You can’t escape the spirit of Halloween (anthro wolf TF)

By Wolfennar

Based on this picture: https://www.furaffinity.net/view/17965953/

Halloween, surely one of the favorite holiday to anyone under 15, and even many above that age. I remember how I used to enjoy it, finding a badass costume and then going to as many houses as possible in order to get the biggest stash of candy. The last few times I went out on that night as a teenager I even pulled off some pretty funny pranks, to me at least. Too bad I’m getting old for this. Sure, costume parties are still nice but it’s not quite the same thing. And besides, I’m officially an adult now, with bills to pay and all those wonderful ‘perks’. Which is why I decided that this year, I wouldn’t give treats away to kids. Yeah, not super nice I know, but I’m already struggling to not eat some ramen noddle every day, how am I supposed to find money for treats? I wish I could be part of this, but I simply can’t. Instead, I opted to watch a few movies with a fitting theme, as no one I knew was doing anything.

Quickly enough, the day passed on and it was the evening. Kids and their parents slowly started to fill the streets. I made sure one last time the light in front of my small house wasn’t lit, to indicate to people outside not to bother me. Quietly, I made my meal before setting up the first movie, Dog Soldiers, a decade old werewolf movie. Not the greatest quality, but certainly enjoyable, at least to a werewolf fan such as me.

Time went on along with the movie, until the time my doorbell rang. Sighting, I decided to ignore whomever had made the noise. I had nothing to give, why even bother to open the door? Maybe 30 seconds passed before the bell rang again. Slightly annoyed, I raised the sound of the TV. But, inevitably, the bell rang for a third, and then a fourth time. Seeing as this was unlikely to stop, I paused the movie, got up and went to my front door in order to clearly explain that I didn’t want to be bothered tonight. Having a window by the front door, when I came I could see a small figure peeking inside. No sooner had he, or she, saw me, they began spamming the bell.

“*Alright*, I thought to myself, *now they’re definitely looking for trouble…”*

And with that, I opened the door. And what stood before me was slightly off putting. The fact it was a young costumed kid was expected, but his costume wasn’t. The costume was unlike anything I had ever seen: the kid’s head was covered by a mask of a carved pumpkin, with glowing eyes and mouth, and his body was covered by a dark bodysuit of a strange material which seemed too dark somehow. Before I could say anything, he raised his hand holding his plastic bag, which had a good amount of treats inside. Taking a deep breath, I did my best to address the kid as calmly as possible:

“Look kid, that’s a really nice costume you have here, but I’m afraid to tell you I have nothing for you. No treats, no fruit, no cheap ‘healthy’ snack, nothing. No-thing. So please, stop ringing my doorbell and be on your way.”

Once I was done talking he just stared at me for a little while, his arm still extended and asking for treats, not saying anything. After way the past the point of extreme awkwardness, he finally dropped his arm to his side and walked back toward the street. Relieved, I went back inside, making sure to lock the door. But, of course, things wouldn't stop here. I was about to hit the play button on the remote when the doorbell rang again. Muttering a small comment about the kid to myself, I went back to open the door. And, sure enough, as soon as I did I was met with the same sight as the previous time. While I still tried to remain calm, it was increasingly harder to do so:

"Kid. Stop bothering me. I can't and won't give you anything. Just leave."

And with that, I simply shut the door in front of him. I know, it's rude as heck, especially towards a kid, but everyone has days were they just don't feel like messing around. Lock the door, go back to the living room, sit down on the couch, reach for the remo… Doorbell. And doorbell again. Damned kid, where were his parents? This time I was going to talk to them. Or so was my intention. Though as soon as I opened the door, there was obviously no one there. Knowing this wouldn't stop by itself, when I closed the door this time I didn't lock it and I stayed near it when I turned off the light. Next time he would try to do that no way I wouldn't catch him. I waited. And then waited some more. Soon, a little more than five minutes went by without any suspect activity, or any activity at all. When I was considering finally going back to my movie, I thought I heard a noise coming from inside the house. Surprised, I did my best to listen, to see if it was just me imagining things or if the noise was real. The second time it was impossible to miss, something *was* making noises in my own house, in my kitchen it seemed, despite the fact I lived alone and wasn't owning any pet. Cautious, I slowly made my way to my kitchen. Once there, I turned on the light. What I saw left me anxious: nothing was out of place. Judging by the kind of noise I was hearing, I could've sworn someone was trashing the place, yet everything was normal. Starting to feel my hearth beating a bit faster, I took a deep breath to calm myself. After a few seconds of relaxation, I came to the conclusion that my week had been especially stressful and I hadn't slept as much as I should have. At least I hoped that was it.

But, as fate would have it, the doorbell resonated one final time. Now, I'm usually not one to scare easily or even to believe in the supernatural, but something was definitely up tonight. Little did I knew about what was to happen though. Wanting this to come to an end, I decided to go to the front door more stealthily, to catch the kid off guard or something, mainly by not turning in the light in the hallway. However, this proved to be my downfall, literally.

As soon as I entered the dark hallway, something viscous on the ground made me lose my footing. Despite my attempt at staying upright, I ended up flat on the ground. Worse yet, the right side of my body had fallen directly in the puddle of the strange substance, and even also my face. Cursing, I wiped my eyes to remove the substance over them, so I could try to see what it was. Looking at my arm, it was covered in a kind of shiny gray goo. I wasn't an expert, but it seemed to be liquid latex maybe? It certainly had a distinctive smell

to it also, somewhat rubbery. While I was trying to figure out what I was covered with, and how in the world it ended in my hallway, I felt an odd tingling sensation in my drippling arm at first, which then slowly spread to the rest of my body which was under the latex like goo. The tingling was soon replaced by another feeling, one hard to describe. It felt as if the substance was being absorbed by my skin and body. Looking at my arm, I was able to see, in the dim light, it bulging up a little, the muscles becoming far more defined under the shine of the latex. My right hand then made my heart skip a beat. The substance seemed to have made its flesh malleable somehow, it was now shifting and I could feel all of it. Under my incredulous eyes my nails became shiny yet very hard claws, pawpads bulging at the tip of my fingers and in my palm. Finally, while it was still functional, my hand looked far more like an animal's paw. Hearing my clothes being dissolved by the latex, I could only wonder what was next. I would have preferred to never know I think, because the goo on my face took life and started to cover my whole head in its odd warmth. The substance had no problem with going inside every hole of my head, from my ears to my nostrils and even forcefully into my mouth in order to go deeper down in my body. Feeling it invading my insides and seeping into them, this was unpleasant to say the least. It lost no time before starting to sculpt my skull and head. My jaw was pulled forward, as well as my nose as the two fused together, becoming a muzzle. The taste of rubber faded slightly as my tongue and teeth became one with the latex, having taken on canine attributes. My eyes ached, changing to better accommodate my new form. My ears were pulled upward to the top of my head, acquiring a pointed shape in the process. The sounds entering them were overwhelming at first, them being a lot more sensitive than my human ones. On the rest of my head, the goo took on the texture of fur, mimicking a mane of sort. Glancing at the mirror beside me, I could see a shiny wolf head glaring back at me. My clothes no longer in the way of the substance, it began to fuse with my torso. My right leg was next, power surging through it as my muscles were no longer those of an inactive human. In a way similar to my hand, my foot gained sharp claws. Pawpads grew under my foot, which would make every step I take in the future more comfortable than any shoe. Unlike my hand, as the latex started to solidify on my foot it was molded into a much more feral looking paw. My leg even changed in order to allow a digitigrade stance. As the latex got around to my lower back, a lot of the substance started to build up just above my butt. It then became longer, a new limb, a tail. A shiny canine tail which I could feel connect with my spine, fusing with it. This tail felt so strange; I could control it and feel it being a part of me now. Seeing as my left arm and leg were untouched, the latex started to latch onto them, strands of latex launching themselves in order to get to my still human limbs. Quickly enough, my arm and leg were starting to be taken over by the goo. Thinking that maybe I could prevent them from becoming lupine like the rest of me, I tried to stand up and pull myself away from the diminishing puddle still on the ground. But, the viscous material having an iron grip on me, all I managed to do was scrap the wood floor with my claws. Falling back in the puddle, it lost no time to finish its work once and for all. My left arm fused, like the rest of my body had, with the goo before being shifted into a shiny paw identical to my other one. All that was left was my left leg, which was by now finishing to get taken over by the latex goo. In no time, it too changed from being a human foot to a clawed feral paw

resting on pawpads. Just like my other leg, this one shifted to make me walk on the toes at all times, just like a wolf would.

As I was sitting there, taken aback by what had just happened, I looked myself over. All shiny, I had likely merged totally with what changed me. In the theme of Halloween, my form was now akin to that of a werewolf. I even had wolf-like markings, my front side being a paler shade of gray while my back and shoulders, as well as some of my legs and my ‘mane’ on my head, where nearly black in color. As I was ‘admiring’ myself, the doorbell rang again. Looking up toward the door, I could see with my new eyes that several boxes of treats were now right by the door. Knowing that all this had something to do with the kid, I knew what I was expected to do, and that failing would surely have consequences. I made my way to the door with unsure steps, still unused to my new digitigrade stance. When I opened the door, of course, the costumed ‘kid’ was there, asking for treats with his presented bag. I stared at him a little, with unamused wolf eyes, before reaching with my hand-paw into a box, grabbing some treats and then putting them in his bag. Apparently satisfied, he left, going on with his supernatural trick-or-treating. My porch light now lit, despite me trying to turn it off, acted as a beacon for all those out on this cursed night. Apparently, there’s no escape to Halloween.