

Good Time

Goodra Transformation Story

Contains: Male to Female, Mind Change, Feralization. Don't like, don't read.

Daniel was a rat. Gray fur, long ears, wearing a black jacket with an equally black shirt, as well as blue pants.

And... this was by far, one of the worst days Daniel ever had in his life. His car broke down in the middle of nowhere, and the only place he saw nearby was a forest. A swamp forest, that is.

Normally, he wouldn't go out of his way to get inside, but he'd seen some lights through the foliage, and figured out it'd have someone that could help him. Common sense dictated that, and so, he set out inside.

Unfortunately, after around five minutes of walking in that place, trying to dodge the muddy areas of the forest, Daniel was nowhere near close. He could feel his feet sinking through the mud, and it took him a bit of effort to go through that area.

Things only got worse from that moment onwards, as it started to rain. At first, the rain was little more than a drizzle, and Daniel sighed in relief. However, as the minutes passed, the rain only grew stronger, more torrential.

There was also another interesting (and a bit strange) thing about the rain. It was purple. The water falling down was purple, and it felt a little thick to the touch.

"What the..."

Daniel blinked. Obviously he didn't understand the meaning behind this, but it didn't exactly matter right now. He just... he just had to go forward, moving ahead as much as possible.

The idea made sense to him, and he continued walking. Unbeknownst to him, the rain had a different property, other than making him wet. It washed down his jacket, almost like acid. Once the jacket was done, his shirt did the same.

And it didn't take long before his fur was going through the same thing, being washed away. In its place, scaly, smooth skin could be seen. A grayish tone, which didn't belong to a rat like him. He was furry, after all.

However, whatever caused this clearly didn't care about what he wanted, what he felt. Anyone touching his shoulders would feel how slimy they were.

Daniel did notice... something. He winced, as if his skin was burning up. It might as well have been. What he didn't notice was the rain melting through his pants, exposing his ankles.

And so, the acid hit that area as well, giving the same slimy and scaly appearance as his shoulders. However, it wasn't the only thing that happened to him.

Indeed, his feet were changing. Something popped, but not too loudly, and the rain managed to muffle the sound. Daniel stopped for a moment, suddenly feeling heavy. Although, wasn't that natural of him? Being a heavy creature felt so... good...?

The thought went away almost as fast as it came, leaving Daniel confused for a moment. He looked ahead again, still seeing the lights from before. He found them rather pretty, and felt drawn to them, somehow. Like...

Like he should be getting closer? Yeah, yeah!

With that thought in mind, Daniel failed to see how much his feet were changing. Growing bigger, for starters. Each toe was at least fifty percent bigger than before.

Slime was produced by him, falling off his feet as the transformation continued on its way, creeping up as it reached his thighs. This time around, Daniel actually felt something.

"What... what's going... o-on?"

He felt slow. Really slow. His thighs started to grow, putting more pressure on what remained of his pants. And yet, they remained there, somehow keeping it together despite everything.

It stopped him on his tracks, confusing him. Daniel felt heavy like never before, and his eyes slowly closed before opening, and then closing again. He blinked more than his share of times, trying to process it.

"Something's... up...?"

Daniel struggled to keep rationalizing everything. Even the mud wasn't bothering him at this point. And the rain? The rain felt good on his skin, seeping through like it was always meant to be there.

Without thinking, without trying, Daniel ended up chuckling. It was a loud chuckle, too, more than he ever did before. However, despite how surprising it was, at the same time he enjoyed it.

None of it made any sense to him, but maybe... maybe it didn't need to make sense? Daniel blinked again, and his thighs grew some more. Their color was a bit purple, though slightly off-color. No symbols or anything there, and no fur either.

...It really wasn't too bad. He felt heavy, happy, excited? That kind of stuff. Thinking wasn't doing him too much good, and he just had to reach the lights.

"Pretty lights, so pretty..." Daniel felt almost hypnotized by them, but surely, he'd notice this kind of thing, right? He thought so as he strutted along again.

No matter how much he tried to deny it, Daniel felt a certain pleasure in this. Things were very simple to him right now, so yeah, it felt nice to indulge in them.

The fact his car was dead on the road never crossed his mind. Not even once, and he giggled again. This time, though, the giggle was a bit... willing. He wanted to do it.

He felt something odd around his crotch. Like the inflation of his thighs, it made him stop. Daniel groaned, the sensation between his legs seeming like an itch that he couldn't scratch.

What was this all about? The itch continued, growing stronger, paralyzing him. Daniel trembled for a moment, and as if on cue, his mind snapped back—back to reality, allowing him a moment of clarity to realize what was going on with him.

His first action was to look down below, seeing he was naked. And that... something was missing. Something that—wait, but she didn't have it. She? Yeah, she... she... she.

The idea of being a woman felt as natural to Daniel as breathing did, and she started smiling. Whatever changed down there, she was happy with it.

Things didn't end there. She felt a strong pressure around her waist, specifically, where her tail was. It was one of the strong kind of pressure, enough to stop her again, forcing Daniel to pant.

Just then, her tail started to thicken. The fur that it had slowly melted away as goo formed around the limb, and the tail itself grew. As it did that, scales formed around it. The same light purple that covered Daniel's legs.

She panted from this, breathing deeply and letting it go. In, out, in, out... wow. Felt good to relax like this. She could afford to have this relaxation, to be fair.

"Something's wrong with my... my..."

Despite trying her best, Daniel didn't have the words to describe what was going on. She didn't try, and before long, her tail grew so much that the waistband of her pants tore open, causing the remainder to fall down.

Surprisingly, Daniel actually noticed this, and immediately went and grabbed her pants, only to see how much her legs had changed; yet, they were still able to grow thicker, putting tear after tear on her pants.

Daniel stopped herself there, finally... finally noticing *something* that went on with her. "Wait, I'm not... I'm not like this? But I'm..."

Her mind slowed down again, and it was a struggle to process everything. And part of her just wanted to stay there, in the rain, playing, moving her body, it was... it was nice, wasn't it?

She thought so, the idea crawling into her mind and taking hold. Daniel managed a giggle, before moving her hips left and right. With how squishy and thick they were, it was no surprise they jiggled.

"F-Feels good. G-Goodra...? Good... Goodra..." Saying that was right, she thought. Daniel didn't know *why*, it just happened. She just felt that way, and it was nice.

Way nicer than anything... anything before? More of that purple rain went down on her, and she giggled again. The rain felt so good! So nice! Why wasn't she playing in it?

She began to move again, still following the light, but every now and then, Daniel moved her body, as if she was dancing. The idea itself felt familiar, perfect, right? Something like that.

"Goooooodra... Goodra..." Daniel said it again, but it was as if her speech had devolved somewhat, her brain struggling to come up with proper words.

Although... she didn't really have any need for them, did she? Not when playing around was this fun! She kicked the ground, and a bit of dirt was raised into the air.

"Ooodra. So cooldra..."

Wow, it was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. Daniel was loving this more and more every second that she went through the transformation. It was... it was nice to go through, she thought.

She needed this. It was an urge deep within her, stronger than anything else. Her chest felt heavy, which told her something else was about to change, but she didn't mind it! No, she wanted this to happen.

It didn't take long before what little remained of her shirt and jacket to burst. Why? Because her stomach was growing. As every good Goodra had a nice gut, she was starting to get one. Little by little, her midsection inflated, wobbling around a few times.

Daniel was delighted to see this happen. She couldn't believe it was really going on with her, and the more it happened, the more she liked this aspect.

Having a hefty gut was... was... good. Really good. Daniel struggled to think about it, but what she *did* know was her enjoyment of it was strong.

She looked at her belly again, surprised and excited at how big it had gotten. It could... it could grow more, yes? Daniel figured that out, jiggling her body a few times.

Of course, her gut had no fur. The fur that was there fell, hair by hair. In their place, more of those scales formed, and she heard a gurgling noise as her stomach bloated again.

Incredible. Just incredible! Daniel felt ecstatic. Sure, she couldn't tell why that was the case, but her emotions were definitely real. She could tell that much.

"Body's grooodra. Grooowing." Her words were still slow, clunky, and yet, they were part of her.

Even her steps felt heavier than before. She was somewhere in the middle of the forest, past the mud, but now walking through a lake. The rain, meanwhile, had only gotten stronger.

If she were to describe it, she... well, couldn't. Daniel's mind had slowed down further, not allowing her to hold on to her thoughts very long. However, there was a part of her—a small, insignificant part of her that tried to resist.

This part told her that she wasn't like this. She wasn't even a woman! She was... he was... he... she... Goodra. Goodra. Goodra!

Whatever that voice was, it got shut down rather quickly. Daniel continued walking, swaying her body left and right. It got a chuckle out of her, she had to admit.

"Heehee. Goooodra. Goodra..." repeating the words was *right*. Like she was meant to be this way. Every shred of evidence only served to make this idea seep deeper into her head.

Her transformation moved up again, finally reaching her chest. This time around, though, Daniel rubbed her hands over her chest, and the goo hit them. With that, her hands also began to change, growing gooey, losing all the fur for those nice scales she so desperately wanted~

Wanted? She... wanted it. That only made sense. Her body was so nice, so right. It was the perfect one, and she'd be a fool if she were to pick anything else.

A wince left her as her arms shrunk slightly, appearing short when compared to the rest of her body. Speaking of which, her spine—if she still had one—popped, elongating slightly and making her taller than before.

"Goooooooooodra... goooooo..."

Her words were full of happiness, but at the same time, she felt an itch on her head. Something was trying to get out. Whatever that was, it sure didn't feel like something she'd enjoy. Rather, she was basking herself in the glory of being a Goodra.

Good Goodra. Goodra Good. Good Goodra. Goodra Good. Just that. Simply... that. Daniel cooed, her entire body shivering, jiggling. Her neck felt tight, and so something within it changed.

It grew bigger, expanding to the sides while she winced to herself. Trying to speak only made her growl, snarl. From the looks of it, she couldn't do that anymore.

She just lost her ability to speak, and yet, she felt nothing. Nothing bad, that is. If anything, she was ecstatic.

"Goooooooodra! Goodra! Goooooooo!"

Saying that—whatever that was—felt so... right. Perfect for her. This was what she should be doing, right? It was the only thing that made sense. She wanted more. More!

However... that strange itch in her head returned. Something probing deep within her body. At her mind. Something wanted to speak.

I'm... not... Goodra... I'm... Daniel? I'm... Goo...

"Goo! Gooooo!" The Goodra protested, shaking her head. In response, her neck began to elongate, moving up and up, only making her appear taller. Again.

She *loved* this aspect. Or a good part of her did. That voice in her head, though, seemed to reject it.

Stop! This isn't me! This is... isn't... I'm not... Daniel...? I'm...

Trying to hold on to those thoughts proved itself to do her more harm than good. And, well, why should she do that? Do herself harm didn't seem like something she wanted to do.

Her mind still felt sharp, though it was getting increasingly foggier. *I'm not... Goodra... Nooodra... Nooodra... nooodra...*

She was trying. She was *really* trying to hold on. But as the rain seeped through her body again, it had a calming effect.

"Gooo..." her neck lengthened again, rain melting away any fur and leaving only the scales. Her scales. They were... hers. They were hers. She wanted it.

I don't want—

But what if she did want? What if she needed this? It wouldn't be doing her any good to keep resisting.

"Goodra... gooooooodra..."

Why was she resisting? Why? Why not just... accept things the way they were. She tried to speak again, but the sound came off as a growl once more.

A growl she *liked* doing. It filled her with a sense of self that even the voice in her head had to agree.

That was me... meeedra... gooodra...?

For a moment there, the voice grew quiet, and the dragon walked forward again, body jiggling. Her neck had reached its peak, which meant that, by this point, only her head was still the same as before.

That wouldn't stay that way for very long. Already, Daniel—if she could even recognize the name—could feel her face aching. Maybe because of all the rain falling down on her.

It had that effect, along with a soothing sensation as the first clumps of hair fell right off of her chin. There were more changes, of course, like how her ears shrunk, shrunk, until they were nothing.

Until they were not there anymore. Until... Danoodra didn't have them. Yet, she could still hear the rain falling on her. If anything, she heard more than before.

But... but what was before? She'd always been a Goodra, no? She was... she was one. A simple Goodra. Nothing more, nothing less than one. It didn't make sense to be anything else.

Right? Right... right! She felt that way, even as those pesky thoughts emerged again. There was no reason for her to have any of them, yet they were around. Again.

Why was she having those thoughts? Why was... she remembering... a rat? Some kind of rat, but the rat wasn't Goodra. She was Goodra. Danoodra. Daoodra. Gaoodra. Goodra.

Goodra... Goodra! Goodra was her name. It had always been her name, and she let out a happy growl. This was unlike anything she'd ever experienced in her life. She felt... happy.

Happy, as her antennae began to grow. As they did so, each one twitched, moving left and right, right and left. Goodra chirped in excitement at this, still happy. Still *very* happy.

Her teeth were the next in line for a change. That is... they disappeared. None of them were in their proper place anymore, and, well, Goodra hardly noticed this.

Instead, she was smiling brightly again, before her snout began to *push* and push. Extending itself more than it should have, with the scales forming most of her face by now.

There was also a bit of goo forming on her chin, almost like some sort of beard. She also didn't mind this, finding the whole thing to be incredibly...

Natural. It was natural of her to have those things. She was Goodra, after all. A simple dragon, a beautiful dragon. All of those at once. Her mind was...

Back? Something flooded right through her. Daniel. Her name was Daniel. His name was Daniel. However, this memory, this thought... she couldn't keep it for very long.

Not even her memories survived the process. As Goodra walked forward, they were all... drained. Destroyed. Dissipated. With every raindrop that landed on her, she couldn't remember the previous one.

Her whole identity was vanishing, and maybe the worst part of it all was the fact that Goodra didn't seem to notice enough to even *care* about that.

Rather, she kept walking, past the swamp, past thick foliage, until she finally saw the lights from before. Fireflies, glowing in the air. She looked at them, mouth opened for a gasp.

Of course, she couldn't understand things very well, but Goodra was... Gooda. Why would she need to understand? All she had to do was relax, enjoy herself and do... whatever she wanted, really.

The smile on her face only grew stronger as she took heavy, powerful steps. Goodra was simply herself, and herself was... Goodra. Forever.