

# ***Strength of a Hellhound***

By: Firingwall

“Mmmm...” Rachel shook her head. “Nah. I mean, Mr. Wolf is cool and all, but I'm not really feeling him.” She placed the white suit back up on the clothing rack.

“Well, we do have plenty of options, so there's gotta be something here that'll speak to you!” Eve the Trainee Witch said with an optimistic, anxious smile.

Rachel nodded back. Another Halloween season had arrived and that meant it was time to get the absolute best costume. Ever since her favorite costume shop shut down, finding the best meant going to her next door neighbors for help, the witches.

The witches had a special, magical, moving shop. In it, they had everything and everything they had was something **very** special. It was just perfect for the blue-haired woman.

Rachel left the Dreamworks aisle, glancing at the next one over: the Disney aisle. That one seemed to go on and on and on, stretching far into the distance. It probably did given the mystical, otherworldly energy that filled that witchy storeroom. She could probably find many good options down there.

“Feeling something Disney related this year?”

“...Nah. Just glancing.” However, “good” wasn't good enough for Rachel.

“I see...” Eve sighed, slumping. “I'm... I'm not a great saleswoman, am I?” She rubbed her face. “If Cassidy wasn't so busy, I'm sure she could lead you right where you wanted to go. This place has everything we ever made or infused, and it's probably-”

Rachel giggled. “Oh, don't worry! I just like to browse and see what's around. That's how I found that cool Blaid sword last year! I'm sure the right thing will come to me. There's just something here waiting to be discovered!”

With that, the two walked around the backroom some more, glancing down the many different aisles that were available. Eventually, something did grab Rachel's attention. She found a curious aisle that was striking to the eye with its deep red and harsh, but somehow vibrant, purples and blacks. It was so dark and mean, but so inviting despite how small the section was compared to everything else.

It was an aisle dedicated to the Hellaverse.

“Oh?” Eve looked at Rachel and then down the aisle. “You like this? Me and the coven just got into the Hellaverse stuff. So excited for Hazbin Hotel season 2! We decided to cash in on it with everything you see here. Got it all with costumes and props.”

Rachel nodded silently, wandering down the lane. She wasn't too versed in the Hellaverse herself, but she still recognized many things in the small section. Charlie Morningstar's suit, Vaggie's bow, Rosie's hat, a headband that had Barbie Wire's horns, Moxxie's bowtie, and...

*OH!* Rachel stopped in her tracks as her eyes fell upon one thing that really jumped out. There was a black leather, spiked dog collar of sorts hanging from a rack. There was a tag attached to it that simply read, “Loona”.

Rachel may not know a lot about Helluva Boss, but she did know Loona. She loved that girl. She was cool while being an utterly mean hellhound. Sure, she had only seen the pilot and some out of context clips, but that canine was glorious.

Rachel took down the collar, feeling it in her hand before looking at Eve. “Two questions. One, is this available? Two, does it do what I think it does?”

Eve looked at her and at the collar. There was an awkward silence for a moment, the witch scratching the back of her head. She took a deep breath and hesitantly said, “W-well, s-sure. It should cause Loona-ification. I did make it.”

“Great!” Rachel lit up with the biggest of grins. “I'll take it!”

“W-wait!” Eve squeaked, waving her hands anxiously. “M-maybe you should try something else before you go with that.”

Rachel gave her a look. “What do you mean?”

“Y-yes, well, I made it, doing the enchantment and everything. H-however, there might be some trouble. I always had difficulty imbuing leather with magic. I'm not sure if it's the texture or the material, but my enchanted leather items never seem to work right.”

The blue-haired woman looked at the spiked collar in her hand, jostling it a little. “Well,” she said with a shrug, “I would still like to try it. It'll work or it won't. I'm willing to give it a shot.” She smiled again. “Plus, it would be fun to be a cute anthro lady. I like being a big anthro hunk as much as the next gal, but I should switch it up every so often.”

“O-okay. Just wanted to warn you.” Eve took another deep breath and released it slowly. She held out her hands and snapped her fingers. A full-length mirror appeared beside them. “Here you are for your viewing pleasure.”

Rachel nodded and put the collar on, carefully tightening it so it was snug but still loose enough. She breathed in and out, letting her body relax.

A few moments later, she felt a pleasant, tingling warmth. It came from her collar and began flowing throughout her. *Good, bring it on.*

Rachel leaned, looking deep into the mirror's reflection. Her eyes fell upon her own. The pale whites filled with a deep, striking white. Her blue irises became white as snow. It was like her vision could see through anyone into their soul.

Her red eyes turned north, looking at her blue bangs. Blue for only a little while longer. Silverish gray ran from the roots to the tips, starting there and spreading through the rest of her luscious, flowing locks.

The sight made her grin. *Very nice!* She felt a shiver tingle run over her skin, her hairs standing on end. *Hellhound, here I come!*

The tingling spread everywhere, her clothing feeling extra sensitive on her. She looked at her hands, her digits trembling as black fabric appeared below them and over her palms. They formed familiar, fingerless gloves.

Slowly, the rest of her outfit rapidly shifted. Her purple, spaghetti strap top thickened into a short black tank top, the collar dipping further than her original top used to. Her blue jeans tightened against her limbs, the jeans legs slowly shrinking until she was wearing a pair of form-fitting, stretchy shorts. A crescent moon appeared on one side.

As her sandals vanished, Rachel waited. However, nothing else changed about her attire. No leggings appeared at all.

*Weird...* Rachel internally shrugged. *Well, Eve did say her magic didn't quite work right on leather, so maybe this is just a side effect.* It didn't really bother her too much that she wouldn't have Loona's leggings. She could probably just ask Eve or another witch to hook her up with a pair that would match.

Her hands began to shake again, pulling her attention back to them. Her fingernails grew longer, turning an inky black. That made her smile. *That's much better.*

Her smile grew wider as she watched white fur sprout around the nails and go down her hands, disappearing beneath her gloves. *Gooooood. Very good!*

A tingly feeling struck below, her head snapping down. Her feet were sprouting their own white fur and black claws. Toes combined until there were only three digits per foot, feet lengthening several inches. The heels cracked and popped, shifting upward and adding to her feet's canine appearance.

*Paws are always so much fun!* She wiggled her toes and fingers. *What's next now? Tail? Ears? Snoot? All likely and all very sweet!*

She suddenly felt a shake. She looked to her hands, finding them quivering as fur left spread onto her wrists and up her arms. She brought them in for a closer look but quickly held them back again.

Their light shaking erupted in hard quaking. Her digits jerked and swelled, followed by the rest of her hands. They grew and grew until her paws were nearly double their original size. Her feet paws throbbed too, swelling and stretching forward as well.

"What..." Rachel quietly spoke. They felt so weighty on her. Clenching and unclenching her hands, she felt a surge of strength in them as well. "What the..."

"Oh no..." Eve quietly said as well, looking glum, "It's going wrong..."

That was when the quaking came to her arms and legs, leaving her paws behind. Her legs thickened up first, slightly thicker calves and thighs following that were fairly dense. Her arms got the biggest hit as they ballooned to over double their width. Pure girth of muscle mass and strength flooded in, looking like she was flexing almost all the time. Her biceps were so shapely defined even with the fuzzy coating over them.

"Holy crap..." Rachel mouthed. Between the bestial grip of her paws and pure iron that was her arms, she felt like she could smash a car with a simple punch. So much strength was coursing through her now, so heavy on her body.

It felt... familiar. Familiar and nostalgic to specifically last year...

Taking a deep breath and releasing it, Rachel managed to find the words in her. "Umm, I'm pretty sure Loona isn't this swolle, Eve!" She looked at her arms and legs again. "I think you got the magic more wrong than you tho**ooooOOOOOOOO!**"

Rachel's voice dropped like a lead balloon, hitting a naturally deep, thick baritone that oozed of suave, handsome maturity.

Though, she and Eve hardly noticed that. Rachel's eyes dilated as a heavy dose of pleasure and want burned within. Specifically, down in her shorts' crotch. Her legs spread open, the crotch bulging out. The bump was the size of an orange, the soft material stretched tightly over it to highlight its impressive shape.

Rachel took one look at it, blushed, and bit her bottom lip. **“G-guess... guess I can never be just a normal, hot, anthro lady, can IiiiiiiiiiiiiiiOOOOOO!”**

She quivered from top to bottom, body tensing up. Her crotch bulge throbbed and pulsed. ***Ooooh, that felt gggooooddd!***

Her torso quaked before pulsing, expanding all over. Her narrow waist widened, a solid six pack set of abs appearing. They remained visible even as white fur flowed over them, dark gray fuzz growing along her sides and back. Her shoulders rose and broadened, chest widening and pushing out a little more.

There was a bit of deflation in all its growth. Her breasts shrunk, falling back and flattening until they were gone, white, chest fluff growing over them. The area rose again, though not as far. Thick, bulgy pectorals swelled out, strong as iron and stretching her top just a little.

***Well... Rachel snorted like a beast, panting. It's... it's not like this is all that bad or anything. This feels pretty fucking good!***

He looked down again, eyeing his bulge. It throbbed again, nearly making him drop to his knees. It ballooned once more, inflating bigger than a cantaloupe. He definitely liked that.

“I'm so sorry!” Eve blurted out, catching Rachel off guard. “I'm so so so so sorry! This is all my fault and my stupid inability to enchant leather! You're turning into Not Loona and-”

**“Easy there!” Rachel waved his paws at her. “Settle down! It's alright! Sure, I was hoping for babe, but I can roll with this. I do love being a big anthro hunk! It's-”** There was a small rip noise, a dark tail with white undercoating appearing behind him. It wagged eagerly. **“It's just fucking awesome to be like this!”**

Rachel glanced at the mirror, seeing his ears stretch and pull to the top of his head, turning into lupine-like ears. Familiar piercings appeared in the right one. **“Plus, I did wanna be Loona and this is her, if different!”**

His hair continued to shrink, coming down to a short, roughish cut. It was now, mostly, just a thick tuft going between his ears and over his brow. Fur washed across his face, white over the front with dark gray on the back and sides. Dark grey also appeared upon his chin and along the jaws, almost looking like a beard.

There were a few pops that followed, his face going numb all over. His nose flared, turning bumpy and blackening. It swelled and widened, turning into a canine sniffer. Then, his mug crawled forward, widening and strengthening. Teeth in his maw sharpened to fangs that gave off a satisfying glint when he flashed them.

“Rachel” looked at his reflection, smirking that canine smile. He saw nothing of the old him. All he saw was a handsome, striking, beast of a canine. **“Hell fucking yeah!”** he barked, **“Look at this bigOOOOOOOOOFUCKME!”**

His big bulge throbbed one final time before ballooning. It swelled to about half the size of basketball, prominent in his stretchy shorts. They highlighted every inch from his girth from the clear outline of his balls to the thickness of his rod.

It was amazing, for one thing, that his clothing stayed on with that package. More amazingly, it didn't feel awkward or get in the way of him standing or walking. It made him feel and be big, and he liked it.

**“Fuuuuck yeah!”** The new man grinned, eyeing his reflection. He flexed and posed several times, pushing out his beefy chest and straining those biceps. **“Now this is one handsome, hunky hellhound! I love this soooo much.”** He thrust his crotch out a few times, arms behind his head. **“I especially love this!”**

“I'm s-s-so sorry!” Eve rambled, her entire face was beet red despite her green skin. It didn't seem like she actually heard what Rachel had said. “You really w-wa-wanted Loona and you got-”

**“Mmm, Lunar~!”**

“Huh?” The witch flinched.

**“It's Lunar.”** “Rachel” chuckled. **“Fits pretty well, don't you agree?”**

“Errr... sure?” Eve was clearly trying her best not to look at the hellhound for long. Lunar knew why, and it deeply amused him and stroked his ego. He was one, good-looking pooch, wasn't he?

“But, didn't you want to be Loona though? This isn't-”

“**Exactly what I wanted,**” Lunar finished, “**Yes, but like I said, I do really like this! You gotta stop fretting and understand what your customer likes.**” He ran his paws over his pecs and abs. “**This is a sweet take on Loona that's different but still captures how sexy hot she is, but in buff, bulgy, manly form!**”

Lunar flexed an arm, admiring it. “**Sure, I'm a buff canine again this year, but I can make it work. Who wouldn't want to-**”

That's when an idea came to him. A very, very fun idea. “**Saaaaaay, isn't there another hellhound in Hulluva Boss? I think I recall seeing art of him.**”

“Umm, yeah. Vortex, I think.”

Rachel/Lunar grinned. “**Do you have any costumes or props for him?**”

“Sure. Cassidy made them, so there shouldn't be any issues. Why?”

“**Well, my partner needs a costume for this year too. I think two hunky hellhounds are better than one for Halloween, riiiiight?**”

***THE END***