

A MOMENTARY YEEHAW

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Aww, you didn’t come in costume!”

“You’re lucky I’m even here at *all*.”

I was only *half* joking when I gave my retort to my friend’s observation, but there was truth behind it too. I was an introverted person who didn’t *like* going out if I didn’t have to. That didn’t mean I *never* went out, of course. Humans needed some form of social stimulation to thrive, and I never wanted to feel so lonely that I felt like I had nothing at all. So, every now and again I would accept an invite to go out with a friend, or *friends* if I was feeling extra adventurous.

In this case? It was just the one. She had invited me out to a local restaurant. The location was known for having *themed* nights where they’d dress up in costumes and decorate the building. It wasn’t mandatory for customers to dress up themselves, but you could net a *very* small discount on drinks for doing so. That discount wasn’t of much use to me. At most I’d have two drinks, and even then it tended to be up in the air if I’d even have *one*.

The theme on the night I’d been invited out? *Cowboys*. The staff were dressed up like it was the Wild West, and as we were brought to our booth, I noticed that the vast majority of customers had done the same. This probably wasn’t a theme that would work for a bar full time, but for a one-off night here and there? I may not have wanted to participate, but I at least saw the appeal. Just as I saw the appeal in the live entertainment aspect.

“Did you hear? The band cancelled. What are we going to do about a replacement so last minute?” I *thought* I’d overheard the staff mutter something like that when we’d walked past, but I didn’t think much of it at the time. Nor did I really complain when *one* of those staff members came to our table with a mug of beer in hand. **“Hey! We’re giving one lucky customer a free drink! Enjoy!”**

“Uh... Thanks?”

“Wow! Lucky!” My friend seemed *much* more enthusiastic about this seemingly *no strings attached* deal than I was. Even though I would have a drink here and there, I wasn’t really a big fan of beer. I could usually stomach it, but it was typically something I’d have when I had already had a little to drink and didn’t care as much. With my friend looking at me expectantly though, it seemed I didn’t have any choice but to take a drink. **“How is it?”**

Bad. Or that was what I thought deep down. **“It’s... beer.”** And that was about all I could say on the matter without complaining. The moment the cool drink had the bottom of my gut, though? My stomach lurched. **“Ugh. Actually, let me go to the bathroom really quick.”** It probably *wasn’t* the beer’s fault. I must have eaten something earlier in the day that was disagreeing. Or it was my anxiety. A real toss up.

I was in such a hurry that I didn’t even realize I’d entered the *wrong* bathroom, though.

As soon I got *into* the bathroom, though, the feeling that had led me there in the first place ultimately passed. **“That was weird. I guess I can just go back to—?”** Back to my friend? That would have made sense, but my attention was drawn elsewhere. There was a bag on the bathroom counter beside a thick purse. You wouldn’t find a purse in the men’s room (which I wasn’t in anyways), but that *wasn’t* why I was left staring at it. *I shouldn’t leave my stuff in here unattended.*

“My... stuff?” Was that right? Could that even have *been* my stuff? Hadn’t I just entered the bathroom, or had I been there a while? Questions that should have had obvious answers compiled, which was already strange enough. But it was about to get *much* stranger as the unsettling sensation in my stomach returned, albeit with a somewhat different *vibe*. It didn’t feel like I needed to use the bathroom, it felt more akin to when you ate something, and it immediately passed into your digestive track... just on a much grander scale. **“Urp...”**

I burped once as a consequence of this and lowered a hand against my tummy to try and soothe the feel, but... **“Eh!?”** I had to press my hand

much closer than I typically did. There was typically a pretty sizable *gut* in the way, but all of that weight was *gone*? No, I could feel even the little excess that remained flattening under the touch of my hands. It wasn't even *just* the weight of my stomach. My face, chest, arms, legs – any overabundance thinned away. “**I’m so thin! Why would I...?**” *Be as thin as I normally am? Why am I asking myself such stupid questions?*

It seemed that every time I noticed something was off, a subconscious voice deep down refuted it... and I then took what that voice said as fact. I wasn't surprised by my lack of heft anymore at *all* and was now confused about why my pants and boxers had randomly slipped from my hips, or why my shirt was so big that it was practically acting like a dress to conceal what would have been *problematic* to show off publicly. I became incapable of acting all of a sudden, like my brain had frozen. I didn't express any intention to leave the bathroom *nor* do anything within it.

I didn't spare a single glance towards the big bathroom mirror, either. This was by the design of the forces that had seized me in order to keep me complacent. If I'd done so in that moment, I might have noticed things that would have caused another *loud* reaction, which might in turn bait someone outside into coming in and seeing what was happening to me. *That* definitely would have caused a ruckus.

“**What’s *wrong* with me?**” Try as that phenomenon might, I couldn't *completely* shake the idea that something was amiss. It was difficult *not* to at least acknowledge it when I had what felt like competing voices inside my own head. I even arched an eyebrow at that voice crack, which bore a very feminine contralto sound to it for just a moment. In terms of things that were happening more visibly, however, there *were* things that were much easier to acknowledge.

The avoidance I felt towards the mirror was because my *face* – and head as a whole – had been undergoing changes more akin to what had happened to my body weight in terms of intensity. *Already* thinned, my cheek bones lifted and narrowed, arching into a smaller chin. My face ultimately looked like it was longer because of these changes, but it soon became *fuller* in various ways as well. My nose became leaner, but also grew a little longer, while the lips beneath them pouted out into a puffier, glossier, more pillow-like fullness.

I sighed. “**Or maybe nothing is wrong at all?**” That was the secondary voice inside my head reasoning me away again, even though my *own* voice now sounded *eerily* similar to it. My eyelashes were fluttering longer in that moment around eyelids that had widened in a way that made them seem more effeminate. My irises took on a very

unique color in tandem, a golden brown that leaned more into yellower undertones than anything else. Once my Adam's apple smoothed away, from the neck up I looked more like a *woman* than a man. A very, *very* beautiful woman.

Considering the shape of my body at that moment, however, I leaned far more into an *androgynous* appearance overall. That was something that was about to be addressed, whether I realized or not. “**FUCK—!?**” Okay, so I might have noticed a *little* bit. For a brief moment it felt like someone had gripped onto the sides of my torso and pushed inwards with *all* of their strength. There had been an uncomfortable *crunch* that saw my waistline slim until I had the beginnings of an hourglass figure.

Well, it only seemed to be more clearly like an hourglass because as a side effect of the inwards crunch, my hips had jutted out an additional few inches themselves. “**What just happ— WHOA!?**” I didn't even get a *second* to ruminate on that crunch before a similar feeling pushed down on my *head*. Being almost six feet tall normally, the shirt that had been covering my body lowered to reach even my knees as I was pushed *down* upon by an invisible force. My height diminished, bringing my shoulders closer to my hips while my hands and feet slimmed and were rendered daintier.

I had shrunk down to about 5'7". “**Uh... Did someone spike my shit?**” I was *right*, but not for the reason *I* thought I was. I'd begun to think that I was tripping out, and cruder language slipped from my puffer lips as I tried to grapple with it. I didn't actually just shrink. You've always been this height, dumbass. But something *else* had been shrinking amidst it all.

Something that I didn't realize had been diminishing until my body shuddered and my lips quivered. “**N-No, now isn't that time for that.**” And yet my brain rationalized it as being *aroused*. *It wasn't the time to finger myself. Finger myself? Well yeah. That's what women do to masturbate.* And I *was* a *woman*. The rest of my body changed accordingly, *including* a lengthening of the pubes *above* my new pussy that also brightened to a pinkish red. This very same shade ended up affecting the hair atop my head, which simultaneously lengthened to the center of my back.

Despite all of the other sizing changes where I hadn't made a move to balance myself, I soon found myself using a hand that now sported long, manicured fingernails to grip onto the bathroom counter beside me. For a moment I had felt like I was falling forward, and by peering down... Well, *I* didn't actually notice. But it was certainly obvious to anyone who might have been tracking my changes from the start.

There was now an *abundance* of weight where no weight had existed before. A large portion of it had bled into my *chest*, with my forward posture tilting forward as an indisputable result of a pair of *tits* swelling where none had been before. They pushed my shirt forward and lifted the base as they ballooned, with now overly sensitive and puffy nipples bringing about additional shudders of arousal. I grabbed at one of these tits with confusion near the end of their growth, but my hand couldn't even completely wrap around it. They had to be *I-cups* at *minimum*.

“That was weird.” My hand was removed, it entirely escaping my notice that the fingers of that hand were... darker. There was a rich, caramel-shaded tan that had emerged body-wide, whether it was my fingers, my face, my tits, or even my *ass*. And that ass actually commanded the most attention near the *tail* end of the curse's effects.

The base of my shirt lifted even higher, first teasing the base of my ass cheeks but soon revealing *most* of them courtesy of my tanned rump *ballooning*. It made an effective use of my widened hips to not only push backwards but fill to the sides as well. Each cheek was practically comparable to one of my tits in size, and there was so much weight that the spillover was directed into my thighs. Tanned skin was pulled, and pulled, and pulled even more around a pair of thighs that surpassed my *waist* in width, completing the hourglass figure that had been teased for the past few minutes.

As if it was common sense to do so? I pulled off my now not-as-oversized shirt. But my crotch and tits weren't fully exposed. Rather, I had pieces of what seemed to be a cowboy-themed costume on.

“Well, this is about all I can do on such short notice.” I definitely *wasn't* in the wrong bathroom anymore, not that I even believed I was in the first place. Was there some reason I *shouldn't* use the ladies' room? There were two perfectly valid reasons for me to be there in plain sight, namely my *huge*, tanned tits. The bikini top I'd found for my pirate costume was pretty skimpy and didn't really match the detached, white collar nor the detached, puffy sleeves, but they never said I couldn't show skin! And were they *really* going to complain when I'd booked their dinky little restaurant last minute?

I was *Volume*, after all. I was one of the most popular hip hop artists of this era, and I'd only agreed to *do* this gig because it was my hometown, and I had been planning on coming with my childhood friend in the first place. **“Alright. I still think I'm looking good. The more skin I show, the less attention people will pay to just how cheap some of this stuff is, anyways.”** Like the cowboy hat I pulled out of my bag and put on my head. It looked okay from afar, but it didn't stand up under scrutiny with how *plastic* it was.

It was a small town, sue me! I wasn't going to find a proper cowgirl costume on the day of the performance! And I certainly didn't know that I had just become the victim of the staff's desire to replace their booked talent. They didn't have a performer? Just turn one of the guests *into* that performer! They had no intention of changing me back, though, and reality had shifted so that this had *always* been my life.

Case in point? **"Volume? You almost ready?"** The friend that I'd come to the bar with entered the bathroom to question my readiness. She clearly didn't notice

anything was off, just as *I* hadn't. Her cheeks were a little red. What a hopeless lesbian she was. **"L-Looks like you are."** Well, that was promising if anything. I was probably going to need some *relief* when this gig was done, and we'd been known to have an on-again and off-again relationship.

"Sure am. When I'm done my set, wanna head back to your place, beautiful?" A little wink was all it took to fluster her. Even if I hadn't been *super* hot, I was also extremely famous. There were few people that would say no to *that* offer even if we weren't already familiar with each other. She nodded, so I took that as confirmation as I put on my black, leather cowboy boots and clacked out of the bathroom.



"It's showtime."