so long as nothing but a broken torso.

The feeling of calm wind brushing against his protective shell drove a nostalgic sense of comfort as well.

How am I back together again? This doesn't make any sense...

Trying to move his arm, his endoskeleton *jammed* up. All his limbs froze abruptly like he had been turned off yet remained awake—a malfunction leaving him as nothing but a passenger in a broken body. *A glitch. It's a glitch.* His machinery hissed at the futility being put on it. The sound of his systems starting up only to shut down immediately echoed through the room—all the while the gator, with his unmoving slack jaw, felt panic creep up his spine.

*A glitch. It has to be a glitch. I'm gonna get fixed and then I'll be back to normal. Golf. I can be a star, and then I'll finally be better than **him**.*

Panicking, he tried looking around. His neck refused to budge, the most he could do was a mere tilt to the right before his endoskeleton overcorrected and forced him to look dead straight. Helpless to do anything else, only now did he realize where he was. The green walls—the large star-shaped neon ceiling light—the purple carpet—the art of him stamped on the left wall—the copious amounts of merchandise with his face plastered all over the room; it looked just like his green room back home.

Yeah, I'll just get a technician to help me. Never mind the fact that last he remembered, the entire building had broken down thanks to the fire *on top* of the earthquake that left everything in disarray—his salvation was staring him right in the face. Could animatronics even *dream*? He sure hoped—to have everything involving that damn brat and the strange bunny woman would be just *perfect*.

“Oh, you're finally awake!”

Oh, finally! A person! Monty cheered in his mind at the sound of someone talking to him after such a long time. Get me working already! I bet everyone on the golf course is getting bored to death without me there to liven up the party! His systems whirred even louder as he desperately tried to move, excitement so vivid that he had seldom experienced to such a degree building up in his mind. Come on now, Freddy's probably NOTHING without me!

“Oh, pent up, aren't you?” The technician teased, circling around Monty. “I'll fix you up in a jiffy. Just wait a minute, alright?”

The technician's strange speaking manner left the gator with some lingering thoughts. Most of the other Fazbear employees talked to him and his other Glamrock bandmates in a very detached manner, like they weren't talking to them as people but instead, as a bunch of mindless animals. He had heard about their previous models being less than sophisticated, but that didn't mean that Monty thought any better of the technicians. *He might be a weirdo, but he's aight, I guess.*

The technician started to fiddle with the hatch in his chest. Monty always hated the feature—a useless mechanism to deliver cake inside of him when he could instead be delivering it with his massive strength alone—but he couldn't do anything about it. It didn't help that unlike Freddy,

he hadn't gotten nearly used to having his chest open up. Wincing for impact, Monty shut his eyes as the technician began manually loosening up his chest hatch. *I hate this part...* It didn't make him feel bad—far from it. It made him feel *too good*—the sensation of having his insides fiddled with was sensory overload in its purest expression. Every single one of his sensory receptors fired up wildly every time one of the technicians forced his chest open, leaving him with an intense tingle for the rest of the day. It was almost like being drunk—not that he *could* get drunk, he just knew how it was in case he needed to deal with a drunkard in the gold field again.

Monty felt the hatch hinge be undone. A pang of shame coursed through him at his involuntary attempt to shut his mouth, the embarrassment crawling across his plastic shell and driving him mad. The only solace he had was that it was just one... or at least that's the kind of relief he *used* to have, for before he could rest easy, Monty felt yet another hatch be opened—around the very center of his right pectoral.

T-that wasn't there before! What the hell!?

"Aw, you must be so confused..." The technician said with a sweet tone, although their words were so honeyed that it almost felt like mockery to the gator. "I just had to make some upgrades after we rescued you from the Pizza Plex."

Wait, then I'm not at the Pizza Plex? The weight of the realization violently hit him in the face like a sledgehammer, fully waking him up all while he tried pushing from the intense buzz around his torso. Immediately, his eyes began to dart across the supposed green room. *Then where am I?* The comfort of familiarity morphed into a chilling fear as he inspected his surroundings closer. The digital overlay began to lag as he tried focusing on every single corner in a mad rush to understand what the technician meant. *He must've misspoken! There isn't a place as awesome as my green room!*

But denial meant nothing in the face of evidence. The carpeted floor had a generic arcade pattern instead of the one handcrafted with his face patterned over it—the supposed illustration painted on the wall was just a shoddy sticker that was beginning to peel off on the area around his artwork's leg—the amount of merchandise present around the room was downright *excessive*, every single official product joined alongside what seemed to be fanmade merch that was uncannily accurate to what they sold in the Pizza Plex, yet clearly 'off'.

This... is a copy of my green room? Then... I'm not...

"It's a shame that the Pizza Plex burnt down. I was so distraught when I found out about it..." The technician glided his hands from Monty's right pec to the gator's left, pulling down on yet another hinge, elevating the gator's unwilling moans even further. "...but then I heard about the auction, and I *knew* that I had to snatch you up."

Auction?! Wait, I'm not propret—

His moan crescendoed into a deafening shrill as all three hatches were undone and his chest cavity opened up, his speakers glitching out at the intense wail he emitted. A thrill that he had

never experienced before throbbed through his body, making the slight tingles the other technicians would give him before feel like *nothing* in comparison. It was as if his endoskeleton was melting—the whirring noise reaching its peak into a constant, booming thrum as it forced him into stasis, leaving him with no output to all the pressure building around him.

What... did you do to me? I-I'm not supposed to... mgh... feel like...

“There we go!” The technician—although Monty wasn’t sure if he should even call the man that now that he knew that he wasn’t with someone from the Pizza Plex—cheered.

The man then stood still for a few seconds, a warped and squiggly smile painted across his slightly uneven face. He seemed to be deep in thought about something, caressing his Fazwrench. His fingers were long and slender, covered in grime, dust, and oil.

How long... did he spend messing with my body? Is he the reason that I can't even move?! That son of a bitch!

“I can’t believe I’m finally getting to do this.” With a childish squeal and a grin that showed every one of his perfectly white teeth, the man slowly approached Monty. Each step took an eternity, a dragged-out wait for the unknown that was tempting and titillating the already on-edge gator. “I’ve been your biggest fan for such a long time! And now, I can make you something much more than a golfing course mascot...”

What?! No, I'm more than— A shiver so potent traveled through his spine that his thoughts ceased. Monty couldn’t believe what was happening—something so dangerous would end with both of them horribly injured—but the technician didn’t even seem to think that harm could be a possibility. The man was shoving his entire left leg through his chest cavity. A *child* could maybe fit inside the cake compartment if they holed up in a ball, but a whole adult would be crushed against the movement of a heavy endoskeleton. *Stop, are you crazy!* The gator clenched his eyes as he awaited the worst. One of the rules back in the Pizza Plex was to *never* let any adult inside themselves—explained via extremely graphic photos of what were apparently real-life incidents. *No, no no no. Even if I move a little, it's gonna crush him! I need him to get me back to normal!*

The first sign of danger—as told by the gory presentation—would be the feeling of the victim’s legs being crushed by the endoskeleton’s legs around between the knee joints and the pelvis. Monty tried his best to stay still—not out of concern for the man necessarily, but for his own safety. He was almost considering shutting himself down, but doing so would definitely make him slouch back into his sleep mode position, *definitely* turning the man’s leg into bits once he bent his legs forward.

Shit, he's reaching deeper and deeper. Shitshitshit. He was glad that he didn’t have lungs because he surely would’ve run out of air by now. *He's around the knee. Aahh, DAMMIT! He's gonna trigger the mechanism at this rate! FUC—* His maddening train of thought halted abruptly as he felt the technician’s leg seamlessly move past his knee all the way down to his feet without gore or fanfare. It all just happened without a peep, and it wasn’t tight either. The technician continued wriggling his leg against Monty’s, almost as if he was testing something.

The two extra hinges... then... this. What's—

The technician followed up by shoving up his torso and right leg immediately through the opening. He took his time in this instance, letting himself caress the edges of Monty's opening—particularly the ones around two newly installed hinges. The gator could barely handle the sensation of both the outside and inside of his body being massaged. He never really gave thought to how sensitive the sensory receptors on their shells could be, but now, every individual brush of the man's fingers against his chest made him shift awkwardly in place as the pressure continued building up—no consequence for his wriggling in sight.

Mgh, this guy... who does this guy think he is?! I'm not... mghfuck... He tried biting his lip to push down jagged breaths, but his jaw only teetered slightly. The only thing he could do was let the technician continue playing with him, pushing his buttons as he made putty out of him. To feel so powerless—a puppet to someone else's whims—was something completely foreign to the Gator.

It *should've* resulted in him wanting nothing more than to shred the technician for making a mockery out of him, but the tremors pulsating through his head kept pounding away at his reasoning. It *shouldn't* feel this good—it should feel weird and bizarre—but it was like his entire body was being massaged into absolute submission. It was like a taste of heaven for his robotic physique—a *demo* of what having carnal flesh could feel like, but without the control that a natural body could bring. His body was a bastion of strange, enthralling sensations that were resonating across his shell and endoskeleton in a feedback loop—the more he was teased, the more his body craved those touches.

What... Is he doing to me...

The technician finally slid in completely—arms traveling parallel to Monty's. The gator shuddered at his body no longer being his. There was someone inside him, and as he saw his arms rise up into the air without any of his input, he realized that the person within his shell had all the control... a bizarrely enthralling concept. It was like... he was being reprogrammed in real time—not *literally*—but the concept of acting out the orders of someone who he didn't know... why did it keep worming itself inside his head?

A banshee-esque shrill suddenly jolted him awake. For a second he thought that he *did* end up crushing the man inside, but a sudden giggling fit followed the scream.

“I can't believe that I finally get to do this!”

The technician's voice echoed through Monty's head. It carried the same digital pitch that words spoken through his voice box had—a gravelly, raspy tone to all the words.

What the... is that you?!

“Yes! Ah, Monty! I'm so glad that I can finally make my dreams with you come true!”

Dreams?! The fuck are you talking about! Get out of me and turn me back to normal NOW!

“Awww.” The technician whined, crossing Monty’s arms. **“But aren’t you curious about how I fit in there in the first place? You just made the cutest noises while I was crawling in...”**

Monty didn’t dare think anything back. Everything, since he woke up, was an utterly outlandish experience—a nonstop stream of nonsense that boggled the mind. He almost felt like he was in a dream, and that atrial allure was hard to resist. If everything around him was real, the prospect of how in the world he got here was a powerful carrot on a stick. He held his tongue, keeping his mind silent as the technician piloted him toward the full-body mirror in the corner of the room.

Then, as he stared at his reflection, the possibility of the ordeal being a dream morphed from an inkling to the only reasonable explanation for what was being reflected back. Monty was part of the endoskeleton series with larger shoulders and chests—a fact that he was proud of—but the body in the reflection... wasn’t the usual one an endoskeleton like his’ would bring. Instead of the bulky, evenly sculpted frame that he loved, he was... *colossal*.

The small plastic spheres encasing the endoskeleton’s shoulder joints were now two massive green boulders the size of his head, the purple shoulder pads barely able to contain them. Instead of the perfect circumference of the original shell, his new shoulders were rugged and distended—eerily similar to real-life muscle with all the complicated lines of definition of actual flesh.

His pectorals—once slightly curved pieces of hard plastic that barely protruded forwards were now two mounds of sculpted, *soft* muscle that the technician was making flex almost as if he was showcasing the features of a toy. Of course, Monty couldn’t focus on his curving chest with the newly installed nipples on his bust. *Those* were the newly installed hinges. Immediately, the image of the technician pulling on them to open him up made him squirm.

Those long, slender fingers pinching his newly constructed nipples—pulling on them for an excruciatingly long time—each second feeling eternal as pleasure melted into his mind and corroded it. The memory of the man slipping inside of him was tinted by the rose-tinted glasses of pleasure.

Stop... Stop being weird...

“Aw, did you have a good time, Monty?”

SHUT UP! I—

Yet that wasn’t even the thing that shocked him the most. The patterned trousers gifted to him by Fazbear Entertainment had been dealt with. In their stead was a purple Speedo in the same hue as his shoulder pads. It wrapped around his groin tightly, showing off the rest of his muscled legs. His thighs were hard as a rock, making his former limbs look like flimsy toy parts in comparison.

W-what the?! How am I... so... muscled? I was big, but never THIS! What the hell did you do to my body?!

“Upgrades, silly!” The technician explained as if it was obvious. **“Ever since someone leaked the programming for F.E.N.A.S, I could make my own custom Montgomery Gator! It’s like my personal collector’s edition Monty!”**

C-collector’s edition? I’m no merchandise, you runt! And what the hell is that Fuhnaff thing you’re talking about?!

“Oh, you don’t know? That’s great! I can show you what it is, then!”

The fervor that had been simmering inside the gator ever since he woke up traveled directly to the plating around his pelvis, then *exploded* at full force. Monty almost fell down to his knees as even his endoskeleton crumbled against the violent bout of pleasure that surged across his groin. The only thing that held him up was the man inside strengthening his posture and keeping himself staunch, holding Monty’s endoskeleton and shell.

What is haPPENERRORERROing?! Fuck, FUCKCERRORERRORinnGHELL.

“Ah, sorry for not giving you a warning. It looks like you enjoyed it, though~”

I did NoGHERRORYESMORE... No! Stooough...

“Oh, well if you insist~”

That feeling of helplessness was now enthralling him in full force. *His* hands were running down his frame sensually, stroking every sensitive inch of his shell. The sensation was addicting, each stroke of his clawed digits only made Monty want more *and more and more*. He had never felt so greedy—so desperate—for anything ever in his life. The endoskeleton whirred violently as he tried pushing the man inside to do it faster. Every passing fantasy that he could’ve had from the moment his consciousness came into being came to roost into the nest of his mind, overflowing as he trailed down from his chest to his stomach, *relishing* in every single line of harem muscled definition that his new body had. It didn’t matter how he even got to this point—all that mattered was that he had all these intense feelings that were in dire need of release.

No, I’m... ContrERRol... I was supposed to... stronGEEROREst...

He continued pushing against his chest. His once flat stomach was now adorned with a chiseled six-pack. The gator couldn’t resist pushing down on each one like a child excitedly trying out a new toy. Each press granted him a stronger rush of euphoria than the last—drool cascading down the side of his mouth. Inhibitions slowly faded away, shame and ire not enough to quell the bellowing desire growing stronger within Monty. His pride morphed into a pornographic obsession for his own body—surely the work of the technician’s fascination for him bleeding into his thoughts. There was some awareness that the sultry train of thought was not wholly his own, but with his body not moving completely on his own, resisting didn’t seem worth trying. The taste of freedom wasn’t comparable to the feeling of drowning in a pool of self-love and ego.

Fuck... Strongest... I am... Number one!

“But only with my help~” The technician gleefully reminded.

The words continued settling into his mind. Without hesitation, the Gator desperately nodded his head, accepting his helplessness and dependence on his new owner. If the man was speaking the truth—and he probably was, considering how everything lined up with what he said—there was no PizzaPlex for him to go back to. No audience. No duties. He was his own being; free to indulge in whatever he desired with nothing to stop him, and as the voice inside his head whispered even louder, he perfectly understood what he wanted—No. What he needed.

Tugging on the purple speedo, he lowered the garment and took a good look at his new pelvis piece. Just like on his chest, there was a hatch for an opening. It was the epicenter of his intense need. All it would take was one push from him to unleash anything. The last lingering bit of self-respect in his mind told him to resist, but the hunger for release had consumed almost everything of him by now. It was nothing but a foregone conclusion—a curtain call that he was so expectant of that he didn’t even notice his hands wandering on their own once again.

With the speedo under his heel, Monty let out a wail of pure bliss as he opened his groin hatch. From within, a metallic cock sprang forward. A mechanism pushed the throbbing, iron member forward while letting the dangling hatch door retreat inside. Then, with a simple ‘click’ the gator was now sporting a seven-incher that throbbed with intense need, while the surface around it was left without any evidence of a hatch ever existing.

Fuck. Fuck. FUCK. YES! YES, THIS IS WHAT I NEEDED! YEHEHEEAHES!

Like a mindless animal, Monty began pleasuring his own member. He wrapped his hands around the girthy, mechanical shaft and began pumping it mercilessly. Monty didn’t want any buildup or foreplay, just a debauchorous endless stream of stroking his dick. Just a few seconds in and he could already feel himself growing addicted to the sensation. He needed this. He flailed desperately as he found himself unable to control the avalanche of tremors cascading on his body—clumsily waddling around the room while his tail knocked over merchandise.

More. More. I want more. I need more. NEEDNEEDNEEDPLEASEEEEE

Moans poured out of the gator’s mouth, and the floodgates of his mind opened. He bucked his hips, thrusting forward into the air. His hands glided across his cock, feeling his balls throb as liquid pushed up to the tip. It was sticky and slick, semi-transparent but still opaque enough to see that it was white. Too focused on his cock, the gator let it drip down across his dick. The liquid lubricated his clawed hands and member, making his palms glide even faster against the slick surface of his metal cock. He kept pumping, gripping it harder as he bit down on his lip.

So good. I deserve this. I don’t need Freddy when I have this! I NEVER NEEDED HIM!

An orgasm kept building, balls pulsating as they pushed more and more seed out of his tip. He could slow down to let the experience linger, but he was *starving* for even more intense feelings. He just kept going without a care, letting his synthetic cum coat the entirety of his

hands. Drops of it slowly matted the carpeted floor, filling the room with a potent smell that he would gladly let himself suffocate in.

The pace grew stronger and faster. The more he pumped, the more the world around him stopped mattering. The only thing that mattered was himself and pleasuring his dick. Pump—pump—pump. The ringing in his ears got louder, head cocked skywards, and thoughts devolving into mindless self-pleasuring.

Then, it happened. Monty felt everything go white as a seed splurged out of his tip and onto the mat. The sudden release of energy was so intense that not even the technician inside could hold him up. The two of them crashed to the ground with a massive thud. The sound of metal and plastic slamming against the ground managed to wake up the gator momentarily—looking at the ceiling as he still felt the afterglow of his orgasm continued sapping him of energy.

“Fuck...” Monty mumbled, still only half-awake.

The hinges in his chest opened up as the technician crawled out. Hands on his back, he pushed forward to stretch, easing the pain of the fall. “Guess you had lots of fun, huh?”

Monty didn’t respond, hands still gripping his own member and mindlessly jerking it even after it had nothing to give. His desperate hunger still pushed him to chase the high he obtained mere seconds ago, barely lucid giggles parting his lips as drops trickled down his arm.

With pride, looking over at his reworked creation—a sex-crazed, mindless robot festering in earthly pleasures—the technician grinned once again. “Good boy.”