Concert Threads

For once, Bryce was excited for the future! His favorite band would be stopping at his city while on tour!

Hardly any worthwhile musicians came to his neck of the woods, it was mostly just pop groups and country. Both of those were genres that he REALLY didn’t like for a variety of reasons…but they aren’t important, so we’ll ignore them for now.

Back to business, Bryce was PUMPED to go to this concert. Ther weren’t many places in the city where he really felt like he could be himself and be accepted for it, so by God was he going to make sure he went all out that night.

Both fortunately and unfortunately, the concert was a few months away, so Bryce had a good while to plan a special outfit for it!

His first idea involved buying a spiked choker. He hadn’t had many since then, so Bryce decided to just go ahead and buy one and hope more ideas would blossom after he put it on.

And speak of the devil…a notification popped up on Bryce’s phone notifying him that the item had been dropped off at his apartment door. He breathed a sigh of relief that he didn’t have to have any contact with the person that delivered it (social anxiety is a bitch) and eagerly snatched up the package once he was sure they were gone.

Though something struck Bryce as odd. The picture displaying the choker didn’t resemble what he thought it would look like at all. It moreso resembled a frilly, blue/white bowtie.

Bryce, like any good Creepypasta protagonist, dismissed it as just a glitch…and his excitement immediately soured when he opened the package and discovering that the ‘choker’ was exactly how it looked in the picture…

Bryce let out a sharp exhale of disappointment and anger and whipped his phone back out to check the product listing. Surely something had to have gone wrong with the delivery!

But nope…Bryce checked the listing and the ‘choker’ was exactly what he’d paid for. Bryce immediately felt ashamed as he remembered the night he bought it. He was half-asleep and must’ve accidentally bought the bowtie instead of the choker he wanted.

Bryce put his phone down beside him, covered his face, and groaned in embarrassment. $12.83 down the drain, and no closer to getting a good outfit.

Bryce sighed. Oh well…he paid for it, might as well try it on just once.

Sighing again, Bryce took the bowtie and slowly tied it around his neck. If anything, it felt rather nice to wear. He could probably use it as a neck pillow or something.

Bryce stood up and decided to check himself out in the bathroom mirror. As Bryce walked to the bathroom, there was this odd, tickling feeling in his ears that suddenly popped up. Bryce momentarily rubbed them and tried to ignore the feeling.

…If anything, the bowtie didn’t look all that bad on him, the colors worked well with the rest of his outfit.

But Bryce definitely couldn’t see himself wearing it all the time, and definitely not today, so Bryce reached behind his neck to untie the bow…but then Bryce felt something that made his blood run cold.

The tie part of the bow was gone, as if it just sank into his skin.

“Uh- UHHH-!” Bryce’s fingers feverishly darted all around his neck, desperately searching for the tie, or any way to get the bowtie off. As Bryce felt around, he couldn’t even feel the band of the bowtie either, it was like the damn thing was fusing to his skin!

In a last ditch effort, Bryce grabbed the actual bow and yanked. His fear would only grow as he realized doing so *hurt.*

“Wh-What’s going on-? What’s happening-?” Something was wrong with his bowtie, something very very wrong.

But that would quickly retreat to the back of Bryce’s mind as he watched something terrifying occur in the mirror.

The tickling feeling returned as Bryce’s ears started to stretch upwards, being pulled upwards by an invisible force. Bryce’s eyes widened in horror as thick blue fur began to coat his newly-lengthened ears, as well as his inner ear turning a hot-pink color.

“MY Ears-!” Bryce screamed through his hands. His eyes quivered as their color changed as well, turning a bright, friendly pink while his pupils turned pure-white.

“Holy shit-?! What’s going on?!” Bryce panted.

Afterwards, his hair shifted to the same blue color as his ears before lengthening by multiple inches, growing down to reach his middle back. Bryce gulped in fear and ran his hand through his new hair, mentally noting how luxurious it felt.

By now the initial shock of the transformation was wearing off, and Bryce couldn’t help but notice how nice this all felt. From an outsider’s perspective, it looked incredibly uncomfortable, especially by now, with cream-white fur starting to sprout all across Bryce’s face…but it didn’t feel bad at all.

“Mmmgh…This is…oddly relaxing?” Bryce mused to himself. However he would have another burst of shock and fear when a pushing sensation made itself known in his face. It would steadily pick up in intensity as his face stretched out into a snout. It wasn’t catlike, nor was it canine…It was some odd middlepoint that Bryce couldn’t put his finger on yet. Completing the look, his nose shrank down and turned black as a button.

“H-Huh…Uh…weird…” Bryce stuttered. He ran his hand across his face, again noting how nice and soft his new fur was. And while that was happening, he could feel more pushing sensations, this time on the top of his head. The source of which would be revealed when two ribbon-like appendages burst out of his head, followed by another bow that sat comfortably above his left eye.

“Oh!” Bryce chirped, realizing what he was turning into. “I’m gonna be a Sylveon?” He held his hands up to feel his new ribbons only to do a double-take when he saw that they were now coated in more blue fur.

“Oh- Oh yep there go my haAAAAAH OH GOD WHAT’S WRONG WITH MY VOICE-“ Bryce’s voice had changed as his pelt of fur moved downwards, covering his throat. Somewhere along the way, his adam’s apple had been eliminated, giving him a much softer, more feminine voice.

“Oh shit- Oh lord- Oh boy-“ Bryce sputtered, his panic from earlier returning slightly.

It wouldn’t take long until Bryce was fully furry, covered head-to-toe in the silky, white pelage. But that wouldn’t be all, for when Bryce was completely covered up, it started to have a second effect on his body.

Bryce first noticed it when he felt his chest compressing, losing a great deal of its width. And if that wasn’t noticeable enough…the next change would be.

Bryce let out a yelp as his pectoral muscles started to balloon in size. Bryce just stared, mouth agape as full-on breasts formed on his chest.

“Uh- Okay- I guess I’m just not gonna be a dude anymore-“ Bryce snarked as he watched his arms shed their masculine proportions and become slender.

Bryce grumbled a bit as he shifted his shirt around, as by now it was starting to slip off of his body now that ‘his’ proportions had shifted. Bryce’s body then tensed up and he released a squeak of shock as he felt what was below his belt retreat into nothingness within an instant.

“Oh- Oh yep- Oh God-“ Bryce sputtered, shifting around uncomfortably. “I- I’m not a man anymore nope-“

Bryce’s thighs also grew out a bit, and any remaining muscle mass on her body lessened, finalizing her gender swap.

Bryce was then forced to sit down on the edge of her bathtub as her feet suddenly started hurting.

“Ack-! The heck’s going on now-?!” Bryce huffed. She didn’t hate this, but she really wanted it to end so she could just get on with her life.

Bryce then recognized the source of the aches…tightness.

“Wait-“

Bryce’s shoes started to groan and squeak under the sudden pressure.

“Oh shit-!”

And then-

***CRRAK! POP POP!*** Puffy paws burst right through Bryce’s shoes. She also felt paw pads underneath them now.

Bryce stared in flat exasperation for a few seconds before trying to speak again. “Are we done? Is it o-“

***SCHRRRIF!*** “OH OK GUESS NOT-!”

Without any warning or buildup, a long and fluffy tail erupted out of Bryce’s spine, ripping through her pants in the process. She wagged it around a bit. It ended up making her giggle.

“O-Okay, I think it’s over now-“ Bryce stood up, and right as she did so, her pants suddenly exploded into fabric-confetti.

“YIPE- MY PANTS!” Bryce squeaked. She went to cover up her crotch, but luckily she wouldn’t have to do so herself.

Bryce’s shirt started to grow while simultaneously shrinking at the top in order to fit properly. It reached a few inches past her knees before stopping. From there, the black color shifted into a dark blue, and the fabric changed into a much softer, silkier texture. Finally, black frills sprouted out all around the hem and waist of the dress, as well as right beneath the chest area.

“O-Okay…are we done *now*?” Bryce stood still for a few moments. Her ribbons flicked back and forth apprehensively as she waited.

“…Okay. Think the coast is clear.” She breathed a sigh of relief as she walked back over to the bathroom mirror to examine her new body.

“…Wow…” She sighed, holding a hand over the very bowtie that started it all. “I…don’t actually look that bad?” Bryce tilted her head. She expected to be a lot more uncomfortable, but she didn’t at all. In fact her new form felt oddly natural.

She would…think about the implications of that later.

“Hmm…I uh…think I can live with this for a while, at least until the concert…” Bryce swayed back and forth, giggling as she felt her tail swish through the air.

After a few moments of pondering, Bryce decided she’d stay like this until the concert was over. She figured she could pull off a Pastel Goth look now…Hell, maybe that bowtie wasn’t a waste of money after all!

And if she couldn’t take it, she’d just head over to that weird transformation store to get reverted faster than you can say ‘cracking the egg’.

Of course she’d have to deal with explaining her situation to her co-workers…her boss…family…random people on the street…

Bryce’s ears drooped as she imagined it all…as she imagined all the judging stares she would get. She already got them when she was a human, given her pretty alternative taste in fashion…but now it was all gonna be amplified by a whole lot.

“Nggh…I’ll cross that bridge when I come to it…” Bryce grumbled. She still had another day off after today, so she decided to just take the time and enjoy her current form while she still could.

If she could deal with it…Hell, maybe she’d stay like this for a few days after the concert. Maybe longer.

“…Nope, I’m not trans, I’m not a therian. I’m just me.” Bryce repeated to herself before spending the rest of the day binge-watching Pokemon Nuzlocke videos.