

HALL-AWOO-N

BONUS STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Well, at least I’m going to be covered up, but this thing is going to be *hot*.”

I really *hated* going to parties. I was getting older and older, but that wasn’t actually *the* problem. I hadn’t been a fan of them even when I was younger, either. Being an introvert certainly wasn’t *easy* when people expected you to attend social functions, and in this case, it had been nearly impossible for me to weasel out of it. It was the end of October, so naturally the party I was going to attend was a Halloween themed one. Costumes were *required* because it doubled as a birthday party for my best friend’s four-year-old.

The poor kid had been born *on* Halloween, and his parents had decided the best way to handle that was to always theme his birthday celebrations around the holiday too. That kid was either going to *love* Halloween when he got older because of it, or he was totally going to resent it at some point. Either way, that wasn’t really *my* problem. The party this year *was*. I’d avoided going the year before, and since I didn’t have to work that night? I couldn’t really weasel out of it.

But I’d found a solution! A costume that basically covered me from head-to-toe! It was a werewolf costume that consisted of a baggy fur coat and a big head piece to be worn over my head. *Isn’t it technically a fur suit?* I *had* asked that at the costume shop, but they reassured me that it was the hottest Halloween costume of the season. ...I should have asked if he had meant that *literally*. Because by the time I’d put it all on? **“I’m going to cook *alive* in this thing.**” Maybe the party would be outside? It *wouldn’t* be, but it was nice to have hope!

**WHAT'S WRONG, FATHER? I CAN ADJUST IT SO IT'S
MORE BREATHABLE FOR YOU!**

“**Wait, no!**” Hisa had been listening in, obviously. For all of her nonsense, she had promised me she wouldn't mess with anyone that I *knew* that wasn't involved in the TF space. I wasn't so deluded as to think she didn't mess around with random strangers in her free time, but the people I *directly* knew were off limits. That's why I was a little concerned to hear her chirping up just minutes before I had to leave.

Unfortunately, being herself, my protest did not stop her from doing whatever she had been planning on doing – something that I discovered *very* quickly. My body cooled, and the weight of the costume head had lifted from my shoulders. “**Eh!?**” Things did feel a little *too* cool, though, and looking down? I could see why. And it certainly was *not* a very pretty sight.

My round tummy and my thighs were basically *entirely* exposed. A cropped, fur top now sat over my chest, with claws and socks that resembled those of a wolf wrapped around my hands and feet. A fishnet thigh high sat on my left leg, while a more traditional one rose up my right. Even worse, though... “**A-Am I wearing a bikini or a thong!?**” Either way, the bulge of my dick was being held back uncomfortably, threatening to escape. And I hadn't even *noticed* the wolf ear headband or prop tail I was adorned with yet.

But if I was dressed this way, there was a good chance that Hisa's
intention was...

“**URK!?**” Well, I had *definitely* been onto something. My hips had suddenly swung to the left, not because I had *wanted* to move them there. They had been *forced* to swing due to a force that had pressed against my torso, primarily my *stomach*. That was simply the best way I could *describe* how it felt, too. It wasn't the reality. The truth behind the reality of it was *far* easier to comprehend with my own two eyes than it was to feel. And it was something I had endured countless times in the past. “**Starting with my weight again, huh...?**”

It hadn't been a slow process by any means; if it had then my hips probably wouldn't have lurched like they had. I caught the tail end of it after regaining my composure – the sight of what remained of my bulging tummy not only flattening until it was perfectly trim, but likewise erased my stretch marks *and* body hair, with that skin pulling tighter against a firm set of *abs*. “**You need to get a little more original if you aren't going to *tamper* with *my memories*, you know?**”

This really *was* the same old song and dance. I wasn't wearing a shirt that I'd need to lift to examine the changes to my bare tummy. I could see all of the hair on my arms disappear as if it had simply been eviscerated, and the skin that was left exposed appeared softer than it had ever been before. Soft and freed from any scar marks. I couldn't see how my fingers were beginning to lengthen with those gloves over them; thinning yet somehow seeming larger because my palms shrank as well.

“Wait...” Maybe I'd gotten a little ahead of myself. My hands changing wasn't really a big deal, but they became *warm* all of a sudden. The gloves were expectedly warm to wear, but that warm was spreading *outward* even though there shouldn't have been any additional flesh for that warmth to move *through*. I became acutely aware that I could no longer move my pinkie fingers independently from the fingers beside them. Doing so just moved the fourth finger of the glove... **“Didn't these gloves have *five* fingers before?”**

The concern led to me using one hand to try and pull the glove off of the other. But when the claws dug into the opposing glove? **“Ow!?”** I yelped in pain. Why were the claws on those gloves so *sharp*? And why had touching the *glove* hurt? It was almost like... **“These *aren't* gloves...”** They were honest-to-goodness *paws*, which meant that what I had felt before were my fingers merging *into* them. And it wasn't *just* the paws of my hands. I could feel my feet on the floor like they were bare, but they'd *been* wearing boots. Those, too, had fused and become a part of my body.

“Okay, maybe you mixed things up after all...” Even so, some things were *still* familiar. I hadn't been ignoring the cracks in my voice that had periodically raised my pitch, nor had I failed to realize that my voice was now stuck like that. I could only imagine that my Adam's apple had smoothed away and that my face was beginning to better match with that voice. And I was absolutely right about that, even if the transformation was designed to make the facial changes difficult to *feel*.

Regardless, the changes to my face were rather numerous. As you might expect, I did begin to appear feminine enough to match the sound of my voice. That was reflected in the swell of my lips and the slimming of my nose. But there was also something about it that was *younger*, like I had slipped back into my *mid-twenties* with how clean and perky my face's skin was. Even then, that *wasn't* all of it. The shapes of these facial features made no sense for my ethnicity. My lips were thicker yet flatter, and my nostrils ultimately flared. My face's shape was even a touch thinner, though not as thin as the shapes of my eyelids became. A mole even surfaced under my right eye.

Combined, it all made it so that I looked the part of a *young Japanese woman* – all adjectives that hadn't described me before.

This was on par for the course for one of Hisa's ideas, though.

I couldn't see my own face to know this, and I didn't *have* a mirror in my room. What I *could* notice was my hair, which was usually kept as short as I possibly could. It also was a duller color – certainly not *black* as my hair now was, and I only *knew* this because that hair was cascading over my eyes – which now shone gold, forcing me to part it clumsily with my paws. “**Black? That's ruff!**” I'd meant *rough*, right? But it almost sounded more like I'd *barked*. And despite the fact that this black hair was going to reach past my hips, the wolf ear headband I'd been wearing hadn't slid off?

Twitch, twitch. Well, I *knew* why that was. The ears were twitching atop my head after I'd felt a warmth at their bases. I could *hear* through them. They were part of my body, meaning I had two sets of ears. Or at least I *thought* I had two sets; I was too scared of cutting myself with my claws to reach my hands up and check. “**Grr...**” First it was a bark, and next? A *growl*. Were the wolf traits causing that? The wagging of my *tail* behind me didn't improve my mood. I could feel *it* now too, which meant it had clearly attached itself to my tailbone.

For all that had happened thus far, my body's build was more androgynous than feminine still. Yet, all it took to buck that trend was for the transformation to target my *build*. I sighed the moment I noticed my *height* unraveling, as my almost six-foot stature diminishing down to around 5'7" instead. It wasn't a gigantic drop, but it was still difficult to ignore. In the process? My waistline saw an inward dip of a few inches while my hips flared out by a similar margin. “**Ngh!?**”

There had been a brief moment of discomfort due to those hips flaring. After all, they pulled the straps of my thong bikini wider, which had the cloth on the front press my dick even *closer* to my pelvis. But pain paved way for pleasure as the discomfort lessened. I looked down just in time to catch the bulge in the front flattening away until— “**AWOOO!?**” I... *howled*? At the sensation of what remained of my dick inverting up into the slit of my new *pussy*. I was officially a *woman*.

“**I... I howled?**” I couldn't stop how my cheeks pinkened with shame. What a *weird* thing to do. Then again, my body as it was? It was *weird*. What couldn't be questioned was my *femininity* though, especially since now that my sex had changed, my body had begun to *fill out* where it was necessary to do so. My thighs, which were already more muscular, swelled fatter with feminine weight until each thigh rivaled the narrowed point of my waist in girth. While *behind* them? The bikini

thong slipped a little more *intimately* into the gap between my ass cheeks because they'd formed a sexy little heart shape behind me.

If we were talking 'sexiness' though, there was of course one area that couldn't be overlooked, and it certainly didn't disappoint. My posture sagged subtly forward at first, as beneath the furred crop top I was wearing? Fat began to pool. The skin of my chest strained, but the shapes that developed jiggled and bounced more and more as they *grew* and *grew*. Before long? The flesh of these new *tits* began to peak out from beneath the top, which was unable to completely contain these new *H-cups*.

They were *heavy*, but before long I could weather their mass.

“What am I going to AWOOOOOOOO!?” Hisa had *really* made a mess of things this time, and I could hear her cackling in the background, wherever she was hiding. I was very clearly *Atago* from Azur Lane, right down to the hot body and general personality. The name that came to mind when I thought of myself *was* Atago, and my room had been modified into a young Japanese woman's room.



But she hadn't tampered with my memories at all, all of the werewolf costume pieces were now *stuck* to my body. The tail, the ears, the paws; they all *were* my body, which made me some kind of *freak*, didn't it? I had *two* pairs of ears! **“Hisa! Why did you do this!? How am I supposed to go to the party like this!? ...Wait, are they even going to recognize me? I suppose you changed my room... Did you alter reality completely?”** I hated that I wanted to howl *some more*. And *lick myself*? How many dog-like behaviors had she imprinted on me?

Hisa's disembodied voice ceased its cackling to prove me with some answers.

DON'T WORRY, THE WOLF STUFF WILL FADE BY THE MORNING! JUST ENJOY YOURSELF, MOTHER! THE

*KIDS AT THE PARTY WILL LOVE THE NEW YOU! OF
COURSE, NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER!*

That was a relief, but...

**“Wait, what about the part where you turned me into Atago?
When is *that* wearing off?”**