

You roll your eyes as you look over the paper in front of you. The thing seems stupid, but as you look out at the doors of the party there's an obvious line with a burly looking man taking what looked like the exact same things from the other guests.

“..Whatever. Weirdest ass costume party. I'll just put whatever on and then get in my costume and call it good.”

Exhaling, you glance back in your car. The Final Fantasy cosplay you had from the last convention run was definitely good enough for a Halloween party and you could get into it fast. You shake your head and lay the question sheet out on your dash.

“Right.. ugh, Noun, verb.. describe your- oh *whatever*. Bitch. Tits. Hottest thing. Chasing tail. Best.. trait. Fantastic sex. Fabulous hair. Great teeth. Look awesome naked.. And.. right, whatever. Fuck this.”

You tuck the mad libs description sheet under your arm and exit your car to get at the back hatch and start getting in costume. Or at least that's your intent, the attempt runs into a small problem as you shut the door behind you and touch the grass with your feet. Specifically, you *touch the grass* with them. Looking down you see your bare feet down there, no shoes, no socks.. no pants either, no shirt. Just your bare skin and that paper in your hand.

Logic flees you entirely. All you can process is that you're naked and visible and that this makes no sense, but you have to solve the naked part first. To that end you reach out to grab the door handle and get back in your car. You mean to at least. For some reason you fail to get a grip on the handle itself, instead just kind of bluntly butting your hand into the door and rubbing it on the grip without finding purchase.

When you look to see why that's the case a fresh rush of bafflement and hell strikes you. Your fingers look *wrong*. You can still move them a bit, curl each one against your palm, but they're too short and won't bend and *growing fur*. Quickly, too. You see thick brown and black fur growing in and your fingers keep swelling and shortening while your palm bloats into a soft, leathery pad. It's a paw – your arm just ends in a paw, a *really big* canine looking one.

The change begins to spread as you watch. Creeping up your arm, leaving it feeling a bit shorter as that paw grows closer to your face. You try to step back from it as if you could somehow flee the changes happening to you but all that happens is you trip on your own feet and land on your bare ass amid the carefully tended lawn.

“Oh god. *Oh god*. W-what.. I'.. I'm asleep, right! I have to be asleep or something, a-and..”

You stop mid-thought as a creaking sensation begins to wash through your bones. It flies through them, like they were strings being played on an instrument, vibrating and stretching and *changing* like the rest of you was. While you're trying to will yourself to wake up you put your hands to your face, or rather you put one hand to it and one soft canine paw.. and then you feel your 'normal' hand begin to change to match its partner.

Desperate to shake this madness off, you shake your head and try to bite your tongue. Instead of succeeding you find your jaw stretching, growing further away from where you expect it to be, and you end up biting nothing as you watch your mouth ease into the shape of a dog's snout. Your nose turns black and glistening, your teeth stretch and sharpen and that brown and black fur mix starts growing from there out toward the rest of your face. Your quiet terror becomes punctuated by fearful whimpering and you find yourself wondering if you can still speak like this.

You don't want to find out. Not really. But you still *try* to say something asking whoever was doing this to you to stop it. It's a confused, guttural noise that you end up making – and all that comes of it is you feel the changes creeping further along your body as you whine and look about for something – anything- that might help. All there is is you, your car, and the paper you filled out moments ago.

..The one you wrote things like 'bitch' and other things on.

As cold, dreadful realization takes you you put your hands – your paws – down on the sheet and try to more carefully read what you've done. It doesn't come easily to you though, not with your big paws in the way wrinkling the paper and the sheer panic making it impossible to focus. You do think to yourself, briefly, that maybe if you just erase everything this will stop – but you'd need to know where your pencil went, and you would need **thumbs**. You had neither.

Pawing at the thing a bit more out of sheer, confused desperation you bounce a little and look about for either help or signs of danger, and that leaves you gasping. Not because of what you find, but because of what you feel. A heavy jostling weight right against your chest, sloshing and jiggling. It was getting heavier too. You look down as much as your muzzle wants to let you and see a pair of *ridiculous* tits there. They were the size of your head, throbbing quietly in tune with your heartbeat, and getting a little bigger by the second. With nothing on to hide or bind them every little movement leaves them swaying and wiggling about. It also leaves you yelping as the bursts of near

blinding stimulation and pleasure mercilessly hammer you. Worse still, you realize you're growing *more of them*. A second row was starting just under the first one, and there was a third just getting started as well. All you can do is paw at them, trying to keep them from moving too much, but with as clumsy as your forelimbs are you do more harm than good.

Somewhere in the back of your mind some of the warring types of fear you're wrestling with come to an agreement. You stop hiding, you resolve to get up and run for help while some of you is still recognizable. Getting onto your feet is hard as you find your neck keeps wanting to hold your head 'upward' and you can't really grab anything for leverage, but you make it work. At least, for about thirty feet worth of lawn you make it work.. and then you tumble forward and land in an uncoordinated heap as you feel the seething, writhing changes taking your body work their way around your spine.

Two fresh types of hell take root in you at that moment. Your waist bends like you're sitting down, but that just puts your feet on the ground instead. With your hands out to catch you from falling you land.. on all fours. Some part of you screams inside about that, especially when you realize your body feels *comfortable* like this. Sure, your six tits are still swaying wildly about and jiggling with a bit more heft to them by the second but you feel stable and trying to step like this comes naturally. So does holding your head up. Growing your tail though – that's still an ordeal.

By now you feel the fur *everywhere*. For a brief period it itches, horribly, but that passes rather quickly. Growing new bone and flesh for your tail does not, it *burns* as all that new meat manifests itself one cell at a time and you're left flattening out on the ground – on your rack of ludicrous boobs, so you can cover your face with your paws and whimper. It takes what feels like ages to pass, though it clearly wasn't more than a minute or so when you open your eyes and find yourself standing right by the line to enter the party.. with your sheet tucked into your mouth.

You find yourself compelled when the line moves. Everyone around you is.. different. Changed. You can smell everyone's bodies and you can tell who is and isn't wearing makeup and what things around you are real or fake and.. it becomes all too clear that *nobody* around you is 'in costume'. The horns, the fangs, the extra body parts, the monsters – all of it was genuine. Impossible, but real. You try not to think about how your head is just about at ass height for everyone, including the big green skinned behemoth of an orc shaman with the dumbest, hugest shoulder pads you've ever seen who's right in front of you in line. And then come s the bouncer, collecting your form.

“Damn. Didn't hold back, did ya? Alright! You're in. Rules though – you gotta behave.. within reason, ya know? Like.. I get it, some stuff's built in, but no pissing on the carpet right? Also if you get fucked like this it's gonna stick. So. Ain't our fault right? Now git!”

A very canine yelp bursts out of you as you rush inside when told, and promptly feel every last eye in the entire room on you. On the way your breasts sag and sway under you, the way the first set of them was still getting bigger and you had to walk with your legs nestled behind them while they steadily got more and more out of hand, but people seemed.. impressed?

And then came the first hand down your backside. You even recognized the voice behind it, though you find yourself having a hard time placing the name. A woman you came to see, maybe the host? She was scratching at your ears with one hand and giving your boobs a jostle with the other. It leaves your senses blotted out by a mind numbing, will withing flood of contentment and pleasure. You clench your paws and lean into it-

“Bold choice! Bet you're getting a wild ride with all the smells in here – and the tits? Good touch, risky but good. I'll make sure someone puts some fuckin' vodka down in a dog bowl for you bitch. I- oh hey! Lars, check this shit out!”

The scritchng behind your ears slows and you find yourself saddened by it, but also slow to recover. It's just too damn hard to think at first. You have to blink through it, shake it off a little, and try to gather your wits. Lars is a name you recognize, a little weedy man from the IT department. At least.. you're pretty sure they are.

When you open your eyes properly though that isn't what you see approaching, or what you *smell* approaching. There's a salty musk that hits your sense of smell like a jack hammer, a thing that crawls inside your brain and starts turning things off with abandon.

“Oh hell! Who even is it? You know what, don't tell me. Doesn't much matter, does it? I mean.. we all know the rules, right? And look at that tail go!”

The comment leaves you confused for a second.. but then it hits you, almost literally. The funk rolling off the werewolf in the IT outfit's cock, the fact that your tail has shot sky high and you've dropped onto your front boobs to raise your ass as high as you can in the air, and the warning. Whimpering, you try to force yourself to move but your legs just won't do it.

Some part of you keeps fighting back. The one that got a good, strong whiff of that werewolf cock that you feel brushing up against your backside while Lars runs his thick but gentle hands

down your sides and gives your tits a squeeze.

“Fuck, you really nailed this, I'm surprised you weren't scared but like.. Hell with it, yeah? I mean.. when else are we getting a chance like this? So, *thanks for this~*”

You manage a half of a quiet whimper, and then everything in you bursts into a wave of pink and white as your hips splay open and you feel that towering, lumbering werewolf plant his cock right inside and start thrusting. Every push sets your layers of tits swaying and sloshing about, and that thick dick of his was starting to bulge at the root.

Some parts of you is just dog enough to know what's happening as Lars knots inside you, as a hot spray of spunk fills your belly while someone holds treats out for you and that dog bowl of booze shows up. You are thoroughly, literally, and wholly fucked..

But you've got Lars buried in you to the hilt, fondling your tits, ruffling your ears. You hear him whisper 'good girl' and your whole body twists and writhes as a wild hammer strike of bliss flattens what little resistance is left in you. It's all good.

You've got fabulous hair, even better tits, the best lay in the room, and you'll spend the rest of your life as one glorious good girl of a bitch.