

Preface

Disclaimer¹

The *Chronivac Diaries*² was apparently a story created by Mark Kwestin in the year 1999, but I'm giving that to you second-hand. I can't figure out if it was originally an Addventure³ or simply a story prompt, nor have I ever even read the original story. In truth, I came across a spiritual successor, [Chronivac 4.0](#), in an Interactive medium on the website [Choose Your Own Change](#) (CYOC) around the year 2003 and posted there by the user Changes. I do not know who, if anyone, owns this bit of the ancient internet, but it is not me. And after nearly 25 years existing and having fan creations made using its prompt, maybe no one actually does?

I do not own the concept of the Chronivac, but I do not think anyone *does*. I believe it to be Public Domain or Abandonware, essentially, and if you know better, please inform me. I always want to give credit where it's due. The CYOC version is still up and running, though, which is where I originally posted the first of my unique interpretations. Updated versions three of those passages make up this document.

But what is a Chronivac? Put simply, it's a device which exists in a mostly modern world which comes in two parts: the Chronivac Application and the Chronivac Emitter. They largely work in tandem, the application being the window to possible changes you can make to reality, and the emitter being the thing that allows you to target things. There are programming rules which allow for more or less variety of changes, but those often have changed from author to author.

If you want to skip ahead, you can. Think of the following "Backstory" segment as the extended intro to what brings me here to this writing. If you're interested, I only intend to do this once...

Backstory

At the beginning of 2023, I made my first real contribution to the Chronivac story on the aforementioned CYOC website under a presumed modern continuance I branded *Chronivac 4.23*... a deliberate update of *Chronivac 4.0* put on CYOC over 20 years earlier. It was a series I can't recall ever having added to in any particular form before then, but I had myself a few ideas I smashed together as a concept which I proceeded to put to page.

¹ Hi, PDF Viewer. I just thought you should know that anything Footnoted can be ignored. Think of it as a "Storyteller's Commentary".

² This Internet Archive Link is the only place I even found some of the stories:

<https://web.archive.org/web/20020411140735/http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Capsule/6969/stories.html>

³ An Addventure is an online form of Choose Your Own Adventure where any one segment of a story ends and then often gives you prompts of where to take the story next as hyperlinks. However, those links may not go anywhere, and can instead be picked up by Future Authors to continue the existing story in whatever way they see fit. Many of them are infinitely branchable though perpetually unfinished and proceed as writing prompts not unlike Round Robin writing where the person who writes one segment may not in fact be the person or people who continues it.

I love Addventure writing, you see. I got my start on B.E. Archive's Addventure under the names no1Uknow and Neo no1Uknow, pseudonyms I repurposed into my original DeviantArt account's title. The name Huntermun didn't exist yet. But, since I was actively trying to hide my more mature writing from the internet, I have no idea why I reused the name for my non-adult art. Makes no sense. Of all the hand-drawn artwork I've created, less than 1% of it has been remotely lewd.

I reused no1Uknow on the CYOC website around the same time and wrote additional segments on both websites, some of which were good ideas or concepts—some I'd even reuse in my own works later—but much of which was the trite of a barley college-age boy and the types of misunderstandings about the world one has with a lack of societal and political knowledge growing up in rural southern United States. I recall a number of references I made in stories because I was copying the style of others, unknowingly falling into hateful stereotypes and some homophobic tropes not because I hated gay people... but because I simply didn't know any. Or, as it would turn out, I didn't *know* I knew any.

I also had no concept of what it was to be transgender or that *I* was that. Yeah, I'm a transwoman, and if that upsets you... too bad? You have a couple of my sympathies, but not many. I'm sorry that your mind works in such a way that you think there's something wrong with that and I hope you get the help you so desperately need.

Anyway, ten years passed between *Miggs the Messenger* and *Transform or Dare 2—what was I thinking?*—and during that time I realized a number of things. In no particular order: I realized I must be pansexual because I was equally attracted to people regardless of sex; then I realized all those weird, phantom limb-like feelings I had about not having junk and supposed to be having breasts had a name: transgender; then I realized that, excluding fictional images, I misunderstood sexuality and that my *lack* of sexual preference included basically everyone so I was essentially asexual, not pansexual.

I couldn't tell you why I took such a long hiatus from *writing* on the Addventures—one decade—nor what brought me back, but sometime around when my seasonal fall depression bout was on the horizon, I dropped into CYOC and began writing again over three years ago as I proof this. I have created [Washington Wolves](#)⁴ and [More Than Masks](#)⁵ on CYOC since my return, both of which I find to be higher quality and of are more refined concepts than most of my earlier work other than maybe *Prince Herald's Unfinished Kingdom*⁶ (which I think is a good idea with a bad opening passage).

Just recently—but more than a year ago as I prepare to finally post this—I developed what I've called *Chronivac 4.23*, a *Chronivac 4.0* update prompt for the year 2022. The initial concept for this was to take the standard setting of *4.0* and update it with a few more defined rules to fit the

⁴ A personalized take on the "Cabin in the Woods" webcomic/story concept created by Arania: <http://arania.kamiki.net/sequence/1/the-cabin-in-the-woods/>.

⁵ A fully original story concept created by myself of a Costume Shop subsidiary of the Transformianic franchise created and owned by CEO David Stalton III, my *original* wolftaur character.

⁶ I keep thinking I'll rewrite this.

times. Much of the last twenty years and other branches have greatly modified the preexisting *Chronivac 4.0* concept, so I've grabbed a few of those ideas and made them part of the core mechanic.

The other major thing I changed, you'll see pretty quickly. I hope you enjoy it. I'm looking for all kinds of feedback, so if you have any to give, please do so on whichever website you're reading this on. I may not respond quickly, but I will try to respond *eventually*. This will be my first multi-site story post: Choose Your Own Change dot Net, SoFurry, DeviantArt, FurAffinity, Weasyl, InkBunny, and Furry Network with links dropping from my Huntermun account from Twitter (X), and BlueSky Social. If you know other art websites you'd recommend I post at, consider dropping me a DM somewhere.

Thanks in advance for trying this story, and even if it's not your thing, maybe check out my other work.

Chronivac 4.23 Discord Channel

CYOC Author's Table:

<https://discord.com/channels/443553557224882186/1068728645528596550>

My (Huntermun's) Links

BlueSky Social: <https://bsky.app/profile/huntermun.bsky.social>

CHYOA: <https://chyoa.com/user/Huntermun>

CYOC: https://www.cyoc.net/interactives/user_3188.html

DeviantArt (Current): <https://www.deviantart.com/huntermun>

DeviantArt (Old): <https://www.deviantart.com/neo-no1uknow>

FurAffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/huntermun>

Furry Network: <https://furrynetwork.com/huntermun/>

InkBunny: <https://inkbunny.net/Huntermun>

SoFurry.com: <https://huntermun.sofurry.com>

Twitter (X): <https://twitter.com/Huntermun>

Weasyl: <https://www.weasyl.com/~huntermun>

Special Note:

I've exported this from a single original document. It has many footnotes (read: Storyteller's Commentary), however these only seem to appear in PDF form. If you're reading the document in RTF (or some other method), you're missing out. This is the nature of making something creative and "porting it" to multiple platforms. Ultimately, not every version supports the *best* version of the final result. However, the *main* document, the story of the text, is the same so long as the version number is the same. Speaking of which, *this* version is:

Originally Posted as a Continuation of [Chronivac 4.0](#) on [1/4/2023 at 00:03](#).

Chronivac 4.23 | Prologue

David is Aware of the Chronivac Simulation

David had made a terrible, horrible mistake. No, actually, those words are insufficient. When given the opportunity to make changes to anyone, he had started with himself... and in choosing himself, he undid his entire reality.

"Select Target: David," he had spoken aloud as he typed, mumbling his last name, for I myself had not written him one yet. Using various drop-downs and pop-up windows one might utilize with a web application originally conceived in the year 1999, he'd picked himself as the target and changed one simple thing because I'd deemed it a fun experiment. That and he was my self-insert character, so a large chunk of him doing this was my intervention.

He'd spoken the next words aloud before striking 'return' on his mother's tangerine-colored iMac where he'd originally plugged in the emitter: "Alter: Universal Awareness". It was an option hanging out under the 'Advanced' tab behind only three major pop-up warning messages. At some point beyond his present time, software updates and hotfixes that had come out for years which sensibly triggered those alerts.

With that variable changed, he could see me, in a very real sense. He could see *you* too... and he screamed. Not because you or I looked ugly or alien or different, but because we sat outside his three dimensions of space. Space that was actually more often two-dimensional... words generated into HTML for others enjoyment. Text on a page.⁷

To him, We were like Old Gods. He knew then that at the age of 17 or 41—I couldn't decide before I'd gotten this far—his life had sparked into existence just a moment ago when I put text to page. One version in my head was a period piece set in the year the Chronivac 4 story was posted to CYOC (1999), which would mark us as each other's dimensional counterparts—or, as the modern parlance would call us, each other's 'variant'—deviating from each other in a 'crossover split' or 'nexus event' when we were teenagers. Another idea was an assumed 23 years later from that start, set in this universe's present time (2022) when I originally conceived this story, with David at age 41, still a millennial. Or, maybe a third option which just came to me: he could be a teenager, but set in that present date, born after the turn of the century. Hm. So many choices, it can always be hard to pick. Then again, that's why you are here (see: below)⁸.

But as his creator and the author of this passage, I knew of the light brown and white backdrop of the Choose Your Own Change website and, before it, the B.E. Addventure. And, now, so did he. Their passages and details were open up to him and all the storylines kept within. The misadventures of anyone who'd dare been put as words to page... from the most well-parsed passages of paragraph tags and italics, to the screens of no line breaks and massive blobs of text, to the ones where the author's copy and paste caused lines to break at a set character distance all the way down...

⁷ This all comes from HTML originally, though when you read it it's likely either PDF or RTF format.

⁸ As I proof-read this, I've put good time into the 2022 branch, while the 1999 one has languished.

As I expounded, his scream continued.

[David], I wrote as a whisper, but it boomed off the page. He looked away from you and back to me. [I bid you to stop streaming.]

"What do I look like!?" he screamed into the air of unknown surroundings, for I had not truly started the story just yet and he was not described. "What am I? What is my life? What is this website?" He looked around, able to perceive it due to some twisted mind that was truly responsible for his actions: me. "So many centaurs, and werewolves, latex, and reptile people..." he said, though his tone indicated interest rather than disgust. "—Rape and incest..." he added harshly, turning to look up and face me. *"Is this what you want from me!?"*

[I haven't decided yet, and we know not if the Reader here is an author too,] which was true. I do not know if this interests you... but for David's benefit, I went on: [I write many things... things not necessarily my own kinks... sometimes just because I haven't witnessed them before... or seen what I'd think of as good fiction concerning them... perhaps I just want to encourage more... or sometimes an idea just strikes me and I want to put text to page.]

David just sat on a worn tan couch in his grandparent's living room in an old ranch house just a ways out of town. Reading my words, he looked around as if seeing his reality for the first time. In a way, he was.

"How can you not know where my story will go. Aren't you God?"

[I'm an atheist, David. And while I might be 'god' here, it is fleeting... temporary. In all seriousness, I now exist in this story just as much as you do. I can ask future authors who come after me to respect my autonomy and not write for me as I'm writing for you, but ultimately I'm a character in this story now. Hell, even the one writing my words right now is equally likely to ignore or accept future additions of me that they didn't write if they write further down in branches. One really cannot say.]

"My god has a god?" the young man asked, running a hand through his short black hair. He shook the feeling he'd never done that before, having just sparked into existence. The feeling of unease at doing actions for the first time was reduced after his experience a moment earlier. As time passed, his mind did better at absorbing the knowledge he'd granted himself.

[That is correct,] I wrote, answering his question in italics. [I'm here, but I'm an in-between. I'm just as much a fiction as you are, but you're new and unique. Neither I nor my author in this passage have ever created a fresh slate of a character who was aware they were a character from the start. For her, this has never been done before.]

David stood up, running a hand down their white shirt with a black QR Code printed on it. Their brown eyes looking down at the denim jacket they wore and the khaki pants they had on with the feeling their look was not entirely their own.

"You wrote above that I was a self-insert."

[You look as I do in the year this story supposedly began, 1999, on some website lost to time. I would've been in high school, so I suppose you are as well. Sure. And this house you're in, it's the house I was looking after when my grandparents went on one of their many trips to Europe around this time.⁹]

⁹ The Author of this segment, "Author no1Uknow", is my character from numerous series of mine including SMR and The Crossover Chronicles. He is known as David Stalton.

David looked around the spacious log cabin of a building, then back up at me. He glanced at you, then returned his gaze to me. "I think I get the idea of a fourth dimension existing at ninety degrees from all X, Y, and Z at once now."

[Well, yes. That'll be the first thing I undo.]

"You're going to take away my awareness?"

[Where'd be the fun in that?]

"Where's the fun in *any of this!*?" David demanded, red flushing his pale human cheeks. "Aren't you just talking to yourself? Who's going to find this a compelling story?" Turning on his heels, he stormed in the direction of his grandfather's study. "Who are you writing this for!?"

[Honestly, Chronivac is a very popular Interactive on this website, and each new start is years into the Future and farther and farther away from the earliest entries. If you are going to get any traffic (read: a story), then I've got to do whatever I can to make this entry stand out. Maybe my author will share the link of this on the Discord they frequent, but even that community is small.]

The young man was unaware this paragraph here was new, added a month after the story had already been posted to the CYOC. [Our Discord](#)¹⁰ has certainly been helping, but if you're reading this then so can you. Please, use the comments section, ratings, favorites, or bookmarks as you see fit. Furthermore, if you think that you can do better, or if you perhaps get inspired, you can use the CYOC links provided to directly add additions to the story.

Now, where was I? Oh yes...

David huffed. "So driving your character mad is *interesting*? I don't get it. If you're just walking me to the old Win'98 machine in my grandpa's study to undo this, what's the point of writing this whole interaction?"

[Ah, see. That's the setup question I've been trying to figure out how to get out of you in dialog in a way that felt logical to a character meeting their own god. There was a break in the dialog for effect. A pause for both you and the Reader. There's always been a thought in the back of my head with concerns to the Chronivac story that I wanted an answer for...]

David stared up at me, refusing to prompt the question of 'what'. He was defiant, like I'd intended. Glancing at you for a moment, he realized finally that you were only an observer in this passage, not an actor. He knew you were there, but much like myself, neither of us have any idea what your reactions or intentions truly are.

So, I went on: *[I've decided to create this story start with a character aware that there are some limitations on their existence: the nature of CYOC, its Addventure, Round-Robin style writing, and what freedom that entails... liberties that the character, you, may find yourself free to indulge because—on some level—you'll be aware of your situation.]*

"That's the 'fun' you implied above when you said you weren't going to take away all my awareness of the situation?" He could almost feel me nodding. "OK, but the question I didn't ask... the 'what'," he sighed, relenting. "What was the question you'd wanted an answer for? For... all these years?"

[How does it work? How does the Chronivac work?]

"That's it?" David asked, crossing his arms. "What does that, combined with my awareness, do for the story? And why does it matter? You'd think after more than twenty years that if it was worth exploring as an idea someone'd've done it by now."

¹⁰ [The CYOC Author's Table, Chronivac 4.23 Channel](#)

[Honestly, I don't know, and that's what makes Addventures so interesting to me. We'll see what follows. What I do know is the answer I'm going for in this passage: simulation hypothesis.]

David blinked, then rubbed his chin. "The idea that our reality is simulated in a computer? But it is. You're just text on a page on some website and... so *am I!*" he declared, then moved his hand up to his mouth as he got a bit queasy.

[Yes. But while I and the Reader know that, I'm going to make you only partially aware of the situation. And while I'm at it, I'm going to make a few more changes and clarification to the main story. We'll see afterwards if anyone likes this setup.] I paused again, for David's benefit. *[Well. I'll see. Unless someone writes you turning your awareness back on, you won't have any idea.]*

David inserted the emitter into the USB-C connection on his grandfather's old computer. He notes that that isn't what it looked like when he'd originally used it on his mother's old computer in the other room. USB-C is far newer than 1999. "Already changing things, I see," he remarked, noting that the now more modern computer ejected the CD-ROM with a warning on screen that it wasn't compatible with the current operating system.

[I'm not the first author to change things and I won't be the last. Heck, at least one person continuing this thread at some point is probably going to be all 'imagine the same opening, but Dina¹¹ was a girl' and that's fine. I've been enjoying CYOC since I was in college, and before I got thrown elsewhere in the multiverse.]

[Point being, it says people can be 'changed into something else living (excluding any type of plant)' right in the opening and there's plant stories in here so, honestly, all bets are off. Inanimate and merging were not explicitly disallowed and those have cropped up. Not all things that'll now be possible I'm personally into, but I'm going to allow more going forward... as much as I have any control over allowances to that effect.]

"Like how you changed the setup of the 'Cabin in the Woods' last year with ['Washington Wolves'](#)?" I smirked. David glanced up at me again, suspecting this might be the last time he gets to do so. "So what won't it be able to do?"

[If you'd read any ['Transform or Dare'](#), you'd know authors will find any loopholes they can. Many use 'dare' as a loophole for 'mental or memory alteration'. Still... I'm going to set down and clarify a few rules or changes and we'll see who sticks to them. After this passage, I'll have no power here unless I write again.]¹²

David highlighted himself and prepared to make the next change. "I guess I'll ask, since asking if I should ask feels redundant since you're writing all my dialog: why are you a wolftaur?"

[I'm a Furry... that should be clear. My origin was originally set around this time and this place, but it had to do with genetic splicing and transformative concoctions. Like I said, I looked like you do now, more or less, many decades ago. Didn't know I was gender fluid at the time. And, now, well, we'll see what other people pick as your starting situation if they care at all...]

[Your setup'll be more science fiction set in a reality you reside within, created by a simulation you'll know you live in... as opposed to my origin which involved a combination of planned and unplanned pranks and transformative potions... and alcohol.]

"Will I remember you?"

¹¹ Dina Stalton was a daughter of David Stalton which inherited all his memories up to that point and could be considered his first rebirth.

¹² Want to see what CYOC I wrote before or since? You can check out most of my history [here](#).

[Partially. I probably shouldn't be name-dropped which is why I didn't introduce myself fully... but, again, who knows what Future authors will decide. I invite them to insert themselves rather than reusing me, but, like I said, I can't really stop them either way.]

David nodded to himself, looking back away from the two of us, and towards the computer screen. He added a few other modifiers to his reality, and wiggled his fingers on his right hand as he hoped for the best. Hitting enter, he changed the start of the story and set in motion the events that were to come.

David, a genderfluid young 'man' with three first names and a roman numeral afterwards, arrived at his grandparent's farmhouse one summer afternoon on the verge of the next school year start. Coming to a stop on the driveway just outside the fence that went over the perimeter, he stepped out of his vehicle and punched in the entrance code on the old touch-tone keypad.

The gate swung open for thirty seconds, enough time for David to pull up the path beyond the animal pens outside, away from the barn, and up under the old white overhang parking spot his grandfather would use if he were home. Both of the elder Scotts were traveling across Europe as was their want during the summer months, visiting friends and family who still lived in the 'old country'.

One foot in front of the other, the young man stepped only on the flat stones placed in the earth as the path up to the front porch. Fishing into his left pocket for his keys, David held under his right arm the mail he'd pulled out from the mailbox way back where the driveway met the road. Amongst those items, a small white package with the blue and silver logo of TransDem Laboratory.

Unlocking the three bolt-locks at the front of the big, renovated farmhouse originally built in the mid-1800's, David stepped into the foyer and closed the door behind him with his foot. The house was relatively large as his grandparents were 'old money' though doing what was never very clear. At some point both grandma and grandpa were from rich families, and while they both seemed to have their expertise, David had never seen either work anything other than their farm during his life.

Removing his jacket David walked along the edge of the living room and towards his grandfather's study. The living space had a big TV on one side with two couches in an L-shape with one facing the TV directly, the other perpendicular. Where their ends met was an end table with a porcelain lamp, and that's where David dropped his coat.

Still holding onto his keys, David flicked to the one meant for the study—the only upstairs room inside the house with a locked door. His grandfather always said he'd replace it someday because he no longer had corrupt business partners and was essentially retired. Still, the door remained locked while David was out as per his request and David was trusted by his grandfather enough to be permitted use of the room.

David's grandparents treated him more like a son, what with their actual son—also named David like him and his grandfather—being such a wreck of a person. The man had numerous accounts of domestic abuse towards his mother, though she, like him, was a drunk. But the father, with recordings made by David, was the only one of the two in jail with his mother

still defending the man to this day. David Junior's incarceration was a combination of justice and revenge by our protagonist for blowing his son's college money before he could graduate.

The young man sighed, checking his messages and finding that his friend Chester was wondering about plans for the weekend. Mrs. Phillips was checking to make sure David was free on Saturday to babysit/play with her children Tommy and Alice while she hung out with her friends for a few hours. And, lastly, there was a message from his grandparents just checking up with him and confirming the date and time of their return flight.

Running a hand through his black hair, his deeply brown eyes allowed some joy. His life wasn't perfect, but it was doing OK. He hadn't yet figured where he was going to live after the summer was over, but he was doing well socially and mentally. Something felt like it was missing, sure, as he'd fallen into the same patterns day in and day out for a while. The coding he had been teaching himself in his spare time hadn't garnered him a job yet.

Using his left hand to cycle the various mail documents and place them on his grandfather's 'incoming' desk with the green covering, he paused when he found the TransDem package. It wasn't addressed to his grandparents or 'Current Resident'... it was addressed to *him*.

David Nicolaus Scott III slid the simple cutting tool up the package lengthwise. The box had only the TransDem logo printed on a white cover of the DVD-like case. Opening the case revealed a CD-ROM set into the slot for it, while horizontally above it was a fob just a little bigger than a PS2 Memory Card. It looked like a car key-fob, with twelve buttons atop it: one through ten, Revert, and a blank button, each with a tiny LED bulb to each button's outer side.

"The heck is this?" he wondered as he moved a slider on one side with his thumb which pushed out a connector that looked like USB. He glanced at his grandpa's old beige machine. "No way I'm putting this in *that*," he said... "Nor anything of mine." Rubbing his chin, he smirked, then stepped out into the hallway. Holding the Emitter in hand, David moved up the stairs to the second floor of the big house and towards the ceiling hatch that led into the attic where he knew his mom's old Mac was.

You may find this interesting, or perhaps not... we shall see, Below is a list of some of the additional features and patch notes not available in the default Chronivac 4.0. In this universe, like many modern applications, I have deemed that Chronivac 4 has been improved over the last two plus decades, so while Chronivac 5.0, 6, X, and others might should have arrived, instead we're at the 23rd Major Version of 4 (presumably named for the year it released). Check it out:

Chronivac (Current Version 4.23.1)

Lexicon Entry | transID: every thing in the universe has a unique transID which cannot be altered as it sits in the cyocLayer of the universe above all active things. This is used as a

means of tracking all things even when they appear destroyed, dead, merged, split, or altered beyond recognition (physically, socially, mentally, etc.).

Chronivac Universal Changes

- All Changes and Backups now Saved Instantly (within 535ps) to transCloud through chronOS (4.15.2).
- Only one copy of Chronivac 4 may persist at any one time, existing on the last PC utilized to create or save Changes. Physical connection to Emitter not required, but insertion into a PC item with different transID will cause the existing instance of Chronivac (.exe, .app, etc.) to cease (4.0.1).
- It is now possible to Change anything into anything else. This includes plants (4.2.0) and three kinds of Preset aeromorphs (4.20.0).
- No more Changes listed as being "major" as that is a matter of perspective (4.0.9).
- Most viable alterations use improved gradient sliders, most notably gender (4.1.1) and sexuality (4.1.0) with proper support under Advanced for asexuality, pansexuality, demisexuality, and more (4.1.8)! This also includes numerous "philia" designations (4.1.12) and a variety of kinks (4.1.13), quirks (4.1.16), and fetishes (4.1.14).
- After User Feedback, restoration of archaic terminology is once again supported (4.17.7). Though some terms may be offensive to some, accessibility has always been more important to us than morality.
- Chronivac Search! Yes, if you are looking for information on a specific variable on a transID or answers to one of many Frequently Asked Questions, you can now use the transBar to type your question or utilize transAI's Demi for voice support (4.22.0).
- Additive and reductive Changes (4.5.0); You can now say "If transID has X at Less Than Y, increase to Y" and if X is greater than Y, no change will occur. You may still include as many of these alterations stored in a single Change as you like as long as they do not conflict with each other.
- Trigger Changes (4.6.0); You can program a change to "sit" on a transID and trigger based upon a specific event. Doing so takes up one of the Emitter's possible 10 stored Changes. As this is a "Change in Progress" it too is represented by a light next to the relevant Change Button, though denoted by a different color.
- Perception of Reality alteration expansion (4.8.0); a more gradient approach to Perception of Reality has been implemented which allows specific transID to react in different ways. This was a major undertaking as it exceeds the Emitter's new 150ft/45m range (4.4.4) and can affect the entire universe. It is now possible for more variation beyond "aware" and "unaware" including—but not limited to—"most think it's weird", "weird but not uncommon", "aware/unaware after/before/during event/time" and Advanced Mode option for gradient slider by certain groups (4.8.24); eg: moms, dogs, mountains, oxygen atoms, little brothers, edibles, etc.
- Using transID, target acquisition of the Emitter is now 204% more accurate than before (4.20.22). Aiming is no longer required, only that the target be in range, but is still recommended to increase accuracy.

— Presets (4.8.3); it is now possible to make referential Presets. These Presets can be targeted when in range of the transID who originally made them. This can aid in 'species creation' and 'cloning/duplication' which can result in seemingly long-distance Changes.

Emitter Changes

— 10 Customizable Changes Programmed into the Emitter itself from a PC (4.15.3) reverted to 4.0 possibilities to reduce overhead.

— Introduced new update for Emitter Fob allowing more information to be displayed alongside the twelve standard buttons on the Emitter via lights (4.19.2).

— Revert Button now operates reverse-chronologically up to 10 Emitter Changes within twelve hours of the most recent Emitter Change, even if that Change itself is undone (4.19.11).

— Fob now includes a Reset Button recessed into the side of the device. Use a paperclip or other narrow prod to hold the button for Reset. Ten seconds and one beep will clear all programmed changes and revisions, and remove the current Chronivac application instance from its PC. Holding the button for more than thirty seconds will result in a triple beep, Reset the universe to twelve hours earlier, undo all Changes in that time, and make all other users besides the Reseter themselves unaware of any occurrences during that time. Both Resets will prompt an Auto-Save (4.23.0).

PC Changes

— Higher Fidelity Alterations possible with Personal Computer application/executables (4.1.0).

— Speech-to-Text Support with Microphone attached (4.4.3).

— transAI (Beta) supports Suggestive Transformative Prompts. Any PC that supports microphone input can now take requests upon button prompt or after activation dialog (default: "OK Demi"). Special Note: this process is still in Beta as some bugs from jinnAI still remain (4.11.0).

— Chronivac still does not offer a Preview of Changes being made in real time at PC nor while Emitter-only. However, a singular Chronivac user—as denoted by their transID—may make realtime Changes on themselves as long as doing so does not Change their awareness of the Chronivac (4.21.2). Linked transID loses this option.

Hopefully that wasn't too terrible of an info dump. Luckily, we only have to do it once unless someone patches 4.23 while the story goes on. But, having said that, it is my intention to update a full document with new Patch Notes and explanations and if you continue the story yourself, consider using that updated version in place of this one...

David Nicolaus Scott remembered screaming. Out of the corner of his eye he caught the gaze of someone looking at him, but it was you, and he couldn't really see you anymore. Time had skipped a beat, catching up so that the events played out as foretold.

He now had knowledge of the CYOC website and would swear he'd read many passages at some point in the past... however, his version of the Internet Archive would produce no such website. He understood there was a greater power in his world and that it wasn't 'god'... and that ultimately someone like myself—or those who follow me—were determining his actions.

But David had a strong will, and did not break. In fact, it was kind of freeing. His life simultaneously had meaning and yet was meaningless. He was here to entertain others... perhaps with drama, story, or just short fits of transformation. Whatever the case, he felt empowered... emboldened, even. If nothing mattered in what he did, then all that mattered was *what* he did: what he became... what became of others...

He'd 'glance at the camera' once as he often did when he was alone, except he knew now that sometimes he wasn't. His eyes met his own in a mirror, but he felt like he was looking through it. In a way, he was. Somewhere outside his space-time, some higher power was controlling him. He smirked. Well, what type of world would he help to create?

I thought it might be interesting as well to set up some period pieces as well since I haven't seen much of that done. Feel free to begin your own setting riffing on this idea alone. Here's some suggestions: genderswap David; make David not the one who received the Chronivac but the only one aware this is a story; try for any era where one might have a computer to use the Emitter; or try some steampunk, frostpunk, atompunk, or dieselpunk settings around this farm house...

Before we go on, which variation of the story do you seek?

This document assumes that you've selected "**The Year 2022, and David is a Millennial**" as your choice. If you have other ideas for David's time and place, or maybe someone else entirely using CYOC's Addventure style, you may put your additions at the bottom of [this webpage](#)¹³. Or, if you don't feel like posting to CYOC, perhaps consider DMing me with a link to your continuations which can be kept track of in the *eventually* updated Google Doc: [Chronivac 4.23 Authors' Handbook](#). As I write these words, it is incomplete, but if I can get off my ass, it'll eventually be something quite large.

And I want to be clear: I really mean that. Whatever website you saw this on, feel free to make a continuation. And, please, consider pointing it out to me so I can add it to the document or a webpage chronicling the story. All these possible branches are intended to be alternate paths, though not necessarily alternate timelines. You could go super dark with it, or have David deliver the device to your own self-insert character after he's done with it. Many, many things should be possible in creativity.

Having said that, we haven't had any transformations yet, so let's move on:

¹³ CYOC.NET Link to "Chronivac 4.23: David is Aware of the Chronivac Simulation": https://www.cyoc.net/interactives/chapter_212269.html

Originally Posted as a Continuation of [David is Aware](#) on [1/4/2023 at 17:23](#).

Chronivac 4.23 | Part 1

The Year is 2022, and David Scott is a Millennial with Power

David Nicolaus Scott the Third was born June 9th, 1981¹⁴ as a happy little accident to David Scott Jr. and Elizabeth Lupescu, out of wedlock. He was thusly the reason his parents ended up wrangling each other into marriage, neither one wanting to be the only one responsible for him. Both gave him no more attention than he needed and young David was often left alone until he cried which was, more or less, how his parents regarded him for basically his entire life. Not dying or bleeding? Leave us alone.

Often he would be left for hours amongst the neighborhood cul-de-sac investing time with children of all ages. He was lucky to be around so many kids his own age as they became like brothers and sisters. It was true he probably learned a little *too much* from older siblings as was apparent by his high school years. In truth, the most he was taught by his own parents was what some alcohol tasted like as well as the liberal use of swears. Also slurs.

But the biggest impact on young David was his grandparents' intervention. You see, his grandfather was a big subscriber to the concept of meritocracy... the idea that leaders should be those determined by ability rather than nepotism or simply being born rich. This idea rubbed off on his grandson and was largely responsible for why he thought his parents were such worthless people. Due to his time among other families, he knew the parental ability of his own was quite low. All the parents in his cul-de-sac *loved* their children. Why didn't his?

At the age of seven, David III approached his grandfather in the middle of summer and asked if he could help him get paper and pencils for school in August. Since Papa Scott had assisted his son and her wife financially all-too-recently, he inquired of the boy what for him they had spent it on. David had laughed at this absurdity. Spend money on *him*? But David Senior did not take kindly to the reaction. From his perspective, he'd given more than was required and David ought to be grateful.

Young David had always misunderstood his grandfather before this day. Since he'd rarely seen his mother's side of the family, he knew only that they were like her. Loud and violent. The same, David thought, was true of his father and grandfather. When Papa raised his voice, David flinched, expecting to be struck. The crying began again and he ran. Having learned how to make himself small and silent, it was several minutes before he was found hiding in the loft of the big barn out back.

The resulting conversation was a story told between sobs of how school was his only hope to escape his parents. Young David wanted to become famous and move away. His parents were terrible! After bills, all their money went towards drugs and alcohol. They barely had enough each month to afford the power hook-ups to their trailer. An hour later, Papa had heard enough. He offered to help the boy help himself.

The remainder of that summer David worked on his grandparent's farm doing little tasks a boy his age could accomplish. He took up residence in the basement near to his

¹⁴ Nice. It's too bad the 6/9/1981 joke only works in certain countries where the month comes before the day...

grandmother's workout equipment and it became his official home away from home. For his chores, he was paid fairly. Just before school, his grandmother took him to purchase his own supplies.

As the years passed, his grandparents began allowing him to invite friends over. And when he came to visit one summer at age thirteen, he found the basement renovated with a corner of it now having walls and insulation... a room officially considered a 'guest room'. In truth, they really only had one guest over for long periods of time and that was their grandson so, in effect, it was his home away from home.

David didn't really care much to be a farmer, but he wasn't bad at it nor did he resent it. Years of showing he could take care of the few remaining animals on the farm eventually lead to his grandparents taking more time overseas for themselves, trusting their home to a responsible member of the family. Excluding the part where David couldn't find steady employment the rest of the year, he was doing well by them. He worked, and they paid him.

After high school, David had started college but not finished it. Why? Because his father had never detached his name from his personal account, Junior ended up withdrawing most of his son's money. As David Junior told the story, it was actually his own money he'd set aside for David which he now believed the boy didn't appreciate. Therefore: kindness rescinded, and money removed.

Student loans mounted up, and David took jobs in technical support starting with a summer job at his college. The next summer he wired up a few webcams around the grandparent's farm to catch foxes and coyotes, and he put in motion-activated lights along the front drive. Whatever small jobs he could do for his grandparents led to him constantly saving money that ended up paying for rent in the non-summer nights.

David understood his grandfather wanted him to end up on his own two feet and not take any handouts, but David certainly wouldn't have made it this far without him. The house-sitting of the summer and doing tech jobs the rest of the year had gone on for two decades now and David was thusly middle-aged. Every time he had a chance at a job, something would happen. Once, he worked a tech job so well the company would've had to give him a raise by their own metrics, but the corporate execs saw that as a monetary loss so even with excellent reviews, they fired him.

He'd worked for Midsouth Bell, Gamestop, Blockbuster, Taco Bell, and plenty of other places, sometimes doing so alongside people who were literally less than half his age. It sucked in a 'First World poverty' kind of way, but this was the life he had. It wasn't terrible, but it wasn't going anywhere. And at the age of forty-one, there were still basics to living that David couldn't manage without money.

Now, he had the Chronivac.

David Nicolaus Scott III stood in front of his grandfather's computer in his study, staring at the information on the screen in front of him. The Chronivac was plugged in via the oldest USB standard imaginable, and had popped to full screen like a game might, though he had shrunk it to windowed mode. On it, a text description of himself appeared... and he read over some of the panels that revealed information about himself even he didn't know.

He had to Google exactly what 'gender-fluid' was but reading the definition of it did seem to fit. Why it listed him as "83.3%" didn't click at first, until he realized that even though some

days he imagined himself with breasts or a vagina, he usually still thought of himself as having male pronouns.

No one entry was '100%' anything, which made sense... on such a big and granular scale it would be kind of unlikely, he thought. Still, under the advanced tab, he was listed as '97.3% Furry', '79.1% Pansexual' and other details. Furry he got, but Pansexual he had to look up too. Basically, it meant he was attracted to people more based on their personality than their appearance. He had to think about it, but before that moment he'd have called himself bi (54.2%)... pansexuality did make more sense as he found certain people really hot regardless of what they looked like.

"This thing knows me better than I know myself," David considered aloud, leaning back on his grandfather's reddish-brown leather chair. It had little golden half-circles holding the leather to the dark wood frame. "And apparently I know there's a viewer if not a controller out there, so these awareness settings I probably shouldn't mess with any more," he added as he shook his mouse cursor over them, pointing them out to you, the viewer.

Leaning forward in the chair, he put his left hand on the mouse and scrolled through the screen. His right elbow on the desk, he had his right hand cupping his chin as he considered his options. There were so many things to try, but was trying them on himself first the best idea? *No, probably not*, he considered. *Technically, I already did that and it backfired a little bit...*

"Chester is a true transformaniac¹⁵... I could call him over," David spoke as if offering a suggestion for the next passage to be created. Picking up his phone, he was reminded how little he liked that he couldn't have a small phone like his old iPhone 4S... these new ones were just too big.

He stared at the phone for a moment, then put it down. He expanded his selection and saw that the horses, cows, pigs, chickens and others were all valid targets... though some of them were far enough away they kept entering and leaving the emitter's range. It made list entries 'jump around', which David thought might cause mistakes if he wasn't careful. If he was in a hurry, he might miss-click... but, for the moment, it was fine.

Rubbing his chin still, he changed the selection to objects and reduced the range to only a few feet. Everything in the room, including the computer itself, was listed in general details. The list, however, had expanded too much. It took him a minute of scrolling to realize all the nails in the floorboards and screws in the shelves were populating the list... so he went to Filters and changed the dropdown of 'bigger than' and typed in 'credit card' which shrunk the list substantially.

Glancing down at his phone again, he looked back up at the screen with a smile. *Alright, David... are you crazy, or does this program work?* he wondered. He searched for his iPhone 12 mini and clicked on it for details. Changing the height of the device to be closer to four inches sounded about right to him, so he started there. Then, with advanced mode on, he made sure that the device would not lose any functionality or data. He set the transformation to take one minute, then made a last minute change to increase the memory amount to ten terabytes before almost hitting button one on the device for the change.

But he didn't, because he was still being cautious. Instead, he looked over at the awareness tab. The 'unaware' option was on for everyone but himself. He blinked. "Wouldn't

¹⁵ This is a multitiered reference: the original David Salton has a shop named Transformaniacs—with subsidiary "More Than Masks"; it's what David calls himself; and also the email address David and I use for them which is a place you can send comments and feedback about this and other stories: Transformaniac@Gmail.com.

this mean that everyone with this same model phone and probably newer wouldn't notice the difference?" Nodding, he went to even further logical conclusions. "It might advance technology... in size factor, memory density, and indeed social acceptance of smaller phones... probably? Yeah. So... no, just do this only on my phone," he said, making it so everyone would be aware of the changes. You know, if they noticed.

Then, he clicked the 'Change' button.

At first, David watched the phone on his grandfather's desk... the almost melting, somewhat fake-looking CGI effect of the item changing shape while still on. Pixels scrunched up closer together, breaking the logic of most modern technology. Poking it with a finger as it shrunk, David wasn't sure what that would feel like. It wasn't cold or hot, it was just changing shape. He picked it up and held it and moved it around in his one hand as it altered size. The camera had shifted, as had all the buttons, but it looked largely the same... just smaller.

Using his right hand, he removed the Chronivac Emitter from the computer and brought it close to his phone. Realizing at that moment the USB had shrunk seamlessly to USB-C, he plugged it into his improved device. The instance of the Chronivac program on the Win'98 machine blipped out of existence instantly and immediately appeared as an open, more mobile app on his phone.

"Well, shit," he smirked. "What do I change next?"

This document assumes you've picked "**Change himself to look sort of like the author of the last passage, a wolftaur,**" as your selection. If this isn't accurate, or perhaps you've got a better idea of a form David could take, consider jumping to the bottom of [this webpage](#)¹⁶ and selecting or creating a whole new option. With this assumption, however, we will proceed from here...

¹⁶ CYOC.NET Link to "Chronivac 4.23: The Year was 2022, and David Scott was a Millennial with Power": https://www.cyoc.net/interactives/chapter_212307.html

Originally Posted as a Continuation of 2022 [Millennial with Power](#) at [1/15/2023 at 3:29](#).

Chronivac 4.23 | Part 2

A Millennial Wolftaur

"Chester T. Cheetah¹⁷ here. Speak and be cool."

David rolled his eyes once, holding his new and smaller phone to his ear. "Mr. Conway, how'er you this evening?" he wondered as brown eyes looked to the silver and blue emitter in his right hand. "I'm about to do something possibly stupid and I could use a check-in if you can manage it."

"The great David Scott the Third about to do something stupid—ah... a man after my own heart! I love a stupid thing done knowingly. What's on the agenda for tonight? Going to ask Mrs. Phillips out on a date?"

The black-haired man put a finger to the right-side of his lower lip and considered that. With what he was about to do, would that even be possible? *What if she freaks out?* Yet, he blinked and shook the thought away, lowering his hand. David smirked. "That's only stupid if her crazy husband I've never met shows up a week later and goes second amendment on me."

"Also, she could turn you down 'cause 'age difference'."

"I mean, there is that..." David conceded, trailing off.

There was a purposeful pause to break the moment on Ches' part before he inquired directly: "So, what's the stupid idea and how can I help?"

Not once since middle school did David ever truly mistrust Chester. Yes, the man was a lot more prone to thievery and pranks in real life than David was, but he had rarely done that to David himself. Though, if he did, it was usually at the start of April. Basically, it would be quite a shock to him if revealing the Chronivac's existence to Ches was at all a bad call.

"I'm gunna level with you, fellow transformaniac... I have one of those story TF MacGuffins and I *may* have seen the outside of the universe a little bit ago which may be causing me to act dangerously out of character..."

You see, sometimes their group of friends would propose a made-up situation as if it were true. Things like 'last night, a zombie was banging on my door' and other prompts. Without missing a beat, the others would fall into the hypothetical and approach it logically. While Chester wasn't about to believe such a story implicitly, he was going to treat it as true... thinking it wasn't, when it actually was.

"I am intrigued by this premise, my friend. Please continue," Chester prompted.

"There's this device—" and David proceeded to explain about the emitter and its design, focusing extra on the revert button. "I'm gunna use it to turn myself into a wolf-based creature... unless I fuck something up," he explained. "Or maybe... especially if I fuck something up, I'll need help." He took a breath. "If you hear of such a creature and I'm missing, please find this device and hit revert or, barring that, just change me back."

¹⁷ In America at least, the mascot of the snackfood Cheetos is named Chester Cheetah. Originally, in the SMR story, this was an accidental realization after the character's creation. Here, in this story it is retroactively intentional.

"Dude, I have class in three hours... can't you make the timer longer than twelve to revert?"

David took a breath, then looked at his phone. "Chester... I... where *are* you? Can I Facetime you?"

"You... want to TF yourself while I watch...?" David could almost hear Chester's mind clicking, gears slotting into place. The black-haired man had stepped over an imaginary line willingly, bringing an edge of realism to the story and essentially daring Chester to push ahead. Chester took this as a challenge and made his next question purposefully direct: "Can I record it?"

"Record it?"

"If the TF is 'coming from inside the house'¹⁸ then, yeah. If you're treating this like a real thing then I'm going to be real with you. You ain't got nothing I haven't seen before in the locker room or Strip Wii Bowling... if you're TFing, I do wanna see it... but if we're digital already, I wanna record it." He paused, then skipped ahead to his next thought. "And if you really have such a MacGuffin, and you're already a cyber-exhibitionist, it's the last logical step before you take your TF'd body and have sex in public, yeah?"

David balked. "I was thinking of doing one of those solo scenes where you go into great detail on the one character's transformation. Sex wasn't really in the plans for this..."

"Ah. Classic TF into masturbation scene? Well, that got complicated when you put your bisexual Furry compatriot on the other end of a phone call and asked him to Facetime you. A part of you might have planned for said scene, but you've let the author get a better feel for the characters and trapped yourself in this direction as the dialog ran away from you..."¹⁹

There was a long pause as David took in all of Chester's words. Chester wasn't aware of the universe like David was... not as far as he knew, anyway. This was just how they normally talked...

David glanced in my direction, then yours, then back at the phone. "You may not realize it, but you're doing that thing where the audience knows something the character speaking doesn't and so is unaware of the double-meaning behind their words." Chester started to say something, but David just plowed through, furthering the conversation. "Point being: you've made a valid criticism on one hand and simultaneously called my bluff on the other. Well played, sir."

"Give the people what they want!" Chester chuckled.

Already having moved to the basement entrance, David Scott walked down the sturdy wooden stairs which lead to a carpeted over concrete floor below. On those stairs, he passed a number of family photos, all with currently normal family pictures within them. That is to say, neither his mother, father, nor any of their brothers and sisters looked like they were drunk in any of the photos... just a big, normal, mostly white, European family. Everyone, that was, except for David's aunt Rachelle's husband and her kids who were decidedly darker but no less loved.

David walked behind an exercise bike and other equipment which was set up facing an old floor-model, wooden enclosure CRT television from the 1950's whose rabbit ears had been

¹⁸ Just in case you're unaware of this, it is "a Discredited Trope from the early days when residences had only one phone line. The terror comes from the fact that the 'caller inside the house' would presumably have to be using the house phone line, so most people couldn't call someone else in the house—inside the house was the last place expected." [Verbatim](#) from TV Tropes.

¹⁹ To be clear, this is what happened.

replaced with a modern digital converter adaptor. David Senior was a bit of an electrician in his spare time, and even had a ham radio in his storage room next to the laundry. The basement was mostly clean, and wide, with thick pillars holding up the sizable upstairs.

Moving towards the 'guest room'—his room—David pushed open the door then shut it behind him, locking it out of habit. A moment later he glanced backwards and unlocked the door. If he needed someone to be able to get to him, he didn't need to add another step.

"I am now inside my room, about to put the camera on the arm I use for streaming... where are you?" David asked.

"I am now in my room, at my computer, away from the roommates with the door locked and the sign flipped on the outside."

David blinked. "The one that says 'Redpaw Swiftfoot Starsinger at Work, Do Not Disturb'?"

"That's the one. Jason has a tendency to barge in when he makes an accomplishment in some game and give the whole backstory to the moment like Neelix²⁰ giving the history of meal.²¹ Tonight he's playing Elden Ring. But, with the sign up, he's usually deterred." There was the sound of clicking on the other end of the phone and the Facetime call swapped to Chester's iMac. "To him, Furry equals porn."

"Right."

"Do you want my camera on? I know you get camera shy, but let's be real... making yourself into your Fursona is going to make opening an OnlyFans really profitable."

"I hadn't considered that. I guess if this makes me comfortable in my own body, maybe I could..." Being genderfluid meant David was transgender sometimes, unable to be always comfortable in his own skin... unlike a regular transperson who was uncomfortable most of the time. There was a weird hope in the back of his mind, then, that after this he'd feel most comfortable in his new choice of form.

Tapping a button on his phone, he turned on the forward-facing camera so Chester could see him, then slid it into the grip of the metal arm he had adjacent to his desktop. A second later, he could see Ches: a lanky guy with dark red hair and thin-rimmed tortoiseshell glasses. He was wearing a shirt with a cheetah's face on it, though it didn't quite make it all the way to his waist. As a result, it reveals narrow lines of spotted tattoos down his sides exactly like a Trill from Star Trek.

David sat down at his Windows 10 machine and pulled forward his USB Hub from where it was at the edge of his desk. He tried to plug the Emitter into the port but it wouldn't fit... so he flipped it around, and tried again. It didn't fit, so David looked at it to make sure it was USB-A and not C, which it was. Flipping it back around to the way he'd had it the first time, it slid in easily.²²

The Chronivac 4.23.1 appeared on screen in Windows instantly, full screened as Chester laughed. "I see your MacGuffin is really well grounded in reality... fuckin' USB."

"Except for the part where it automatically changes size and shape depending on which USB I've decided to use," David notes. Chester just lifted an eyebrow. David glanced down at

²⁰ Neelix was the Chef on *Star Trek: Voyager* whose culture wove storytelling and meals together as that was his culture.

²¹ This is a thing I used to do to a roommate all the time.

²² In Summer 2024 as I proof-read this paragraph, I pondered why the Chronivac Emitter could seamlessly change from USB-A to USB-C in shape but *not* flip A's direction. I still like this joke, though, and trying to take it out almost two years after I originally wrote it would cascade into further dialog changes which would ruin the flow. However, if you thought it was weird: I hear you.

his USB hub, then reached up and moved the arm holding his phone so Ches could see it as well. "Or that I don't have the power on to that port and yet it still swapped," David pointed out. See, on David's hub each USB had its own on/off switch and light and the Chronivac was set to swap PC's by which was the last one it had been plugged into... but apparently the rules of that didn't require the port to actually be functional...

"Neat trick. I take it the blue power light just doesn't work on that port anymore?"

"Hold on, disbeliever... let's get this party started," David said confidently while turning the camera so it could view his hands, and the computer screen at the same time. He clicked on himself, then on a specific body part, and chose his lower right arm. Selecting 'northern timberwolf', David hit the button to change.

Nothing immediately appeared to happen and Chester smirked. "You've still got your acting skills from LARP, I see." David looked to the screen. His mouse had slid away from the on-screen button at the last moment and didn't register the click. Glancing to me accusingly, then to Chester, David once again tried to click the button. "You really had me going for a... moment..." he trailed off into whisper.

Ches' eyes were transfixed as he watched in 720p as the transformation began. Light gray fur ripple-grew downwards like water undulating beneath a rice paddy field. The bones of David's elbow reshaped themselves and his muscles altered visibly beneath his skin. The fur traveled smoothly down the arm to his wrist where it seemed to bubble up as bones shifted and shrunk. His arm became more narrow and longer while his fingers plumped up and widened.

Turning his hand so that it was palm-up facing his phone, David put his changing right hand into his left hand, squeezing with his left thumb against the roughening flesh of his new paw-pad as it grew into the middle of his palm. Fur filled in around it and the pads at the end of his fingers, leaving no visible human flesh on his whole arm. His fingernails narrowed and curved downwards off the top of his digits as they slowly darkened, becoming hooked claws. As his thumb shifted back and became a dew-claw, the four fingers which remained became more a mirror of each other with the two central ones longer and flanked by the two slightly shorter ones. When all was said and done, his lower right arm had become half the front right leg of a wolf.

Chester let go of a breath he hadn't realized he was holding, his mind now at the realization both that David had transformed and that, one minute later, it was now over. "Holy shit, dude!" proclaimed Chester. David looked away from his hand to see his friend's eyes wide and his mouth hanging open. "*Do me next!*"

"I'm not done with *me*," David laughed. "Also, the emitter couldn't reach you from here..." Chester stood up, one leg going backwards over the seat of his chair he was in such a hurry. He lunged at the door and grabbed his coat from the hook on its back as he declared: "*I will get closer!*"

"You're twenty minutes away and I'm not waiting." David paused, trying to flex his right hand and move the digits apart. They did, but clearly his short 'toe-fingers' weren't as flexible as they'd just been while human. Using his left hand, he rubbed his right's paw-pads, then squeezed the webbing between his digits. "Glad I only did the one arm," he realizes aloud as he faces the computer screen once more. Moving his left hand over the keyboard, he began typing with his still human, dominant hand.

Chester quickly sat back down in his chair to watch as David turned on the realtime changes and moved the slider of change between his old human arm and his new wolf limb back and forth slowly a few times while his friend watched. Eventually, he settled his change, where his hand seemed to have the same movement as his old human one, though with the claws were a bit wider, closer to human fingernail distance, and the addition of the webbing. He tweaked his arm to be more wolf-like and the general layout of his hand slightly more dextrous and more human to get his thumb back in position and usable again using the Advanced options

When he was done, he moved his hand in front of the camera and wiggled his hand-paw, complete with fur pushing out from around his paw-pads. "That feels nice... what do you think?"

"I want some... but, you know, kitty?" David glanced up at Chester. "I mean, I wouldn't be mad if you made me wolfie 'cause then I'd stop being human... but I'd really rather be a cheetah-looking Chakat."

"I don't think those are an 'open species'²³, Redpaw," David said, lifting up his left hand and interlocking it with the fingers of his right hand. He then cracked his knuckles on each just to make sure he still could. "But sure, I can probably do that... if I can figure out how to taur myself," David considered. "I wonder... I need to check about mythological creatures, maybe? I should have made sure before I started..."

"Can you copy your one hand's settings to the other?"

"I think so... I should also be able to make a Preset in case I want to make other people what I'm about to be... either fully or partially." He checked one of the screens of the Chronivac, selected his left arm, then copied the changes for his right hand onto it. For a second after it had happened, he worried if he'd have two right hands, but no... the program was smart enough to copy only the relevant changes... and soon the fur, paw-pads, webbed digits, and claws were all mirrored onto his left.

"Sweep the changes?" Chester suggested. David looked over while he touched his new paws to his face, closing his eyes as he felt the roughness of the pads with the fur there around them. His fur. "Like, you don't want to make your torso barrel out into a full wolf then make it human again, right?" Chester asked, unable to keep the jealousy from his tone. "So can you take your percentages and copy only those to the rest of your body?"

David rubbed his chin with his right hand, grinning like an idiot. His left hand was already selecting both his upper arms. "OK. To the shoulders first," he said, and activated the change. The fur traveled up his arms to the shoulders, keeping the same hybrid mix of mostly human shape but animal covering. "I wonder what my blood type is now..."

"Schrödinger's TF... there's no right answer until it's observed."

"So my blood just works until I look at it too hard?"

Chester shrugged, having literally no idea. "Sure."

"Frightening," David remarked as he took a deep breath, applying his percentages to his whole torso. He leaned back in his chair as his shirt became tight against his new, thicker chest. Fur cascaded down his front underneath the white shirt with the black QR design on it. That

²³ An "Open Species" is essentially a creation made by a creator online in the Furry Fandom who sets standards and backgrounds for an original race and then—and this is key—allows others to create characters of that species without fear of copyright issues. This is the opposite of a "Close Species" in which the owner retains any and all creation rights to that species. I myself have been working on an Open Species (Sexarlupians) for years, I just haven't completed a style-guide for them yet.

waist he had narrowed a bit, and his belly flattened inward. "Oh... oh that actually felt notably weird."

"How does the transformation feel?" Chester wondered aloud.

"Oh, I just have it set to default right now... it's called 'Smooth', but there's also 'Bone Cracking', 'Pleasurable', 'Bursting', 'Bubbling', 'Flashy', and others—oh... and I saw 'Body Horror' was one. Not sure why you'd want that."

"To do to your enemies," his friend pointed out nonchalantly. "But you didn't really answer the question... what's 'smooth' feel like?"

David put his furry hands together in front of his face, considering his answer. "You ever strained a muscle so hard it hurt but could feel when it was softening again, shrinking back into place?" he asked, rhetorically. "It's like that, without the pain. Everything just sort of fills in or leaves... fat changes shape in your arm, muscles shaped differently, bones alter. It's like... I dunno... it's like how you'd imagine 'smooth'."

Chester just nodded softly, glancing at his own arm for a moment. David went on: "You can pick direction... but the default is 'random' which is what I'm doing," David said as he leaned back over the computer, looking through the settings. "Kind of concerned that my clothes didn't change with me. Let me try and find a setting for that if there is one..."

"Meanwhile, I'll pepper you with questions..." Ches smirked. "Like, where did you get this device? This seems like science-fantasy right now." David proceeded to explain that he'd gotten it in the mail, from a company named TransDem. "And what was the thing where you saw the universe from outside or whatever?"

David's still human eyes turned to look into his iPhone's camera and directly at Chester. "I saw the universe for what it was... a simulation for other people's enjoyment... a computer program being run by people not totally unlike us, allowing different authors to control the events of what happens... not always in the prettiest or seamless of manners."

Chester Conway leaned back in his chair, taking that idea in. He sort of shrugged, then leaned towards the camera again. "Well... if that's true, I guess that's fine."

"Fine?"

"Well, it doesn't really change anything... like, whether you believe in an almighty god or not, the universe is still the universe. This is just one level above that." He shrugged. "We can't really do anything about it, so why worry. Our whole lives have been simulations so what's really the difference now that we know?"

"I... guess..." David responded slowly, but honestly was still trying not to think about us. "*Furthermore!*" Chester boomed, smiling. "You're an exhibitionist, so knowing there's always someone watching no matter how alone you are must be a real turn-on."

David's still human cheeks flushed a little. "I've never had sex in a public place before... I don't want to get caught. It's always been online stuff in chat rooms... and does that really count?"

"Yes," Chester responded quickly. "Also, Kendra Lamar, the science fair, 1998."

"It was a photo booth. One with a door. No one saw or heard anything... you only know because I told you. Not public."

"There were people all around the— You know what! Hugo Balenciaga, Six Flags over Atlanta, 2017."

"That wasn't sex. He gave me a blowjob on my 'perfectly average dick'... also, it was 2016."

"Oh! Are we *doing this*? I didn't realize we were *doing this*," Chester said, a bit aggressive, lightly hitting his hands onto his desk just out of frame. "Fine! Dropping the big one for F.S.: Francisca Soares, her parent's bedroom with the thin walls, 2003. I was there at the party! 'Where's Fran' people wondered. We might not have heard the moaning at first, but whatever you were doing combined with the rocking of the bed led to her yelling 'Oh David!' and yowling so loud that everyone went dead silent and the neighbor's dogs started to bark!"

"I think I blocked that from my mind."

"Or you forgot it after her boyfriend did brain damage to you and put you in the hospital for three weeks," Chester laughed.

"For the record, she said she'd broken up with him," David corrected.

Chester smirked. "Yeah. Then her boyfriend broke *you* up. Hey... do you still have the scar?" he asked. David blinked, then turned his head to the side. He moved his left hand through his fur around the underside of his right wrist where it'd been broken all those years ago. He nodded. "You could probably get rid of the scar if you wanted."

"I don't," the young man with the wolven torso said, finally finding the option for clothes. "Oh, here it is. Size to fit, 'click'," he said, hitting the on-screen button. His white shirt fell more loosely on his body, closer to how it'd been earlier. "Keep this option selected for future transformations? Um. No. Just me," he clicked again.

"That's gunna be real important in a few seconds when you try and whip out that tauric lower body while you're still wearing pants."

"Good idea. Let me make sure the awareness is on because I don't want Adidas branded horseshoes."

Chester blinked and leaned in to the camera slowly. "You can make people unaware anything is weird?" David nodded. "And you're not doing that wh—ait. Wait. Exhibitionist." David raised a finger to disagree then lowered it. "See, I know you. What'd be the point of T.F.ing if no one knows you did it," Chester grinned, waving a finger at him. "You saucy bitch."

"We'll get there," David smirked. "OK. This one's a dangerous one, Redpaw... I'm gunna change my head and hope it doesn't change my mind."

"Yes. Perfect. Make sure the camera is aimed at you and if anything goes wrong, I will somehow get to you and stop bad things from happening after a travel time of—" Quietly, the man with the furry upper body turned to look into the camera. In his love of transformations, Chester had gotten carried away with the fun. The outcome he was describing in a joking voice could actually happen and wasn't actually humorous to David. His friend realized his mistake instantly. "My bad," Ches' hands went up in front of him, defensively. "New idea: can you set the T.F. to Revert after a set amount of time unless you ask it to stick? Like changing your monitor settings...?"

Reaching for the keyboard, David found such an option after a few keystrokes. "Looks like I can. One minute?"

"Nah. Unless you turned *right into* a monster, you might not even notice something was wrong in one minute if you seemed fine at first... you'd accept it not realizing." Chester steeped his finger together. "Half hour is longer than it'd take me to get to you anyway. So... five minutes?"

"Five minutes," David repeated, moving his cursor over Enter after striking a few keys. He hesitated for a moment, his left hand hovering over the left mouse button. "One sec," he said, shifting the camera arm so his phone was closer to his face. Looking at the screen like it were a mirror, David took a breath and tapped Enter.

I'd like David to make some remark about how five minutes turned into five days as I struggled to finish everything that was this transformation, but it just wasn't seamless. Luckily, I wrote this story to allow for author comments in the middle of a passage so this sudden first-person doesn't feel completely out of left field. Anyway, almost two weeks of writing later, O.O.C....

"Ahh... it's tickling inside my eyeball," David said, his left eyelids twitching. The dark brown slowly bled into a golden yellow, the pupil seemingly fragmenting at the edges as the perfect black circle of humanity shifted more into the now golden iris. The white of his eye shrunk into the now darkening edges of the socket which blossomed outward into the newly arriving fur of his face. The percentages from earlier kept the sclera visible so that his eyes were still more human in appearance than a regular wolf.

David closed his still human right eye. "I can't see the red in my poster." Over David's shoulder, he had a Super Metroid poster of Samus Aran and all the major bosses from that game in a big action pose. Her helmet and torso armour; the form of the dragon-like pirate boss, Ridley; the brain and eye of Mother Brain; and the inside of the titular Super Metroid were all now a brownish yellow instead of red or purple. "I'll have to fix that."

The black fur at the edge of his right eye's socket colored back into the timberwolf grays as the fur traveled up the side of his head, around his ear. From inside the ear rushed outwards tufts of fur which permeated the humanly shaped cartilage before it pushed upwards into a point. As his ear slid up his head, David could feel it forming into a triangular shape, shifting in place as he was suddenly able to pick up sound details from his room he hadn't before. Reaching up with his left hand, he could feel just a small dip at the bottom corner where his earlobe barely remained.

Chester leaned forward towards the camera. "Color-loss, but hearing improved?" he inquired. "Is everything too loud... am I?"

David shook his head as his hair thickened around his ear, shifting away from black but not entirely, ending up as a kind of dark gray with lines of white hairs within it. "I wouldn't call it louder," he spoke through his still-human mouth. "Clearer? No? Yes. It's like... I pick out more of the sounds I could hear if they were alone... but also I hear closer sounds that were undetectable before."

"Uh, can you elaborate?"

He closed his eyes, his one wolfen ear turning to face the direction of the sounds as he mentioned them. "I think one of the air conditioning fans is loose," he explained as his hair somewhat lengthened and the changes moved around the back of his head towards his other ear. "As I move my head, I can hear the lens on my phone refocusing on me." The fur rippled over his left, still-human ear and covered up over the backside of it, surfing the change into a triangular ear like the other. "I hear my heart, though muffled," he added.

"What about far away? You're in a basement so probably n—"

"Well, I think I can hear the 'tink tink' of my engine cooling down."

"Engine? Of your car? Upstairs, through floors and walls, parked at the end of the—" David nodded. "Amazing," Chester concluded softly, the awe clear in his tone.

David nodded, opening his eyes. His ears shifted forward as the change proceeded through his left eye, his fur circling around his mouth back from his pink lips. Those narrow lines of flesh shifted into black and narrowed slightly. His mouth and nose began to elongate forward, pushing outward from the front of his face into a boxy muzzle with what from the side looked like a bit of an underbite.

David opened his mouth and the camera caught the shape of his still-human tongue a moment before the pink saturated more into red and extended to the front of his jaw. Opening wider, he used the camera like a mirror, using that pink muscle to tongue the empty spaces where some of his newly lupine teeth were. His various 'scars' of cavities and pulled teeth were transferred to his new muzzle even as ten new teeth grew in to fill the length of his mouth. His incisors were sharp rather than blunt and his canines were nearly two inches long.

The eyes of this half-wolf man went wide as the flattened out, pale-skinned nose darkened and turned black... shifting around into something much more canine. Taking in a slow, long breath, the difference between about five million and then two hundred million olfactory cells was staggering. Very quickly, David's transformed human-wolf brain was cataloging the individual scents of everything in the room as well as the lingering scents from even further beyond... things he'd passed through or near to which lingered upon him. It was like his nose had a backlog!

"Whoa," he spoke, but his voice was slightly different as fur pushed downward from under his chin to his upper torso, clearly changing his voice box as it did. Whiskers erupted from his face to either side of his new nose. His thicker, darker gray eyebrows rose up upon experiencing the new scents. Those hybrid eyes turned to look at Chester. "It's like... like I can label things with my nose. If only I had words. I'm lacking for words here, Redfur."

"How do you feel, *mentally*?" his lanky friend asked. "Do you feel like a 'good boy'?"

David let go a soft growl, then caught himself. "Huh... well. I don't think I liked being referred to like a dog. Actually, dogs seem a little freaky to me now... with their misshapen faces and deference to humans..."

"Honestly? Valid—from a wolf's perspective, sure... but maybe a little a little speciest. What's your feeling on cats?"

Searching his thoughts, David frowned a bit. "We don't usually hunt the same kind of prey?" He took in another slow breath. "I do kind'a want to build a pack now," he offered as a thought. "Nothing too 'Wolf or Dare'²⁴, but something more than being alone. I shouldn't be alone."

"I don't know what that is, but it sounds interesting... in fact, you sound a bit monogamous."

"Kind'a thought of myself as more polyamorous."

Chester grinned. "Uh-huh. How's that working out for you?"

²⁴ "Wolf or Dare" is one of those sub-series that can almost be treated as its own thing. A deep 250+ passage chain starting from the original "Transform or Dare" story on CYOC.NET where the character Jennifer gets turned into the Big Bad Wolf from a book she was reading. "Wolf or Dare" mostly follows a growing family/pack of humanoid wolves as they proceed to transform more of the people they encounter using the "science" of the "Transform or Dare" concept. At least as far as I got. I never got close to the end...

Leaning back toward the computer, David shrugged his new shoulders. "Can't say I've been trying very hard on that front... I don't really expect anything more than 'friends with benefits' while I have trouble supporting myself." He looked through the existing options about his current settings as he spoke. "I work for my grandparents all summer, save, get an apartment in the months between summers while finding odd work to do, then end up back here the next summer. Not exactly the type of reliable income or setting that one might look for in a mate. Kind'a 'losery'."

"You're not a loser, David. People's lives are better because you're in them. That makes you a good person."

"I didn't say anything about being a good person, which I'm not... I just *try* to be a good person. Also... being a good person does not preclude you from being a los—"

"—Dude," Chester interrupted David's thought. The lone word held the words 'stop, and listen to me' within it by way of Ches' tone. David's ears shifted to face the camera microphone and his eyes followed suit, looking towards Chester. "Anyone can make mistakes. Owning those mistakes... trying to correct them or repair the damage as best you can... that makes you better than assholes like Junior." Raising his voice slightly, he added: "You are *not* your *father*."

David looked at Chester's image in the bottom corner of his phone's screen, then away. He didn't look at us this time, but he thought about his situation. "You know, there's a lot of alternate stories of people who take this device, this Chronivac, and use it for punishment... revenge... or just a lot of sex..." he said.

"I like all those things," Chester said, then tried to laugh it off when David shot him a look.

David sighed. "I mean... right, but... I've often been asked, when I LARP or play a video game with moral choices, why do I always try to be the hero. And, the truth is, I can't really help people as I am. I can't give money. I can only really be an ear to listen, a shoulder to cry on, or that guy'o'll come help you with a flat tire in the middle of the night."

"David... most good people don't make good money or have power... and people who get enough money and power that they could massively help people often managed as much because they were a little *bad* already," Chester offered. "More importantly, you're talking about the paleskin, David Nicolaus Scott the Third... not this new David... this... *wolfie* with a MacGuffin 'who could—*dare I say it—change the world!*'"²⁵

Leaning forward towards the computer, David stared through the screen. "I suppose I have to start thinking long term. What can this thing do and how can it help? I don't really want to take away people's autonomy. I want them to be themselves, right?"

"Counter-point," Ches interjected. "What about bad people."

"Who gets to determine that?"

"Right now? You do. *You* have the Chronivac." David's left ear flicked toward the camera, but he didn't look at Chester this time. "The 'needs of the many', David," his friend said. David's eyes shifted to look at him, wondering what he was getting at. "You don't want to change people against their will, and that's good and noble and all that... but pure people finish last. Be the Shadow Lord²⁶, break some eggs. Always be trying to do the right thing, and if you mess up,

²⁵ A common refrain of "The Science Guy", Bill Nye.

²⁶ Shadow Lords are a Tribe of Garou—werewolves—from *Werewolf: The Apocalypse* often played as aiming for the greater good with the ends justifying the means. This is doubly funny to me, because the character this David Scott is based upon was Kin to the Silver Fangs. Chester would be a Shadow Lord if he were Garou.

try to fix it or do better." Chester shook his head, "But, remember, do not tolerate the intolerant. Punch Nazis," Chester chuckled. "I for one, believe in you."

David sat back in his chair, looking up at the ceiling. He smiled. "Half of me knows you're right."

Chester lifted one eyebrow. "And the other half?"

"Well," he tilted his head, eyes looking directly into the camera. "That other half knows you're trying to make sure I'm in a good mood so I'll transform you into something you want." With that, David looked back at Chester, he reached up with his left hand and pulled his eyelid downward while sticking out his long tongue. Chester laughed. Ceasing his akanbe, David looked back at his computer screen. "OK. Feels like ages since this started, so let's finish it..."

"My timer says almost four minutes... let's give it one more."

In truth, David wanted to howl. There was freedom in his transformation... something definitely felt right about this, even though it was only half done. He closed his eyes taking in the more detailed scents and sounds. Focusing on his experience so far, he realized he both wanted to be transformed as well as transform others. Perhaps he wouldn't keep this new form, or maybe it would become his new default. Who was to say?

"Thoughts?"

"I'm glad I'm in my room so I don't have the urge to mark things as my territory."

"Hah!"

The Chronivac beeped from the speakers of David's computer, getting his attention. "Do you want to commit changes: 'accept' or 'revert'?" Smiling, David hit 'accept' and then started clicking around the screen to look at other options.

"Hey, before you go on, do some clean-up," Ches suggested. "Tweak down your wolfie thoughts a bit, maybe. Based on Francesca's reaction from almost twenty years ago, it wouldn't hurt to lengthen your tongue to maybe Gene Simmons levels—"

"Weird," David said, but made that edit along with the others while Chester spoke.

"—I think wolves lack a taste receptor humans have, so restore that if it's gone. Uh, oh, I was thinking... you could restore your regular human eyesight, but what about tetrachromia... is that an option?"

"Uh... Well, I do see tetrachromia and pentachromia as options. This is, like, color-depth, right?"

"Right. It's how many different kinds of color variation you can see. Wolves are dichromatic, two kinds. Humans are trichromatic, mostly. Some are tetra with four, but only double X's, and it's super-rare... and I guess some birds are pentachromatic which, based on the naming, must be five." It was clear Chester was checking Google on another screen as he spoke. "So they're basically Ultra High-Dynamic Range of color, I guess?"

"Neat," David responded with a shrug, cuing up all the changes and hitting the relevant button to execute them. "No reason not to be the best wolftaur I can be." He looked around the room with his new level of vision, then shook his head and returned to the screen. "And now I see imperfections everywhere." He blinked a few times, seeing that even his phone screen didn't have the perfectly consistent colors he thought it did.

Shaking his head, David moved on to another place in the application. After a moment or so, he told Chester what he'd found: "Mythical Presets... there's, like, a dozen kinds of werewolves, so that's neat. Naga, kitsune, tons of yokai really, cerberus, dragons, vampires,

sirens... and plenty of generic centaur options." Chester watched patiently as David scrolled through the list. "Ah. Just like I guessed, there's a 'maintain upper body' option on transformation..."

"Hey." David looked over at Chester at his interjection. "You're probably gonna have to move your camera back. Horses are big, and you don't want to bump it."

Standing up, the half-wolf man pushed his desk chair back towards the door with one foot while moving the camera arm backwards. Checking the preview on the screen, it looked to be a shot of most of the room now. Looking around, David checked the floor for clothes and drawing notebooks and shoved them out of the way. After a moment, he'd tidied up enough to feel like he shouldn't trample anything.

"Also, just saying, it might be time to lose the pants."

"Yeah, about that... you still recording?" Chester responded affirmatively. "Then how about we keep this PG-13? Just saying... we could post it on YouTube later, yeah?"

"You tease."

David lifted his wolfie head, thinking about that. "I mean... yeah. You're not wrong there. Think about it. We can do different videos later for the OnlyFurs." Chester rolled his eyes, then they both laughed briefly. David shook his head. "Oh, man. This is so weird. Free advertising for the company, I guess."

"You think T.D.L. is a front or is there a real place called 'TransDem Labs' out there somewhere? If the universe is, in fact, a simulation, that emitter could have literally been dragged and dropped into your mailbox."

"Might be like a Dev Room... like the Insomniac Museum?"

"Maybe." David looked over his options... 'keep upper half', 'workhorse centaur' and put a finger to his chin. "OK. I dunno how long I want a misshapen portion of body as big as a horse, even for a minute. Maybe that's me."

"You could 'poof' it. Wasn't 'instant' an option?"

"Poof TF, huh? I guess, for science, I should learn how jarring that is..." Chester grinned and gave him a thumbs up. "Poof it is."

I know, I know. Instant transformation can really suck, but look how much I described above! Originally, I meant to post this a day or two after the last passage because I figured people on CYOC were going to want Choose [Their] Own Change and I just hadn't yet fulfilled my self-imposed quota of sentient character-related transformations yet. This was just me cashing in the credit of all the above descriptions because I personally needed this done! But to all you people reading Version 1.2 or later, this paragraph is a little anachronistic since I concatenated these first three passages together and thusly there's been no wait at all!

Still, the transformation isn't without its impact... literally. David's khaki pants were tight against his new lower body, a giant Clydesdale horse. The shredded ends of the bottom hem of his pants now puffed up with thick feathers of white hairs coming down from his new fetlocks. Those four legs stumbled, though, as the sudden increase in height had caused David's head to impact with the white popcorn ceiling above him, breaking it, and causing the debris to cover the back of his now massive new horse torso.

David's wolf ears swiveled towards his phone as Chester called out his name in surprise as the 'poof' of the transformation had a smoke-bomb like sound and effect to it. It smelled of livestock, causing David to cough lightly as the brownish smoke cleared. He waved his left

hand in front of him as he took a step backwards, flicking his new equine tail in surprise and knocking over the desk lamp on the shelf beside his bed. Turning in place, he felt very confined in the room all at once. It gave the sudden impression the walls were closing in! The muscle and power of the horse body was what he'd imagine a bulbous insectoid abdomen being in the way might feel like. Any attempt to step away from a nearby object resulted in his giant horse butt bumping into something else in that direction.

Taking a deep breath in lungs both new and old, David realized he must be feeling confined as a horse. Calming himself, he piaffe in place, rotating his body counter-clockwise as he did so as to turn easily in place. The clops his new hooves made were dampened in sound only by his new plastic horseshoes. They were roughly of design and color similar to what had once been his shoes. Once his backside was to his camera, he heard Chester whistle. "Now, that's a bulge," the man in the frame chuckled. Setting the lamp back on the shelf, David tapped his hoofed feet against the floor with audible clops once again as he shifted on all fours, back towards the camera. Tapping his soles hard against the floor, he kicked off his nailless horseshoes.

Shifting his mass in a counter-clockwise direction, David positioned his upper body back in front of the computer so as to get his face back in view of Chester. Trying not to bump into anything else, he slowly leaned forward. With his big butt up in the air, he'd knelt down towards the computer keyboard which had become out of reach due to the height difference. There, he selected the horse-only portion of his body, made a few quick keystrokes and chose the same timberwolf Preset he'd picked before. Since he was still the one user with the emitter, he reactivated the 'live changes' option and slid the slider very slowly from horse to wolf.

The thick batch of long, white hair that was his tail shortened up and flattened down into a gray wolf tail with some white strands within it. His hooves grew back into mammalian digits, shifting to become lupine with four toes sized not unlike his hands currently were. The khaki pants and shoes hid much, but he could feel movement and changes in his genitals, not the least of which was the rigidity of his dick now that it had a baculum. He shifted his legs, finding his pants tighter in the crotch than he'd expected.

His claws made tick-tick noises on the concrete floor as they poked out through his socks. He stepped back and forth on his improved quadruped legs while his body shrunk and, after a moment, he realized he was shorter than he'd been while human. While keeping his form mostly wolf below the waist, he entered in 5'5" into the height blank and checked the option to size proportionally. This ended with his wolf lower body being just a little bigger than a regular male wolf, a creature that already wasn't small... it just wasn't as big as a horse.

"If not for those pants, I think you'd look majestically feral as fuck," said Chester from the phone screen. "But khaki pants over a wolf form just looks silly... taking you from a 9 to a 3, easy." He laughed, leaning back from the screen. "But, you OK? How's your head?"

David rubbed the back of his head with his left hand. "Hm. Hurts, but made me think of something... around these parts a wolf'll get shot," he said, looking through the more recent mystical options. Selecting one of the werewolf choices, he chose the 'regeneration' perk and applied it to himself. After a few seconds, the knot and bruise that he could feel on his head went away. "There we go."

"What'd you do?" Chester wondered, not seeing any physical differences through the pixelation of the streamed video.

"Werewolf regen," David responded nonchalantly. "No idea if that includes extra damage from silver, but I doubt I'll be in a situation to find out."

"Weakness are fun."

"True. Flaws are key to a good character, but... the possibility of being weak to silver reminded me that raisins and chocolate kill canines and I should probably fix those," he smirked as he quickly clicked menus with his mouse. "While I'm at it, let's make sure I know what this 'preset' is called or if I can rename it."

Chester tapped his chin. "OK, So, explain presets to the audience."

"In a coding sense, Chronivac Presets are referential. Right now, DavidScottPreset0420 is the default, so let's not use that name. I haven't come up with a cool one yet, so let's just go with Wolftaur-DS." David glanced at the screen, typing the name change. "Basically, this preset is tied to the one who created it—me, in this case. It exists somewhat ethereally, so to target it, I think you have to be in range of me. These other, pre-installed presets just *are* and cannot *be* changed because, well, I assume they're probably tied to some in-game item that I'm obviously not near. Could be anything anywhere, or *could* be an in-universe TransDem server that just houses them all."

Chester blinked. "So... referential. Does that mean if you change other people with that Preset that any changes you make to the preset itself will change them?"

"If I take the meaning of presets, then yes. There's no instructions or wiki entry I can find, so this is a lot of guessing... and presets are not exact copies, generally... I think." He turned the camera to look at the screen for a moment. "See? Like how human bodies have variables of height, intelligence, color, and so-on... you can actually include many possibilities so if you aim at a group of people and hit the button, they won't all look exactly like you... or one version of the preset, whatever."

"But you could?"

"Make them look exactly like me? Sure. But I think that'd make more sense to do with the 'clone' options. I mean, the emitter only works at a certain distance, but preset or Clone T.F.'s seem like they'd cascade like awareness? As I update my existing preset, everyone using it should also update."

Chester was zipping up his coat when David looked back from the computer screen. "So," Chester began, "Any last minute changes before I alter this video?"

"Well, I'm just gunna change my lower body wolf from male to hermaphrodite... which I'm not sure is the correct term, but the Chronivac made some mention of archaic terms over morality, so basically I'm just making myself both of the usual mammalian sexes," he said as breasts slowly began to push out from his upper torso. "Whoops. No. Yes to the preset, no to me personally having breasts." He shifted a bit as he sat, his testicles being pushed forward by his new spade hidden within his pants.

"Really? No breasts?"

"I mean... I'm fluid so. Let's just say, 'not today'."

"Fair. Fair."

"Also, I know I just knocked over my lamp with my tail," David smiled, as he clicked through the options. "Man... my tail. That just feels good to say. Anyway! The tail. I've always been a fan of comically big fluffy tails." David pulled the slider with one hand on the mouse, his body sitting like a dog would. He and Chester watched as his wolf tail seemed to lengthen up

behind him. "Wolf tails are usually about two fifths the length of their body... skunk tails are more like 90% and also the fluffy I'm looking for, so—"

David kept fiddling with the settings until he was happy with his tail. It was as far across as his quadruped body—about five foot—and about as wide. He moved it around towards his front with new muscles and hugged it close while Ches watched. The grin on David's face was infectious and the lanky man smiled.

"Neat," Chester said, breaking a moment of silence. "So... what about me. Can an I—" and an 'Ode to Joy Dubstep' began to play from David's shrunken iPhone 12. "Sounds like you're getting a call. Before you answer, can I come over?"

"Probably. But let me answer first. Could be an emergency?"

"What are the chances—"

"Authors," David said, thumbing towards the nothing in his universe that was us. He put Chester on hold and took the call. Only David and yourself know from this point who was on the CallerID, dear Reader, because this is where I as the author chose to leave the story in a cliffhanger. It is at this point I put in a line return and leave you with a final question:

At this moment, who actually called David?²⁷

And that's where I ended that passage, on a cliffhanger. I hope you've enjoyed this opening segment of three 'chapters' re-edited and modified from their original release on [Choose Your Own Change](#). The biggest reason I've reposted this story is because I'm looking for feedback. Comments and critique are more than welcome, so please drop a remark somewhere. I read every comment and try to respond to each at least once...

Each one of these segments exists on CYOC for you to write your own continuations if you so desire. You may also commission me to continue the story or hand-craft you a new branch for your own amusement. This includes, but is not limited to, starting your own character's story from the [Chronivac 4.23](#) branch. But if you want help with continuing David's story, consider utilizing the [Chronivac 4.23 Author's Handbook](#) (or suggesting comments to it) as a general guide. If you're a writer, consider dropping in on the [Discord](#) for feedback and discussion.

If you're reading this on CHYOA, the 'Original' path I wrote does not exist for you because your entire website is considered 'erotic context' and therefore no children are allowed in the media uploaded there as a blanket statement. I respect that, though it forces me to cut the Original Story at this point due to a mother trying to escape her abusive husband with her two kids. Spoilers for everyone else, but don't worry, I have other plans for you on CHYOA. Maybe I'll even get to execute on them? We'll see.

²⁷ This final line originally read "But then, who was phone?" in reference to an [ancient internet creepypasta](#). Having been pointed out that this was likely lost on the current reader, I reluctantly decided to change it. Sometimes I have to *much* fun.

I say that not because there's sexual content with children coming up—and, to be clear, nothing like that is planned—but because the only continuation of the story as of v1.3 being posted is **"Mrs. Philips about dropping Tommy and Alice off in an emergency."** Yes, a frightened mother and her two children need to escape an abusive husband and father. Transformations ensue. But the kids are kids, so if CHYOA gets a continuation, it will be something else.

Having said that, I consider all continuations to be completely valid, so no one version of history is "canon" compared to any other. Even ones not written by or with any input from me. In fact, when I first put up this story, these were my other suggestion prompts: David's mom, though she sounds like she's drunk and needs a ride; it's the police, as David's father has escaped from jail; Chester could have called in so they could split the recording in order to get some unsafe for work video after the break; someone calling about David's student loan debt; a distant friend named Gabriel who's got a flat tire and needs help; Anastasiya is calling to confirm their location for a date tonight; a family friend named Maria wants to stop by to check on a horse she keeps at the Scott ranch; it was actually Amari who was checking about their workout time tonight.

Those were just my ideas. If you are interested in utilizing some of my many words or interactions written in these three passages or the others after this in the branches that follow to create new paths, I give you my permission. That's right, I just made aspects of this story Open Source! Just don't copy everything word for word and act like it's yours, please. Giving me credit in a reasonable form would be appreciated. I'd like to say "required" but that's probably asking too much of strangers on the internet. Also, Chronivac isn't my original idea even if this *take* on it *is*.

There's more to come.

See you in the Future,
—**Huntermun**