

# Feel that Freddy Spirit

By: Firingwall

Freddy Fazbear's Pizza was not even a shell of its former self. It had been over two decades since the infamous pizzeria was shut down and the building abandoned. The doors were all boarded up and no living soul had stepped inside in many years. Given the incidents and rumors that surrounded the place, no one wanted to buy the old building or even dare get near it.

Except for one person. A young, very thin, and scrawny woman named Andrea had broken in through a vent one night, searching the old restaurant for a certain something to steal. She had heard the old rumors and stories when she drove into the area not long ago, but she ignored them and went ahead with her plans.

*Just find one of the heads and I'm up a couple grand*, she thought, brushing some of her very long, chest-length curly red hair from her face.

She eventually came upon the room where the animatronic parts were stored, or at least according to the research she did. Moving through the door, which immediately fell off its hinges from a simple tap, she stepped inside the dusty room. Looking around, it was definitely the place she wanted to be at, with tons of mechanical pieces and animatronic parts laying around, but there was a problem.

The old, fully constructed animatronics were all gone and there were no spare heads or face masks either. Plenty of every other part, but none of what she actually wanted. "Dammit," she grumbled, glancing around with her flashlight, "looks like they were all moved or stolen a long time ago. What am I going to..."

That's when the flashlight shined on a curious item in the room. Over on a dusty table sat a very large, black top hat. It was instantly recognizable to the thief, having seen it in several old photographs and faded posters around the building. "Freddy's top hat," she remarked, walking over and picking it up, "maybe... maybe this is worth something?"

Holding the surprisingly not-metal hat, it felt strangely warm to the touch and comforting. An idea then suddenly popped into her mind as Andrea held it. *This is stupid*, she thought, setting the flashlight down and bringing the hat to the top of her noggin, *but... I wonder if it fits?*

In a matter of seconds after placing the hat on her head, she got her answer when it slid down her face and neck. "Figures," she mumbled, grabbing the rim, "well Freddy's head was bigger anyways... whatever. Enough fooling around. I... what the hell?"

Yanking and pulling on the rim did nothing. The hat was stuck and couldn't come off.

Panicking, Andrea pulled and pulled and pulled with all her might. However, the hat wouldn't budge. She could still breathe even with it covering her head thankfully, but she was completely blinded by the hat. Her head was trapped within the hat.

However, that wasn't the worst of it. It was then that she heard a voice, a rather jovial and goofy et nevertheless creepy voice that spoke to her. ***You are so kind miss~ Now I can finally live again. Don't worry though, we can share your body after I do some fixin' to it~***

Panicked beyond all belief, Andrea gripped the hat and pulled with all her might. The hat finally came off her head, making an oddly cartoonish POP sound as it did. Her heart slowed down a bit and her nerves eased, happy to be able to see again. However, unseen by her, her eyebrows had become oddly thick and bushy and her former amber eyes now shined bright blue.

*What was that?! She thought in horror, is there someone else around?! I... I better get out of here before...* However, her body didn't move. Well, at least in the direction that she wanted it to go in.

Her body turned around to face the table. Looking at it again, she saw a large black bowtie and microphone, other props that belonged to Freddy. As much of a pretty penny as they may fetch, she was in full-blown panic mode and desperately wanted to gain control again, unaware that the top hat, still on her head, now fit her noggin far more than it did before.

*Need to escape, she thought, I need to... oh my god!* As her eyes flashed all over her, she noticed something very wrong with her hands and arms. They looked very swollen... no, they were somewhere between bulky and fat. Muddy brown hair was growing all over them and her hands had grown, like thick, fatty sausages.

***There's no reason to be worried, the voice spoke again, everything will be alright. Let me do my work lil'lady; we'll be shipshape in no time~ Just relax and let your new friend and partner put you at ease~*** Andrea shivered. It sounded strange. She couldn't pinpoint where the voice was coming from. It almost sounded like it was... in her head.

*Who are you?* She asked, her heart rate slowing down to a more normal rate. For some reason, despite how nervous she felt, she was beginning to relax like the voice said. Maybe it was because of the soothing, but pleasant tone the creature's voice was taking on now or because she was changing more, her ears growing large and round, that she did not feel as worried or shocked anymore.

***I am Freddy Fazbear, or maybe it's better to say I'm the spirit of Freddy,*** the voice replied with a chuckle, ***please to meet ya Miss Andrea.*** Her red hair shed from atop her head in clumps as her big, soft, round ears moved to the top of her skull. Once all of her locks were gone, soft, dirty brown fur sprouted up, taking its place all over her noggin.

*Wh-what d-d-do you want?* She nervously asked the spirit, not sure what to do in the given what was happening. Her body continued to pack on the pounds, building up a lot of girth in her. Her arms and hands finished expanding, tearing through her sleeves and revealing their incredible thickness and brown fur. As her ring fingers merged with her middle ones, her shirt began tenting and retracting. The shirt shrunk around the chest, her breasts appearing to shrink ever so slightly, while it tented a bit in the stomach region, her belly growing large.

*I've been alone for so many years,* the voice solemnly and sadly explained, *ever since the pizzeria closed... everyone went away. All the workers, the kids... my friends. But now? Now that you're here, I can live again and have fun~*

Andrea should have been fearful and concerned. After all, the spirit of an animatronic had entered her body and was doing who knows what to it. However, she felt no fear, her body and mind oddly at peace. Most likely, it had to do with Freddy's mind influence over her own, but she was hardly able to object or care. She didn't even mind that her pants began bulging, her rear end getting large or a strange bulge appearing in her crotch.

*Now then,* Freddy continued, *how about you put on that nice bowtie? It looked great on me and I bet it would for you too.* Control returned to her body as she nodded her head. She grabbed the bowtie and put it on with her big hands, which felt and moved rather naturally. Almost instantly, her body shook and grew massive. She jumped up to 6 feet tall, a wave of muddy, brown fur covering every single inch of skin, and her chest completely flattened.

**"Holy crap,"** she muttered, her voice deeper and also rather similar to voice in her head, **"This... this... this is amazing..."** She knew she should have been afraid, she should have freaked out by what was happening to her, like basically anyone else would. And yet, she felt fine and the form she looked upon felt... right.

*That's good to hear sweetie,* Freddy spoke again, *accepting things will make this go quicker and smoother. Frankly, I think you'll make a nice Freddy.* He chuckled as more of her body expanded. Her shoes and socks burst open as her feet grew at least five or six times their size over, revealing large, brown, three-toed bear paws. She wiggled her toes in amusement as she looked upon them, but soon lost sight her round pudgy digits. A heavy, light-brown fur gut popped out from underneath her already small shirt, fitting her heavysset physique rather well.

**"That's good to hear,"** Andrea chuckled, patting her large gut, **"If I'm going to be you Freddy, I wanna make sure I look the part~"** Her pants expanded even more as her large rear grew even bigger, barely fitting her pants, and the bulge in her crotch growing far more than ever.

*Good,* Freddy softly spoke, *because it's time to finish up now my dear~* With that, her body rumbled and shook.

A strong, powerful, but wonderful feeling rushed through her entire being as the finale of her transformation struck her. Three small dots appeared on her cheeks as her nose turned as black as a starless night. Her face stretched forward, her teeth all turning into rounded molars that filled her enlarging jaw. Her cheeks expanded as well, turning her face into that of Freddy Fazbear himself, just more anthro and real than robotic.

Finally, her body expanded up one more size, growing to eight feet tall and gaining extra weight, tearing off her remaining clothes. Nothing remained of the young, skinny thief at all. In her place, a very large, portly, and happy anthro brown bear stood. He wore a dapper top hat and bowtie, scratching at his large, furry scrotum that hung between his legs.

**“Phew!”** the new anthro stated, stretching his arms and looking over his body, **“I look amazing Freddy; thanks for doing this. Wasn’t expecting the balls though...”**

*Heh*, the voice replied in his mind, *neither was I, but I guess that happens when you turn into a real, living, breathing bear instead of an animatronic. Either way, we look great Freddy~ How about we get my friends to come out and play now?*

**“Oh?”** the living Freddy replied, taking his microphone from the table and twirling it in his pudgy fingers, **“how would we do that?”**

*Simple*, the spirit Freddy replied, *if I was trapped within one of my belongings... then perhaps some of my other friends are as well. We just need to find things that belonged to each of them here and share them with others~*

*THE END?*