

**WITCHY TIMES INC.:**  
**CLIENT SERVICE**

By: Firingwall

# Product Name: Personal Hire

Done for CB Papa Bear

“And... there we go!” The small witch looked up from her phone with a smile. She held it up to Chris, showing him the screen. “The money went through, so we can begin!”

“G-good!” Chris was smiling too, a blatant eagerness easily read in it. However, beneath that, and hinted at in his voice, his nerves were acting up. He was in unknown territory.

Chris was a fan of transformation, loving art and videos on the subject. To be someone or something else was fascinating. To literally be able to walk a mile in another's shoes... or barefoot depending on who they became, was incredible. Despite that, he had never delved himself into it personally. He had never been changed into something else, let alone hire a witch to change him.

However, his intrigue couldn't be held back. He wanted to take the plunge and try something new. He wanted to finally experience this kind of fun he's never had before.

“So, about this change...” Eve, the small witch he hired from Witchy Times Inc., was looking at her phone again. “I never seen who you want to be before.”

“Oh, yeah... it's a bit unknown, but I-I think it would be very cool to do! I like the character and... I-I be like the first, ya know? No one else probably has either.”

“I understand.” The witch nodded and pocketed her phone. “It's different, but I should be able to handle it.” She politely bowed. “Thank you for hiring me today. This will be my first real TF job by myself, so I promise to do it justice!”

*First? Well... I guess we all have to start on our own at some point, even if it's to transform people or whatever.*

“Okay, I'm going to need you to strip down to your underwear for this.” Chris snapped out of his thoughts. Her cheeks were rose red, her eyes looking to the side. “S-sorry, it's just that I still haven't mastered clothing changes yet. If you were to change now, your clothes would get destroyed, and I don't want that.”

“R-right.” It was a sensible request, one he could not argue with. He carefully removed his glasses, putting them down on his dresser. He started removing his shirt and then his pants. *Well, at least we're doing this at home. Nice that witches can do house calls for this kind of stuff.*

He put his clothes in a bundle on the bed and turned, taking a deep breath. He felt a tad chilly, noting how cold his apartment was now that he was down to his underwear. It was best to focus on that, an issue that would soon pass, rather than the awkwardness of standing almost nude in front of a stranger.

Eve at least seemed to be in the same boat. Her eyes were not directly looking at him. If they ever do, it's only momentary.

She cleared her throat, still trying to maintain some professionalism despite it. "Alright then, let's begin!"

The small green witch took a deep breath herself and closed her eyes. Pressing her palms together, she began to mumble some unintelligible words. Chris couldn't make them out. She was too quiet and even perhaps speaking a foreign language on top of that.

As she spoke, light trickled through her fingers and palms as if she had grasped them over a light. However, the glow moved through her skin until a yellow aura radiated around her digits. It shone brighter and brighter, Chris having to squint his eyes.

Then, her eyes opened. She shoved her hands out together like doing a palm strike. The light energy fired in a big beam, zipping across the room and striking him in the chest.

Chris felt his whole body tingle, pins and needles pricking him from his torso outward. The prickly feeling lasted only a moment, but the shock almost sent him falling back.

The magic had entered, flowing deep within and spreading to all parts of him. It streaked across his body and right up into his hair. His messy, lighter brown hair darkened to a deeper brown than before. It blew upwards on his head and shortened everywhere else. Pulling up and up until it curved back down. It was almost like a cowlick if not for the fact it was all of his locks coming together to make this unique style.

Once his new hair came in, more followed. Erupting up from around his ears and along his jaws, even thicker than his head, bushy, facial fuzz swiftly covered his jaws and up to his chin. It grew like weeds, puffing out into a fine, dense beard.

The sole exception was his chin. Once the hair grew there, it began to be pulled, like an invisible hand had grabbed it. It tugged and stretched, straightening to a degree before curving. It was tied at its base, giving his facial hair a ponytail/beard combo of sorts.

The tingling subsided. Chris took a deep breath, holding his hand to his chest at first. Once his hand had brushed against his new beard, his attention was pulled up to it. He felt his new hair. It was scratchy but oddly trimmed and styled.

He knew what this was. He had studied the character he wanted to be carefully. It was the beard of a brutish but noble king.

Chris would comment on it but an urge overwhelmed his nose. It tingled, shivered as if the strands on the inside of a mask were tickling his nose. Numbness began setting in, but he still felt it coming fast.

“ACHOO!” He couldn't cover his maw in time as he sneezed loudly.

However, even if he did, his hand would've been just batted away. All at once, his face had shot forward like an airbag. His jaws pulled into a long, wide muzzle that sprouted from fur all across it. His nose followed quickly behind it, nostrils stretching out on each side of his mug and curving back.

Once settled into place, at the very end of his muzzle and above his snoot, the area bulged. It began swelling upwards, fur and skin splitting away and revealing something hard and dense. It pulled up into a point, forming a dense, tannish horn.

Chris had a muzzle on par with that of a rhino. He could easily make it out with his eyes, his snoot blocking some of his clearer-than-usual vision.

“Whoa...” He reached up, feeling and stroking his new face while eyebrows thickened. “So big. Feels heavier than expected.”

Heavy was indeed the truth. The broadness and pure density of his new mug was weighing down on his head. It felt as if he tried to move anymore than he did, he might start leaning forward and end up crashing to the ground.

The changes seemed to be aware of that because the magic started fixing the issue. First, his head grew. Just a bit larger in some areas, but enough so that the muzzle didn't mismatch it. On top of it, brown fur enveloped the entirety of his noggin so things would match. His ears pulled up and shrunk, befitting that of a rhino.

Chris suddenly lurched backwards, almost stumbling before Eve grabbed his hand and pulled him back to his feet. That resulted in him hunching over instead. On his back, a hump was sprouting.

It wasn't just any hump either. It grew like a weed, pulling up far in the back until it rose over his head. When the brown fur covered it, it thankfully looked less like a growth but more like the hump on a camel.

The weight of his hump and muzzle counterbalanced each other well. Chris felt like he wasn't going to tip over anymore despite his leaning. Instead, it was like he'd be pulled down by the extra weight piled on top of him.

Again, the magical changes came to his rescue. Rapid growth flew throughout his whole body. Broader shoulders and a wider torso brought in the extra girth he needed there. His legs and then his arms followed right after, thickening with powerful muscle and bone to support him.

Chris let go of Eve's hand and gently stood. The extra weight and bulk worked like a charm. Sure, he was hunched over, but that was all part of the character. He no longer felt he was one soft breeze away from tipping over.

Looking himself over, he could see he was getting close. A warm fur coat everywhere and some key features were still missing.

Thankfully, they were not far behind. His toes suddenly jolted forward, some combining, and hardened, forming three long claws. His fingers did something similar, though with each hand having four claws. Despite how hard they looked, they were dexterous and flexible, bending like they were still normal fingers.

The remaining fur came rolling in soon after. It ran down from his head and hump and went across his shoulders and chest. It flooded up his arms and to his fingers, his palms gaining a lighter shade of brown on them. It poured over his stomach and onto his legs, leaving no trace of his old complexion left.

Chris was a beast through and through. The only trace of humanity left was his underwear, which had thankfully stretched and remained committed to staying on.

Eve nodded at her work, though still not looking directly at him for long. "There, looks like every-"

"No... still a little left." Chris shivered. He could feel the last traces of the magic running through, adding the finishing touches.

There were only two things left to finish. There was a low gurgle from his stomach, the area slowly expanding. His lower half pushed out all around, rounder and wider until his shape was quite toonish. There was a small pop that followed, a long tail with a thick tuft at the end swaying behind him. Everytime it swung wide, he could just catch a glimpse of it.

“There, now I'm done!” Chris smiled, his heart raising.

He really was done. He ran his hands over his belly and along his sides. Each arm was given a quick flex, biceps bulging more than they ever had for him in his life. He tried reaching around to feel his back, but that proved difficult. Still, he didn't need to.

Chris was impressed. He was a whole new person, a whole new being. He was Prince Koro, a character from a little unknown series called Happily Ever After: Fairy Tales for Every Child. He didn't expect most people would get it. It was a deep cut.

But it didn't matter. He liked it. He liked transforming. All those nerves had been quieted. There was nothing to be afraid of. He could probably do this again in the future!

“Thank you for everything!” Chris beamed, feeling a bit jittery now.

“Of course. Glad to help. But... umm...” Eve looked at him square in the face, her cheeks going redder by the second. “I think it's time to get dressed now.”

“Oh, sure!” Chris blushed himself, though it was next to impossible to see behind his fur. “I can do that... but I don't think I have anything that'll actually fit.”

His thought wasn't entirely on his mighty hump regarding that thought either. Given how broad and wide his frame was, he had nothing that could easily slip on. Plus, there was also his muzzle that might be hard to slip through any neck hole.

Without missing a beat, Eve spoke. “Yes, that is indeed a problem. Don't worry. I prepared for this in advance before coming.”

Eve lifted her hand into the air, preparing to snap her fingers. There was a slight bit of hesitation in her face, biting her bottom lip before she did the act.

There was a small popping noise followed by a burst of light from his side. He looked over to the dresser. Beside his glasses, a familiar robe was laid out on it. It was large, bright red, and with a large hole for his neck and one for his hump.

Chris felt his heart race, a feeling of excitement racing down his spine. Now, he had the clothes. He was going to be a perfect Koro.

As he took hold of his robe and slipped it on, he reflected on his situation. *I shoulda done this sooner!* His toes tingled with giddiness. *This is so much fun! I wish I saw that commercial earlier. I would've hired a witch right away!*

His smile turned warmer, a pleasant thought coming to mind. *I'm definitely recommending this to everyone I know. I'm sure they would love to get in on this fun!*

***THE END***