

Fox cringed as he wiped dust and a strange, black goopy substance off his gloves. The double doors of the abandoned pizzeria were marred with the decay of time. He wanted nothing more than to get out of here and return home with Falco. The damn idiot had gotten himself stranded, just like many times in the past. Fox had told him a thousand times that his recklessness would get him killed one day, and in turn, the avian had chalked his warnings off as nagging without fail.

"Mister McCloud, are you okay?"

"Come on, runt. Don't coddle him."

With a frustrated sigh, he turned to the pair behind him. Just in case the kidnappers came upon them mid-rescue and were armed, he brought Nova with him as a backup. *Unfortunately*, the latter brought Wolf as a backup for himself, having the same thought process.

Every time that he met up with the gray-furred canine, Fox was amazed at how *chatty* he got whenever he got bored. It wasn't like Fox was blameless in the situation—he always enabled the lupine with back and forth. Nova was far more of an amicable presence, but it barely did anything to temper his simmering stress.

"Both of you, silence. We need to be stealthy."

"Yes, Mister McCloud!" Nova cheerily said, quickly realizing that he had spoken loudly yet again. "Sorry."

"Come oooooon, Fox. Everything is going to be fine." Wolf whined. "You worry too much. We've done this a hundred times. It'll be okay."

Fox grumbled under his breath. "Just make sure that you follow my lead. We don't know what's waiting for us inside."

"I think I'll split up from you guys. Think of it as a contest." Wolf clicked his tongue, gently nudging his elbow against Fox's arm. "First one to find the captive songbird wins. Loser owes the winner a favor."

"I don't trust what you mean as a *favor*, Wolf..." He was hoping that Nova wouldn't notice his reddening cheeks. The number of times that they had gotten into dumb competitions that ended up with the two of them in bed was so high that Fox had lost count.

"Sounds like you're scared to lose, Fox."

"I'm not scared—"

"Then the bet is on!"

Wolf ran past Fox and Nova, kicking the doors open and rushing into the pizzeria. By the time Fox opened his mouth, Wolf had already sprinted deep inside. He pinched the bridge of his nose, already aware that no matter the result of their little game, Wolf would make sure that

he wouldn't stop thinking about him for a long time. He always had a way of getting into his head and leaving him wanting more.

"Shit." He hissed under his breath.

Nova inched closer, gently placing his hand on the pilot's shoulder. "Hey, come on. I'm sure that everything is going to turn out fine, Mister McCloud."

"I sure hope so..."

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If there was one thing that Wolf loved, it was toying with Fox McCloud. Maybe he loved it a little *too* much. Coming out to the worst part of Corneria in the dead of night just for the promise of being able to see the pilot would've sounded insane to anyone other than him. He would've begrudgingly accepted if Nova asked, but having Fox nearby made him jump to his Wolfen the second his name was mentioned.

Lighting up a cigarette, Wolf kept meandering through the dilapidated pizza place. He had to step over puddles made from leaky roofs and clumps of mold that were *definitely* causing the almost toxic-like smell IN the air. Even with his canine eyes made for the dark, the lack of any windows in the deeper parts of the establishment engulfed the hallway in such an intense pitch black that it had him brandishing his flashlight at all times.

"I can't believe the little birdy got himself into trouble *again*." The look on Fox's face as he explained the situation to him was pity incarnate. Rambling on and on about the last place his communicator was active before it went online—he looked like he was on the verge of a nervous collapse. "Just gotta find him. Then I can have my fun with Fox..."

Then suddenly, Wolf felt his ears shoot upwards. Deeper into the hallway, a creaking sound began to grow louder and louder, followed by metal *crashing* against the floor. Every strand of fur on his body prickled at the haunting series of sounds. Without a second thought, he brandished his blaster. Slowly walking towards the source of the sound, he realized that the source of the noise was coming behind a door with 'parts and service' barely legible on the top.

Wolf pressed his ear to the door—a faint hum on the other side, probably coming from a machine. Steeling himself, he kicked the door open and immediately pointed his blaster, hand on the trigger. "FREEZE!" He screamed, only holding off the trigger in case Falco was in the line of fire. However, as he moved his flashlight around the room, he realized that the room was entirely vacant. The only thing of note in a sea of shelves stocked with random knick-knacks was a workshop table with a bright green object resting on it.

Still holding onto his firearm, he ventured inside. Upon further inspection, he realized that the things littering the walls were spare animatronics parts. "Holy crap, I haven't seen tech this old in a *long* time." It looked at least twenty years older—give or take.

Shining a light onto the green piece of junk, he correctly assumed that it was an animatronic part. He turned it around to see what it looked like—a horrible mistake. Wolf felt himself freeze up as he realized that the head seemed to be made in the image of his long-time friend, Leon; those bulging reptilian eyes, the seam where the silicone patch of skin went over his robotic enhancements, and even a scar made by Falco during a bar fight that ended in him losing *spectacularly* that took place a mere *month* ago. Every detail was captured perfectly... yet just like everything else in the pizzeria, it was tainted by dust and rust.

Tilting the head with a morbid sense of curiosity, he realized that almost the entirety of it had been slathered with a sticky, gooey liquid. It had the same horrible stench that the mold in the facility had, just far more concentrated. Wolf wretched as he had the facsimile of his friend, sticking his tongue out in pure disgust from the horrid sight. The scent almost reminded him of dry, old semen—not quite, but still earning a similar kind of reaction. Now he was even more confused as to *what* was the thing that coated the animatronic Leon's head.

“What the fuck is going on?”

A pit began to form deep in his stomach. He was already slightly unnerved by the disheveled state of the building but seeing a mockery of his friend smeared by... *something* was enough to make him want to get out of there ASAP. Holding onto the animatronic head for evidence, Wolf turned to run back outside. He tapped his earpiece, the electronic lighting up with a green light. “Fox?” Instead of the pilot’s voice meeting him on the other line, a crackling burst of static came from the speaker. Wolf flinched, and in his haste, tripped over a discarded animatronic arm, blaster and flashlight sent flying across the room.

“SHIT!” Wolf slammed onto the ground, body colliding against random screws and bolts that were scattered across the floor. They pressed onto his body painfully, leaving him on the ground writhing. Immediately patting himself in a panic, he was at least glad to see that he hadn’t gotten any cuts—just a whole *lot* of bruises. “Fuck, I swear, Fox better make this up to m—”

A sudden, loud metallic smash made him freeze up. Still wincing in pain, Wolf could only glance at what was illuminated by the discarded flashlight—a pair of metallic boots worn by someone standing in the doorway.

H-how did they get the jump on me?

“W-Welcome to the Cornerian Pizza Place! I hope that you enjoy your stay he-he-here!”

Wolf was about to scream a bout of profanities at whoever was standing at the door, but before he could, he felt a metallic, cold hand grip his head. The thing jerked it up, forcing their gazes to meet. Immediately, Wolf realized that the person holding his head didn’t have normal eyes. They were a pair of glowing orbs with rings of different azure hues circling towards the center, constantly switching.

“W-what...?” Wolf couldn’t help but notice the shifting hues. Dark blue, then a standard azure tone, and then a bright cyan. It endlessly repeated, slowly encroaching towards the center with another ring following behind it. It almost reminded him of an old screensaver. “What is going

on... with yhoouure..." His body suddenly began to turn sluggish and heavy, control leaving him. His jaw became slack, words trailing off and slurring. He didn't understand why the eyes caught his attention so fiercely. Without thinking, he followed the man's eyes as he tilted his head, seemingly curious at his sudden pacified reaction.

Wolf whined as he felt something down on his groin. Barely able to look away from the spiraling eyes, he saw that an azure hand had begun rubbing against the tent on his jumpsuit. He should've been *livid*, but for some reason, the sight of the blue rings on the kidnapper's eyes tempered whatever little ire he had. Feeling as if he was swimming underwater, Wolf let the current take hold of him... every thought on his head tainted with the need to provide entertainment.

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"I think Mister Lombardi isn't here. We've searched this side of the building for an hour..." Nova pouted, slouching down in exhaustion. "I think that we should go ask Wolf if we found something."

"I guess." Fox rolled his eyes, already dreading Wolf's smug reaction. He tried pressing his earpiece to contact him, only to be met with hissing static. "Ugh, I've told General Pepper to fix the damn radio tower in this area."

"Don't worry, I think we can track him..."

Nova sniffed the air, strutting through the hallways with his eyes closed. He managed to avoid all the puddles and mold effortlessly, much to Fox's amazement. They walked for a few minutes until they arrived in the main hall.

"I'm finally picking up his scent. Good thing that Wolf smokes! Makes him pretty distinctive."

"First time in my life that I saw something positive come out of that habit of his." Fox huffed. "Where are the animatronics anyway? Do you think someone stole them? They *could* sell for a pretty good price amongst collectors."

Nova only snorted in return. "Are you afraid that they've just walked up and left? Or maybe if we stand on stage, we'll *become* the animatronic band."

"Nova." Fox grumbled. "Come on, get serious."

But Nova only seemed to double down against Fox's resistance. "Guess Wolf was right. You are a scaredycat!"

"Oh my god. Fine!" Fox threw his hands into the air exasperatedly as he climbed on stage, constantly mumbling to himself under his breath.

Some circles were lighter than the rest of the wooden planks that made out the stage, signaling where each animatronic would go. Fox became stiff for a moment, a small part of his brain wondering if something would happen. In his right mind, he'd never admit to thinking that

ghosts or anything of the sort were real, but the entire atmosphere of the place was throwing him off. That and the stupid dare he regretted taking.

“See? Nothing’s wrong. No need to get so apprehensive.”

“Can we *please* move on?”

“Yeah, just follow my lead, Mister McCloud!”

Trekking deeper inside, they eventually found themselves in front of a strange room. Neither of them spoke, gawking at the operating table in the center of the room. It looked massive, far too big for most people to fit on. Around it was an array of old CRT screens all displaying a completely blank image, the sound of static inside almost unbearable.

“Woah... Do you think they were doing something bad here, Mister McCloud?”

“Definitely.”

Fox grabbed his blaster, then cocked his head at Nova to do the same. He slowly walked inside, ears tipped red as worry began to seep into his mind. Falco was already a troublemaker, but Wolf? He rarely got himself into a situation that he had no control over. Fox was the only one who had managed to beat him over the years, which meant that if someone else had apprehended Wolf, they were worthy of being feared.

As he walked in further, he noticed something underneath the table. Despite being cast in shadow, Fox recognized it almost immediately thanks to the sharp blade built into the firearm. “Oh no...”

“W-what’s wrong, Mister Mc—”

Suddenly, the door closed behind him and Nova let out a scream. The screens turned off, leaving them in complete darkness. He quickly scurried for his phone, turning on the flashlight and looking around panickedly. “Fox?! Fox, are you okay?!” He shined the light at where Fox was standing, only for the pilot to have vanished. His blaster was on the ground, next to Wolf’s “Fox...?” Nov could barely keep his hands steady, the beam of light shaking as he continued walking forward, slowing down to a crawl.

Suddenly, the sound of machinery attempting to start up *burst* into the room. The cogs and motors were barely able to start up, the creaking of dilapidated metal making Nova cover his ears in pain. Squinting in fear and ache, he shakily pointed his phone at the source of the sound.

It was Wolf—or *something* that looked like him. It seemed to be an animatronic made in his image; covered in a plastic shell that coated his mechanical insides with the paint starting to fade. The face plate made him look blank and emotionless. His mouth was hanging open ever so slightly, while its mechanical eyes looked sunken and devoid of life.

“W-what the hell is—”

“W-Welcome to the Cornerian Pizza Place! I hope that you enjoy your stay he-he-here!” His voice stuttered and crackled, bulks of oil *shooting* out from inside his mouth as if he was involuntarily spitting for each word he spoke. It splashed onto the ground, forming a massive puddle of sizzling, thick brown liquid that oozed with the scent of sex and rust at the same time.

Nova instinctively pinched his nose, ready to run away only to hear another machine starting behind him. He turned around, horrified to see Fox on his knees. His arms dangled limply, posture so motionless Nova thought that he was dead for a second. The loud, carnal gurgling coming from him told the detective he was still alive at least. “F-fox?” Stepping closer, he saw that something was lodged inside the pilot’s mouth. A phallic, metallic blue rod that was dripping with the same disgusting, oil-like liquid that Wolf’s mouth was filled with.

Looking up, he saw what the rod was attached to. Just like Wolf, Falco had been reborn in metallic flesh. His jacket had become part of his body. Instead of feathers, his frame was covered in blue polyester fabric. From the gaps that were seemingly born from decay and lack of maintenance, Nova could see the metallic insides of the Falco animatronic. Gears covered in rust and dust were turning, with a motor that was *constantly* twitching, doing it so fast that it looked like it could explode at any second.

W-who would do something like this?! Making animatronics of us...

Both the Falco animatronic and Fox had spiraling, blue eyes. Fox was looking up almost... *wistfully* at the Falco animatronic, doing so while sucking down on the robotic cock. It was clear that the pilot wasn’t lucid. Droning, almost zombie-like moaning came from his mouth while he swirled his tongue about the robotic shaft.

“F-Fox! Oh, oh god...”

He tried prying Fox away from the hypnotizing animatronic, but before he could take a step, a metallic hand gripped his shoulder. It forcefully turned him around, making him look back at the animatronic Wolf.

“Can’t I-I-let you do that, Star Fox,”

As he uttered his catchphrase in a cheesy, almost artificial way, the sole functioning eye of the Wolf animatronic began to shift. A burst of blue light came from within the plastic eye, rings just like the ones on Fox’s and Wolf’s eyes beginning to form.

As soon as the blue light hit his eyes, Nova was immobilized. The tension that was once running so intensely oozed out of his body. He slouched forward, arms dangling to the side just like Fox’s. He couldn’t focus on regaining his composure and trying to run away with how alluring the light was. He followed the movement of the rings, head spinning ever so slightly as he moved from staring at a ring of light to another, and then another, and then more and more... all leaving his head engulfed in a strange sort of mental fog that blocked anything unrelated to the light out.

Feeling the last bit of bodily autonomy leave him, Nova managed to glance at Fox for one last time. His head—slathered in the strange oil—had begun to shift. His fur became a

combination of plastic and metal, digits beginning to turn to iron and eyes turning mechanical. Just like Falco and Wolf, the pilot was being transformed into a mockery of himself; a fate that would soon engulf the detective as well.

“N-no.. Wait... What are you going to-to-to-WELCOME!” Nova felt something beginning to swell inside his throat. It was square and edged, pushing up against the walls of his neck. “W-what is going to hap-hap-HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Wait, no, it’s not my BIRTHDAY! CELEBRATE YOUR BIRTHDAY-DAY-DAY IN THE CORNERIA PIZZA PLAAAAAGH?!” He still kept his gaze locked onto Wolf’s eyes, a sudden cold enveloping his chest as he felt his insides suddenly being filled with old, rusty mechanisms that were pushing against his fading away bones and organs. His blood was turning into old, disgusting oil that made him feel gross inside. “M-my body! My body IS MADE BY TOAD INDUSTRIES! IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR WARRANTY ON ANY DEFECTIVE—I’m not! I’m not DEFECTIVE ANIMATRONICS, CALL 604271997 TO GET CUSTOMER SERVICE!”

Wolf suddenly pushed him to the ground. Nova tried to crawl away, but his body remained uncooperative. With loud whirring and clunking, he ended up on all fours. As a last-ditch effort, he tried screaming out for help. A dry, mechanical noise left instead—his mouth permanently locked at a forty-five-degree angle. A gentle stream of oil traveled downwards, cascading out of his mouth and onto the floor below. Looking up, he saw Wolf clunkily trying to unbuckle his belt. The pants dropped, revealing his smooth and rusted legs. From the animatronic’s groin, a rubber cock dripping with oil leaking nonstop pushed up against his face—mere millimeters away

The motors on Wolf’s legs hissed as he began to thrust back and forth. With his eternally opened mouth, Nova could only helplessly take the animatronic cock down his mouth. The texture was almost like a dildo slathered in lube. Puckering his lips around the shaft, Nova basked in the helplessness. A constant hissing sound reverberated through his ears, combining with the light to completely pacify his brain.

“Can’t I-I-let you do that, Star Fox. “Can’t I-I-let you do that, Star Fox. “Can’t I-I-let you do that, Star Fox.” Wolf’s motions were uniform and completely lacking in humanity. He just pushed back and forth like an automatic machine, body humming loudly as he continued spouting out the same catchy one-liner over and over again.

Eventually, he felt his clothes merging into his body. His trenchcoat faded away, replaced with a shortened purple jacket that only went down to his waist—his pants turned ripped and black—and his shoes turned into combat boots.

As he gave Wolf one final look before he was completely mechanized, Nova felt compelled to say something. ***“T-thank you for your service!”***

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Four animatronics stand completely immobilized on the stage. Star Fox memorabilia and posters litter the walls in a vain attempt to recreate a birthday party. On a banner at the very back of the stage, ‘STAR FOX VS STAR WOLF’ is written out in black paint.

Fox and Falco stand side to side on the left side of the stage constantly repeating the same three lines as their decayed mechanical bodies try to perform a shooting motion with the plastic, harmless guns in their hands.

To the right, Wolf and Nova spit back insults that only a small child would find threatening. They have their blasters as well—the sharp blades that once adorned the firearms now simple plastic cones that would never be able to pierce anything.

The night rages on, their eternal performance only having just begun.