

Convention Transformation

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Going to any furry convention was an experience and a half, but for a guy at his first one, his first time...well...it was something else! Cas went about wide-eyed, his darker skin standing out, though that was something that was being highlighted in the furry fandom, people who liked anthropomorphic creatures, more widely. His fursona was an Ethiopian wolf, though he was not, personally, from Ethiopia, getting more than one look and flirty comment from the rich hue of his skin and dark hair curling about his ears and a little further down the back of his neck than he would have usually let it. But Night had said that he liked his hair long and, well...

Cas swallowed hard, blushing, nursing his pint of beer in its plastic cup, the edges of the main meeting area in the foyer and open-plan restaurant fuzzy and soft. He didn't often drink, but having a little liquor in his stomach made it easier not to blush too hard when someone brushed his leg with their hand, laughing, complimenting him, those that he had been speaking to online for over a year by that point all getting to know each other.

Though the only one he really wanted to know was Night, more so than anyone else, though he didn't even know his fellow furry's real name yet. That would come in time though, the pale-skinned man wearing dragon horns and a tail that looped comfortably onto the back of his jeans, though it hung in such a way that there was a part of Cas that really wanted to reach out and tug it. There'd been a panel, however, that had highlighted that as bad behaviour when it came to anyone in any kind of fursuit or apparel, as much as his fingers itched to be that little bit closer.

“Cas has got a crush on Night...”

He would have blushed, but it was true, though he grumbled something nondescript, that couldn't be heard. Cas tried to brush it off, looking away, but Night with his blonde hair and blue eyes like chips of ice... He'd read that in a book recently and the description had merely been one that stuck by him.

The bustle of the convention at night thrummed around them, though everyone left, one by one, their little group perhaps one of the more relaxed ones, despite them being in the late teens or early twenties, the age range that was often seen partying and drinking long into the night. Despite his close proximity to Night, however, Cas was careful not to overdo it, though he would have well enough said that he was drunk on something else, the other furry so near that he swore he could feel the heat rising from Night's thigh.

“Hey...”

Oh, why did Night's voice have to be so hypnotic? He could almost see him sitting there, as his dragon 'sona, a black tail swinging lazily behind, a cocky smirk on his muzzle. Well, the smirk was already there.

“Do you want to...” Even Night seemed a little shy, a rise of pink in his cheeks, though his gaze was unwavering. “Do you want to get out of here? We could go back to my room.”

If Cas had had any concern about what was to happen here or wonder, the clasp of the other man's hand in his set his heart pounding – and he would only have ran there all the more swiftly, giggling and bumping into Night, if he had known what was truly to happen there. Not all that happened at furry conventions, after all, was set to come into the light of day. And tales of transformation were not always brought forward in any believable manner...

Cas hardly knew what to think, heart pounding, though there was no time to wonder if he was moving too fast. There was so much to take in at the con but Night's lips on his came suddenly yet were very much welcomed, pushing him back against the wall of the bedroom, though Cas wanted it all. He groaned softly, far from his first time, yet it was all new to him, something that he didn't feel that he had had recently enough to be fresh in his mind, breath catching, need rising, the hardness of his shaft showing through in the bulge of his jeans.

He could barely believe it was really happening as they lost their clothes, shirts pulled off, a button popping off somewhere to spin into the dark reaches of the hotel room, never to be found again. Giggles abounded, bouncing between them, their smiles goofy, equals in the moment, though Night's fingers danced down the lines of his sides. He helped Cas out of his jeans and underwear, his own falling in turn, until the two of them were bare but for the skin they were born in, Night's horns tilted askew but still comically in place.

Night smiled, dropping a warm yet oddly chaste kiss on Cas' lips that set his heart pounding even more vehemently than his cock. He hadn't even known that it was possible to be that turned on, heat prickling through his body, a light rise of sweat beading across his shoulder blades, so ready, so eager. More so, in fact, than he had ever been before.

"You're beautiful..." Night whispered, his lips a hair's breadth from Cas' as if he did not want to draw back. "I didn't think you'd be into me too..."

Cas blushed, sucking in a breath that came out in a gasp. Oh, that he had the words to spare to send back in kind to Night, but he had him in his arms again, bearing him back down to the bed, shaft grinding against his stomach, begging for attention.

Cas couldn't resist, hands sweeping down Night's toned stomach, the rise of muscle there alluring, yet the body was more real than the fursona that he, admittedly, had been fantasising about for months. It was better than any fantasy even as Night's cocky smirk return, quirking at one side of his lips as he bore over Cas, his shaft glistening with the faintest smear of pre-cum right at the tip, as if even he could not contain his arousal.

It was only natural for Cas to slip down to his knees, the rough carpet pushing up against his knees as he grunted throatily, barely believing that he could make those sounds. Night sat on the edge of the bed, spreading his knees apart to allow Cas in closer, though the edge of liquor still in his system made him bolder, taking that shaft between his lips as tenderly as one would sweeten a kiss. It fit perfectly, sliding over his tongue, though it took him a moment to remember to keep his teeth away, scraping them lightly, though thankfully not in a way that had Night shifting away from him.

Above him, he was aware of Night shuddering, the other man's body getting hotter, or at least seeming. But that had to just be his mind at work, his fantasies running rampant, reeling from the fact that everything had come together more wonderfully than he could ever have imagined. Little did he know what surprises more Night had in store for him...

“I hope he doesn’t mind...”

Night muttered under his breath and, even with his cock in his mouth, Cas tried to look up at him, though that was difficult in such a position. It was easy to be distracted though, to focus only on the feel of his shaft in his mouth, the curl of blonde hair at his crotch, finer than the dark hair that Cas had to deal with. He was glad that he had shaved and presented himself well-groomed, though there was a part of him too that thought, with a warm sense of being, that Night would not have cared either way.

But something was different, the feel of the thighs under his hands different in some way. They were warmer and a hand landed firmly on the back of his head as he tried to pull back, to see what was happening, though he was by no means done yet. He still wanted more, the taste of that cock in his mouth intoxicating, driving him to delirious delight as he sucked it deep into the back of his mouth, trying to press his tongue up to the underside even as Night thrust lightly.

“Oh... That feels so good, Cas... God... I hope...”

He hoped... what, exactly? Yet that difference in his body was shown in the feel of hair fading from his thighs, legs becoming smooth, but only for a moment. Cas’ muffled cry was muted around that shaft, though he was kept down there, as wide-eyed as it was possible to be, as the man before him became something far more than that.

After all...no one ever believed the wild and crazy stories of what happened in hotel rooms at a convention after dark. Cas would be no different, yet his story would be one shared between him and Night only for many years to come, a giggled secret in something developing, binding them together.

Night’s thighs turned dark, scaley, Cas barely able to see even as he could feel. His hands roamed where his eyes could not, grasping the man’s balls, though they were larger, more swollen, growing in his hands. He tried to gasp, but it was hard enough to keep bobbing his head and sucking, Night’s fingers wound into his hair, heart pounding, wanting something more, reeling from reality.

It couldn’t be...

But it was.

The man that I thought I had a thing for was so much more than that, allowing me to pull back enough so that only the tip of his thickening member was within my mouth, stretching my lips further and further. The reasoning for that swiftly became obvious as he pushed my lips and jaws wider, growing in side, the head of his cock thickening into a defined, more tapered tip with thick glans that separated it from the smooth length of his cock. But there was more to it than that, the man before me covered in scales, feet turning into dragon-feet, clawed and reptilian, the white tips of claws curving down as if to hook into a catch.

I shuddered, gasping, yet his eyes pleaded with me to wait, to stay, heat in his cheeks. Was I that very catch that those claws had been looking for?

I couldn't pull away, delirious in the heat of the moment, sweat trickling down my back, the line of my spine. My cock was harder than ever, despite the shock of it all, and I could barely believe how much I needed it, my heart pounding, though I could just about take in how his face was changing, a muzzle pushing out. The horns that had been jauntily perched atop his head fell away in lieu of real horns that curved out from his head like those of a bull, though her was more draconian and suave in reptilian garb.

Night's grunt was obvious as his tail and wings pushed out at the same time, though there was more room for his wings to grow into as Cas gulped hard, sucking on his cock, growling around his length. That his shaft was hard and aching almost went without saying, drinking in the transformation before him as the dragon's cock grew harder in his mouth, pre-cum spilling forth in the way of a fantasy. Yet that very fantasy was set, very much so, to become reality as the man that he had thought he had a wee bit of a crush on turned into something and someone that had brought a rise of heat to his flesh in more ways than one time after time again.

No longer a man but a dragon, settling into his new skin – well, scales would be more accurate there. Night rolled his shoulders back, fingers tipped with short, blunt claws, his wings clad in off-white membranes, though his form was simply, exactly as it needed to be and no more than that.

“I know this is different...”

Night chuckled, though he squirmed in place, getting his tail more comfortable as the thick length flopped down between his legs, off the edge of the bed. Cas trembled against him, unwilling to pull back, even though the dragon's hand had lifted from the back of his head, allowing him to go, if that was what he wanted.

“Is this better?”

Cas whimpered, down on his knees, struggling to take the dragon's cock, so big that it strained his jaw. There were no ridges, only a perfectly smooth length, though he most certainly was not thinking with his brain in the right way, what throbbed between his own thighs dictating everything and more in that moment alone.

Night purred, rumbling it forth, trembling from his throat. Yet even a dragon like him, taking his chance at furry conventions to see who might be up for something more, whether a one night stand or something that lasted longer, had to put himself out there in a more vulnerable way from time to time. It was the way of it, yet Cas could not draw back, even though he would have many questions to come later, snuggled up in twisted, rumped sheets, his head on a scaled chest that beat with a heart strong enough to allow his wings to take flight.

That would come. But not yet.

Cas relaxed into it, letting his questions be sealed away for the time being, though he slurped more luxuriously around the head of the drake's dick than he took it into his mouth. He could no longer get all of it into his mouth, but he could pleasure the tip, revelling in it, the change of sensations, how the dragon's scales were so much warmer than skin under his touch, marvelling at it. Did dragons run hotter? Was that why he'd gotten so warm all of a sudden/

Nothing had to make sense, head spinning, his cock hard, aching, glistening with a touch of pre-cum, though he could not match up to the heady spill of the dragon's essence. It was so much thicker and slicker than his, flowing around Cas' mouth as he tried to take all of it down, even as he savoured it. Alas, he couldn't do everything at once, even as Night's fingers combed through his hair, tenderly coaxing, teasing, playing with him as even those tiny sensations brought a sparking rise to his body.

“Oh...”

Night had noticed his hard length, tail curling around, brushing it lightly. Cas trembled, the moan that rose and trembled into the length of Night's cock telling the tale of his arousal in a more carnal way than words ever could.

“Let me help you with that. It's the least I can do for the surprise.”

Yet the dragon hardly seemed all that sorry about that anymore, curling his tail with shocking dexterity at the time around Cas' cock, the man helplessly thrusting, grinding. Oh, it was better than a hand, better than he could ever have imagined, thrusting mindlessly, caught up in emotion, moaning out loud, as muffled as his lust was brought to delight. He sucked harder on Night's cock, grunting, heaving, his back trying to arch, though there was only so much range in motion that he could glean in a moment like that.

Yet neither he nor Night could hold back after the shock and eroticism of such a transformation, how passionately everything came together. Maybe it was the abruptness of it all, or knowing that he had been expected, yet the dragon could not hold himself back, half-standing, hunching over Cas' head as if nothing else mattered in the whole world.

It was funny how things narrowed like that at the point of orgasm, Cas taking his cock deeper, not caring for the strain in the corners of his lips: he needed it too badly. And the stroking squeeze of Night's tail, a touch that he had never, quite honestly, felt before, was erotic, alluring, making him want to shudder, to give into it, to submit to it in a way that he had not anticipated. Curlings of sweet submission would later be explored and exposed, but that first time between them was for something sweeter, sharper, clawing into him as the need to cum rose suddenly in the pit of his belly.

Yes!

He couldn't hold it and neither did he want to, humping, jerking, the dragon's tail tight around his shaft, yet not so tight that it was painful. His orgasm poured forth, spurt after spurt, but none of that could prepare him for the might and passion of the dragon's climax too as he ejaculated with a muted roar, muffling his lust the best he could, humping and grinding, thrusting rampantly into as much of Cas' mouth as the man was possibly able to take.

It was a tight fit, that much was sure, but he got another bit in, Cas delirious with pleasure as his head swam, lost in the moment. Yet it was not a moment that he would ever want to come back to any other kind of reality from, moaning, whimpering, taking down as much of the dragon's seed as he possibly could, even as it spurted and drooled thickly out of the corners of his lips. It was so much more than any man could have ever hoped to delight in, the bliss of climax pouring forth, the two of them bound together in it, sharing it equally, though the high, alas, had to taper down, moment by sweetly warming moment.

The afterglow pulled at them, chests heaving, though it was Cas who had to drag more breath back into his lungs, the band around his chest releasing when he had not even realised that it had been present to begin with. The dragon half sat back, trembling, more careful of his tail, though it would have been easier to slump down, the tip releasing its soft grip on Cas' shaft, which softened, aching for another round even as his body pleaded for a break, for respite and recovery.

After all...there was more to be had there than mere sex, a dragon before him who he had thought was a man. Any trace of shyness had slipped from the dragon's body, though there was still an air of wariness and watchfulness about him, as if he wasn't quite sure, even then, just what Cas' reaction to him might have been.

Trailing his fingers over the dragon's thigh, Cas gulped, shaking his head, fingers trembling. It was real. The scales were real. But none of it made sense.

"We..." Cas panted, trying to brush his hair off the back of his neck where it stuck and clung. "We...need to talk."

Night laid back, panting hotly, his jaws hanging open, revealing a line of sharp teeth and a tongue too slender to be human. But he very much was not human, heralding the line of questions that Cas would follow up his body, kissing, nipping, licking, adoring every part of him as what had been started between them grew and blossomed.

"If we must..." Night's eyes twinkled. "But don't you want to do something else first?"

Cas trembled. He knew him too well. Maybe that was why Night had revealed himself to him. Maybe there was something more there... But the two of them could only hope, want and try.

"Yes."

He didn't even know what he was saying yes to, but what came in convention transformation would only ever be a good thing.