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**Goopy Glamrock – Roxanne Wolf TF**

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You're working the late shift at Freddy's Pizzaplex. The spacious lobby is bathed in a soft neon glow, with colorful and lively attractions all over. At the center, naturally, is the latest iteration of the Fazbear crew... all decked out in trendy glam rock outfits, motionless and inactive at the moment. They look a lot less... kid-friendly this way. Not that you need concern yourself with that; you've got cleaning to do after all.

You hear a distant ticking sound... is that a clock? You never noticed that before. How strange... You press on, sweeping the vast empty space, and can't help shooting a quick glance at the dormant animatronics up on center stage. Glamrock Freddy, Chica, Monty, each stuck in their own dramatic pose... wait a minute. Where's the fourth member? You forgot their name... it was a female, wasn't it...?

You set the broom aside and creep toward the stage suspiciously... the ticking is getting louder. You realize it must be originating from the stage. That's even stranger... you can't see a clock of any sort anywhere up there. Your second thought is "bomb", but that's obviously ridiculous. Maybe a broken timer...? You cautiously step up onto the elevated platform... sure enough, there's 4 rings of glowing light on the ground, and only 3 of them are occupied by a band member. Looking closely at the animatronics, you only just start to realize how... shiny they are. Strangely so... you always thought they were made of metal or plastic, but the way they glint in the faint light... it's almost... rubbery?

Just then, tingy music begins to play. It startles you for a moment... and you don't entirely settle down afterward. Especially since you notice it's in perfect sync with that ominous ticking sound. So it's... a metronome? Why would it be playing at this time of night...?

Abruptly, something grabs both of your feet in a tight grip! You yelp, and look down to see a pair of mechanical limbs, emerging from 2 of multiple panels opening up in the floor around you! You hadn't even realized you were standing right in the middle of that final, unoccupied circle... you can't suppress a whimper as the other three animatronics slowly come to life, warming up with their usual routines, which doesn't feel right given how quiet the music is.

You start to panic as several more appendages rise up from the floor, carrying multiple pieces of red and purple animatronic parts... it doesn't take a genius to figure out the plan. You try to wrench yourself away from the machine's grip, but it's far too strong. It certainly doesn't help when another pair grabs your torso, and yet another stuffs a pair of strange devices in your ears. The ambience of the night goes completely silent, yet you still hear the music... as well as the rhythmic pounding of the metronome. It definitely wasn't pounding like this before... you feel your very skull vibrating to the beat. Somehow, your very will to resist feels drowned out. The music grows clearer, crisper, louder in your head. Such a catchy beat...

Machinery envelops your legs. You look down to see giant paws, and above them a purple zebra-stripped pattern in place of your forelegs. They're completely immobilized, against your wishes. You can only watch as your upper legs are swallowed up by a dull gray. It's so very hard to think in the midst of this intense beat... you've got to get out... got to... obey... protocol? Wh-where'd that thought come from?

You jolt as a whole new sensation takes over... something gooey? Sure enough, some sort of viscous goo, a mix of red and gray, climbs up your body alongside the machinery! You'd be freaking out if you weren't so... oddly pleased... so good to play... to perform... m-must comply...

Your uniform is forcefully ripped open, exposing your guiltily needy cock. H-have you been enjoying it this much?? The goo envelops it, causing you to convulse with need. Shockingly, it then kneads at your junk in rhythm with the rising music. Riling you up. Making you desperate. So desperate...

Then, a sharp sensation right up your rear! It fills to the brim with liquid rubber, pleasantly torturing you still further, subtly moving in and out in

rhythm, keeping you constantly in use. Upon sealing your entire waist in bright red, the goopy machine wastes no time rising up your body, covering it quite thoroughly, increasingly sealing you inside your new animatronic body. It feels so incredibly good... the music rages in your ears, forcing you along into the beat. The music is everything. You... belong to Fazbear Entertainment... the best...

Your chest is replaced with a bright red top with modest cleavage... it's a female, alright. Your arms are restrained and sealed into purple and gray segments, and your hands into dainty robotic likenesses. Only your head remains visible, your mouth hanging open and eyes drooped in a helpless hypnotic stupor. You can feel your mind being reshaped, reprogrammed... conforming into your proper identity of...

...Roxanne. That was her name. No, not hers... YOURS. Your name is Roxanne Wolf. And e-everyone's... watching you...

A large animatronic head is carried up past your vision, with a pair of bold pointy ears and a furious mane of white hair. That's your head. Your face. The head is lowered into its rightful place, filling your mouth up with even more gooey rubber, plugging it so firmly that only the tiniest strangled noises make it through. Not that anyone would hear it under this pounding music! In fact, you recognize it keenly... the theme for the entire Pizzplex, and by extension for you! As the head is sealed firmly into place, you feel your mind taking the final step into your proper persona...

You are Roxanne Wolf. You're the best... you'll always be the best. You loving being so perfect, so stunning, so gorgeous. And at the same time... You are property of Fazbear Entertainment, and you will comply with Fazbear protocols at all times.

Synth rock rages around you. Your rubbery, mechanical body hums to life, and you grab your beloved keyboard guitar out of the machine's grip. You perform that song with everything you've got, rocking along to the beat... conforming to your pre-designated movement patterns. You exist to obey. You exist to put on a show. To spread joy. To adhere to your assigned role, to love yourself more deeply than you ever may have thought was healthy. To promote the Fazbear brand. To obey. To conform. And most of all, to rock on!

Finally, the song draws to a close. The band puts their instruments away, and settles back into their idle poses... you along with them. The music fades, yet the soft click of the metronome persists... along with the persist need to release. But you can't, of course... no matter how badly you want it, that would violate protocol. As would considering the fact that an animatronic shouldn't HAVE such urges in the first place. You wind down, there in your designated spot on the stage, as those internal sensations rage on in perfect beat. Ready to be booted back up in the morning to put on one hell of a nonstop show~