

“It will be fun, guys. I've been wanting to go forever, but I can't afford the hotel by myself!” Scott had insisted, and having not taken a vacation in some time, much less together, Drew and Kelly were almost tempted by that prospect alone. That was if Scott was planning on going anywhere save for a furry convention, something that held no interest to the two of them, despite the animal personas they used for their wrestling careers.

“Isn't it a weird sex thing?” Kelly had asked, a little reluctantly. Both friends knew Scott considered himself a furry, and while they respected his interests, such fetish material was not something they wanted to hear about beyond that. And actually going to one of the conventions was a little much!

“No, it's like a big party! I mean, I guess some people are into sex stuff, but like that's all behind closed doors. You don't see anything too crazy, other than fursuits!” Scott insisted though neither of them was really convinced.

“Hey, they might have some cool stuff for our costumes, really make us stand out and we'd be supporting local artists, too!” Scott used it as his last pitch, and with that, his friends agreed. They were a little reluctant, especially with the price of the hotel and tickets. But they hadn't gone anywhere fun in some time, especially not as a group, and figured it would be fun enough so long as they didn't see anything too creepy. It was supposed to be an all-ages event, right?

As much as they resisted, Scott insisted they would look better with their wrestling gear, not enough to stand out but enough that they would fit in. And it was kind of nice, having something of their own to show off in a sea of colorful costumes and varieties of self-expression. Yet, the novelty soon wore off when they checked into their hotel room and went down to pick up their registration badges. The long lines, annoyed attendees, and disorganized staff made waiting in line insufferable. Neither of his friends was saying anything, but Scott was able to pick up on their moods enough that he was sure he needed to come up with something fun to lighten the mood.

“Oh hey, man, it's good to see you!” Came a familiar voice, and Scott turned to see his friend, Adam, approaching, giving him a hug. Adam moved to greet the others, though thankfully did not bother to offer them a hug in turn. Neither were big on touching and with that being much of the mood for many of the costumed furs, it only cemented the fact they were not in their element, as much as Scott insisted it would get fun eventually.

“We've just got our room set up and we're going to do some drinking. You guys are down to come up if you want!” Adam offered, and Scott looked over at his friends to get their reaction.

Not really sure what else to do, they agreed, even though they were not huge drinkers. After a wait in that line, even Kelly and Drew were down to try something!

To Scott's disappointment, his friends were looking around the gathering crowds of furies with bored expressions. He knew there would be plenty for them to do over the weekend, panels, parades, the dealer's den, and a variety of other delights. But even the night before the convention began in earnest, it was obvious Kelly, in particular, found the whole mood rather blasé. It was clear, even to him, that they were far out of their element. Drew even had the gall to complain about the atmosphere, too crowded for his tastes.

"Aw, it will be fine once we get some food in you!" Scott said, though still wanted to stop in to see his friends in person. It had been some time, after all, and they wouldn't be staying long or drinking, as much as Scott might be down to partake later in the weekend.

Having seen their own rather modern hotel room, both Drew and Kelly were a little taken aback by the sheer amount of stuff the three of Scott's friends had crammed in their own. Booze, snacks, and room for their complex fursuit heads sitting in the corner left little room for much else. There were two other men in the room, introduced as San and Matt. While Adam sported a horse fursuit, San was a boar, a little unique within the fandom, and Matt was a red panda, though didn't have a suit of his own.

"Hey, how are you?" Matt said, reaching out to clap the other wrestlers on the shoulder before pulling back at the sign of their distaste. "You guys are all on the same team, right? Scott's shown me some videos. Love your costumes!" He said, trying to lift the mood. Kelly and Drew relaxed a little, given the floor to talk about their profession to the curious faces of the three roommates. Scott smiled, thankful his friend had at least enough foreknowledge to strike up a conversation with them.

Turning around, Adam pulled some drinks out of the fridge, pouring different combinations into cups before offering one each to their guests. Each was a different color, a little bizarre being colored to tailor to their wrestling personas. Scott looked down at an orange drink, not surprising on its own, though in tandem with Kelly's gray-brown and Drew's clear silvery beverage, the comparison was uncanny.

Not one to drink often, Drew nonetheless took a curious sniff before sipping the beverage, the sweet flavor tingling his tongue and prompting him to take a proper gulp. "Pretty good, thanks!" Drew asked, not even able to taste the booze but hoping that he wouldn't get buzzed even if he drank it too fast.

Curious to try his own, Kelly took a drink, his more like soda, and pleasantly fizzy. Scott went to take a gulp of his own, though looked to Adam with some curiosity. "What's in them?" He asked, the fruity scent a little strong for him.

"Oh, different things for each. Figured the colors matched your animals. They would all make great fursuits if you guys ever get them commissioned!" Adam said, his two friends not saying anything in their apparent shyness.

"Oh, I don't think they're really into the fandom yet. And I don't make enough to get one commissioned!" Scott said, putting his drink down and forgetting about it.

"Well, the fandom has a way of pulling you in," Matt said, an odd grin on his face as he said so.

"And good suits are easier to come by if you know who to ask," Adam added, mixing his own more mundane drink with a shot of vodka from a bottle.

Kelly and Drew were currently downing their drinks, finding them rather pleasant without the normal bitterness of booze. Soon, their cups were finished, and both looked at each other with some nervousness, hoping they wouldn't hit.

Scott, still forgetting he had his own drink, felt a sudden pang in his stomach that reminded him of their original objective. "Sorry guys, but we have to go grab a bite. Want to join?" He offered, though Adam turned him down, having eaten before pre-registration.

Drew went to stand up, a bit of a struggle as though he was dizzy. "I hope they weren't too strong," he said, not having gotten buzzed often and hoping he wasn't experiencing the effects already.

"Not too strong, but it should have the desired effect!" He said, lifting his own glass in cheers. "You guys have a fun weekend. Scott, stop by for your own drink later if you want!" He said, seeing Scott had left it there.

"Sorry about that, should probably keep a clear head to make sure these two get back safely. Keep it for me though, yeah?" Scott said, and Adam gave him that look once more, one Scott couldn't quite parse.

With that, the three headed out to dinner, neither inclined to head back for more drinks, at least that night. It seemed to be enough for both of them, dizzy as they were. Besides, the audible rumblings from their stomachs were a sign they were famished, more than even Scott's larger

frame, and making him chuckle a little. All he could hope was that the local restaurants were good!

To Scott's surprise, Drew and Kelly barely took a look at the menus before ordering steaks and burgers, as rare as they could be. Such was a little exuberant for their salaries, but Scott figured it was the first time in a long time any of them had indulged, so he didn't say anything. It was the sheer amount of food they ordered that really surprised him, something more modest for himself, not bothering to drink if they weren't. Hell, Scott had to wonder if they were both a little drunk, though at least they had the sense to order only water. Kelly's smaller frame would hardly have space to put it, and he was sure Drew didn't eat that much either, his body on the larger side but still smaller than Scott's.

Still, even a buzzed state was not enough to account for the way they started acting as soon as the food was brought out. Each was drawn to their meals with the manners of a starved animal, barely even bothering with knives or forks as they chewed and swallowed without even coming up for air. By the time they were done, Scott had barely halfway finished his own burger, and with the wild expressions in their eyes, he wondered if one or both might jump the table and try to eat his. Hell, they each raised their empty plates, licking them with long, slow tongues, like they weren't even in public. It was almost a little much, but given the expression on his friends' faces, they didn't seem to see anything wrong with what they were doing.

Drew, for his part, finally felt full and satisfied, even though for once he could have done without lettuce and tomato on his burger. Or the bun, for that matter, the steak far more fulfilling. Even the grease was not left on the plate, and to his annoyance, got some on the back of his hands. Without thinking about it, ran his tongue over it, licking at it a few times before he was finally satisfied.

Kelly, too, was full, though a little perplexed at how much attention Drew was paying to the grease on his arm but...were his teeth always that sharp? Surely he didn't get them filed to match his wrestling persona. People did that, after all, as much as Kelly thought it was crazy. Surely, he would have noticed before, and Drew's were too large besides.

Heading back to the hotel, the trio decided to turn in early for the night. Scott wanted to hit the dealer's den as soon as it was open for the general attendees, though his friends weren't as enthusiastic. Still, Scott was glad he had brought them, not having to go alone and giving his wrestling partners a much-needed vacation. If the way they were eating was any indication, it seems they were getting into the vacation mindset, at least!

Taking off their clothes with far more enthusiasm than he was comfortable with, Scott was a little shocked to see both their noses twitching, sniffing the air as though trying to hone in

on a particular scent he could not detect. They were all a little sweaty, a bit of BO from the long trip and standing in line with hundreds of other people. Still, he was a little shocked to see that, with glazed-over expressions, Drew and Kelly started to sniff each others' bodies, walking around each other and seemingly enthralled by the odors they were giving off.

Not sure what was going on with his friends, Scott opted to jump in the shower, lest they start sniffing him, too. Maybe it was a furry thing, something they'd looked up online and were trying to act out. Scott had never heard of it, though was not inclined to ask his friends lest he draw their annoyance. It had taken everything he had to convince his friends to come out here in the first place. So what if they were acting weird? So long as they didn't insist on yiffing him, Scott was fine.

Though the effects of the alcohol had long worn off by now, Kelly and Drew still felt somewhat in a daze. The scents rolling off their bodies, rather than being repugnant, were strangely appealing, making them both curious for more. It was akin to being blind to smell only to be suddenly granted the ability, and the two relished it, eager for all the information they could glean. Kelly, in particular, was interested in the intense smells he was drinking in, though when his compulsions drew him toward Drew's ass, he stopped, thinking that to be a little much.

Eventually, they stopped, with Drew going to pour himself a drink and offering Kelly one as well. Looking down at the wide hotel glass, Kelly went to raise it to his lips before holding it out, confused. Raising it once more, Kelly reached out with his tongue and started to lap at it, licking the side of his glass in the process. It was a little ineffective, but Kelly found the motion right, especially as he looked over at Drew doing the same thing. His own laps were more rapid, focused, and made much less of a mess, though Kelly was hardly inclined to care.

Setting his glass down, Drew took a look in the mirror, annoyed by how much the wind had swept back his hair. Part of him recalled he'd brought a comb with him, but that somehow seemed inefficient to him, and Drew instead started licking the back of his hand as he'd done at the restaurant. This time he started to run it through his hair, saliva sticking to the follicles and finally setting his hair straight. It took some time and effort to get it right, but Drew was insistent, ignoring everything else in his bizarre grooming ritual.

“Anything going on tonight?” Kelly asked as Scott got out of the bathroom.

“Just a pre-con dance tonight. Not really interested in myself but feel free to go if you want,” Scott said, not seeing what Drew was obsessively doing from the corner of his eyes.

Scott immediately felt himself start to sweat, and before he could answer, he moved toward the thermostat, wanting to turn it down and cool the room. He was sweating rather

profusely, while he'd been in the bathroom, and figured his friends would have found it hot as well. And indeed, Kelly was panting, though a lot more intensely than Scott might have figured. Stranger still, there was no sweat over his bare skin, when he knew for a fact Kelly got super sweaty in the ring. Still, Scott figured he was overthinking things, choosing one of the beds for himself as he started to get ready to turn in for the night. It didn't escape his notice that Kelly's tongue looked a little larger, more flat as he panted, though Scott played it off as a trick of the light.

Not sure what was compelling them to do so, Drew and Kelly made their way down the elevator and out into the dance floor area, the lights dimmed though brightly colored flashes erupted in various patterns across the floor as the DJ streamed a variety of electronic music. It was all a little much for them, though the scents of dozens of people in the room were fascinating, and the two took to sniffing, fascinated by a variety of odors. Most were sweaty and rather musky, though hardly a deterrent, rather intriguing as they each carried a level of nuance that neither man could fully comprehend.

The sight of many people in fursuit dancing, something that might have been a little too much for them hours ago, carried with it its own strange appeal. Most everyone in attendance was wearing a tail of some kind, wagging behind them as they shook their asses to the beat of the music. It was fascinating to watch them moving, hanging on their backsides as though they were a part of their anatomy. Even though both Drew and Kelly had faux tails of their own, it was a far cry from the elaborate ones possessed by many of the con attendees.

Even wagging the ones attached to their belts was not sufficient for them to mimic the sensations they were looking for. Still, it was better than nothing, and the two of them felt their desires growing, thinking they might purchase ones of their own at the dealer's den. Unbeknownst to them, however, their curiosity sparked a movement in their spines, tailbones becoming unfused and pushing out into noticeable lumps on their backside. The irritation from their presence against their pants was noticeable, though having shifted their own costume tails behind their asses, it was simply assumed they were being bothered by those sticking into them.

It was the itching against their clothes that really brought their attention, however, making them want to take off their shirts. It was akin to having an allergic reaction to something on the fabric, though given their place in public, such would be ill-advised. It was hard to wade through, making them want to stop and scratch furiously. Their skin was almost on fire, like being covered with biting insects, though with all the other distractions in the room at large, it was hard to be completely overwhelmed by it.

Kelly, in particular, was frantically sniffing the air, almost overwhelmed by the myriad of scents he was able to pick up. Such had been unaware to him all his life, and he had to admit it

was fascinating. Among all the body odors was a wealth of information that was baffling to him, but something that he seemed to fixate on all the while. He didn't even care that his nose was raised to the air, looking rather out of place even among all the gathered dancers.

Though Drew's nose was drinking in the myriad odors in the room around them, there was a more immediate concern that kept him from reflecting on them too much. It was hard for him to avoid bumping into people, annoying him to no end. Rather than the touch directly, it seemed that any contact was pushing his body hair out of place, and he wanted them away, so as not to make it worse. As much as he was sure he didn't have that much body hair, he wanted to be left alone enough he even walked out into a washroom, pulling off his shirt and licking the back of his hand once more. There wasn't that much hair over his chest, though perhaps more than he could recall. Still, it helped to ease that desire in his mind and he was able to head out again, making Kelly wait as much as he seemed to be impatient.

Eventually, the two felt their energy waning and headed back to the room. Scott was asleep, though woke enough to feel pleased they were getting into it. Kelly and Drew were quick to get into the other bed, not showering though Scott wasn't in a place to judge. And with that, he hoped the rest of the weekend would go smoothly, even potentially making his friends furries by the end of it.

Waking up, the smell of morning breath was strong on Kelly's nose, though mostly coming from his own mouth. He panted a little not so much disgusted by the smell but rather left curious by it. It carried with it the waning hints of his meal from the other day, something that made him hungry all over again. Yet, his need to go to the bathroom soon overrode his interest, and he got up, feeling a little off-centered as he stood up. Making his way to the room and closing the door, the sight of his reflection gave him a momentary pause. His nose, for one, seemed a little swollen, with a brown patch on the tip that he couldn't remove no matter how much he rubbed at it. Was it always that big? It was more than that about his visage that drew his attention, his ears being a little pointed and out of shape compared to his head. Hell, even his teeth seemed to be a little sharper as well, though he had no basis for that, thinking he might be imagining things in his sleep-addled state.

Going to take a piss, Kelly was a little surprised at the sight of his cock. It was a little redder than he was used to, especially since he hadn't rubbed at it for some time. There was a strange swelling around his foreskin as well, something he wasn't sure was present before now. It left him intrigued, though he had little thought left to focus on the smell of his urine, something that normally didn't give him thought but something more interesting to him than he was used to. He could tell he hadn't had enough water, and there was something else in there, not alcohol but another thing he had consumed, that he couldn't quite place. It was fascinating, something he had

never experienced before, and enough that it wasn't even weird to him that he was enjoying the scent of his own piss.

Eventually, he figured he might as well take a shower before his teammates got up, and getting in to start to soap up, he was quickly made aware of how thick his body hair had become. The texture was a little off compared with what he was used to, and the color was strange as well. The patches of gray mixed in the brown did not suit him, nor did the extra bulk that he was able to perceive as he rubbed his skin with more curiosity now. It made him a little reluctant to wash up, though he did out of a sense of pattern, even if he rushed through the act, thinking it wasn't entirely necessary. The smell of soap hung cloyingly in his nose, overriding his own body odor and making him more self-conscious than he had been before showering.

It took him a moment getting out of the bathroom to even recall that he needed to put clothes on, finding them annoying against his body hair. Drew seemed not to notice his hesitance, going to the bathroom next in order to relieve himself. He, too was quick to notice an increase in body hair, a previously relatively bare chest peppered with silvery hairs, the likes of which did not match the hair on his head. Rather than concern over its presence, however, he could only view such as appealing, actually eager to think about what it might look like to possess more. Touching it briefly, Drew was delighted to feel it was somewhat soft to the texture, though was not inclined to rub at it, wanting to keep it in place. As he went to get into the shower, he soon paused, thinking that water might be uncomfortable against the hair, and not feeling dirty enough to warrant a shower beside. Hell, he didn't even smell dirty, despite having been down with the dancers last night. The smell of his own body was far from rank, in fact, almost pleasant to his nose.

In fact, the more he looked at his hair, the more another compulsion crossed his mind, thinking that the hairs were still out of place and desiring to put them right. More than that, there was a curious part of his mind that thought licking at it might cause it to grow more, but such was silly, he knew. Still, that same desire to lick the back of his hands was present, and Drew went to do so, just realizing now how dry his mouth was. That, and his tongue seemed longer as well, flattened, and covered with something that roughly rubbed the skin as he covered it with saliva. Still, the firmness of such was not lost on him, thinking it was only better to lap at his fur if he was so inclined. Naturally, he didn't have the ability to reach his chest directly, but it was still pleasant to think about nonetheless as he got to work rubbing his chest with his hand, setting the hair right.

Looking in the mirror to admire his work, Drew was a little taken aback by the sight of his face, subtle alterations that made him look more closely to determine if it was his imagination. His nose, for one, seemed a little flatter, and Drew didn't think he'd possessed those slits up the sides that seemed present. Aside from his tongue, a little uncomfortable in his mouth,

his teeth seemed a little sharper as well, more predatory, though the visage was rather fetching, in his opinion. Even his ears seemed a little larger, rounded even, though, again, Drew only found the sight of such appealing, even if it didn't correlate with the reflection he was used to.

Heading back out into the room and pulling on his pants, Drew almost yelped as the band of his jeans caught something sticking out from his back. He figured he still had his tail stuck to it from the night before, though he could see it was sitting on the table where he'd left it. Rather, it seemed as though his pants had caught on a lump of some sort, one that took him some work to get around, and felt uncomfortable. Had he distended his tailbone somehow from last night? Seeing Kelly having a similar struggle getting his own pants on over a bump on his backside, Drew figured it was something they had both done, though quickly found he was too hungry to ask.

Starving as they were, the three went down to the hotel restaurant, thankful for the continental breakfast at the early hour, meaning they were able to get a table before the rush. Like the night before, Drew and Kelly loaded their plates with bacon, eggs, and ham, much to Scott's shock, given how much they'd eaten the night before. It seemed to have little impact on their figures, the two somehow looking a little more muscular than the last time he'd given them a closer look. And there was something about their faces that seemed a little off as well, though, in a sea of furry costumes, Scott couldn't quite place what was off.

Again, like the night before, his two friends ate with the desperation of starved beasts that hadn't been fed in weeks. Even going as far as to lick their plates afterward, Scott found himself a little uncomfortable, though tried to put it out of his mind. After all, he'd wanted them to come to help with the room share and would be a hypocrite if he chastised them for getting into it. Still, as their ears started to twitch just slightly, Scott had to wonder if they'd gotten some at the dealer's den. Was it even open yet? Maybe Adam had given them something, though they only slightly resembled animal ears, despite their ability to move. Yet, the longer he looked at them, the more confused his friends seemed to be, and Scott figured it was best to leave it there.

Focusing on other matters, Scott asked them what they wanted to do that day. Both were curious about the con, deciding to move around on their own a bit before meeting up for dinner later. Scott figured that was alright, messaging his furry friends to see what they would be up to later. He hoped his friends would find something to do, though it seemed they were eager to look around, more interested than their initial hesitation had suggested.

Drew, for his part, found himself passing by a panel for cat furies, not something he identified with but something that he figured was as good as anything to pop by. He was greeted by the host, who complimented his tail and welcomed him to the boxes in the center of the room. Several large boxes were present, several fursuiters of feline varieties taking turns getting into

them. It was a silly activity, to be sure, yet there was something almost appealing about it that beckoned Drew forward, and he sat down in one, a sense of relaxation coming over him. What it was about sitting within a confined space that did it for him, Drew couldn't say. But the fact that his body was entirely encased within this space was rather comfortable, and Drew found himself not wanting to leave.

Twitching in his backside made him sit up slightly, and reaching down, his fingers brushed a larger lump than he recalled it being. The sensation was rather pleasant, even as it twitched from the contact. Drew let out a pleased growl, deeper than he had intended but contented nonetheless. Such a simple activity caused him such relaxation, and Drew found himself wanting a box this size to sit backstage for their local wrestling shows.

Eventually, one of the panel organizers came over to check on him, likely in a polite bid to request him to vacate the box. Having distracted himself for a few moments, Drew just grinned up at him, getting an impressed stare from the organizer. "That's a really cool prosthetic!" He declared, though Drew simply gave him a look of confusion. It took him reaching into his mouth and touching teeth that were larger and sharper than he recalled. He stood up, wondering where he could find a mirror as his stub of a tail poked out of his pants, swaying back and forth as it did so.

Kelly, meanwhile, had found a similar panel for canine furries, though wasn't sure such a moniker applied to him. Still, as he did so, his nose was awash in scents that immediately had him distracted. Though they were obviously people and not canines, it was still pleasant nonetheless. The level of detail the various odors played into his nose informed him of things they'd eaten, places they'd been, and people they'd touched. It was better than asking people about themselves! Hell, he could even perceive who had been sleeping with whom, something quite fascinating at a furry convention, he was sure!

Even the scents of sweat or arousal were not turn-offs for him as Kelly made his way around the room, lower to the ground as though in an effort to sniff people's backsides. Nothing about the behavior seemed to raise alarm bells in his mind, finding it as natural as walking up to someone and saying hi. As excited as he was, Kelly was ignorant of the growth that had worked its way out of his pants, wagging its elation at this new world of smell that had been opened to him.

At first, his canine actions were laughed off as Kelly acting more like a furry, though the more he did so, the more they seemed annoyed with him, something Kelly could almost smell in the air. That realization was enough for him to stop, the growth on his back ceasing to move. In fact, it almost seemed to move its way between his legs, as though in tandem with his shame. With that, Kelly bid people farewell, a little embarrassed that his actions had brought the mood

of the room down. Even worse was when he went to sniff the air as he left, he could perceive the level of awkwardness in the air leaving, giving credence to the notion he was being annoying. It wasn't his fault that everything smelled so good!

Eventually, after wandering around while trying to sniff more casually, Kelly passed a hallway mirror, taking a brief double-take. His nose, while having been swollen before, was brown, almost black, with slits up the sides that made him look almost like a canine. Surely, that was the reason his nose was going haywire, though the more he looked at its odd presence on his face, the more Kelly couldn't find fault with it. That, while smiling with sharper teeth and twitching pointed ears between shaggy hair, seemed a rather impressive visage, one that looked admirably canine to him. Several days' worth of beard growth accentuated the look rather well, making the thing above the back of his pants twitch eagerly. Even the persistent itching over his chest and legs wasn't enough to deter him from enjoying the sight. As though a fog had come over him, Kelly couldn't find fault in them. Besides, he was far too interested in all the amazing smells around to really pay it too much time!

Eventually, Scott came around, having just run into Drew as well. He was a little impressed at the makeup both men had used in the interim, likely meeting someone in the dealer's den to do them up. It was almost a little too much of a heel turn, but Scott was just happy that his friends seemed to be having fun. Asking them where they had who had done their makeup elicited confused states, not able to recall and more focused on other things than answering the question. Scott was a little disappointed, more so when they couldn't identify the place they had gotten the rather fetching tails they both sported. Kelly and Drew both reached down and rubbed the furry growth, not sure where they had come from. The sensations seemed to indicate they were growing from their spines but...when had that happened?

Yet, the more they tried to focus on why they possessed such things, the harder it became to find fault in them. Recalling what they'd seen the night before at the dance, the pair had privately wished they had long, flowing tails, and the ability to twitch them of their own accord. And given their focus on them now, they seemed to twitch from the base to the delight of each of their senses. As confusing as it was to own such, their desires made it feel so natural that they didn't bother to question it further.

One thing they did take issue with was the itching from their clothes, as though their very skin was prickling from the growth of hair. It was almost too much as the heat in the place grew close to unbearable. It left them wondering how furries did it, given the heavy suits they eagerly wore. It was getting so persistent they could barely resist the urge to scratch, though Scott was regarding them both with a concerned expression. Offering to head outside with them, both men breathed a sigh of relief, though it was only a temporary reprieve, neither man wanting to scratch thinking it was a little out of place to do so.

Eventually, the trio decided to head into the dealer's den, Scott hoping to find a tail to match the ones his friends had evidently bought. None of them noticed their tails were longer, a light popping in their ears as the bones and joints within started to push outward. As much as their presence on their backsides should have been cause for alarm, the two of them were delighted with the new range of motion they possessed. Drew's, in particular, could curl upward, flexing in a sign of his elation at owning one. Several people stopped to look at their new butt appendages, impressed at how articulate they were, and how realistic they appeared to be. Drew and Kelly, rather than being confused, were simply satisfied by a deep-seated need to own the tails and joy of actually doing so.

The trio spent a while in there, Scott looking for the place where his friends had gotten their gear and was unable to find it. When asking his friends for the location they'd bought them, neither could say, forgetting where they had and questioning if they'd bought anything there at all. So Scott relegated himself to look for any tiger gear he could, his friends following him and delighting in their new tails and the energy their bodies seemed to possess.

Eventually, a sense of nervousness fell over Drew, not liking to be in such close proximity to so many people, some of them rubbing up against him and making him hiss, bearing his teeth, though no one seemed to notice. Still, it was getting a little hard for him to stay, especially with the heat from his clothing making him uncomfortable and wanting to take off his shirt. Telling his friends he was going to head off, Scott simply nodded, still on the lookout for any tiger-themed furry gear, while Kelly seemed fixated on the scents in the room, so many people that his senses were overwhelmed. Still, he was determined to drink in as many of the odors as he could, tail wagging as he allowed himself to get into it.

Finally feeling relaxed alone by a window with the afternoon sun streaming in, Drew allowed himself to pant, the only reprieve from the heat under his chest. For some reason, he wasn't sweating, though was thankful his shirt wasn't soaked through, at any rate. Rubbing his chest, it was clear the source of the itching as the action rubbed his hair the wrong way. There was clearly more than there had been even this morning, though, with the intense irritation, Drew could only scratch at it before feeling annoyance with moving it out of place.

Going to reflexively lick the back of his hand in an attempt to groom, Drew was shocked when his barbed tongue ran over a sparse covering over his hand, which he did not recall possessing the last time he tried it. It ran in a patch over his hand, moving up his arm, as the hair already present started to land outward and take on a silvery quality that he couldn't quite place. Still, it was impossible to deny how fetching it was, and Drew found himself desiring to get a pair of gloves to simulate fur growth for his wrestling gear, if more wouldn't grow from his own

prompting. Wait, that wasn't possible, right? Then, why was their hair present he didn't recall having before?

Pondering the situation while scratching his chest through his shirt, a pinprick of pain shocked Drew enough to look down at his nails, longer and translucent in a way that did not look natural. They were sharper, too, making him want to trim them but not have anything on hand to do so. He made a note to be more careful with them as he scratched his chest and arms, the irritation getting unbearable until he rubbed at it, licking the fur on the back of his hands and teasing the hair under his shirt and over his beard. It seemed to provide the relief he needed, and Drew was eager for more, not caring where he was in his need for relief.

Yet, as his fur-covered hands played over his beard and cheeks, the sensation of something thicker bursting from under his larger nose gave him pause. The moment his fingers brushed against them, he winced, feeling their sensitivity and unprepared for the level they were able to detect vibrations. Still, it was only a brief distraction from the urge to groom, and Drew fell into a rhythm, running his saliva-covered hand through his hair, his arms, and under his shirt. Had he thought to, he would have taken off his pants to get at his itchy legs, though the odd comments from passersby kept him from doing so, if only just. It was enough for him to head back to the room, and take care of the problem over his nude body, no matter how much hair was present.

Kelly, meanwhile, was unable to focus on the myriad of scents in the room over the intense itching playing over his body. It was so bad he left Scott to head to the bathroom, scratching at the skin through the hair as best he could. Even an odd sharpness in his fingertips couldn't deter his need to scratch, even as it started picking at the fabric of his shirt. In desperation, he even pulled up his shirt outside the dealer's den, scratching furiously and getting only mild relief.

Moving into the bathroom, his seeking fingers brushed against something firm, a lump of sorts that sent a pleasant shiver through his body as he brushed against it. It was a familiar pleasure but not one he was used to from that perspective. It took him a moment to figure out what it was, though rubbing the rest of his chest, he soon found another identical nub across from it, almost like a pair of...nipples? What was he doing with an extra pair?

Moving to the bathroom and taking off his shirt, Kelly was shocked to see not only one extra set of nipples but three, eight in all running down his chest. They were small, barely sensitive, though enough to give a pleasant tingle as he rubbed them. While they didn't seem to be any kind of illness or the like, Kelly couldn't help but want to get them checked out by a doctor after the convention. After all, he certainly hadn't had them prior, right? Even if they felt as natural as his 'normal' nipples, they couldn't be natural.

Still, it was hard for him to focus on them for too much longer, given the sight of his hairy body had his attention. The gray and brown hair thick around his treasure trail and even over his sides and up his arms was a little alarming, not something he had seen in the mirror this morning. But the extra muscle over his lean, already fit form was welcome, a sign that his workouts had been fruitful as of late. He couldn't wait to get back in the ring after this! Even his energy level seemed higher if such was possible, Kelly felt like he was in the best shape of his life.

Despite the discomfort of putting back his shirt on, Kelly did so, sure his physique wouldn't be admired by everyone at the convention, given the rules about going shirtless. Still, the tightness around his arms and how it pulled up a little over his stomach pleased him, and he hoped to maintain this level of muscle tone going forward. The added growth was likely a facet of his hunger, something Kelly was made aware of as the alluring aroma of meat wafted into his nose. Someone had brought a meal into the space, and it was all he could do not to grab the meat from the man's hands. Hell, even the way his blacker lips parted and drool started to drip from his mouth was enough to disturb the man to the point Kelly was broken from his trance. With that, he figured it was best to meet up with his friends for food soon.

Drew was in the room when Kelly messaged, finally feeling like he'd finally gotten his hair in order. With his shirt off, he could view the white fur that covered his entire chest, as well as the silvery spotted hairs that adorned his back and sides. Surely, he had never had such hair before, even since this morning, though with the amount of pleasure it granted him, he couldn't deny the urge to groom it all back into place. It took him everything he had to put his shirt back on, knowing it would mess up the hair once more but not sure what else to do. He, too, was starving, and he couldn't reply much to his friends. With the sharpness in his nails, he didn't want to type much lest he cracked his screen.

Eventually, the three of them went out to dinner, both Drew and Kelly eating with the same ferocity as they had their previous meals. Scott tried to ask them if they were OK, though lost in their meals as they were, neither man bothered to answer him. Wondering how they were adding so much face makeup throughout the day, Scott found himself eager to talk to Adam later, curious if having an extra perspective might help. And given their enjoyment of the drinks last night, Drew and Kelly were more than eager to meet with them again.

Getting to the room, a strong scent of musk and animal made both men's tails wave behind them, as though scenting something they were familiar with, one of their own. Adam simply smiled, complementing their make-up and glad to see they'd finally gotten into it. Scott went to ask about them, though before he could, Adam had a drink in his hand, the one he'd

promised him the other night. Not sure what to think, Scott downed the drink, finding the taste rather pleasant and downing it rather quickly.

Kelly and Drew were handed their own drinks, though no one seemed to notice the manner in which Kelly was drinking his drink, lapping at it with a tongue that was still too large for his mouth. It was as tasty as he recalled from last night, perhaps even more from an alteration in his senses that he was delighted to discover. Like the night before, a buzz settled in his mind even after only one drink, a testament to its strength or a low tolerance to booze. Sniffing intently, he licked the entire cup dry, looking to see Drew taking the same slow, careful laps with his broad tongue. The action looked a little odd from an outside perspective, though Kelly couldn't find any fault in it, and went back to wagging his tail in excitement.

Like the night before, the two of them were overcome with a sense of restlessness, and Drew and Kelly moved toward the door before Scott could ask where they were going. Scott was worried about them, certainly, though Adam assured him they would be fine, and for him to stay and enjoy himself. Scott, feeling a light buzz of his own coming on, couldn't find fault in the words. Besides, even over the odor of booze, there was something in the room that had him intrigued, and he felt he wanted more, feeling relaxed and free of worries over his friends for the first time all weekend.

The two of them parted for a moment, Kelly having another goal in mind as he searched the halls. He needed to piss, and at first, he was on the lookout for a bathroom. Be it a facet of his altered mind or simply the buzz that had overtaken him, Kelly had a harder time remembering why he needed to hide away in such a place to pee. After all, his scent did not persist in the room at large, nor did the scents of any other predators. It was his territory to claim, and all he had to do was find the right place to stake his claim.

Eventually, out of sight of any distractions, Kelly pulled down his pants, the fluff of fur on his leg exposed and making him wonder why he'd bothered to put pants on in the first place. It seemed a little redundant, other than protecting his modesty, something a fleeting part of his mind was able to hold onto. Yet, in reaching for his cock, it seemed to be higher up than he was used to, and seeking fingers brushed over the skin at the base, the soft texture of fur meeting his touch. Stranger still, it seemed to be housed within a sheath of skin, one sticking outward from his belly rather than downward as he was used to. It confused him to think it might now be hidden away enough that he no longer required the meddlesome clothes. It was not to remain that way for long given his need to piss. While it started as his familiar penis, its reddened skin was a far cry from what he was accustomed to. It was made stranger by the fact it seemed to slide out longer in his flaccid state than he had ever seen. It took Kelly a moment for what he was seeing to sink in as the cleft started to partially merge into the shaft, or the tip became pointed, looking

more like something many of the convention goers might enjoy rather than something that should persist on his body.

Yet, buzzed as he was, Kelly still needed to piss, and he took a moment to consider how to do so with his penis in its current state. Surely, he couldn't hold it down, feeling like that was perhaps the wrong way to do so beside. Acting on impulse, Kelly lifted his leg, aiming his dick toward the wall as it finally angled in a way so as not to make a mess. Relaxing, he let himself go, piss splattered on the wall as his legs shook from the stance he was using. At least he was accurate with his aim, and his urine sputtered against the wall before he finished and his cock slid back into his sheath. Getting down, his black nose drank in the scent of his piss, happy that his territory had been marked and claimed. Yet...was that right?

Walking around, Kelly struggled with the cognitive dissonance between his actions and what his body was telling him. Surely, he normally didn't piss in hallways, feeling nervous whether someone had walked in on him doing so. His tail wagged as he did so, though as much as he loved having one, there was something bothering him, thinking he had never had one before and perplexed how it had come to be. Surely, he hadn't had one before the convention. He would remember all the times he had to stuff his tail into his singlet, right?

An ache in his feet was enough for him to want to take off his shoes, the tightness finally getting to him. Not bothering to go back up to his room, Kelly reached down and tugged them off, a little surprised at the sight. The heavy black claws on the tips of his toes weren't too alarming, given the thickened nails on his hands as well. And the gray-brown fur covering the backs of them, while shorter, matched the fur covering his entire body as well. But the size of them, as well as the lack of flexibility in his toes greatly confused him. They were thinner, though wider, with the heels stretched back making him lean up on his tip toes as he struggled to relieve the pressure within. Surely, he couldn't have put them on earlier today if they looked like this!

Not bothering to put them back on, the panic in his mind started to wipe away the fog of booze. He didn't know what was happening to him, but surely Drew or Scott would be able to help him out. Scott was likely back in the room, though even over the odors all over the hotel, he was able to scent out Drew, figuring him to be nearby. At first, his familiar scent made it easy to pick him out, but the more he scented it, the more confused he became. There was something so out of sorts with it when compared to all the other odors in his nose. An animalistic quality that was matched by Kelly's own...

Drew, meanwhile, had made his way outside, overcome with the same need to relieve himself. Rather than making it to the bathroom, however, it was the sight of sand and gravel that seemed to beckon him, and he moved toward it, reaching out and scratching at it with his longer

nails. The act seemed to relax him, though, with the urgent need in his bladder, Drew only had a few moments to make a depression there. Pulling down his pants and underwear, Drew went to stand to pee, though, in his buzzed brain, it seemed to be the incorrect position, and instead, he squatted, feeling his penis slide against something warm that he had not expected. Still, as best he could tell, it was aimed somewhat downward, and he let himself go, not making a mess as his piss splattered against the ground.

Finishing up, Drew was prompted to look down at his penis, the feelings coming from it stranger than he was used to. Not used to seeing his member over his slight belly, Drew was still a little surprised to notice it was smaller than he had expected, even in its flaccid state. Even with his leaner belly, he had to bend down, and what caught his eye gave him a moment of pause. To no surprise, his groin was covered in the same soft white fur, something he was eager to touch given the strangely pleasant sensations. Yet, below that was something warm, still soft but sending a tingle through his body that made him curious. Working his fingers carefully over it, a moist opening parted, and the strange texture of what could only be his penis met his touch. Yet, it was too warm, too small to be anything he had ever known on his frame. So then, what was it...?

Moving toward the reflective glass on the building, Drew held up his penis in the light, not caring that someone might walk by and see what he was doing. It was a little difficult to get his penis out of his sheath, without the aid of arousal or needing to piss. Still, he managed it, shocked at the pink penis he now possessed, shorter than he was used to and covered with dozens of backward-facing spines. He wasn't sure where he'd seen something like before, but it was clearly not the penis he had seen on his body all his years. It looked to all the world like something an animal would possess. Maybe like some sort of...cat?

Panicked now, Drew nearly jumped up as his tail brushed against his bare backside, forgetting he had the thing for a moment. Its presence seemed to confuse him further, as though a veil had been opened within his mind. He hadn't had a tail before today and certainly hadn't had a penis that looked like a cat's. And all the hair over his body, no, *fur* was silver with massive black spots, hollowed out like those of the cat on whom he based his wrestling persona. And surely all of this had happened in the last 24 hours, not facets of his body he possessed before as much as he could recall. How had he not noticed it happening?!

A tightness in his shoes required him to take them off lest the pressure become too much. Drew was relieved for a moment as the fur over his feet was allowed to breathe, though the sight of them caused him further alarm. The backs of them were covered with the same silvery fur he was used to over his body, though that was hardly alarming. It was rather the sight of his toes starting to contract, with his ability to move them being removed from him with each passing moment. An ache seemed to emanate from within, the keratin nails being repurposed toward a

set of translucent claws. It was a little alarming to feel them sliding out of the former nail beds, retracting the moment he lost focus on them. The action seemed to trigger something in his hands as well, having not realized his former fingernails were in a similar state, though perhaps not as far along.

The sound of the door opening gave Drew an alarm, given the fact he had not bothered to pull his pants back up. But he was able to relax the moment Kelly's familiar scent entered his nose. Still, at the sight of his friend's obvious canine features, he couldn't hold back his panic, the reality of what was happening to the two of them washing over them in droves. Realizing they were out in the open still, the two of them made their way inside and into a vacant room, thankfully most of the attendees were at night panels or dances. Though the room didn't have a mirror or anything reflective, it was obvious from looking at each other they could get a feel for the scope of the changes and perhaps try to figure out what was happening.

The two of them were still a little drunk from whatever had been given to them by Scott's friend, but it was obvious they were changing to look more like their animal personas, and any lies they had tricked their minds into believing were moot in the face of what was actually happening. Without caring for their decency, the two stripped off their clothes, seeing they were both covered in fur, all the way down their lean, muscular chests, legs, and backs. Drew's slightly pudgy form was lean now, though both he and Kelly were rather muscled, bulked up to a point that didn't match their natural physiologies. Drew was left to marvel at the ornate designs of rosettes across his body, the fur soft and pleasant to the touch. Kelly's own was a mix of gray and brown, coarse through coated with a softer undercoat that matched a more lupine heritage. Thankfully, their cocks were hidden away in sheaths, saving them the embarrassment of being seen naked, though given the changes that had come over them thus far such was a small blessing at best.

The changes, while having already warped much of their human bodies, were not finished with the two of them yet. It seemed an intense tingling started to center in their hands, the process happening faster now after the second drink they had consumed from Scott's friend. Unlike their broader, inhuman feet, their hands were clearly to retain some semblance of their articulation. Their digits, while thickening, did not lose any of the joints or tendons required for human movement, nor did their thumbs retract into their wrists. Kelly's nails were obviously larger than before, pointed at the tips though relatively blunt. There was a thick nub of skin at the back of his wrists, something he couldn't identify. Though with the thicker pads on his fingertips and palms, it was soon obvious why they felt as stiff and course as they did. Drew was instead treated with pink pads on his fingertips and palms, though the nails he was to grow matched the length and sharpness of those adorning his feet. Again, if he tried, it could retract and extend them, finding they were contained in fleshy sheaths that would likely protect them and the skin around them, much as the feline whose visage he had acquired.

“Rrrfuck, what happened?” Kelly growled, surprised at the guttural quality of his voice. It was like something was caught in his throat, and it took him some effort to clear it. Yet, as his jaw continued to tingle, it was possible it had further to grow and that his speech might be further stifled as he struggled with it.

“The booze?” Drew said, more slowly and carefully with his own mouth dry and his jaw tingling with his own growth.

“Rrras to be,” Kelly tried again, unable to speak in the way he was used to. Still, he was determined to get answers, moving out of the room and taking Drew along with him. Neither of them bothered to dawn clothes anymore, figuring their bodies were a little too large and that any such clothing would irritate their fur. With their members within their bestial sheaths, there was no worry about them being exposed in an inappropriate manner. The only ones who could possibly have the answers were Scott’s friends, as much as they had no idea how such changes were possible in the first place,

The two of them paused for a moment as the tingling in their feet took full hold, leaving them to adjust their stances. With heels far longer than humanly possible, it was a bit of a chore to adapt to their digitigrade stances, making their top-heavy bodies have to adjust a little. Many of the fursuits they had witnessed used such a stance with their costumes, though doing so with their actual feet was trying, to say the least. Still, it only took a few steps for the two of them to manage, and they walked out into the hall, looking more like two fursuiters than people whose bodies had changed to match that of humanoid animals.

The tingling of change continued to play over their bodies, in particular their faces as their muzzles and noses continued to extend. Yet, the more their altered noses stuck out in front of their faces, the more the two found it more difficult to find fault in what they were looking at. The muzzles they possessed were indicative of the animals they had chosen for their wrestling careers, after all. Drew reveled in his blunt feline muzzle, loving the space for his larger teeth to take hold, and he relished being able to open his jaws further than humanly possible. Kelly’s own muzzle was much larger as well, longer with heavier nostrils at the end that drew in scents beyond anything he could have dreamed of before. Both sets of ears had grown in relation to their heads, Kelly’s triangular and flicking atop his head, and Drew’s own more rounded and lower, though no less acute in awareness of the convention hall at large. What was so wrong about their bodies that they needed to fix them, anyway?

More than that, the reality of their bodies made them eager to show them off, the pride in their power beyond anything either man was prepared to exhibit. As much as these bodies had not been their own less than twenty-four hours before now, it did not escape their realization that

a furry convention would be the perfect place to display what they had become. And with the reverence they held for their new bodies, no regrets could be mustered as they headed for the dance floor, the clustered furs beckoning them with their sweaty musk, a myriad of aromas they were eager to explore!

With their cocks hidden in their sheaths as they were, there was little worry of them being called out for indecent exposure as they moved to mingle with the gathered furs. As much as they were conflicted over the thoughts that such changes had not been part of them before now, there was no denying how natural their bodies felt. The attention they seemed to draw was more exciting than anything they had been prepared for, more than even their wrestling careers could achieve. Their lithe, powerful forms were the stars of the show, and they danced around with some eagerness, the cries of admiration ringing in their altered ears settling well in their minds and making it harder for them to find fault in what had happened to them. They were the most realistic fursuits at the convention, after all, and no one seemed the wiser in the dark room of the dance floor!

Among the myriad of scents the two could detect, there were a few in the crowd that stood out, something alluring and spicy about their presence drew their attention. They were largely able to perceive the scents of humans, or what they themselves had been before taking the drinks the night before. But these scents seemed to speak to their inclinations, ones of animal people akin to themselves. It was hard to hunt them down among all the other sweaty fursuited people present. But it led credence to the fact they were not the only ones who had been granted a connection with their inner animals. Likely Adam and his friends, or others who had been gifted their specialty drinks, though how they were able to shift from human to animal was unknown to them. It was not a matter of urgency, the pair no longer wanted to return to themselves but rather enjoy the bodies they had along with their increased energy, dancing and partying with the furry crowds until the night grew away from them...

Rousing in the morning, Drew stood up, loving his digitigrade stance as he stretched in the morning sun. It felt like a lazy morning for him, though he was eager to get down and enjoy the rest of the con. He couldn't help but think he was wearing the perfect fursuit for the convention, not even having to wear annoying clothes any longer. He wasn't entirely sure how he'd gotten this body, or if he would be able to change back. The scents of others like him, while looking human, led credence to the fact that was a possibility. But that was a problem for another day, and Drew was eager to show off his snow leopard form for the weekend, finding it suited him and wondering if that was why he'd picked the animal theme for his wrestling career.

Kelly, too, got up, yawning with a mouth much wider than he was used to and wondering why he had bothered to put blankets on in the first place over his coarse fur. The scents in the room were strong, though not offensive, and he took some time drinking them in. Hell, he was

even inclined to goose Drew's ass a little, just enough to grant him that sweet information boost from his teammate's scent glands. Drew was in perfect health, and more than that, a powerful specimen to boot. Kelly was certainly glad to have him on the team and with the muscled forms they now possessed, Kelly was eager to get back into the ring. Perhaps they could revert to their human forms someday, but he had no desire to do so this weekend. With that, the two of them made for the door, wanting to get food and show off their new bodies in the light of day. No thought was spared for Scott, the two of them noticing he was in the bathroom. A part of them wanted to model for their friend, though figured he would see them soon enough.

Yet, despite their entirely animal forms, Scott didn't even notice them sleeping, needing to use the bathroom as soon as he got up. The sight of his face in the mirror gave him a moment of pause, wondering why his beard had started to whiten, or why rubbing it reported a softer texture than he was used to. It was somewhat pleasant, as well, even as he scratched at his chest, finding more white hair than he was expecting. It even made his ears twitch, something he figured they couldn't do before. But it was the lengthening tiger tail behind that really drew his attention, loving the fact he finally had one, though not remember which vendor at the dealer's den he'd purchased it from...