

# Keytar Howl

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Commission done for [LilKodiKuddles of FurAffinity](#)

*Damn it, damn it.* Ross slumped onto his bed and rubbed his face. Practice and luck were not on his side it seemed.

He pulled the strap over his head and placed the keytar down beside him. He looked at his instrument and sighed. *So much for learning this thing.*

Ross felt frustrated, despite being realistic. One shouldn't expect results in learning an instrument right away or even after a week or so. Yet, all the time he put into it, learning the keys, the sounds, and trying to get muscle movements down, didn't result in anything. So many mistakes, missed key hits, and more.

It felt as if he had made no semblance of progress in learning to play the keytar.

*Maybe I'm just being impatient.* His heart started to sink. *Maybe it's just me. Maybe that lady was wrong.*

"Don't worry, I completely understand your situation!" The woman nodded, showing him a friendly smile. "Wanting to improve one's self-confidence is a thing many of us seek to do."

Ross smiled softly. "Th-thanks. It's... well, you know, d-difficult to talk about these kinds of things with others. I'm hoping learning an instrument will help."

"Of course," she softly spoke with another nod, adjusting her sharp glasses. "I've been there myself. Self-doubts just getting in the way and mucking things up. Not being able to stand tall with the rest of my coven... but practice and focusing on something new or that I love helped me feel more confident in myself and with how I lived."

The pep talk was nice, but he was a bit lost in thought. Ross gave Traci a curious look. The words she spoke, her unique appearance... she was definitely a-

"So! After hearing you out and everything, I would like to suggest something to you that I think will be just up your alley and help you achieve what you want~."

Ross snapped to attention and followed her over to a different part of the music store. This part of the store had a lot more unusual and different instruments. He'd seen them before, but not often and usually only in movies or online videos.

“And here we are! This is the “key”~,” Traci said with a chuckle. She pulled off the wall, of all things, a keytar.

Ross was pretty sure the last time he saw one of those was in an old '80s music video. Seeing it there and especially in person, he couldn't help but be a little... concerned. “Umm, are you sure this is for me? It looks complicated.”

“Oh, I assure you!” Traci said, holding it out to him, “This will definitely help you. It may seem difficult, but if you can learn how to play it, even a little, and not just master it, it'll definitely give that self-esteem a boost ten-fold.”

That was debatable. Just the sight of it made him feel glum and picture embarrassment.

Traci seemed to quickly pick up on that as well, scratching her chin. “You know, why not take this as a loaner? Take it home, try it out for a few weeks, and even take an instructional DVD. Just practice and see where it leads you.”

Ross did a double-take. “R-really?!”

Traci smiled and gently put the keytar into his hands. She patted him on the shoulder and warmly replied, “Really~.”

Yep, Ross was feeling gloomy now. After all that confidence that witchy gal showed him, here he was. He felt like such a letdown.

He grabbed the remote on the bed and turned off the instructional video playing in the background. What was the point? He fell back first onto his bed and ran a hand over his face.

He rubbed his face again, slower this time. *Maybe... Maybe I'm just not cut out for this. Maybe I'm...* His heart sunk. *Maybe I'm not supposed to be good with an instrument, or music... or maybe anything. Maybe I'm just supposed to be this weak, shy, pushover of a person...*

His heart ached now. Everything was wrong. Why? Why did things have to be like this? Why couldn't he be better? Why did he have to keep bringing himself down?

*I wish... He sighed, I wish I had confidence. I wish I could do something. I wish I could be popular. I wish for things to be different. I... I just want something! Anything!*

Silence, then a long deep sigh. He rubbed his eyes. *Cut it out.* This isn't helping. He slipped an arm over to the keytar and hit a few keys on it. Those 80's vibe notes popped out, their sound calming in a way.

*Gotta stop this. I'm... I'm getting too worked up.* He took several breaths, each deeper and slower than the last. His body eased up on its tension somewhat. *Beatin' myself up isn't helping. Just... just cool off. Let's have some lunch and watch something. Maybe try later. Maybe... maybe later.*

He took one last deep breath and let it out. He felt better... but was a bit on the hot side after getting so worked up. Unconsciously, his hand moved up and brushed his forehead.

He winced and twitched. Something... scratched his skin?

Ross whipped his hand up close and squinted. *Wait... what's up with my nails?*

His fingernails were longer... and seemingly growing. They were extending out from his fingers by almost two full inches. But it wasn't just length, they were growing in thickness despite their widths slightly shrinking. They pulled out, their tips turning more claw-like and even turning purple!

Ross blinked several times, just to make sure he was seeing this right. His hand had claws!

But it wasn't just claws either. Flipping it over, the skin on his fingers and palms was swelling. Not too much, but more into an animal-esque pad shape. The skin turned black and smooth, only adding to its animal appearance.

Ross' jaw slowly dropped the more he stared as if the knowledge was starting to drizzle in. He wiggled his fingers and gently clenched them, letting pad rub against pad. He even poked them with his unchanged hand. This... this was all real.

Then those fingernails started changing purple. He couldn't look at his mitt, pulling it away. Before he could do the same with the first hand, he caught wind of its next change. The hairs on the back of his hand... there were more.

Hairs were sprouting everywhere. Light at first, but they thickened and cloaked every trace of skin swiftly. They were a very pale, purple-ish gray almost, spreading from the back to the palm, moving around the pads carefully.

The new hairs, for no doubt, moved onto his fingers as well. However, the tone there was different. The color also had a purple tint, but it was more on the brighter white side now.

Tone changes regardless, Ross was not impressed. He felt his heart racing a mile a minute, only slightly relieved when he saw the fur growth stop at his wrist. Though, checking the other hand and seeing that it was now more paw-ish brought back that anxiety.

“Okay, this... this is crazy.” Ross looked between both hands rapidly so much it felt like his head was spinning. “What’s going on with my *hands*?”

He paused for a moment. What was that? “Huh? Is there something *wrong with-oh my!*” His voice cracked, a lighter voice coming in briefly. Lighter, but with this curious sense of maturity to it. It wasn’t his own, that was for sure.

His heart was racing now. His body shivered, mind swarming as he sat up in a rush. What was going on with his hands?! He couldn’t comprehend it!

Not helping was that rising heat and warmth he started to feel. It started in his paws and crept up his arms and into his shoulders. In response, his shoulders drooped a little. Some of their broadness and form was lost, even thinning slightly.

Ross fidgeted as he felt that heat roll in. He panted and tugged at his collar, trying to let some air in. Doing so, fur could be seen, spreading from his shoulders to his neck. The tone was a bit lighter on the front than on the back and sides, much like his fingers.

Not that he noticed or would care. Ross let go of his collar and sighed. Hot, still hot. *What’s going on with me? Why is it so- “Ooooooo~.”*

He let out a soft, delighted coo. He couldn’t help it. An equally delightful, but strong tingle ran through him, his voice cracking and becoming so womanly and mature.

The sensation came strong from around his chest. His shirt felt rather awkward as well, the area so sensitive to the touch. He could feel his nipples brush and rub against the cotton fabric no matter how he moved or acted.

He panted more, a paw unconsciously going up and rubbing the area. It had to know... had to test it.

And test it he did. He tensed up and quivered, cooing again. His body really, *really* liked that sensation. He couldn't understand why, but it just did.

Also, was it just him, or was his chest softer and... plush? He pulled his mitt away, noticing how his shirt was tenting and pushing out more than it used to around the chest. Was... were those-

No... no, he can't think like that. This was all just too much for Ross. His head was swirling so much that he couldn't focus or even think!

He rubbed his forehead. He felt dizzy almost with everything going on. He let out a groan, one exhausted, tired groan. Yet, he couldn't hear it.

Ross couldn't hear anything. No noise could penetrate his skull outside of a new, obnoxious ringing. His ears were twitching, their very operations and systems rapidly changing within. They shifted up the sides of his head as their own shape changed.

Between the ringing and heaviness of everything, Ross fell backward onto his bed again. By the time his head hit the covers, things had changed. His ears were towards the top of his noggin now, pulled out into points. They greatly resembled wolf ears. Even his head was different, more dome-ish and kind of flattish in shape, resembling a canine's head.

The strange feeling and ringing eventually subsided. Ross slowly sat back up, an ear flicking slightly. "Ooooooh, what was that?" he muttered as he stroked his head.

His hearing was back at least, so that was nice. Though, he was also starting to feel rather hot now. He brushed his forehead, wiping some of the sweat forming. He was starting to get really warm.

And... itchy? He began to scratch himself at his sleeves and torso, careful not to tear at his shirt. Though, curiously, it felt like it was a bit baggier than before, especially around the waist. It was a weird thing after all of the other weird things.

Then there were his pants. They weren't baggy. Instead, they were quite tight and getting ever tighter. His hips were expanding, adding several centimeters and gaining quite a curve to them. His thighs were gaining a little bit more tender meat to them as well adding to a curious shape he was developing.

The tightness starting to get a bit too much, Ross reached down and undid the button on his jeans. Sweet relief soon followed.

Momentarily and then back to relief again. In the back of his jeans, there was a bit of discomfort, like an arm caught up in a sleeve and unable to get through. However, it was brief as his jeans dipped down.

Above his rear, a small nub had grown out. It was about an inch in length, wiggling slightly. Fur quickly sprouted over it as well.

He ignored the feeling in the back and instead brought his hands down to his hips. Their shape was certainly fuller and wider... with a touch of curve perhaps? It was also... oddly enjoyable to him?

Well, more in the sense those hips would be great on anyone else **but** him. They were not his own. Plus, most of his pants, shorts, and underwear wouldn't fit well on them.

He put the thought on hips aside... and instead returned to his chest. The area was growing again, rising ever so slowly. However, the results were turning more noticeable as his shirt tented.

His chest grew and grew, brushing further against his shirt to the point where his breasts' shape became more visible. It almost felt like his shirt was starting to mold around them, showing off their orb-ish figure. Eventually, their growth stopped around the upper B-cup range, still sensitive as ever.

Ross couldn't stop his curiosity. His hands moved up and touched them. *Yep*, he thought as he shivered, *very real*.

His paws continued to grope a few seconds longer than he wanted. The feeling was really... invigorating to say the least. It's a feeling that he didn't want, but despite his apprehension, that sensation persisted.

He blushed, trying to recenter himself. Fur sprouted over his cheeks and then across his full face. Curiously, the fur came in four different shades. There was a purplish-gray tint upon most of his mug while a lighter gray surrounded his maw and nose, even going up between his eyes. Then there was this purple shade upon his eyelids, acting almost as eyeshadow. Lastly, there were two streaks of black beneath both of his eyes, like makeup.

He didn't even notice it beyond the warmth. Everything was so bizarre. It should've made him be on guard or something, but he couldn't. These new feelings and sensations were far too distracting on his mind.

He tried shaking his head to rattle out the thoughts for the briefest of moments at least, but couldn't even muster that. Hair fell into view, cloaking his eyes. His mop was growing and growing, becoming wavy and puffy, especially in the back.

He pushed the hair back and away from his mug. It didn't do too much good as a large, curvy bang fell back down his face. It curved around his left eye, turning a rich green, and brushed up against his nose.

Brushed, tickled, rubbed. Either way, the hairs against his nose set it off. He quivered and let out a large sneeze. "ACHOOOOOO!"

His nose quivered then and inflated. The tip of his nose widened as nostrils flared. His snout lifted as the skin turned bumpy and cold. Texture shifted further as its pale peach turned black as coal. He now had a canine snoot.

Ross rubbed his nose, sniffing when he noticed the new change. He poked and rubbed it, muttering again about this. Then again, looking down at himself, the nose almost felt quaint in comparison to the rest of the changes that befell him.

Speaking of which, he blushed. His pants were feeling tighter than ever, especially in the back. His rear had swelled again, buttocks quite large and round and poking out of his pants. He had a full-on bubble butt at this point.

He took a deep breath and reached around, feeling his bottom. Yep, just so big. Also so soft and round. Something he wished was on someone else other than him to appreciate and enjoy to its fullest.

Still, his body rather enjoyed it. His small nub of a tail wagged. Wagged and wagged, extending longer and longer and brushing against his paws on his junk. It was more than a foot long when it stopped again.

Feeling that tail fur made him snap his hands back. He was losing it again. Everything was so invitingly warm and fuzzy that it made it all too easy to surrender to it. However, he couldn't. He couldn't give in when everything was wrong!

Yet, he found himself quivering again as a warm feeling arose. This one was slightly different, more intense, and heavy.

And it was coming straight from his crotch. He looked down hesitantly, finding the area bulging. Then, a second later, the bulge slowly flattened, pulling back in more and more.

Heart racing, he stood up and quickly undid his jeans, dropping to the ground. The bulge was rapidly shrinking now, barely visible against his underwear. He moved to pull that down, experiencing some difficulty. His underwear was really hugging his hips and butt now.

Eventually, they slipped off and fell down his legs. He gasped as he finally saw his crotch in full. His dick and balls were sinking into an opening within the area, eventually disappearing. The slit grew a bit wider and longer, fur surrounding it and covering all of his lower half.

It was a vagina. Ross had a vagina. He had a *vagina*.

He huffed and panted, his entire body burning up and quivering. He has changed so much now. His mind swirled and twirled, his form growing more excited. He had to hang on, fight these sensations and feelings. He couldn't be some fuzzy gal!

*This is all a dream. It has to be a dream.* A mad thought or an excuse, Ross' hand slipped to his crotch to touch the area. A touch turned to a stroke, and his eyes went cross.

He couldn't help it. He bellowed a long, lustful moan into the air as he quaked harder. Fur rolled down from his hips and cascaded down the legs. His thighs thickened up to better match his curvy hips, adding some soft meat to them. His legs grew toned and more befitting of an athletic, fit woman.

His panting deepened as he tried to crawl back to sanity. His breasts leaped a full cup size in all of this shaking, really adding some weight to his chest now. His shirt tented harder, lifting to just beneath the navel.

Eventually, Ross shook and smacked his head, yanking the hand away from his folds. His hair was much paler now after that rush, brown having all drained out. "Phew... gotta... gotta stop th-hat. I'm losing it."

Not the only thing he would lose at the rate things were going. His ears picked up some soft rips from below. Three claws were tearing through his socks then. They were purple, just like his nails/claws.

Without missing a beat, Ross snapped into action. He pulled off his socks, tossing them aside before any more damage could be done. His toes were shifting before his eyes. They merged into three digits each with soft pads beneath them all.

He sat down on his bed, nervously gulping as he brought one of his legs in for a closer look. His toes were quite canine in appearance, slowly growing soft gray fur over them and spreading across each foot. More pads sprouted beneath them, much like his hands.



Ross bit his bottom lip. *Yep, still crazy. Not sure why I did this. It's crazy no matter how it looks. CrazycrazycrazycrazyCRAZY!!!*

His tail didn't agree. It wagged. It wagged away. It wagged with endless joy. It wagged so much that it grew longer and longer, hair upon it so puffy and full. Soon, it was a lovely, full wolf tail with a lighter gray tipped end.

*Stupid tail!* Ross scowled. *Stop acting like I like this! I don't! Uuuugh, this whole body is just doing whatever the hell it wants!*

His hair acted the same as the rest of its color shifted. Its color had completely whitened to pure snow. Except for the thick lock in front of his face. That was still green.

He blew it away to the best of his ability, but it did no good. Nothing would do no good. At this point, despite his protests, the changes would keep on coming no matter what. It wouldn't be over until it was over.

And it wasn't over, his chest beginning to shake. He could feel something big coming on. Something big coming right from his chest.

Avoiding disaster, Ross pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Getting a better look at his hefty chest, he could feel his body growing excited again. However, he did his best to brace himself for that explosion.

*Here it comes.* He took slow breaths, teeth turning to canine fangs as his heart raced.

His paws slowly reached up and placed themselves upon his chesticles. He let out a soft moan. He knew he shouldn't have done that, but part of him really wanted to feel them, explore them, especially in a few seconds.

His breasts rumbled, and he winced. *Wh-why do they have to be so big?*

And it all burst forward like a floodgate had been opened. His breasts swelled one final time, growing larger than ever and filling his paws with their soft fuzziness. His face pushed forward at last, jaws stretching and growing into a narrow, cute muzzle. His nose went along for the ride, resting at the very tip of it.

The new wolf was complete.

Left panting and huffing, Ross managed to pull his paws away yet again. He kept getting so lost in it. Pointless as it felt, he had to keep some dignity if possible.

He brushed his forehead and fell back, just exhausted. Holding back and transforming felt as if it had completely drained him of all energy. The extra heat and dizziness that came from it didn't help. The fuzz... was strangely nice, but that didn't matter.

Ross slipped a paw up to his mug. It slid across his muzzle, taking in its soft, slender shape. It was very canine from the cold snoot, sharp fangs, and fine fur upon it.

“God... what's happened to me?” Ross gulped. *What do I do now? I can't go out like this, right? Is... Is there, like, a hotline for transformation victims? I can't be... is there-*

In his panic, his eyes fell to the side. The keytar still laid there on the bedspread in the same spot as before. Staring at it, another feeling arose within. This one was different now. Looking at it... he felt relaxed and wanting.

There was an urge to play and, at that point, why fight it? It was the least egregious thing to happen that day anyway. Though, giving his fingers a quick glance and wiggle, would they work fine? Might be a bit on the awkward side between his pudgy pads and claws.

Still, his paw struck a few keys on the keytar. Music played and... a tingle struck.

Ross took the instrument, bringing it onto his lap. A curious, funny thought struck him. He hit a few more keys instinctively and notes played. The notes came together and sounded like actual music.

*How am I doing this?* He played a few more lovely notes. *I don't have the talent for this. I was sucking badly before!* He put the keytar strap around his shoulder and played it longer. Clawed fingers hit each key with precision and timing like they had done this for a long time.

Hitting those notes, playing that instrument, making music now... the wolf just smiled. Smiled for the first time in what felt like forever, no matter how small it was.

Ross couldn't help it. He got up and played more notes, paws moving fast and quick as they played some '80s tunes. It was just so simple, so easy, so natural. His heart raced as he played faster and harder. It all just came to him like it was nothing.

His fang-filled smile grew wider, and he couldn't help himself, striking a pose. “Awwwww yeah! Roxy is gonna rock ya!”

The wolf paused, blushing. *Wait, Roxy?* Where did that come from? That wasn't their name.

But it **could**. The name felt so natural and with it, the door opened wide. Her spirit began to lift. *It really could be my name. It does sound nice.* Her eyes brightened. *I'm definitely more of a Roxy than a Ross right now anyways~.*

The wolf's smile turned into a full-on grin at this point. She went right back to playing, her sound even better than before. *Ah yeah, Superstar Roxy, rocking out on her keytar. Now she was groovin', now she's movin'~.*

All those fears and worries? Gone.

Though, an idea did come to mind when she finished her latest set. She hurried over to her bathroom. She just needed that look, that full look of herself.

Staring into the mirror, she saw the wolf that she was. Her dazzling hair, her fuzzy fur, shapely figure, her... nude form. She needed to get some clothes in a bit; though, what would fit the new her exactly?

Stroking her muzzle and feeling her face, she thought, *still pretty weird this happened. But... but I guess I could work with this for now. Not... awful I suppose.*

Adjusting the keytar strap, she went back to playing. Just seeing herself in the mirror, her fingers moving, her body swaying and grooving to it... it made her happy.

Roxy felt happy. She grinned another toothy smile. Her concerns were gone. No more worries either. She felt in tune with her playing and herself. She had never felt so... so great and sure of herself in anything before this.

With a simple coo and devious grin, she spoke with a breathy tone, "I'm the best. Roxy is the best~." And she had a feeling that she would be.

*THE END*