

# E-HAUNTING

## FIRST PERSON STORY

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*I had never believed in ghosts.*

What reason did I have to, really? To play along with my friends when I was a kid when they attempted to convince me that locations were haunted? To needlessly freak myself out in the middle of the night? It was better to not convince yourself that something scary and implausible could be real. You were essentially just scamming yourself into being miserable at the end of the day.

My beliefs in this area didn't change much as I grew older. Even as a young adult I didn't believe in spirits or *anything* supernatural. Having grown up alongside the boom of the digital age surely hadn't helped give me a more open mind though. With the internet at my fingertips it was easy enough to search up information that could disprove ghost sightings or bigfoot sightings or *whatever* was tending.

As an adult I was more certain than ever than these things were just *not* real. Which as you could imagine made me *really* fun to be around during the Halloween season. Not to say that I would vocally dismiss anyone's attempt to have fun or anything. I wasn't *an asshole*. I just didn't really get into the spirit of things shy of having a pumpkin spice beverage here and there

Not to mention buying Halloween candy for myself when it went on sale on November 1<sup>st</sup>.

I also had a habit of watching spooky content and playing spooky games during October. That was *my* way of getting into it, even if it didn't involve partying or trying to scare others. I still appreciated the horror

medium, and it *was* the perfect time of year to engage with it. “**Now what should I play...?**” In service of that I’d taken to the Steam Top Sellers page, skimming it to see if any new indie horror titles had been added to play through. October was the biggest month for indie horror of the year for obvious reasons. A lot of them probably weren’t the best and might have just been phoned in for a quick buck, but there were always a lot of gems too.

“**Hatsune Miku’s Spooktacular?**” In the end I had stopped near the bottom of the top 100 selling list, hovering over a name that sounded, well... “**How did that pass the store rules?**” It wasn’t an official title. Weren’t games like that supposed to be filtered out before they were published so that Steam didn’t piss off the rights holders? It looked like a lame shovelware game anyways, and for twenty bucks I wasn’t going to subject myself to a game that was going to be delisted as soon as someone noticed. “**Wh-What? Why did it start downloading!?**”

I could see it in my download bar, but I hadn’t clicked on anything? It also didn’t seem to be in my library officially (because I hadn’t purchased it). But watching the percentage tick up left me feeling... *weird*. Realistically it was a difficult thing to describe, but on a subconscious level I seemed to understand that my very *fate* was tied to it. This was a double edged blade however, because I found I couldn’t take my eyes away from it. Not even as that weird feeling became more *tangible*.

To begin with? I was a tall guy who was close to six feet. There was a very obvious height different between myself and where my computer monitor – and that was seen as I stood... not according to my own will. “**Why am I standing!?**” My reasonable question soon found itself replaced by more unreasonable alarm bells. Unreasonable because what was happening *shouldn’t* have been possible.

My eye level was dropping. I still couldn’t peel my gaze away from the loading bar, which was now at 10%, but I could still *tell* that I was shrinking. The bar, quickly moving all of a sudden, jumped all of the way up to 15%. And with it? I felt *hungry*? No, that wasn’t quite it. I might not have been able to look down to check, but the slight looseness in my shirt from my height regressing felt *far* more pronounced. In truth? My heftier form had thinned substantially very quickly. Any and all excess weight had been taken away, leaving me incredibly thin. *So thin*, in fact, that...

I could feel my pants and boxers both slide off to pool around my ankles.

“**HEy!?**” I cried out, my voice featuring an unusually distorted voice crack that went unnoticed. I was thinking about the fact that I was now naked from the waist down, but it didn’t really seem to matter all that

much? Because while the thinning of my frame had essentially happened all at once, my height was still regressing as the progress bar on the screen ticked up percent by percent. It finally stopped after the 25% margin was reached, but I had already slipped down to 5'2" by that point, making me smaller than I had been even as a teenager while my now grossly oversized tee was left to function more like a dress, covering the essentials.

But what 'essentials' was I even supposed to possess? *I* knew the answer to that question of course. I was a man, and so I was supposed to have a cock and balls nestled between my thighs. But if you had only tuned in following my loss of stature you might not have been so certain of that fact. My body was much daintier by design and the shrinkage had plagued more than just my height. My hands were not only small and delicate, but my fingernails were longer and clearly cared for with a purple nail polish having painted them. My feet were in a similar boat.

**"I *NEED* to *LOOK* away...!?"** I had to ascertain just what was happening! But the bar had already leaped up to 40% and the distorted crackling of my voice was becoming more obvious... along with a shrill, feminine pitch to every word that crackled. The bar had jumped up so suddenly because of changes that seemed a little more on the subtle side compared to what had happened thus far – they were largely in my *face*.

Androgyny had already been oh so present in my visage, but my face certainly wasn't helping things. My features were rounder and softer but likewise... more *youthful*? Rather than an adult man it became painfully obvious that I was at least a teenager now. A *Japanese* teenager as narrowed eyes soon demonstrated. Though while narrower, that did little to hide how my irises had begun to glow gold. Something that looked a little *off* considering I still looked *real*.

***BZZT!***

The jump from 40% to 60% had been a sudden one, but it had also been accompanied by a *shocking* sensation that made me cry out with surprise. **"WAH!?"** I couldn't tell what had happened visually, but it was as if my entire body had flickered like a character model glitching in a video game. It was like my model had been *swapped out* for another, and while I couldn't perceive it without a mirror? It was very obvious. Rather than appearing to be a *real person*, I looked artificial. Almost like a hologram... *of an anime character*.

My race was still Japanese now, but those narrowed eyes were represented by wide and random anime alternatives now. The fact that those golden irises were *literally* glowing was highlighted by this fact.

Had I had a mirror I might have recognized this face though. While my expression almost seemed *gloomy* somehow with how poutier anime lips were turned into a frown and I couldn't open my eyes all the way, I still bore a shocking resemblance to a certain character. One who had bright teal hair... a color that my own short style was now not only inheriting but growing out behind me. It fell a ways out behind me before being tied into twin tails not by scrunchies or hair ties but by...

*Ghostly whispers.*

“I...~!?” The sound of my own voice gave me pause. “*Where have I heard this voice before?*” No longer simply a crack, my vocal chords were producing a sound that was much higher and much more *robotic* sounding. Like it was artificial. Like a virtual singer? But... *Is it even worth questioning it? It is what it is...* Making matters worse I was having a difficult time even finding the energy to *care*. I didn't just *appear* gloomier, but I felt and sounded it as well.

As a direct result of this my reactions to the changes that followed were far more subdued. The download bar had jumped up to 75% and with this progress the femininity of my body was becoming difficult to deny. My torso had narrowed at the sides for one, bleeding my thin tummy into hips that felt a touch more pronounced by contrast. But in related changes? My ass had perked up into a small bubble, blessed with new cushion that also brought a plushness to my thighs. Heck, I didn't even address the fact that my eye level had risen again.

This time because I was *floating* slightly in the air.

“*Ah!*” Something I certainly *couldn't* ignore was the sensation of what remained of my masculinity being tugged away. This body was no longer one where a dick could thrive and so it was disposed of, pulled along with any related equipment deep into my new female counterpart – becoming one with the womb that took shape inside of me.

This in turn prompted the final physical change to take shape beneath the shirt I had ultimately ended up wearing as a dress, for two B-cup breasts rose to perky perfection atop my chest. As I was only *sixteen* physically it wasn't like I should have expected anything more than that. “*I' m a girl...*” It wasn't like I hadn't already pieced together this much, but it felt hard to believe even as I said it aloud.

Unfortunately? Even though my physical form was complete, that didn't mean my transformation was. The bar was stuck at 90% for about twenty seconds after my sex had changed before *finally* beginning to tick up to 100%. That was when things began to get *very* strange. My body began

to lose its opaqueness, my body becoming vaguely see-through. But it was actually *physical* as my shirt fell straight *through* me and into the pile of old clothing that had accumulated beneath my floating body. “Huuuuuh?” Fortunately I was no longer naked beneath, a tight and gray uniform top with sleeves that hid my hands uncovered once my shirt slid past them, while a thin matching microskirt had covered my hips and new, white panties. I wore no footwear, but black stockings rose up to the bases of my plumper thighs.

The bar finally hit 100% and I was allowed to tear my eyes away, but my body was wracked with a feeling of coldness at the same time. Fatigue was ever present in my golden gaze as I finally managed to look down, watching my upper arms and thighs glitch in and out of existence like I was *broken*. The same effect was also present in my twintails, but that hair now had ghostly white trails its twin tails’ tips.

All in all, I was cute but creepy.

“Uhh... I’ m Hatsune Miku~?” I asked myself in a synthetic singsong voice as I just *floated there*. Of course I knew the answer was ‘yes’, my brain had been rewired to accept that. That was why despite my ghostly appearance I was still behaving like a cute, teenaged girl. One who was a little more *mischievous* and *gloomier* than normal with her glitching limbs, but I was more or less still Hatsune Miku. Before *becoming* her I’d seen the design I reflected before, hadn’t I?

The *Ghost-type Hatsune Miku* from the Pokémon collaboration.

Somehow that game download had turned me into a ghost. That why I could float, why I was translucent, and why my digital body showed signs of glitches and pixelation. “*Digital...?*” As if it had been waiting for me to state this realization aloud, that I was a digital entity and not a physical



one... “*WAAAAAAAAH!?*” I was sucked right up into what was once my computer, cast into the worldwide web!

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And you? Days later you’re reading my story. I bet you’re wondering just what happened to me after being sucked up into the computer, right? Well I needed to *adjust*. Little by little I became more comfortable in my new, ghostly form. My new personality flourished as I wandered the digital space alone, but I still yearned for contact with another person. It didn’t need to be physical but just having someone to *talk* to would have been enough.

So don’t be afraid at the sight of one of my translucent sleeves emerging from your computer monitor, nor at the view of my blank and ghastly expression as my head pops out. You’re the first person I’ve been able to talk to, after all! “*So thank you for reading my story~!*” I sing with spooky glee.

*BEFORE I PULL YOU INTO MY WORLD FOREVER.*