

Trick or Knight

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Story done for and featuring the characters of [Wyraachur of FurAffinity](#)

“And here we are, our lucky winner of the night!” Petra declared with a bright smile. “You get the entire bowl, Mr. Stormtrooper!”

“I’m a Bike Trooper!” the little kid said, holding up their pail.

“Oh, sure.” Petra noted she needed to watch Star Wars again at some point. Until then, though, she dumped the remainder of her candy bowl into the kid’s bucket. The kid cheered and hurried back to their parents. Petra waved goodbye and closed the door.

That was probably it. She thought, brushing her long, white hair behind her ears. That was more than likely to be it. Night had long since fallen, and no other kid had shown up in the past hour besides the Trooper.

Another Happy Halloween! Petra hummed pleasantly, heading to the living room. *Good thing I didn’t get as much candy as last year. I’d be eating for weeks again!*

Her stomach let out a low gurgle. Though, when she thought about it, eating did sound good right about then. Time for some popcorn and her Halloween flick-a-thon!

Knock-knock. Petra paused and turned. Another person? She looked at the hazy window beside the door. *Crap, the light is still on outside! Figures I’d forget and someone else would show!*

She hurried over and shut the light off. **Knock-knock.** Whoever was there was insistent, it seemed.

Well, time to break a kid’s heart then... The woman sighed and opened the door, her gaze on the ground gloomily. It would be hard to look the kids in the eyes right away. “Sorry, but I have some bad...”

Looking down, her eyes were not greeted by the feet of children wearing colorful costume shoes. Instead, her eyes saw claws. Talons attached to scaly, avian-esque feet.

Her gaze went from the feet up their owner’s body. Petra took in a womanly figure wearing a black gown and witch’s hat. Wearing it all appeared to be a bird of sorts, a raven with luscious black feathers and shimmering white hair that had almost a purple aura about it.

The raven smiled (could beaks move and bend like that?). She held a black cauldron pail up to Petra. She spoke, her voice lovely and light, “Trick or treat~.”

Petra had to blink once... twice... three times. The figure before her... that was... was it really what she was looking at? The bird look wasn't just a costume, was it? It was too real and moved so realistically too. This couldn't be-

“I know, I know!” The raven giggled, “You've never seen a “witch” like this before, have you? Well, you may think witches would be green ladies, but we come in all shapes and sizes, I assure you. Also, we don't dress in such traditional, classic garb often. But, it is the season, and I decided to switch things up a little~.”

Petra wasn't sure how to process that. Her heart was starting to beat faster now, hairs standing up. Still, she mustered out some words, “Ummmm... ah, how can I help you?”

“Like I said before, sweetie: Trick or treat~.” The raven shook her pail again.

“I... I... ah, I don't have any more candy?”

“...is that so?” The raven's expression died, her arms and cauldron dropping to the side. She stroked her chin gently. “Hmm, such a shame. No candy. Well, I guess we gotta go with the “trick” part then!”

Such a statement might give someone pause, especially coming from an otherworldly figure as this raven lady. However, Petra didn't have time to consider what she said. The raven instead reached forward with one of her talons and playfully tapped the human on the nose.

Petra flinched the second the talon was pulled away. She stepped back a second after. Then the second after that, a strange feeling struck. Her nose felt... off.

“ACHOO!” A numbing, but tingly sense flowed through her snout, and she could help but let out a big sneeze. Such a blast sent shivers through it, causing it to tremble.

Tremble and change. The skin suddenly turned a lustrous black, its texture hardening. Smoothing over, the nose hardened, like forged metal. It even had a shimmer like polished iron.

Tremble and grow. Her nose pushed forward, stretching and creeping away from her face. The tip was pulling out into a point, nostrils pulled into small, slit-like holes on the sides. It grew longer and longer.

Then so did more of her face. Her mouth jutted forward, hurrying to catch her “snout”. Her teeth pushed out, merging with her lips. Everything hardened, the top jaw coming together with her nose while the other pushed out not as far and with a darker shade of black.

More and more her mouth, nose, and face shifted. In mere seconds, it was different. She now possessed a beak, a sharp one, with its top longer and sharper than the bottom. It was similar to the raven’s but also different.

The numbness died down. Petra cracked her jaw and reached up to feel it. *What just... wait, what?!*

She couldn’t see it exactly. Just narrowing in front of her, she could just make out the end of her beak. Her heart started to beat.

Then the numbness returned. It struck more of her face, causing some dizziness. It began in her beak, but spread out. The same, metal-like material extended from her maw and over her cheeks. It went further around, spreading around the back of her head where each side met. The material extended upwards, flowing around her eyes and pulling into a sharp, extended crest between them too. It was almost like she wore a medieval helmet.

Her poor hair was caught up in the mess. It was split between two parts: a thick tuff on top where the armor didn’t cover, and the flowing locks that extended out from beneath the armor piece.

The entire situation made Petra’s head numb and woozy, her stance swaying a tad. The raven still stood there, appraising the human with a sly smile. *Need... Petra managed to think, need to get out of here...*

The lady turned and hurried. Where? She didn’t know exactly. She just ran until she reached her bathroom, closing it behind her. The place would work and allow her to-

“OH MY!” she gasped, spotting her reflection. Her sharp beak and “armor” instantly caught her attention. It wasn’t right, not at all. She reached for it and yanked on the beak and “metal”, but all she did was feel a tug, like she was pinching her own arm.

The situation was very real. So was the hair, noticing it just in time to see it shift before her eyes. In particular, her hair on top was getting thicker and puffier. It stood more on end, wavy and elegant in a way, while gaining a similar metallic black tone. It was positively regal, like the plume of a knight’s helmet.

Or perhaps like a bird.

Distracted by the hair on top, she missed her long hair in the back. It too was thickening, gaining that metallic black color. It grew wavier, spikier, and wilder, a far cry from the thin, but silky smooth and carefully brushed mane it was.

Petra reached up and touched her “plume” as it were. “Ooooooh, this can’t be **real, it can’t be... oh! My voice!**”

Her voice dropped rapidly in pitch. A deep, heavy bass came to it. It sounded so deep and masculine now, like from a large, gruff man.

What is happening? What is happening to-

Knock. Petra twitched, turning around. “Hey now, were you just gonna leave your front door open? You’re inviting surprise visitors over if you’re not careful. Don’t worry though, I already closed it for you~.”

The raven was back, standing in her doorway. She gave Petra a polite, amused wave.

Petra gasped, backing up against the sink. She shivered, heart racing. *Oh no, not her! What’s she going to do!?! This is bad! Really... really... real...*

At that moment, something shifted. More visibly, her eyes darkened. The whites turned pitch black, the irises turning red. Internally, something else shifted. Staring at the raven, her fear felt... lesser. Something was fading.

Still, Petra reluctantly stuttered, “**Who... who are you?**” She flinched, hearing her voice as such a heavy, tough baritone again did not cheer her up.

The raven smiled and politely bowed. “My name is Shade. Simply Shade. I am a magical raven, if you could not tell. You can consider me a witch if that is easier to grasp.”

Petra said nothing, unaware she grew an extra inch. Shade continued, “I do not get out into the human world much outside of Halloween. This time of year, I can truly roam free without judging or confused eyes then.

“Though, I must say, you have certainly soured my evening! I mean, really? No treats? Tsk-tsk, you really set yourself up for a “trick” of mine~.”

“**B-but...**” Petra trembled as the sound of ripping echoed. The ends of her shirt’s shoulders had burst forth. It looked like they had metal plating to the eye, like parts of a suit of

armor. However, their shape and markings appeared to be more feather-like, like scapular feathers.

Petra panted, trying to ignore that. **“But I really am out of candy!”**

She also tried ignoring a growing heat within her. It wasn't the strange, armored breastplate that appeared between the bottom of her breasts. The feeling was something else. It only grew the longer she stared at Shade. *Why... why do I feel so warm?*

Shade walked up. “Reeeeeeeally?” The raven leaned in, looking into Petra's eyes. “No candy at all?”

Petra shivered, slowly nodding as her breathing deepened. Her chest rose and fell, her breasts scaling back further as the chest widened. Her shoulders stretched as well.

Dammit! Petra panted, heat rising more and more. *Why do I feel like this!? It... it feels familiar, but... no! It can't be that... right?*

Shade smiled, stepping back. “Well, looks like you're telling the truth! Heh, my bad!” She giggled and patted Petra on the shoulder, her body unconsciously leaning into her touch.

Shade winked. “Buuuuut, it's not like this “trick” is all bad, right?”

With that, the raven reached around and playfully slapped Petra on the back. Petra twitched and squeaked (as much as one could with that voice). Her back bulged, two bumps appearing below her shoulders.

However, Petra didn't notice given where they were. Instead, she noticed something else. Her breasts seemed flatter, barely noticeable under her t-shirt anymore.

The “human” reached up and placed a hand on her chest. Indeed, the hand was smaller and not as shapely as before. “**N-n-no...**” she stuttered.

“Hmm? No?” Shade took Petra's hand and held it to her own chest. “Oh honey, sweetie. There is no “no” here. There is no way you can refuse my wonderful trick. It wouldn't be keeping with the spirit of the holiday, would it?”

Shade's grasp tightened briefly before she let go, Petra still shivering. Petra looked down at her own hand and gasped. It was now a four-digit talon hand!

She looked at her own hand. It was just finishing its own transformation as the ring and pinkie fingers merged together. Fingernails jutted out into talons, skin turning dark as her bottom beak, but its texture rougher. She truly had bird hands now.

And soon, arms as well! Her rough, bird-ish skin spread from her arms down to her elbows. From there, feathers the same tone as her “helm” and hair sprouted. That layering flowed up the rest of the arms, around her shoulder metal plate/feathers, and over more of her.

Petra twitched, rubbing her arm against her sides. She felt itchy, **very** itchy. The woman rubbed at her sides and belly with her arms, but it didn’t help. She started scratching with her fingers, the feeling subsiding.

RIIIIIIP! Though, the talons of her fingers quickly tore through her shirt. By the time she realized what she was doing, her top was in tatters.

With all those new holes and tears, Petra could see the feathers beneath where visible skin once was. So much of her humanity was fading away now. She quivered and stuttered once more, “Cr-crap! This... this is-”

Shade shook her head. “Not a problem.” She reached up and stroked the bottom of Petra’s beak. “Everything is fine. Do not worry, my metal bird. This will be fine.”

Petra’s shivers suddenly decreased. She looked into the raven’s eyes. The bird girl cooed, “Be free of your worries. Be free of those poor clothes. Free yourself, handsome~.”

Petra felt relaxed, her heart slowing. It was odd, but those words were so comforting. Her worries were getting to her. Maybe it was best to let them go? Even Shade’s presence was no longer concerning her, but more it was... pleasing?

Petra didn’t understand, shaking that last thought from her mind. However, she did find herself nodding and grabbing her shirt. It was already ruined, so what did it matter? She tore it off, exposing her fine coat of dark feathers.

Her breasts were on display now and yep, they were flatter... and flattening! The mounds slowly deflated until the chest was empty, the last of her visible old form gone. Not for long though. The area sprung back to life just as swiftly as her chest inflated and bulged. The spots were not as soft, now wider and thicker, providing some bulgy pectorals.

A small gasp escaped Petra. Only a small one that time. Looking at those pectorals, the sight of them felt peculiarly pleasant? Just something so big and powerful felt right, fine. Her brain must have been still fixed up by everything. It was harder and harder to think “normally”.

“Nice pecs, eh?” Petra twitched, looking back at Shade. “Breasts are fun~.” The raven placed her hands upon her own. “However, I do tend to prefer the people I “trick” to have big pectorals. They are so visibly appealing to the eye~.”

Petra nodded. Shade’s words hung in her head. She couldn’t *not* listen to her or even look away. Why would she? Shade looked so... cute? Was cute the right word?

Cute... Petra’s nerves suddenly dropped further than before. Shade was cute, attractive even. Just thinking it brought so much comfort to her. Was it another of her tricks?

Not much of a trick though... Petra already found raven to be utterly adorable to begin with. And she also did find ladies to be attractive as well. Her brain felt clearer when she processed those thoughts, but not fully free of fog either.

“-and that’s why I say, you should free yourself!” Shade declared proudly, “Don’t be afraid of this lovely trick. Just embrace it. Give those pecs a good, firm feel!”

“**Okay!**” Petra chirped back in agreement. She reached for her chest, grabbing her bra and tearing it off with a simple tug. So easy to do with such power in her arms.

She placed her talons upon her pecs and gently felt them, carefully not to poke herself. Her pecs were so big and dense, but yet so pleasant to feel! *Mmmm, firm~. Heh, lot less obtrusive than my old breasts too~.*

Petra quivered, the warmth heating up further within, a lot of which came from her belly. Her toned stomach began to swell as well, in particular, the muscles. Muscles made themselves known, visible despite the feather coating. In seconds, she had a solid six-pack set of abs.

“Looking good!” Shade chirped, her gaze looking... hungry.

Petra paid it no mind as her heart was aflutter with joy. Looking good? Yes, she liked being called that. Looking down at herself? Yes, she did look good to her as well. Despite her feelings earlier, she did look exceptional with all those feathers and avian features.

...could I look better though? I want to look my best!

That burning desire grew stronger. Her hips flattened up, losing whatever rounded curve they had. Her rear tightened up, butt cheeks shrinking into a fit, shapelier form. She looked more and more like a buff, male bodybuilder.

Then the real hit struck. Her pupils dilated, her body breaking into shakes again. Her pants began to tent. They tented hard in the crotch, probably more than they should. Another bulge appeared beneath the tent, rounder and girthier.

Petra looked upon it, her heart fluttering moving back into a quick, stronger beat. She... he knew what it was. He didn't even need to open his pants to know what would welcome his vision. Still, clothing was in the way~.

He grabbed his pants, digging his talons into them. With a couple of pulls and tears, the entirety of his crotch and most of his trousers were obliterated. Then went his underwear, freeing his new self. A pair of large, black balls hung between his legs, a dark red, avian cock above it, throbbing with need.

“Ooooo~,” Shade cooed, “Looks like someone’s a big, bbbiiiiigggguy!”

Yeah, I am! Petra smirked, bringing one of his hands down to his nearly foot long cock. He ran a finger along its shaft, quivering as cum dripped from its tip. The bumps on his back grew bigger, expanding out a little.

Perfect~. He pulled the digit away and reached for the shaft fully.

But he stopped. He glanced at Shade. *Hmm, should I? I mean, she did change me, but wouldn't it be... weird to start pounding it in front of her?*

“Heheh, not feeling shy, are we?” Shade giggled. “I can tell from that look you’re hesitating a little bit. Please, that’s just your human self~. Be free of it! Embrace your inner, bestial feelings, silly! Enjoy my trick and see how it doubles as a treat~.”

Petra smirked. He was being silly. He grabbed his rod and gave it a good pump. It pulsed in his hands, more pre dripping down and getting on his hand. His legs twitched and tensed up, the muscles within bulking.

He pumped some more and then some more. His speed picked up, horniness growing stronger. His legs bulked further than before, finally fitting his beefy form. Feathers sprouted over his thighs and went down to his knees. However, they stopped as the scaly skin of his hands took over and went down his calves to his feet.

Petra grunted, moaning softly. *Mmmm, fuck me, this is good. Fuuuuuck, masturbating with a cock is much better than before. Cocks are greeeeeat~.*

He pumped harder, hunching over a little. Behind him, just above his rear, tail feathers sprouted. Just as sharp and metallic looking as his shoulder feather plates, the plumage grew two feet long and away from his form.

Petra panted, more cum trickling out as his balls pulsed. His socks bulged in front, but tore first in the back. A sharp, back talon speared through the cotton in the back of each sock with ease. The three more talons, much longer and more arrow-like, shredded the front as his feet stretched longer into avian ones.

Petra's moans grew louder, his shakes more violent and wild. He was reaching the end, he could feel it. The climax was fast approaching, his balls larger than grapefruit, and his cock a few more inches longer than before.

He panted harder, a tongue licking his beak eagerly. *Yepees, fuuuuuck me, yeesss!*

He quaked one final time. His head snapped back as his beak opened wide, **“COORRRRRVVIKNNNNIIIIIIIGHT!”**

The large Pokémon bird man cummed hard, spraying his seed all over. His cock pulsed and spewed, balls shaking the whole while. Shade merely snapped her talons, a barrier coming up and blocking the splatter from hitting her.

From behind his back, wings sprouted. Looking like pure dark metal, the wings were nearly as big as his body. They stretched out wide, knocking over all kinds of things in the bathroom without fail. They flapped, a gust of wind kicking up and making more of a mess.

Eventually, the spraying ended. Petra's cock went limp and balls emptied. Petra remained hunched over, arms loose. Sweat and musk mixed in with his feathers and “metal” bits, the large bird exhausted from his first manly masturbatory celebration.

Phew! What a rush! The new man stood up and stretched his arms, rolling his shoulders. He turned around and glanced back into the bathroom mirror. He smirked, loving the sight and proudly raising an arm to flex. *Now this is what I call a birb! I'm fucking awesome!*

Clap-clap-clap. The slow applause made him turn around again. Shade looked proud, licking her chops. She placed a hand upon his pecs, causing him to shiver. “You truly are amazing! I'm glad you were able to enjoy my tricky treat~.”

Petra nodded. He towered over her greatly now, yet, he was in awe of her. *God, she looks so fucking hot right now.*

The raven stepped back and took her hat off, tossing it out the door. “Sooo, now that you are all set, care to reeeally put that body to the test?”

Twitch. *Wait... wait, does she mean...?!*

“Now, you don’t have to, of course!” Shade explained, her look casual. “You *don’t* have to feel obligated after gaining this sweet bod. If you don’t feel up for it or feel mentally changed in a way that makes you a bit iffy about this, I totally get it! But, I coouuuuld help you if you really want it or-”

Petra’s body reacted instinctively. His hands latched down onto Shade’s shoulders, and he grew closer. **“NO! I want this. I want you, BADLY. Not because I’m some fucking, horny, himbo bird, but because I WANT this hard. I feel so complete, so right like this and fuck me, I need to fuck you hard because you’re so goddamn hot right now! I NEED to properly thank you.”**

“Aww, you have such a way with words!~.” Shade smiled and snapped her talons once again. Her witch’s garb vanished, exposing her nude, curvy body in full.

She leaned up and cooed, “I like it when my mates talk dirty~. Mmm, let’s have some fun!”

Sometime later, the loud cries of birds could be heard echoing from the house. So loud that everyone in the neighborhood could hear them clearly. Though the sounds were cries of passion, most people simply thought they were spooky sound effects being played for the season.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!