

# A VERY MEGANE HALLOWEEN

BIG STORY #33

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“C’mon Proxies! You *know* you wanna match with me for the party!”**

It wasn’t at all an unusual sight to see Nicole Demara showing up at Random Play, the video store run by Wise and Belle, without any warning. Not only was Nicole the leader of the Cunning Hares, a dispatch organization that worked in the Hollows, but the siblings made up Phaeton, a secret Proxy and considered among the best in their craft. Sometimes the Cunning Hares leader came by to give them work, or to make excuses as to why she couldn’t pay them the bill that they owed.

But on this occasion? It wasn’t work related at all. The pink haired girl had immediately shoved a pair of glasses into the hands of either sibling with a smile, before offering them a card. Well, an *invitation*. The Cunning Hares were apparently holding a Halloween party and wanted Wise and Belle to match costumes with her. **“Don’t worry about the rest of the costume! The person that I bought these from said that the glasses will do the rest!”**

*“Um...”*

*“Uh...”*

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**“I really don’t get what she was walking about. I don’t think we can match with glasses alone.”** Nicole had left as quickly as she’d



come by earlier in the day, and now it was early evening. The party was *that night*, and Wise couldn't imagine why she would host a party last minute like that. Nicole was fairly enigmatic though, so it had been easy for him and his sister to shrug it off. Unfortunately, even if they had wanted to wear a more complicated costume? It was too last minute for them to find anything.

Wise had returned to his room to get ready, which really was just a matter of changing his jacket into something a little heavier since New Eridu was a little cooler at this time of year. **“Well, if it’s all I have to wear, then I might as well put them on for her.”** The young man fished the glasses from his pocket and put them on. **“Wait. These are actually prescription lenses? Did someone scam her?”** His vision *immediately* went blurry, prompting him to go to take them off. The problem, however, that he soon realized...

Was that he couldn't remove them at all.

**“What? That’s... not normal.”** Of the two siblings, it was the brother who generally maintained his calm in the face of concerning situations. This was shown well enough here, where Belle probably would have been freaking out if she were in the exact same situation – which might be foreshadowing, who knows? He struggled to try and pull them off for nearly thirty seconds before he gave up, and by then? His vision had seemingly adjusted to the lenses. He could see just fine? **“I also don’t think that’s how glasses work.”**

The Phaethon brother was unaware of the fact that there was more wrong with his eyes than a sudden adjustment to prescription lenses. Their greens had not only brightened to a bright orange, but *through* those lenses? His eyes somehow seemed to be smaller, cuter, and rounder. Incidentally, these were all traits that the *rest* of his body would take on in different ways before all was said and done. Beginning with the *smaller* part.

It just took Wise a second for his brain to catch up. **“Wait. Huh?”** His clothing felt baggy, and the bedroom that he'd occupied in Random Play since the building's inception was *growing* around him. These were two very incomprehensible things to happen at the same time that shared a common explanation. It wasn't that things were getting bigger. Wise himself was *shrinking*. **“Th-This is impossible!”** And even *he* appeared to be taken off guard by this.

Wise typically stood at 5'7", which was a pretty average weight for a guy in his late twenties as he was. But all of that was unraveling, inches peeling away in a way that provided a number of side effects at the same time. Such as? His hands and feet becoming smaller, smoother, and cuter, or his waistline and shoulders narrowing so that they didn't look all that out of place on a body that was ultimately left at a mere 5'0". His hands had practically been swallowed by smaller hands with his sleeves longer, and his now baggy pants were held on only by hips that hadn't shrunk at all.

Which gave his lower body a much wider gait compared to the upper.

In fact, it all looked quite *feminine*. Something that was becoming increasingly supported by his face. The man's eyes had already suggested as much, but it was happening to his face as a whole. A more feminine visage was settling into place, but also one that was more *youthful* too. Softened skin shrank around a skull that had already done the same, rearranging so that his cheeks were a little round while his chin had narrowed beneath puffier lips. Toss in a smaller nose, and he didn't even look like the same person anymore. He looked like a *girl* that had to be around the age of *eighteen*.

**"U-Um... Wasn't I always this size... though?"** Wise's regressed age and implied progressively changing gender manifested in a voice that was both high and uncharacteristically uncertain. But the shrinking he'd noted prior no longer felt like a big deal to him? **"N-No! I wasn't!"** Something deep down saved him in the final stretch, however. Unfortunately, it didn't save him from *continuing* to transform as lengthening and darkening hair revealed, somehow styled into a dark brown side braid as a cat ear headband appeared atop his head, and a choker with cat bell concealed his Adam's apple just as it phased into nonexistence.

At a glance, he very much looked like a girl who was wearing the oversized clothing of her older brother, or at least something of that nature. That seemed to be truer than what could be observed let on though, because that oversized attire was concealing what was happening *beneath* them. **"Ngh!? W-Wait... Did I... Did I just turn into a girl!?"** Wise hesitated to check physically as a sharp pull between *her* legs led into an emptier sensation instead. On some subconscious level she already wanted to *accept* that this was the case.

With the girl's sex now changed, everything else began to occur in quick succession. The narrow yet otherwise flat chest beneath her shirt showed signs of becoming *puffier*, nipples rubbing against the cloth as they also engorged in shape and size. She didn't stop herself from

grabbing at her chest and murmuring “**B-Boobs...?**” as they swelled between her fingertips, puffing out into a pair of sensitive *C-cups* that felt bigger just because her body was so small and thin.

But the moment her breasts had filled in? Her shirt tightened and shortened, becoming little more than a dark purple brassier that lacked individual cups, but instead featured a cut-out in the center that not only revealed her cleavage, but was shaped like a cat. “**Wh-Wha!?**” Wise even struggled to grope at herself now, for a pair of matching cat paw gloves with purple fur and pink ‘beans’ covered her hands. Thankfully it was just part of a costume.

The girl was growing increasingly confused, and this wasn’t helped at all as her smaller feet were soon embraced by the warmth of a pair of fuzzy slipper, and her pants began to disappear from the ankles – with the sensation moving upwards. It seemed she would be naked from the waist down before long, but her body also took that time to fatten her thighs and caboose ever so slightly so that they were all cute and feminine. She *also* wasn’t rendered naked, ultimately. With her pants gone, her boxers had been revealed to become a pair of dark purple panties... one with a cat tail affixed, with the area that covered her shaved pussy also shaped like a kitty.

**“Wh-Wh-What’s with this outfit!?! A-Am I really going to wear it to the party!?! N-No, I’m not even supposed to be a woman!”** And as *Willow’s* memories now informed her, she was *hardly* even a woman in terms of age. She was only *eighteen* now, hardly an adult compared to how old she had been previously. And she was dressed in kitty lingerie, from the cutout over her breasts to the shape of the panties.

Memories of her life as Wise persisted, but new ones existed in tandem. She still had a sister, but... “**N-No, this can’t be...?**” But she didn’t utter aloud what she had realized. She fell silent where Wise normally would have expanded upon his thoughts, but that was just a testament to how her personality had changed to become something much more introverted and sheepish.

**“I-I need to go talk to her now!”**

And so, she sped out her door, utterly oblivious to how her bedroom was now just as much a girls as her body.

*Reality itself* had changed.







Belle couldn't help but giggle to herself as she juggled the red framed glasses that Nicole had given her back and forth in her hands. **“Typical Nicole! How would this even qualify as a costume idea? Don't tell me the Cunning Hares' budget is *that* tight right now!”** But knowing her gyaru friend, she had *probably* spent all of their money on their last minute party idea. She *had* told them that they'd be providing the food.

But the younger sister of Phaethon was far less critical of their shared friend than her brother was. She spent more time with Nicole after all, and they were also in closer in age. It was a little funny, but Belle would play along like she always did! That's why she put them on in her room without much delay, only to immediately be met with the same surprise Wise had been at around the same time. **“Whoa!?! These are prescription? And they're *way* too harsh!”** Just having them on for a few seconds made her dizzy.

But unfortunately, she couldn't seem to remove them.

**“WHAAAAT!?! WHY WON'T THESE COME OFF!?!”** As predicted, Belle's reaction to this strange happening was *far* less reserved than how her brother had reacted. Though her red rimmed glasses behaved the same, forcing her eyes to adjust to their lenses immediately as her green eyes brightened to a different color; in this case a reddish brown, while her lashes lengthened, and the shapes of those eyes narrowed in a way that made her look far more mature – even though she was already twenty four.

Just because Wise and herself were suffering from a similar curse, however, didn't mean that their individual transformations would unfold in quite the same way. Belle's hair was quick to change after her eyes adjusted, although it didn't really change all *that* dramatically beyond the color. Rather than blue, the redder shades near the tips of the young woman's were enhanced and spread, painting her entire bob in crimson as the style strengthened a little bit and her bangs were swept to the right.

Accompanying this? A horned headband appeared in her hair in the place of a hairclip that had disappeared.

**“This is *rather inconvenient*.”** Contrary to the woman's initial outburst, the comment that followed felt quite calm and calculated – which didn't really fit her style at all. There was something increasingly

*mature* about her aura, but this was something shared with her body's appearance as well. "**Whoa!?**" The energy returned to her voice as her hips flared out, compromising her balance and buckling her knees. "**What in the world?**" Only for the calm and methodical personality to return.

Because she was wearing a skirt, by looking down at herself Belle could easily make out how her legs were farther apart, but also the sight of her exposed thighs growing greater in size. It was almost as if they were absorbing weight from an unknown source, growing thicker and plumper – but also passing on that weight to a pair of ass cheeks that were pulling her undergarments into a wedgie. "**I'M GETTING SO THICC!?**"

Incidentally, this humorous exclamation was the last thing her previous personality managed to cry out before her expression became one of absolute calm. Well, absolute calm *and* maturity, for her facial features were undergoing a notable shift. She looked a little *older*, closer to *twenty seven* than her original age of twenty four, but for only three years of a difference, she really *did* feel substantially older. This was owed to much bigger lips and a sharper facial design overall. She didn't look like Belle one smidgen aside from her sex remaining the same.

**"This is so curious. For one's body to change in such a way..."**

It was something that Belle pondered as she glanced down at her own chest. Her bra had felt tighter, and she was quick to note that this was for a good reason. Its contents were *swelling*, her tits becoming more ample with each passing moment. It was hard to tell with her clothing normally, but she had a fairly sizable C-cup bust even before this. Yet her breasts *doubled* in size over a short period of time, snapping the back of her bra and lifting her shirt so you could make out her tummy. "**This must be G-cups. No, I know they are? Just as curious..."**

Her memories were changing? That felt *dangerous*, but at least for the time being she felt capable enough to hold onto her existence as the other half of Phaethon. Hopefully, that would persist. What *didn't* persist was her short stature. Belle's 5'3" limbs and torso stretched, lifting her shirt even higher off her tummy and making her skirt all the shorter. Feet outgrew her shoes, and her fingers became longer and thinner, all until she was about 5'8" instead.

The woman looked down at herself, blinking, as the weight of undersized clothing became a thing of the past. Her favorite outfit contracting and darkening into a black leather bikini with an attached choker and criss-crossing belts, accessorized with matching, thigh high boots that glamped down around thickened thighs, fingerless gloves, and a cute pair of wings and matching demon tail.

*Bailey* rested her hands on her bare hips, otherwise gawking at how lewd she looked in what was clearly a *succubus* costume. It was a little easier to gawk when she was adjusting to just how tall and curvy she was, though she reached up to push up her glasses when she noticed they were sliding down the bridge of her nose. **“Is this for real? Statistically this has to be some sort of impossibility, doesn’t it? I have thoroughly become a different woman entirely.”**



One who was incidentally the *older* sibling of Willow, which explained why the skittish younger girl had been so shocked. Compared to the silly young lady she’d been before; Bailey was an intellectual who was much more serious than Belle had ever been. She was a little embarrassed by what she was wearing, but also confident enough to pull it off. She was *much* sexier than her little sister, after all.

**“Inconvenient as it may be—”** The older sister was about to say that she was strangely okay with it when a sniffling mess in a cat costume stormed through her door, neither of them recognizing how clean and mature the design of Bailey’s room now was. **“Willow? What’s wrong? Weren’t you getting ready for the party?”**

**“Baileeeeey! I-I feel like I’m forgetting something important!”**

Come to think of it, Bailey was beginning to feel the same way.

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**“Ugh, I thought I was *never* going to have time to get ready!”** After hours of decorating their hideout, Nicole had *finally* found time to slink away to her own bedroom to freshen up for the party. Billy and Nekomata had a bad habit of making unnecessary messes, leaving Nicole and Anby to pick up the slack. She truly felt blessed that all she was doing for her costume was throwing on a pair of glasses, but she still didn’t know what the shady shopkeeper had actually meant when she said, ‘the glasses will do the rest’. **“This better not have been a scam, come to think of it...”** She was only considering that possibility *now*.

The pair that she had chosen for herself was the biggest, roundest pair with the thinnest rim. She had left it at her bedside, and after fixing her hair she reached for them and slid them on. She’d assumed the lenses

were fake if it was part of a costume but ended up immediately squinted as the glass blurred her vision. **“What the heck!? Aren’t glasses supposed to make your vision better? These things don’t work at all!”**



Then again, Nicole really was kind of *stupid*.

Which was why she didn’t really question much about it as her vision corrected itself near immediately. A phenomenon that, like with the other two, came with the side effects that changed her eyes. They brightened into an ocean blue and the mascara that thickened her lashes was all but erased, leaving them to round between thinned eyebrows that appeared to take on a dark blue color that was similar to Belle’s own.

**“Oh! They work n— GRK!?”** The Cunning Hare had been on the cusp of shrugging off the whole glasses debacle when she was hit with the striking realization that her crop top had just clamped down upon her breasts like it was suddenly two sizes too big! But that in of itself triggered additional shock as she looked down to realize... that was *exactly* the case. **“Huh!? My tits are bigger!? Like a lot bigger!”** But it was actually more than that. The tight fit of the top was keeping it in check, but their heft was a little *saggy*. Like much more so than they should have been for a woman in her mid-twenties.

The mole on her left breast had also disappeared in its entirety too.

***“How strange! But certainly not an unwelcome turn of events, I must admit! Er... Why am I talking like that?”*** It wasn’t dissimilar to how Bailey talked in that it made her sound far more *intelligent*, but there was a bubblyness about how she spoke that differed from *her cute student’s*. **“Something’s weird here though. Breasts just don’t grow like tha— GRK!? AGAIN!?”** Nicole practically *jumped* the second time something felt tight.

But this time it was because she’d received a *crazy* wedgie. Both her panties *and* her extremely short shorts were flossed between cheeks that bounced out an additional pair of inches, but much like with her tits? This increase in size was at the cost of her youthful perkiness. Escaped cheeks had a looseness to them that added to their appeal if you were into that kind of thing, but definitely made the woman seem more *middle aged* than anything. This could be seen in her thighs too, even though they hadn’t grown all that much.



It was around this time that the blue that had already painted Nicole's eyebrows began to emerge elsewhere. Blue strands peeked up from beneath her shorts with it all being so tightly worn, for one, but partially because her pubic hair had grown into a wild and unkempt bush beneath. Like she'd stopped taking care of it. The same thing couldn't *quite* be said about the hair atop her head, however. Not only did its color darken to the same blue, but the long and thick style both shortened *and* thinned until it only reached just past her shoulders... and her forehead was completely devoid of its bangs.

**“I must say, as an astute observer I'd say the changed in accessories are welcome ones.”** Spoken with a deeper voice, she was commenting on some of the blue hair she had pulled over her right shoulder just in time to see an orange bow tie it up into a side ponytail. Her chin also lowered thanks to the weight of a black witch's hat atop her head that had an orange brim, as well as a bow on top.

Nicole's increasingly older visage was finalized shortly after her height sprung up to a whopping *5'10"*, no further clothing malfunction provided because her outfit was already scantily clad even before any changes had begun. Yet long, worn down fingers and vaguely larger feet paled in relevance to what became of her *face*. Any remaining makeup was wiped away so that she instead looked quite *plain*, though this plainness was communicated through fuller lips and a narrower jaw. With aged skin, she looked as if she must have been around *forty*.

Which made her look a little silly after the rest of her clothing changed. Her shorts and top mended into a black dress with a vertical, orange stripe down the center and a skirt that was short and tight. Fishnet stockings covered her full-figured legs and wrapped beneath the slippers that were part of this costume – just as the black and orange cape with a raised collar accessorized things.

If Nicole had been an idiot, then *Natalia* was very much the opposite. She was a mature woman in her late thirties, and a teacher at the nearby school. **“My, my! What an intriguing turn of events! To think that I'd become such a gentle beauty!”** She had a very strong *older sister* type vibe to her, both in her appearance *and* how she conducted herself. **“This will certainly be an interesting Halloween party!”** And she'd chosen the best costume! A mature, beautiful, bespectacled witch!



Memories of her past life lingered, but as she moved around a matured bedroom, those memories began to feel more distant. The same had happened to Willow and Bailey, and within thirty minutes of their transformations occurring they had completely forgotten who they used to be. Even now, Natalia saw those two girls as family friends, the daughters of her own teacher who had passed away in the Hollow over a decade again.

It was around Halloween that it had happened, so Natalia always threw a party with her friends in the Cunning Hares to help cheer them up! **“I wonder if they’ll be on time this year? Those two girls have a habit of spending too long getting ready... But I know Miss Anby has a crush on Willow~!”** They made such a cute couple, honestly!

But sometimes she wondered what those two would be like if they’d lived different lives!

That was strange. Why did she feel like they had. Maybe?