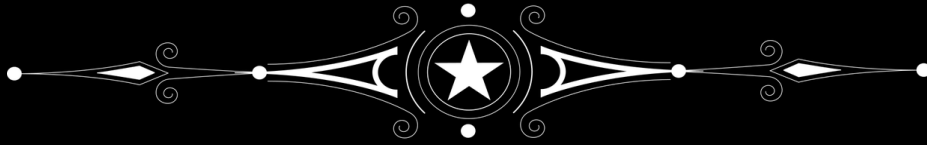


Hats off to You

By
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The following contains: Possession TF, male wolf to female panther,
bad choices in pizza

Read at your own discretion.



Thank goodness the rain had stopped on the drive over. Having to deliver this far out was annoying enough without needing to open a property gate without a coat on. Odds were the rich guy living up in The Castle was not about to offer a big tip for this hassle anyway.

Deiser climbed back into the pattering rust pile of a Buick to resume his drive up the rocky old road. It was officially his bosses 'company' car, since he had a license but no vehicle to speak off. The fact the Pizza Parlor delivery sign magnetized to the roof emitted more light than its headlamps spoke volumes about that man's financial priorities.

Oh well, it was work. The scruffy brown wolf had no room to be picky where he got living money from while waiting for a chance to reenter law school. He just did not see what all the fuss was about. The Castle looked just like any other house he delivered to. This one only seemed to dominate them in extensive lawn grass than any sane person should want to mow.

Yet soon as the call came in every other driver dived to avoid taking it. Sucks to be them, now Deiser had some reliability points to score on his resume.

Three knocks and a doorbell attempt later waned on his canine confidence. The property lights were on, but he saw no signs of anything living inside the house itself. All blinds were drawn without so much as a lamp light glowing through them.

"Hello!?" He risked balancing his precious cargo of pizza pie on one hand to cup the other to his muzzle. "Pizza guy!"

His ears perked up at a soft click of locks being undone. The door knob rattle gently before slowly turning. A bit too slow, as Deiser checked his watch in concern for other deliveries that might be piling up back at the shop.

Once the door had creaked open it was odd to find no occupant in the space beyond its open portal. Not even a jump scare of someone popping out of the darkness blanketing the landing happened.

Deiser risked a small step across the threshold. Knuckles rapped in an eerie echo across the house. "Hello? Pizza delivery?"

"In here sweetie!" said a voice from close by.

Deiser swiveled ears and head around trying to catch a direction. The voice had a song-like quality of a rather cheerful young woman, yet seemed to be weighed down by some kind of fatigue. An archway was visible in the darkness as his canine eyes

adjusted. Beyond he could see the outline of a couch and coffee table hinting at a living room.

That was enough to make him leave the safety of an open exit to investigate. There was little reason to suspect an ambush from such a youthful sounding voice, much less spooks and ghouls.

What he failed to expect was absolutely nothing. Well, technically there was things in the room. There was a comfy couch, a cushioned rocking chair, a coffee table with a real ugly hat on it, and a fifty-inch TV resting on a crate. It looked lived in, except without a person actually living in it. Another archway lead into what was probably a dining room. All Deiser could make out in the darkness was a large table with chairs beyond. The person must have been speaking from somewhere this direction so he started treading lightly to avoid tripping over the table on his way inside.

"Hello?"

"Over here, silly."

Deiser whirled with tail fur puffed so thick it made his appendage look like a balloon. The voice had come so close by he could have sworn there should have been someone sitting on the couch. Yet there was still no one else in the room. Not even a butt mark in the cushion to indicate someone had ever been through here.

"W-where are you?"

"YO! Wolf boy!"

Wide green eyes slowly traveled down to observe the hat sitting lonely upon a coffee table. Unlike everything else in and around the Castle, this pointed hat looked old in its decorations of stitches and stains. The silly part of Deiser's mind had the passing thought that somewhere a tall grey wizard was making midgets overturn beds looking for his hat.

Just as he was about to turn away with a chuckle, the garments pointy tip twitched slightly. With the wolfs undivided attention it began to fold and quiver with very fluid movements of life. He was fairly certain the thing had somehow leaned back to stare up at him with empty fabric creases for eyes.

"About time you noticed me!" the hat said through a flapping slit at its base. "Now we can-whoa! Hey! Watch the TV!"

Deiser had failed to notice the meaning of a moldy old hat's words. He was more in a panic about the fact a moldy old hat could speak at all. The pizza box so expertly balanced on one hand flew beside the hat with a wet thunk onto the coffee table. It was now probably an upside-down mess inside its box, but that did not stop Deiser from rapidly backing away until his butt pressed against the big TV's cold screen.

"Calm down, dear! I can't hurt you. I'm just a hat. I haven't been able to get off this table in a week."

Once Deiser caught his breath the rest of him seemed to quickly settle out of his initial shock. Thick wolf tail started to wag a bit when he approached the hat again. His expression surprised it with a complete lack of fear, but a definite drive of curiosity.

"How...how did you dial for delivery without hands?"

"Really? You find a talking hat and first thing you want to know is how it called for pizza?"

"Actually, yes."

"Well first of all; I'm a witch. But that's not important because I didn't call for any delivery."

"Should I be talking to your phone then?"

"Dear, what's the name on your order form?"

Deiser fished through his jacket pocket for the receipts. "Hugh Jazz. I don't suppose you got a Hugh Jazz in this house."

"Yeah, my jazz is rather big. Probably why I shouldn't be eating pizza anyway. More importantly, now that you're here I'll not only buy that pizza but can give you a Hugh tip for a little favor."

"...I'm not looking for a relationship, ma'am, especially not a fling with head gear."

"NOT THAT KIND OF FAVOR YOU STUPID-" The hat's slit-mouth opened wide in what seemed to be a deep breath. That only made Deiser ponder the workings of clothing anatomy more. "I told you I'm a witch. Last week I had a disagreement with an imp I summoned so they turned me into a hat. I just need you to take me upstairs so I can turn myself back."

"What were you fighting over to make him do a hat trick?"

"That's not important, nor will I thank you for the pun." Deiser let out a giggle that made the hat shiver in what he guessed was annoyance. "Now will you please take me upstairs."

"Well, my car is still running. It might be best if you go on...ahead?"

"I swear, I am going to...actually that's not a bad idea, sweetie."

Deiser blinked in confusion. Some strange scent of flowers in the air was suddenly making his thoughts feel more disjointed than usual. "You getting ahead?"

"No, well yes. We just need to get to my room and I can get a body again. If you put me on your head, I can guide you what to do from there."

"Oh. Well, okay I guess." Deiser had always wanted to wear a wizard's hat anyway, although he could not remember when or why he fancied wizards.

It did not matter soon as he exchanged the flashy pizza cap for the old garment. The smell of flowers burned his nose sending the wolf into a dizzy spell almost making him crash onto the couch. Once that was shaken off his eyes slammed shut in a fierce sting before trying to ever so gently ease back open. Someone must have turned on a light or something cause Deiser was suddenly seeing everything in almost perfect clarity. Only a sliver of light from outside filtered through cracks in the window blinds, but it illuminated everything in the deep shadows.

Only thing Deiser could not see was how his eyes had suddenly changed to a deep gold with slitted pupils.

"Now hurry up the stairs, little boy. Chop chop!"

"Uh...yeah...sure."

The hat's attitude had seemed to change as well. Deiser could catch tones of condescending and bitter joy in its alluring voice. Not that it mattered to the wolf. He was having trouble forming coherent thoughts to generate emotions from. Only basic impulses seemed to remain with the hats voice piercing through his storm of muddled thoughts for guidance.

Footsteps were slow and heavy as Deiser made his way back out into the hall. On the way it came as barely a notion to shed off his jacket. It was getting hot and wearing such thick layers of clothes felt unnatural.

By the time Deiser had reached the foot of the stairs the wolf had also lost his shoes and pants. They were just a typical flight of steps, but now seeming like a looming mountain that loomed over all. Deiser's knees wobbled, too tired to even be sure why he wanted to waste the energy going up such a harsh trial.

"Go ahead sweetie. I need you to get up there."

Well, the hat told him to do it. That was good enough for Deiser. Clad in only a white shirt and boxers, his foot lifted like a heavy weight to settle on the first step.

Upon landing something jolted through his foot and rocked the wolf to his very core. Deiser let out a sharp moan, trying to shake off the sensations while his other foot lifted onto the next step. Another jolt hit, making him fall against the railing in a far more sensual cry. Strange new energy coursed through Deiser, stimulating pleasure that he had never known existed. Between that and this hats urgings there seemed no reason to turn back now.

On the third step Deiser almost buckled over completely. His hips flared out with a loud snapping of shifting bones that forced his knees to point inward. A fourth step made his butt wiggle before rapidly puffing up in pilling levels of soft fat and muscles. Boxers quickly stretched to their limit in all new ways as thighs joined in with their own

growing fat. Both legs developed a deep curve that tapered down to delicately reforming feet.

There was almost no more sound to Deiser's footfalls upon reaching for the sixth step. Although the shape of his new pelvis could not help giving a soft hip bump with each movement. Ironically that lower body fat was all that helped keep his pants on while the rest of him rapidly diminished in height. The hem of his shirt lowered in seconds from meeting his boxers at the waist to crumpling up around the shelf his butt had become.

The next step sent a huge clamp on Deiser's waist, knocking him breathless for a moment. He had little care for the idea his entire middle had concaved to greatly emphasize his fat lower half. Nor did it bother him how much thinner and delicate his hands and arms looked while ideally brushing loose bangs out of his eyes.

Step eight found his shirt hem starting to rise again to expose his navel in-between an hourglass curved waist. Only this lift was from two mounds pushing out in rich piles of fat atop his narrowed pecs. He ideally scratched around his nipples, which were getting irritated by the stretching fabric as they thickened into small tents of their own. Each additional step made them swell bigger and rounder, inflating with untold sources of fat to make an impressive pair of softballs straining the men's undershirt to its limit.

This might have been cause for concern at some point, but all Deiser could notice was contact with his widening nipples added new levels of pleasure to his climb. By the time he reached the top of the stairs both hands were under the hefted shirt exposing the underside of his impressive breasts while gently kneading them in steady circles. His moans becoming higher in pitch each time they came around to press against each other and cause several small snapping's of cotton fiber.

"Where...room?" he oozed the words out in labored pants. Somehow the whole purpose of his climb remained in focus through the overwhelming bliss. Surprisingly with how frantic that boner was trying to break its way through his tearing pants with every shake of his womanly rear.

"Second door on the left sweeties," said the hat. Its voice could barely hide back a sense of eagerness while Deiser padded silently towards the door. "No! You're other left!"

Deiser turned so fast he almost lost balance with the shifting weight of his thick curves, but managed to get that door open.

Staggering on in, the place looked as mundane as everything else Deiser had seen of this house. The bed was partially decorated with several posts supporting black curtains decorated in night star patterns. A broomstick stood propped next to a stand with a huge book on it. The big shinny star on the cover told Deiser it was probably a dictionary.

It was the dresser that grabbed his attention as he sashayed towards it of his legs own accord. Atop it was a medallion with several strange signs engraved in gold on its solid emerald crystal. Without realizing it Deiser was already lifting it up by the silver chain towards his head.

"This is it?"

Something in the back of his mind made Deiser question why he was opening the chain. They wanted to know how or why this was needed to free the hat again.

"Yup, just put it on and I'll be the happiest witch this side of town."

Welp, that was good enough reason as any. If it would make the talking hat happy then the amulet would drop down to a soft slap between Deiser's cleavage. Before he could ask what to do next the jewel let out a bright flash blinding the room in its green light.

A sudden, powerful, cramp made Deiser grab his crotch with both hands in a wailing howl. This time he did notice the way his voice cracked over the course of his cry, raising in octaves until it reached a pitch completely unrecognizable to his usual outbursts.

Perhaps that was because his already throbbing erection was dwindling right in his hands. He looked down in dismay trying to see through the green light, but feeling, his definitive male tent shrinking down until nothing but a smooth crotch remained. That lasted a whole two seconds before he let out a purely feminine yelp at a sharp kick that started his genitals inverting into female counterparts. To say feeling new organs taking shape inside hips already well designed for child bearing was weird is an understatement.

"Ah hah!" Deiser fell across the dresser in a sharp pang of pleasure exploding from her pelvis across every fiber of her being. Her breast spilled out over the wood while crying out in a voice no longer her own. "W-what's happening!?"

A tightness in her tail caused Deiser to glance over a shoulder and gasp. The furry appendage waves stiffly in the air as it began to lengthen. A little pop sounding off with the addition of one piece of vertebra after another. Worse was that it seemed to be losing all its glorious fuzz to develop a finer pelt. As the very fibers of hair shifted from browns to a solid night black, Deiser felt her tail give in a hard jerk and resume wiggling through the air as a very long snake.

Deiser stood back up and gasped at seeing the black fur was not only resided to her tail. Her entire pelvis had already been painted in the new coat and was slowly melting its way down her thighs while also creeping up her slim waist. A shaking hand reached down to feel along her belly button, unable to repress a soft purring noise she never remembered being able to do. The very texture of her fur was changing with the color for a soft, silky, glow in the amulets light.

A shock of inspiration knocked Deiser from her stupor long enough to assess what was going on. Of course, it was the amulet doing this to her. That hat had played her right into a trap even their clever mind could not notice.

Well, that was about to change. Literally as the black fur took that moment to ripple across Deiser's breasts. This somehow caused them to swell a few sizes bigger into basketball territory, finally causing a loud rift to tear her shirt into a deep revealing cleavage. Trying to ignore how good the cold wind felt on her new naked fur, Deiser reached up to grasp the amulet.

She froze up halfway, blinking in confusion. She tried again to reach for the jewel. And then tried a third time.

Feline eyes grew wide in horror at the hands locked in mid-air struggling against two forces of control. Deiser tried with all her will to move even a single finger, but all she could manage was a slight shake of the first while black fur washed over both arms to engulf them. Only when they had turned completely did finger uncurled in a relaxed state not of Deiser's choosing. New muscles flexed at each tip causing the nails to whip out as sharp claws that promptly retracted into newly formed slits. A similar flex in her feet made Deiser guess the same was happening to her fresh black paws.

"Ngggh!" Deiser jerked her head about with nose spasm. "N-no!"

She was having trouble moving any part of her body below her neck. And that was quickly failing to happen with the black fur washing over her face. Even her hair was turning black as it grew out from under the hat to swish across her lower back.

With a loud crack Deiser winced, going cross-eyed to watch her muzzle shrink in on itself. She rolled her head back in a howl of the discomfort that turned into a feline yowl. Revealed teeth thinned out into long sharp daggers and the once big wolf nose turned a bright pink while deflating to a fraction of its former size.

The panther woman that had once been Deiser relaxed against the dresser again with a deep breath or four. She slowly opened her eyes with a twinkle of devious glee as her upper lip twitched to help ease out a thick bristle of whiskers atop her much blunter muzzle. As the glow of the amulet faded, so too did the last bits of personality of the wolf she had just been minutes ago faded through the back of her head like the headache he had been to deal with.

And yet their final thought before vanishing from her presence completely was catching sight of their new form in the mirror and feeling they looked a lot nicer with that hat. All its wear and tear had shedded to become a proper witches crown; made from fresh purple leather with a pumpkin tassel slightly dipping the tip to one side.

"Well, naturally I don't do anything without doing so in style," she purred while adjusting the brim. Her rounded ears slid out through their premade holes. She knew the poor wolf could probably not hear her anymore, and if he did there was no way to comprehend the words. Still, some part of the witch panthress felt a need to acknowledge the poor soul now taking residence somewhere deep in the subconscious.

"Thanks for the body, dear. I'll return it if I find a substitute or care enough to remember. Although I wish I could demean you a bit for the filthy choice in attire. Have you even changed this underwear recently?"

Hands absently cupped each breast to gauge their weight as the witch flicked her thin tail in satisfaction. "By the goddess, I think you made me double the size of my last host too. I wonder if it's a trend with possessing male bodies."

With a shrug, she swayed her way down the stairs giving a passive wave overhead. A shower of sparkling yellow and purple particles shot from her palm to rain down on her curvy form. In so doing the t-shirt and shorts that had long since torn under her epic curves began to stitch themselves back together.

The shirt changed from cotton to a firm leather strapped along the front like a corset. Its neckline lowered until it just barely made the cups to cover half her bulging cleavage bouncing on each stair. The rim itself fashioned into a red bat design spread across to hug her massive orbs doing nothing to stop their jiggling.

What was once boxers turning into the finest of velvet rubbing tight against the contours of her rear end. The fabric flickers and suddenly the legs split open into a skirt fluttering against her thighs. It was only when she reached the bottom that they settled enough to cover the fact she no longer had any underwear left.

"It's a start," the panthress mused looking over herself. Conjuring a more powerful spell, she waved around her feet and hands to materialize high heeled fishnet boots and some leather gloves to match. With a final twirl the amulet settled down inside her cleavage while a freshly formed cape brushed under her hair to properly cover her backside in more bat-patterned hem. "Now we're witching!"

She made her way into the living room without making a sound for having heels on. There was intent to start making some phone calls for a bit of a spooky themed party, and a bit of cutting loose on magic shenanigans, but then her eyes spotted a crucial detail long forgotten in this night's series of events.

"Sweet! A new body and free pizza!" She bent down to pick it up, if only to enjoy the feeling of her skirt stretching over her butt. Damn it was nice to have nerves and a shapely ass again. "Upside down pizza, but that won't detract the value too much with me, wolf pup."

The box was flipped open. The panthress blinked, staring at its contents with intense evaluation.

For the first time since being able to move her mouth in a week, her smile twitched then slowly vanished. She threw the pizza to the floor with an angered meow before promptly stepping on it with her resumed path to the phone."

"Who the hell orders pineapple and tofu!? I swear, I should use magic to find 'Hugh Jazz' and show them what a real prank is."

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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