

HALLOWEEN AGAIN

FIRST PERSON STORY

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Here it was. *Halloween again.*

Some years it felt like it snuck up on me more quickly than others. Hadn't I just been burning alive in the summer heat? And yet now it was October. The air was cooler, leaves were falling, and then in came the spooky season. Halloween may not have been celebrated universally, but it was a pretty prominent occasion in the capitalist country *I* lived in. Most stores had all of their decorations and candy out by October 1st if not sooner.

I could definitely see why some people might find it annoying. It wasn't an especially important event for an adult, and that went doubly so if you didn't have any children. That was the boat *I* was in. I was too old to be going to any adult Halloween costume parties, and seeing as how I'd yet to settle down, it wasn't like I had any kids to take trick or treating. This meant that October was more akin to a regular month with decorations around and a *lot* of horror movies airing on television. Which wasn't really quite *my* speed.

"Oh, no. I'm okay. I'm not exactly planning on going out on Halloween night." I'd gone into my local mall to pick up a prescription from the pharmacy that was inside, but one of the girls running a booth had stopped me. Apparently, they had set up costume booths within the mall this year and were getting the teenagers they hired to try and upsell things to passersby.

"Well then, what about your kids!?"

She was stubborn, I'd give her that much. Though I didn't appreciate the reminder that I was old enough to be mistaken for a *dad* at this point in my life. I didn't have anything *against* kids and *would* like a family someday, but I hadn't met the right person. It didn't *usually* bother me, though. **"I don't have any kids. Sorry! As much as I wish I could experience Halloween and go trick or treating again, I'm a little old!"** I did my best to rush off with that said so that she couldn't prod me any further. But I didn't catch what she said under her breath.

"Be careful what you wish for!"

I woke up what I *thought* was the next morning with a start. Or, at least, I'd *thought* it was the morning. **"What time is it...?"** I was prompt when it came to grabbing my phone like I always was, but it quickly occurred to me that something was *wrong*. **"Huh? Is my phone broken? Maybe a setting got toggled?"** Because not only did it say it was *4pm* despite remembering me going to bed at midnight, but the date...

It said it was *October 31st*, which would have been several weeks later than it had been when I'd fallen asleep.

"There's no way." I couldn't check the validity of the time with my curtains drawn, so I got out of bed still in my pajamas to go open them and check. If it was *Halloween* already then I'd somehow missed like *half* the month. If I'd slept *that* long then I probably would have died from oversleeping first. I didn't quite reach my window before realizing something else off, though. I was definitely in *my* room, but why were the walls painted a light green?

I already had plenty of reason to be concerned, but I was otherwise ignorant to the fact that the green on my walls wasn't the *only* place in my room where a green had begun to appear that hadn't been there before. Was it on the floor? A piece of furniture? *Neither*, because it was actually my own *body* that was painted in a shade of green. Not my *whole* body of course, but my eyes and hair both took on a more vivid, almost tree-colored green that was otherwise hard for me to notice without a reason to do so. I was the type of guy who didn't like keeping a mirror in his room, after all.

"Why would someone paint my walls? Wait... if it happened recently, they would *definitely* still smell like paint, right? ...Don't tell me half a month really *did* pass?" The only other explanation would have been that I was *dreaming* and, well, that explanation would have gone a lot farther in explaining not only my new hair and eye colors, but also the fact that my ears appeared to be inching

out from the sides of my head? They pushed back into points that were about five inches long, almost like the ears of an elf... but perhaps slightly shorter.

Adding to the mystery was the fact that I lived *alone*. To paint my room, they would have had to have broken into my place. Plus, I would have missed work if I'd actually been *asleep for half the month*, and there were no missed calls or messages on my phone. **"Okay, I've gotta be dreaming, right? After all, there's no way that— OOF!?"** All things considered, the conclusion that I was dreaming was a valid one. Unfortunately for *me*, what felt like a sharp punch to the gut caused me to stumble backwards.

That had felt *way* too real for me to be dreaming!

I stumbled back from what my brain had concluded was an impact, but each step I stumbled felt lighter than the one before it. My loose-fitted pajama pants slipped off and fell to my ankles, but nothing that *could* have been revealed *was* revealed... thanks to my shirt now hanging off my body like a dress. **"What was... that?"** Okay, so I wasn't dreaming. Fine. The way that had felt was far too convincing that I was still in reality. But then how was I supposed to explain how I was now *thin*!?

My weight hadn't been healthy for a long time now, I'd *had* a pronounced gut, flabby arms and legs, and a chubby face. But in the instant of that impact? It had all been erased, leaving me with a flat stomach that sported skin that wasn't only smooth and blemish-free, but it was a little bit *hard* to the touch. Like I had *abs*? **"H-H-How!?"** I was surprised enough to justify it happening, so I excused the voice crack even if it didn't quite match up with how a voice crack *should* sound.

There were more pressing things for me to react to now that I was thin. **"No way..."** It was a lot to process, and since I was in the privacy of my own room? I ended up pulling my shirt up and over my head so that I was *completely* nude, before tossing that shirt onto a bed that I didn't realize *wasn't* the bed I'd woken up in. It was a canopy bed done up in pristine, white sheets. It had also been made, as if I hadn't just woken up in it.

I rubbed my hands up and down my flat torso in awe. **"All of those dieting attempts, and I could have just taken a three-week nap to sleep it off instead?"** That so clearly *wasn't* what had happened, but because I couldn't figure out what was happening, I was just sort of *saying stuff*. Although, as I continued to bring my hands up and down from my stomach to my chest and back again? I eventually came across a *snag*. **"...Huh?"**

My hands were getting caught against my nipples. They'd become erect the moment I started rubbing myself, but that wasn't the issue. They were a little *too* erect. That is to say that they were *too big* for my hands to smoothly pass, and any contact with them had become *overly* stimulating. I stopped and looked down at my chest again to see that my nipples had puffed up to practically *three* times their original size. And not only that, but the skin underneath them appeared... *soft*.

“Hold... on... The only reason my skin would be jiggling there is if I was growing... breasts?” And that skin really *was* jiggling. Fatty tissue was being fed into the space between my nipples and my ribs, leading to a pair of mounds developing that gradually surpassed *that* label to become a bare of *orbs*, and then a pair of *softballs* comparatively. The tits that I grew were firm, largely because they weren't *excessively* large, standing no bigger than D-cups, *but my dragon DNA certainly played a part in preserving my body's youthful look despite my age*.

My green eyes *had* glossed over slightly. I'd been so fixated on the physical aspects of what was happening that the *mental* aspects had changed unnoticed. Had I just lost weight? Grown breasts? These were all odd conclusions to draw when I remembered *being* that weight and *having* those breasts. My green hair was now lengthening, bangs parted in the dead center as long locks spilled down past by ass beside me, and just past my breasts at the side.

Any questions I might have had about the sound of my voice had been hushed too. It didn't sound different at all, and my words were delivered through a pair of lips that were increasingly *soft* and *swollen*. In fact, my face overall was quick to reflect the beauty of a mature woman. One with an angular face and a sharp nose, with narrowed eyes and long lashes. This beauty made me *appear* slightly older, but my skin was so healthy and there weren't any real side-effects of aging. *Of course, because of my dragon DNA*.

“What... has possessed me? Wasn't I doing something important? My child is... My child?” I'd just uttered something so *bizarre* that even my changing mind still questioned the absurdity. Was I not single and without a child? But I could vividly remember giving birth? With *what*? Through my peni—!? **“Oh my!?”** Through my *vagina*, of course. The thing that had just opened between my legs at the cost of a dick that had been there prior, effectively making me a *woman*. My pussy shows all the signs of one that had experienced childbirth before. Or had it been egg birth?

I shook my head, tossing my green locks about slightly as I tried to clear my head. My hips inched several inches wider now, and perhaps in a related change, my shoulders *and* waist slimmed – although the latter slimmed more than the former. Those hips seemingly parted to create a big enough canvas for my ass and thighs to bloat, which they did in equal measure so that I had a plush and perfect lap, alongside a peach-shaped ass. Again, nothing too abundant. But my little girl *did* love resting her head on my soft thighs...

Oh! “**My little girl. Of course, I was getting ready.**” My body had been fully transformed right down to the trimmed bush of green pubes about my pussy, to the point that when I clapped my slenderer hands together, you could see the impact cause my breasts to jiggle a little. But that momentum was suddenly halted by added attire. Attire that was no means conventional, but it might as well have been considered as much on *Halloween* of all nights.

My breasts were hugged tightly by white bandages that I could then recall *just* applying to myself above a bright pink skirt with a thicker, longer white underskirt beneath it. That skirt was affixed to a matching, pink corset that hugged under the bandaged yet showed off my toned tummy, whereas matching detached sleeves were tied just above my elbows. Bandages were wrapped *entirely* up my right leg while only reaching below my knee on the left... because I’d tragically run out of bandages *to* apply, and my toes were completely exposed on either foot.

I was *clearly* being dressed up in a costume. One that also featured a ghostly veil with a ghostly face beneath a purple top hat with a jack-o-lantern ornament resting on a white bow. I wore a great deal of accessories in fact, from a golden circlet to golden chains across my skirt. A white bow with a rose in its center even hung off the right side of my hip. It was a costume that was both a little cute *and* a little sexy. Admittedly, that was the look I had been going for...



“I think everything is on alright? Nothing appears to be too loose nor too tight...” According to my memories now, I was returning to a mirror over my dresser to look over my costume, even though that dresser and mirror hadn’t been there before. Much like my body, my entire room – and by extension my home – had changed in full to match the life of a different person entirely. Of a woman named *Naga*, who was a peculiar individual in that the blood of a dragon ran through her veins.

I was clearly far too old to be trick or treating. Physically I was in my mid-thirties, someone who was old enough to be a parent. And that wasn’t just a hypothetical. I *was* a parent. **“Tiki should be just about down putting her costume on as well. I should probably check in on her...”** While I was single *now*, I still cared for my daughter, Tiki. Her father had passed away shortly after she was born, and while sad? It was something that I had eventually come to live with.

If not for Tiki, I probably wouldn’t have gotten dress up myself. But the costume *did* look quite nice. Regal, with a festive twist. Would we bump into any other parents while we were out visiting houses? The possibilities seemed high, and there was *one* single mother that I was... interested in. Miss *Sothis*, her name was? She had a daughter named Rhea that was in Tiki’s class.

Ready or not, I exited my bedroom and stepped into the hall where I knocked on my daughter’s door. **“Tiki, honey? Are you ready? It’s going to get dark soon.”**

“N-Not yet, mother! Just give me a moment!”

...Was she calling Rhea in secret again?