

Furry Times at the Witches' Party (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

Huh, gotta say that this isn't really like anything I was expecting. You'd think a party like this would be more crazy and... witchy? Is that the right term? Ooof, who knows...

A short, young woman took a sip from her punch filled cup as she looked around the party once again. Everyone mostly towered over her, all wearing these elaborate, wild costumes of any and everything. The size difference didn't really bother her, unless pointed out, nor did the costumes bug her, currently wearing her own cute, wolf girl outfit. It was an odd wolf leotard that had wolf head shaped hood, combined with wolf paw gloves and boots.

The only thing that was bothering Aiko Kohana was the entire party itself. Much to her shock, a few days ago she had been invited to this party by a coven of witches. Literal witches at that too, with the green skin, pointed noses, and black attire. The idea of coming to a nifty party held by such magical beings was an amazing opportunity that she simply couldn't pass up.

However, after being there for about an hour, she felt... disappointed. The whole party was a pretty normal Halloween event. Everyone dressing up in costumes, eating and drinking, spooky music playing, and all of that jazz. She couldn't help but feel a little underwhelmed.

Oh well, she thought, taking another sip from her cup, I guess witches can throw a normal party and-

“Attention ladies and gentlemen!” Aiko nearly dropped her cup as a booming sound echoed throughout the room. The music cut out and everyone turned their attention to a nearby table, someone standing up on top of it.

It was one of the witch hosts, one with very bright green skin. Her eyes were bright yellow with long, elegant black hair. She wore a simple, spaghetti-strapped dress that hugged herself tightly, like she was purposely flaunting herself.

She winked at the crowd and declared, “I have an important announcement to make! Our big mystery costume contest is over! We have decided upon the winner for this most fun, secretive event!”

Everyone in the room started talking to themselves curiously, Aiko's head tilting. *Wait... since when was there a costume contest? I don't remember anyone talking about it. ...guess that's why it is called a mystery and a secret?*

“And without further ado, let present to you folks, our lovely winner of the evening!” The room suddenly darkened, all the lights dimming in eerie, atmospheric glow. The room fell silent, only the sounds of slight whispers could be heard, too low to make out.

And then, there was brightness. Aiko shielded her eyes with her free hand paw, gritting her teeth. *Holy crap that's bright, she grumpily thought, easy with those lights, you-*

“Aiko Kohana! You are the mystery winner for your fabulous wolf look!” The lights in the room returned to normal as she dropped her arm, suddenly seeing all of the towering people turning into her direction to applaud her.

Her jaw dropped, her cheeks turning bright red. She gulped, quietly asking, “I-I won?”

“Yes you shortie!” the witch declared. Aiko’s right eye twitched, her toes clenching together for a moment as a wave of pointed anger rolled over her. It quickly subsided, and she let out a slow, exhausted sigh.

Just let it go. Not worth snapping at a magical lady over that. Aiko took another deep breath and exhaled slowly until she was empty. She cleared her throat and proceeded to ask, “Alright then, thank you. What... what do I win?”

The witch hopped down from the table and strutted over to her, explaining, “Something incredibly magic and potentially important that’ll affect major decisions going forward. Either way, it’s incredibly fun and it is all for you!”

That sounds... rather suspicious. Aiko frowned, not liking the sound of that vagueness. However, again, she didn’t want to start something with the witch, who was now towering over her. “Okay... what is it?”

“Please follow me, my dear,” the witch stated, taking her hand and leading her away from the other guests, “I have it in a special place in the back. I don’t want anyone else to just walk away with it or even touch it for that matter.”

Aiko didn’t fight the witch leading her away, though she did feel a tad self-conscious with the handholding. It felt like, to her, she was a small child being led by her mother.

However, it didn’t take them long to reach their destination and for the handholding to end. Just across the hall from the party room was another room, this one being a rather large library. It seemed almost two stories tall with how high the bookcases were. Given the magical owners of the house, Aiko couldn’t help but feel there was some magic involved making this place as large as it was.

“And here we are, your prize!” Aiko looked forward, seeing a podium with a single book laying upon it. It was a brown, rather dusty hardcover with the image of a wolf embedded upon it. There appeared to be no title, not even words upon it.

The short woman looked at it curiously, stepping forward towards the podium. The witch snapped her fingers, a footstool appearing at its base for Aiko to step onto and reach it better. Blowing the dust off of it and taking it, she said, “This is neat and all... but what is it?”

“It is a special, magical book designed by me embedded with the spirit of the wolf!” the witch proudly spoke, pleasantly chuckling, “No one crafts as fine a magic book as I can!”

“I see,” Aiko mumbled, looking down at the book. She opened it up and flipped through a few pages. It definitely was about wolves as far as she could tell, discussing more about their supernatural and spiritual sides and what they represent. It seemed like an interesting read, even though she didn’t consider herself all that fascinated in lore and legends.

Well, I can give this a better look when I get home, she thought, I mean, it is free and-

But as she thought that, the book began to emit this odd, pale, glow to it. Her eyes widened as each individual letter on the pages lit up one at a time. The feel of the book began to warm, heating her hands like she was touching a blanket fresh from the dryer.

She opened her mouth to say something, anything in response to what she was witnessing. And then, it glowed brighter, even harsher than when the spotlight was on her. She flinched, dropping the book onto the ground. She clenched her eyes shut, groaning in irritation.

“What the hell was that?!” she groaned, rubbing her eyes furiously, “What did you do?”

“It’s a magical book silly! Weird things happen with them all the time!” The witch spoke with a gleeful, sly tone.

Aiko huffed, opening her eyes and staring at her angrily. She pointed at her accusingly, stating, “Look here witchy, that wasn’t nice and it was... was...”

Her eyes were drawn away from the green woman and onto her pointing hand. When it came to her wolf attire, the small woman got some padded, fuzzy gloves meant to look like cartoonish wolf paws. However, her glove seemed much thinner than before, the color a deeper grey, the fur more unkempt, and sharp claws sticking out.

Her jaw dropped as she brought her hand in for a closer look. She instinctively brought in her other hand as well. It looked different as well. In fact, staring quite closely at them, the ends of the gloves seemed quite attached to her arm. It was almost like they were one and the same.

“N-n-n-no way!” she stammered, “Wha-what happened to my hands?!” It was clear to her the more she stared at them. She now had furry, sharp wolf hands.

“That looks dangerous!” said the witch, nodding slowly, “You best be careful when making a fist or clenching those hands. Don’t want to cut yourself!”

Aiko looked up at the witch and let out a harsh, beastly growl, “Hey! This is your fault! How the hell do I fix this?!”

“Hmmmmmm, that’s a good question, how does one fix this conundrum!” the witch asked, tapping her chin innocently.

“Don’t act all innocent! This is clearly your fault!” huffed Aiko, puffing her cheeks and placing her hands on her hips.

However, her pouty expression did not last for long. Her eyes widened as she quickly felt something off about her. A particular feeling stemming from right above her rear, feeling something twitch and shake.

She looked over her shoulders and felt around back there, grabbing onto her wolf suit's fake tail. She felt its soft bristles that were starting to feel fluffier and finer. They were going from this fake, unreal texture to something far similar to the fuzz upon her hands.

Then she tugged, and her body twitched. She let go of the tail and it flinched, shaking angrily soon after. It was now a real tail, firmly attached to her back.

Ah crap, she thought, biting her bottom lip, *this isn't right, this isn't right at all! What am I going to do?!* She shivered gently, her eyes returning back to her paws. Despite being sleeveless, she was seeing a thick layer of brown fur covered her arms from her paw hands to her fuzzy leotard.

Aiko trembled again, feeling more and more nervous by the second. Her leotard tightened upon her body, squeezing her skin and form quite a bit. But then, the pressure ended and the wooly layering over the leotard grew and changed texture. It began to look more and more like real fur, much like her arms and paws now. Her body features became a bit more visible as well, though with the fur coat cloaking them in the end.

She stared down at herself for the longest time, reaching a paw up and towards her chest. She slid down over her breast and down her stomach before stopping. It certainly felt like nothing was covering her breasts and loins any longer.

“I’m frickin’ naked!!!” gasped Aiko. She looked back to the witch, who seemed to be just casually filing her nails at that moment. She pointed at the green woman again, snapping, “I’m telling you to stop this right now! I’m turning into a wolf!”

“Oh really? You just guessed that right now? I thought it was obvious from the paw change,” chuckled the witch, flashing a wicked smile at her.

“This isn’t funny! I’m not a fan of this whatsoever! You’re the magical being; you fix this right now!”

The witch stroked her pointed chin, her head tilting to the side. She looked like she was deep in thought, but Aiko could only see it as an act she was putting. Eventually, the green woman merely shrugged and said, “Hmmm, I don’t think I could change or fix you until you finish changing yourself. Sorry!”

“WHAT?! What kind of answer is that! That’s not-OOOOF!” Suddenly, the cutesy wolf hood upon her head clamped down on her. It covered every part of it but her face, tightening more and more. The grey fabric soon began to unravel a little, turning more into soft, warm fur instead. The pointed flaps on top of the hood twitched, turning firmer and changing into pointed, fully functional wolf ears.

Uuuuugh, my head! she internally groaned, *now my head... gotta... gotta get it off!* She reached up and grabbed at the hood. Instead of yanking on it, all she got was a handful of fur that made her wince harder when she pulled on it.

Aiko let out a low whimper, her voice sounding a little more bestial in a way. It wasn't too hard to imagine why, fur covering all over her throat now. Most of her body was completely furry now, almost like that of a werewolf.

The witch curiously looked at her, a smile forming on her lips. "So, what were you just going to say? Did you have a problem?"

Aiko huffed and opened her mouth to snap back at her. However, nothing came out. Her eyebrows furrowed, a frustration growing. The tightness on the "hood" had let up, but now, her mind felt... fuzzy and off. She tried to think, but nothing came to mind.

She cleared her throat, mumbling, "There... there was a something. Something I was going to say. It was very important! But... but I can't remember it."

The witch shrugged, speaking casually, "Oh well! It mustn't have been important or anything. Nothing to be concerned about."

Aiko frowned. She had a feeling she should be concerned, but she didn't know why. Was it the witch herself? Possibly, but again, she couldn't say.

The green woman went on, "So, let's get back to business! Do you, Miss Aiko, pledge to be my lovely werewolf familiar? My loyal guardian to protect me and help further my interests and goals?"

Aiko's head tilted to the side, her brow furrowing. *Werewolf... familiar? That can't possibly be right... right? I'm not that... aren't I? Ugh, that stupid headache was messing with my brain and I...*

As she was thinking that, her legs shivered at long last. Fur coated her barren legs, matching them up perfectly with the rest of her body. Her paw boots clung to her legs and feet, constricting tighter and tighter. Eventually, the feeling let up and the "toes" on the boots turned to real ones, twitching slightly. Jagged claws poked out of them as well, matching that of her hands.

And just like that, Aiko was fully converted. Now standing before the witch was a werewolf gal. Still the same short height as always and nude, but with her thick fuzz covering every all over her naughty bits.

"Ahem! Miss Aiko, do you pledge to my werewolf familiar? I would hate for you have come all this way and just return to your cave due to not sealing this deal."

“What? Oh... ummm, sure! I do agree to be your familiar.” Aiko shook her head, rubbing it gently afterwards. It felt so hot and weird, but it wasn’t aching anymore. Ugh, she hated having these pesky headaches! They always felt so strong as beast girl.

“Umm, can I hear that with a little more confidence, sweetie? Do you wish to be my werewolf familiar, to serve me and do whatever I command... within reason?”

The werewolf gal huffed, rolling her eyes and putting her hands on her hips. This witch is most annoying, she thought, but, it is rare that a magical being as her calls upon my needs. Better to be than where I was living as well...

Aiko nodded, saying firmly, “Yes, I, Aiko the Werewolf, shall be the familiar to you, my witch mistress. I will serve you... ummm... spacing on the name here.”

“Oh, right! I’m Beatrice and I-”

“There you are! I thought you were mingling with everyone!” Suddenly, the door to the library opened up and another witch stepped in. Her skin was olive green, and she stood half a foot shorter than Beatrice, with even shorter hair as well.

She walked in and was about to speak when she caught eye of Aiko. She looked at the new werewolf and then at Beatrice, asking, “Wait... are you summoning monster girls again?”

Aiko looked at her curiously and asked, “Mistress, who is this shortie?”

“Are you calling me short, shortie?!” snapped Cassidy. A nerve was pinched with Aiko, who growled back.

Beatrice looked between the two women and quickly spoke, “Umm, ladies, let’s just cool it a little bit, okay? There’s nothing to be upset about. And Cassidy, I didn’t summon any monster girls this time! I simply... made one!”

Cassidy snapped her attention back to the tall green woman, saying, “Wait, what?! Are you trying something with your magical books again?! I told you to cut that out! You want to get us sued or something?!”

“Oh don’t be an old fiddy diddy! I just wanna have my very own werewolf girl familiar! I promise to take good care of her, feed her, walk her, and everything!”

“She’s not a dog! She’s a werewolf girl... or at least... now she is! Ugh, I don’t have time for this! You gotta fix this right now or-”

Aiko looked between the two witches as they argued and argued curiously. She shook her head and sighed, thinking, *gees, this has to be the weirdest coven I’ve ever been a part of! Everyone here is so edgy and-*

Her ears twitched, her eyes turning to the open doorway. She could hear music blaring in the distance, dance music. Her tail wagged gently, and a toothy grin crossed her mug. She snuck out of the room and headed for the sound.

While those two are busy yelling, this party monster is gonna have some fun! Time to show these humans what a werewolf can do~

THE END?