

Waiting till the Last Day

By haywirehertz

This is pure fetish fuel. Hopefully that means you will like it, if not bummer.

Valeria shivered. She wasn't cold; in fact, she was quite warm. Running around in her cute dragon fursuit all day had raised her body temperature quite considerable. She wasn't scared. No one had had played a prank on her or scared her as she rounded the corner. She wasn't shocked to see the vending room empty as she passed by it; it was nearly 11 at night, after all, and most of the hotel activity died down after the closing ceremonies of furry convention she attended.

It was the atmosphere that made her quiver and tremble, the kind of feeling that everyone gets in large hotels when nearly everyone is asleep. The feeling she got when the only sounds were her feet softly striking the carpet and the faint hum of ice machines. Yet, this was different from all those other nights spent on family vacations and work trips. It was more than just the atmosphere causing her to feel this way. Something had changed her. Something amazing had wormed its way inside her and it made her quiver, tremble, and shiver in ecstasy.

The pleasure she experienced had come on so sudden, she had a carnal desire to finger herself right then and there where anyone could find her; to ride the wave of pleasure to wherever it would lead. With difficulty she listened to better reason and pressed the elevator button to go down to the lobby and get some ice. The screams of her desire still racking around in her brain.

The elevator ground and whirled to a halt on her floor; the doors opened, and to her surprise, revealed a rather meek looking male with a hand down his jeans. He eyeballed her lecherously from the back of the cabin.

Being spotted didn't stop the guy from fondling himself; in fact, her presence had quite the opposite reaction. The sight of her catching him in the act made him moan and dig into his jeans all the more violently. Whatever had infected her must have been affecting him too.

For a long while she stood in fear, like a deer caught in a pair of headlights, her own body screaming to join him, to masturbate with him, to kiss his pretty little face. The doors were closing now, the public display of indecency beginning its magical disappearing act. She hesitated and let out a short groan as she pulled short of the elevator doors. They were almost completely closed now and all she could think about was stopping the doors before it was too

late. At the last moment the courage came to her and she put a hand in between the sliding door. The erotic scene came back into view.

Valerie stepped into the elevator and embraced the male stranger. She caressed his head, tilting it to the side, making him lean on the railing as she parted his lips in a fiery kiss. The elevator began to descend; their kiss remained unbroken as their faces began to contort. Valerie felt the stranger's mouth become softer and scratchier, light grey fur could be seen sprouting from his face in her peripheral vision. The sight of his growing fur improved as their faces elongated and became more muzzle like. Her face hot and strange; it felt rougher and almost rubbery, but she couldn't see what was happening.

The elevator jolted to a stop on the first level; the lobby level. Not letting him out of her sight, she pulled the stranger out of the cabin and into the hallway where she broke off the kiss to get a better look at his face.

The male clearly had a muzzle now; his nose had become a pink round shaped at the end of it. The cute nose twitched back and forth as whiskers grew. Not small ones either; long, thick, pointy rat sized whiskers that extended in arches from either side of his nose. Fur could be seen growing outward from his muzzle and extending to his ballooning ears which were becoming big, rounded, and covered in small tufts of fur.

"What's your name, rat?" She asked the stranger, putting two and two together. He was swiftly becoming some kind of rat creature. The transformation should have bothered her, but instead it just turned her on even more.

"Niobe...." The male said shyly, his eyes filled with slight terror at the sight of the female standing before him. She had a rather wide muzzle, almost rectangular in shape, which was covered in hard green scales. The scales rounded out her muzzle at the corners making her flaring nose holes on either side look more subtle. The scales had already extended back behind her neck and ears, where her blunt muzzle met her face. Fin like ears grew and dressed the side of her head, stretching out like small wings.

"What... What's your name?" Niobe asked, trying hard to get over his fear of the transforming female who had just moments ago been passionately kissing him.

"Niobe? Isn't that a girls' name?" Valerie chuckled, her fin-like perked at the sound of his voice becoming more feminine, "you're more like a *Niobi* to me." She said, putting a hand to his chest to feel up his slightly protruding breasts. "My name is Valerie." She stated. "On second thought, you can call me *Valerio*." quickly retracting what she said before. **He** grunted, feeling a sudden surge of testosterone coursing through **his** blood.

She quivered at the girly sounding syllable he had added to **her** name. Valerio's attention was making her dick burn with lust. She reached back down into her pants to give her tool some air, but panicked when she couldn't find it. The burning became worse and Niobi had to reach for the support of Valerio's thickening arms, which became hard and scaly under her growing fur.

Valerio burst into a hearty laugh at her weakness, which deepened into a more terrifying masculine growl. His teeth grew, becoming razor sharp and much more sinister. He tightened his grip around her arms and pulled her close to him, "What's the matter girly?" He chuckled as he leaned in closer. "Feeling a little bit needy? Feeling a little bit *wet* with desire?" He asked in ways that were far from unrhetical.

"I'm not a girl?" She groaned trying not to believe the changes she was experiencing. Valerio held her closer, she was close enough now to feel his bosom curiously recede back into his chest, becoming smooth and hard like polished rock under the pressure of her own expanding breasts. It was a strange, memorizing feeling watching her female captor steadily become more male, while she lost her own masculinity to her ever increasing flow of female hormones.

Valerio growled at her unsatisfactory response. He grabbed her arm and pulled her along into the oval shaped lobby. The ceiling was tall here and reached up to all the floors in the hotel. The sound of doors opening and closing violently could be heard. Pleasant voices filling the building making it come alive under whatever spell was changing them. There were lustful moans of males becoming more feminine, the bellows of females becoming more masculine. There were also sounds of pure joy at this strange, twisted, wonderful turn of events.

Valerio chuckled at a rather feminine male become a bunny girl while her predator, a handsome slender wolf girl, fucked her over the side of a low registration desk. The wolf gave Valerio a respectful nod as he placed Niobi on an unusually large lounging couch placed in the center of the lobby. Valerio winked back at the wolf and smiled when he chuckled in Niobi's direction; she was trying to play with herself unsuccessful. Her pants were stuck on a bulge in the back of her jeans, denying her access through her tightening beltline.

"You look like a girl to me." Valerio retorted with a grin, "Such a naughty slut, trying to play with herself instead of pleasing her mate."

"Yes yes, your right." She panted, stopping her masturbatory attempts. "Please you were right, I'm so needy." She said, the pressure building in her lower spine becoming more painful, causing her to squirm lewdly on the couch. "Please help me, Valerio." She pleaded.

"I don't know you were pretty rude to me earlier." Valerio stated, shrugging, his shoulders becoming longer, thicker, and covered in more green scales. "You might be able to convince me." he grinned watching the rat beg, his shirt ripping and tearing at the force generated by

giant green wings sprouting from his back. "Show me how needy you are and I may change my mind." He said puffing hot sticky air into Niobi's face.

Valerio's words were intoxicating her. Each and every word made her feel another rush of female hormones course through her vein, causing her to have a mini orgasm that filled her underwear full of wet desire. She could feel his heartbeat like the low base trebles in her chest, even though they weren't touching. She needed this big sexy beast to treat her how she really felt.

"I'm a needy little rat girl, please take me Valerio! I'm your rat slut, put me in my place!" She squeaked like a rat in pain, finally loosening her jeans enough to pull it and her underwear off of herself, revealing her dripping wet pussy. A thick pink rat tail welcomed the open space and stretched to abnormal lengths, flailing around in the air in motion with her feelings. She shook off her shoes letting her pink footpaws feel the open air for the first time.

Valerio was convinced and responded in kind. He roared dominantly, his clothes becoming a distant memory as his body grew, expanded and contoured into a powerful anthro dragon. A tougher outer layer of black armored scales grew from his chest muscles down to his groin, where a girthy foot long dick went from flaccid to rock hard outside of his dragon slit. It didn't stop there; he grew two additional feet in a matter of seconds, his large thick tail grew even longer and lashed violently at the air. The long black spikes running down his back threatening to skewer someone.

Niobi quickly found out how huge her partner had become. A claw placed behind her head covered it completely and the other paw clutched at both of her breasts at once, pinning her to the couch. Valerio caressed her silky soft hair as it turned dark purple and lengthening to better suit Valerio's preference. She didn't have any time to react when he moved on top of her and gasped when he shoved a good 3 quarters of his cock into her muzzle. She struggled on the girth but obediently opened her muzzle as wide as she could so he could fuck her face. It wasn't long before Valerio came, filling her belly with enough cum to make it bulge.

The feeling of his cum filling her stomach was too much for the poor girl, she came hard as a second wave sprayed ropes of sticky cum all over her face when he pulled out of her. Their orgasms sealing their new mentalities, making them female rat and male dragon in heart, spirit and mind forever.

The spell continued to work its magic all night long. Niobi was satisfied by her new partner over and over again for her obedience and Valerio was more than happy to abuse each of her holes several times that night. Filling her full of his seed. He teased her by making her lap up every last drop of his leftover seed and her own wet neediness, before giving her the gracious gift of filling another one of her holes. She did whatever he asked every time.

At one point the wolf, Hunter, and his bunny slut, Hanna, joined them on the lobby couches, and later in the bed rooms which were considerable more comfortable than the registration desk. Valerio made sure Niobi knew what that felt like firsthand.

Valerio liked Hunter. He was an alpha like him, but still knew his own place. It wasn't long before he eventually submitted to Valerio, if only as a sign of respect for the dragon. That was just fine; he had no intention of making the wolf his bitch, he had respect for other dominant males. Still that didn't stop him for filling his ass with his seed; it was only right that he carry around his scent as a sign of that mutual respect.

Niobi and Hanna also had sex with each other; it helped them better explore their new bodies and all the sensations that came with it. The pair cuddled, caressed, and teased themselves while their partners watched them drive each other to orgasm. Niobi quickly grew to like her body's new sensations better than the male ones she used to have.

That night, the lucky furies that stayed diligently to the end of the last day of the Transfigured Generation furry convention were rewarded for their life long obsession of anthropomorphic animals. Gender had been the price, and none refused the offer in the end. The night was theirs and they took it with full embrace.

Valerio woke up feeling extra good despite having stayed up all night fucking his furry rat pet. She was right by his side where he had tucked her into bed next to him, except only now she was human again and even more disappointingly, male. He looked down at his old female self and sighed; he would have to wait till next year to return to normal again. He held firm to the belief that whatever magic happened tonight would happen again next year, and so did everyone else who happened to experience the events of last night

Valerio woke up Niobi and instructed her to sit of the bed in front of him. He opened the night stand drawer and pulled out a collar that used to be a part of his fursuit. It was thick, heavy and made of black leather; in addition, it had a large metal ring used as a leash loop. Without hesitation; he strapped the collar on Niobi's neck as tight as it would allow. Niobi didn't dare protest or struggle. She didn't even budge more than necessary, lest she provoke him into rage. He gave her a quick pat on the head when he was done, as a reward for being so obedient.

“That’s a good girl. Now next year, you’re going to come to this convention again, and you’re going to bring your friends. Male and Female. Your Master needs to build his hoard; you’re going to help me do that my pet.” Valerio explained calmly, tussling and petting her head. Niobi just whimpered kindly to the affection. “Oh before I forget; never take off your collar without my permission. If anyone asks, tell them you got it from me and that you’re my well behaved rat pet.” He chuckled.

“Oh... ok master.” Niobi said already dreading the fear and ecstasy she would experience when telling her friends and family why she had to wear her collar.

“Say it. Show me how well behaved you can be, so I can be sure you’ll do what I say, even while I’m gone.” Varerio said, smirking at her shamelessness.

“I’ll tell them that I am Valerio’s pet, I wear this collar because I’m a well behaved rat slut. Master.” She beamed, finally at peace with her new life.

Valerio chuckled, he loved being a dragon.