



Art by: Tateshaw

The original plans for the Pizza Plex were just a quartet for a band. A simple set of four to save on resources. Of course, with everything Fazbear related, any drive to stick to the plan eroded in the chase for profit. More characters meant more merchandise, which meant even more money to create *more* characters!

It was a solid plan... according to the shareholders that didn't even know about the strange endoskeleton ripping people's arms off. To the technicians that were forced to care for the increasing roster of animatronics, it was a callous disregard of responsibility and yet another display of negligence from the company. They simply couldn't keep up with all the problems that their continuously evolving AI brought, and the extensive training that was required to handle the AIs meant that increasing manpower wasn't as simple as simply hiring whoever applied to the position.

So, in lieu of relentless complaints and threats to quit, Fazbear Entertainment reached a compromise; the animatronics would be installed with pathfinding to Parts And Services and an automatic script would run a software update in the case that a technician was busy to attend their woes.

Like many other days, the technicians were currently tangled trying to calm one of Monty's rampages down. That left the animatronic that was scheduled to receive maintenance today—Shep, the mascot of the recently installed skating rink—to wander on his own to Parts And Services.

*I can't believe that I finally get to have my first maintenance! It's so exciting!*

Rolling down the dark, grimy path that led to the main maintenance area, Shep couldn't contain his excitement. *Finally*, he was going to be able to boast to Freddy and everyone else that he had passed the one-month test to see if he could stick around the Pizza Plex or be shelved for further testing. He had been on his best behavior the second he was first booted up, and this was his final test.

Jumping over the slight bump between the maintenance chamber and the outer area with the mechanisms that powered it in the first place, Shep gracefully skated towards the operating table. He had heard that Monty always put up a fight when being placed there, so to make an *excellent* first impression, he didn't plan to put on any resistance. He laid down on the table, felt the metal bands wrap around his wrists and ankles, binding him to the table, and sat still so that the script could do its work.

*I'm finally going to be part of the gang! Permanently!*

Shep's entire body convulsed as he felt a surge of voltage travel down his spine. A USB was jammed into the port on the back of his neck, information rapidly being sent from the opening directly to his brain. Immediately, the animatronic began to rapidly shuffle in place. He bucked his hips and thrust his chest up into the air without even realizing it, a barrage of information raining down on his still-fresh mind. It was like experiencing a hundred things in just one second, and every one of them was *new* and *invigorating*.

*W-what is this... update? I don't think Freddy got this one... Is this made... just for me?*

One of the many monitors that hovered above him turned on, revealing footage taken from a camera planted on the maintenance chamber's ceiling. It showed him, bound and squirming, making all sorts of faces that just plunged the embarrassment deeper. *First impression, FIRST IMPRESSION!* He reminded himself desperately. Looking at the image, a strange drive of fervor began to permeate around his body. It originated from his groin, slowly spreading towards the rest of his body to leave it warm and tingly. *But... So hard... to think with all this data!*

The shame of seeing himself—a brown, cream metal plated shell adorned with purple body pieces across his knees, wrists, gloves, shoulder pads, chest, and crotch—writhing relentlessly only made him squirm even more, trapped in an endless ouroboros of pleasure and shame.

*Mmmgh... m-my crotch plating... why is it... overheating? I don't even have any features there...*

Growing fluxes of fervor began to form around his pectoral chest plates. Shep's wrists wriggled as he desperately tried to touch the surging pieces of his body, desire bubbling more and more the longer the data surged through his body. It felt completely foreign to what he expected.

Instead of feeling his mind being refreshed, it almost felt like something brand new was jamming into the very core of who he was. The lines of code that made up his being were being pulled and refracted, segments that went completely against the pacifism and amiability hardwired onto him.

*I shouldn't... need this to be part of the main lineup! Freddy was already warming up to me, so why do I need permission to appear in the shows?!*

The plates that made up his animatronic shell began to pulsate with vigor. They clanked against each other, the plastic struggling to keep itself in place. There was something... *wrong* with them.

He used to love the way the neon lights showering the skating rink would reflect against the surface of his shiny body. When looking down *now*, that perfect smoothness felt like a sign of his weakness. The spiked wristbands that made him cool with the older kids now looked tryhard and gauche with their fake, blunt-ended plastic protrusions that wouldn't be able to pierce anything. A frail, plastic body that could be dented if he fell enough times. He *needed* something better! Something that screamed 'power' to everyone that would see him! He needed it *now*!

Clenching his teeth and letting out a growl that bounced across the cylindrical chamber, pressure began building around his bound wrists and ankles. A strange, burning sensation that wasn't there before. He couldn't look down at his body, so he raised his head at the monitor displaying his update to him.

His ears shot straight up as he laid eyes on the feed. *W-what the...?* He was bigger. There was no doubt. His already hulking frame had begun to swell further. His arms gained even more definition, muscled lines running down the pair of limbs. His legs had similarly experienced a sudden bout of growth. His thickened wrists and ankles pushed against the still unmoving iron rings; the source of this *accursed* pressure.

*I need to break free... Now! I don't deserve this! I'm better than this!*

His shoulder pads were pushed upwards by the growing plastic mass underneath. It wasn't just his shell that was growing but his endoskeleton as well. They were ballooning up from an already stocky build to something more; pure, raw masculine muscle building itself up every second. Clenching his fists, he relished in the feeling of his shoulder growing to a size that matched his head—his pectorals jutting outwards and becoming two soft rounded mounds of hard plastic—his once flat stomach now a rounded gut that pushed even farther than his chest—and the strange tingling across his mouth that was making his bottom lip grow and turn darker.

If he was still the weak fool that craved everyone's approval before this, he would've called a technician to stop whatever was happening to him, but now? He *needed* this to never stop! He was going to become strong for himself and no one else. He was going to take everything he wanted with this new body, and *no one* would stop him.

*Those fucking assholes... they never respect me! Just a dumb skating rink mascot?! I'm better than that!*

Letting out a nonstop stream of labored breaths, Shep bit his lip. It felt plump and juicy. It had grown thrice in thickness. He gnawed on the curvy bits of succulent flesh, the sheer sensation of having that kind of supple amount of fat around his formerly thin lips driving a sense of never

before felt euphoria across his mind. He continued thrusting his body upwards, thrashing against his bindings.

*Fuck... my lips feel so good... But... I need... More strength...*

Suddenly, from within the purple body pieces around his body, something began to break from within. On the shoulder pads, a set of three protruding, sharp spikes pushed outwards. Shep moaned out as the pain of having the spikes burst through the plastic shell circled back into an overwhelming sense of ecstasy. That never-before-seen pain completely overtook his brain. The more that the stinging lingered, the stronger the tingling got across his robotic frame. Before he could even start processing what was going on, more and more spikes began to push out through the rest of his body; a set of spikes from his hand—the spiked bands turning sharp as knives—from within his mouth, a set of plastic teeth formed into large, protruding tusks, that rested atop his plump lips.

“Yes, YES! I’m growing stronger, *finally!*” The animatronic mammal roared out, his mad howling echoing across the entire Parts and Services area. “Need to grow even stronger! Bigger! Better than everyone else!” Feeling his entire body tense up, Shep held his breath. That boost that he wanted so much was coming! He just had to brace himself, and then, he’d be able to get out of here. He closed his eyes, and then... he waited. His toes curled as the euphoria wormed deeper into his brain. The feeling was *indescribable*; a sense of bliss so powerful that it left his mind spinning.

The metal bands stretched around his muscled limbs, struggling to contain the ballooning mass. The bolts that held them in place began to be undone, pushed upwards by Shep’s body. With a *thundering* klang, they flew out of their screw holes and into the air. Without anything to hold them in place, the bindings were completely powerless against the animatronic’s might. Sitting up, Shep sent them to the floor alongside the screws.

“Yes, about time!” Immediately, he hopped on his feet to check himself in the reflection of the windows. He would get his revenge on the fools from Fazbear Entertainment that were hindering his potential... *eventually*. For now, he could afford to check himself out. The best animatronic in the entire Pizza Plex deserved some love, even for himself! Turning to the side, he flexed his arm. The swelling hadn’t stopped, but that was just a plus in his eyes. He loved the feeling of his muscles ballooning evermore, turning him into a walking pile of rippling muscle. “Goddamn right! This is how I was meant to look all along!”

His previous body looked so weak in comparison. A smooth, featureless body... How pathetic! This new body was way more fitting; highly muscled lines of definition across his limbs—pectorals that grew even larger, now matching the size of his boulder-like shoulders—a widened face and lip that made him look like an orc—and spikes that protruded from every inch of his body, all the sharp edges morphing his appearance into something that appeared monstrous. Of course, in his power-drunk stupor, Shep could only think of it as a positive.

Another bout of growth befell his body, but he quickly realized something. He wasn’t just simply gaining musculature, but he was growing *taller*. He wasn’t sure at first, but after focusing

on his reflection, the answer was clear. His mohawk inched closer to the array of monitors that were hovering in the ceiling. "Hah, guess that I was getting too big for this damn Pizza Plex!"

Stomping around the chamber, Shep began looking at the feed. All the monitors were lit up, showcasing his muscular body from all angles. It even gave him a look at his back; as hard and defined as the rest of his body if not *more*. Below that, his ass had rounded out thoroughly. It used to be flat like the rest of his body, but now, the purple plating could barely contain his behind, now sporting two large ass cheeks that jiggled with every gigantic step that he took inside the room. "Hah, talk about an upgrade! About fucking time that someone got an ass!"

Too enthralled by the footage of his body, he didn't notice himself inching closer and closer to the ceiling. He remained transfixed, feeling his ego growing alongside his body until he crashed against the ceiling. His head smushed up against the ceiling, tilting his neck down in response. "N-ngh, dammit! This stupid Pizza Plex is just too damn small for me!" Trying to prevent his head and neck from being crushed by the ceiling, he put his palms against it to push himself away. "I need... to make some... space!" Every inch of his muscles flared up with adrenaline. Without even an inkling of hesitation, he *thrust* the entire weight of his body into one single push.

Immediately, the ceiling began to collapse against the overwhelming amount of force. As Shep's hands pushed further against it, cracks began to spread around the surface. Large pieces of debris fell around him, but with his size and might, the crashing rocks felt like nothing more than simple bumps against him. The panicked screams of visitors and staff filled the room, and Shep couldn't help but *laugh*. To be feared so severely was the best thing that could happen to him! That fear would let them know who was in charge of the Pizza Plex now! A mad cackle echoed across all three upper floors, more and more people running away in desperation. "HAHAHA! Run away, you stupid runts!"

Reaching the very ceiling of the building, Shep was more than ready to tear through it too. As he stood above the entire Pizza Plex, the entire thing seemed so pathetically tiny! Someone as great as him shouldn't need to be contained by such a puny building! He was going to tear through it and make everyone aware of how insignificant they were in comparison to him!

"SHEP!"

Even amidst the screams, he could recognize that voice. Tenderly and soft, it was impossible for the growing mechanical behemoth to ignore Freddy's voice.

"Hehehe... What do we have here?" Shep crouched, his massive frame casting a shadow on Freddy and the fleeing guests. "I never knew that you were such a tiny runt, Fred. I don't know why I even looked up to ya!"

"W-what happened to you? You were so kind and soft earlier... Did someone do this to you?!"

"Pah!" Shep scoffed. "Do you think that anyone could control me?! I only listen to *myself*, Freddy! You're very lucky that you're so cute... cause otherwise, I would've smashed you already." Chuckling to himself, the giant reached for the animatronic bear. Of course, Freddy

tried to run, but it was all for naught. Shep caught him between his fingers, feeling him helplessly squirming. “Aw, trying to escape?”

“S-Shep, stop him!” He pleaded. “This isn’t you!”

“You have no idea what I should be, Fazbear! Time to show ya what I’m all about now!” With a fierce roar, Shep pushed through the ceiling. It stood no chance against his might, crumbling in an instant under the violent thrust. His spilling love handles and gut brushed against the wall, quickly destroying them as well.

As the moon shined down on him and the ruined Pizza Plex, Shep couldn’t resist looking down at the fruits of his work. The entire Pizza Plex was barely one-twentieth of his size. He thought that he should do one closing act to celebrate his brand-new freedom. He looked at Freddy—struggling and shaking his head—before letting out a burst of booming laughter. He jumped into the air, then smashed into the ground, feeling the building turn into nothing but crumble under the weight of his ass.

“HA!” Shep cackled. “About time someone learned who was in charge! And as for you...” Getting back on his feet, he looked at his terrified prey. “I have some plans for you...”



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