\*(SFW) Story made referencing this video: [**https://bitly.ws/35Wm2**](https://bitly.ws/35Wm2)

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Mark was once what many called a normie, typically avoiding others dressed in animal costumes – the furries. Close to the December period of every year, he would travel to other countries to do some sightseeing for a week or two, staying over at a hotel close to the tourist attractions he planned to visit. Wearing just a plain white hoodie and beige pants, he stepped out of the airport under the late afternoon skies with his traveling backpack strapped to his shoulders, following the map application on his phone to his place of accommodation. He was lucky that it was a hotel just a stone’s throw away from his current position, a convenient way to enter and exit the country without the hassle of taking the public transport.

However, his luck ran out when he stumbled across fursuiters strolling along the streets in the direction of… his hotel. Apparently, the hotel he was staying at for a week happened to host a furry convention in the ballroom of the building during the dates he was present, and to make it worse, it was at the first floor close to the entrance. To check into the hotel, he would have to get through the furry crowd. Perceiving the furries as childish weirdos, he raised the hood over his head as he got to the receptionist.

While Mark was checking in, he glanced around to see several fursuiters acting all cutesy and touchy, waving to each other with their paws and hugging tightly. Preferring to keep his public image intact, he would rather not interact with them. Upon receiving the keycard to his room, he hurried over to a lift and rapidly pressed the “Close” button, hoping that none of the fursuiters would hop on the lift with him.

Right as the doors were one inch from closing, a “ding” sounded as the doors were reopened by the press of the buttons outside. In came a fursuiter, the costume looking similar to a bipedal orange and black colored feline. While the lift ascended through the floors, he could see glimpses of the fursuiter taking a mischievous peek at his face without saying anything or pressing buttons to other floors. Once the lift reached Mark’s desired floor, he tried to walk out, bumping into the fursuiter as they wanted to exit at the same time. Slipping past the furry figure, he dashed toward his room and unlocked the door with his keycard, hiding in his hotel room using every physical lock available to him on the door.

Tossing his backpack aside, Mark looked through the peephole on the door. The feline fursuiter was still wandering in the corridor, skipping to his room and putting a paw on the peephole to block his vision. Taken aback by his furry stalker, he retreated from the door. He sat on his bed anxiously to unpack his belongings and prepare to visit the attraction beside the hotel the next day.

After unpacking everything, he glanced at the time of his phone. It was already evening. He needed to grab something for dinner, but the hotel did not serve dinner. He had to leave his room to go through the furries once more. Opening the door just enough to have a peek at the corridor, the fursuiter was gone and he breathed a sigh of relief.

Stepping out from his room and walking towards the lifts, he was dumbfounded to see the feline fursuiting stalker staring at him from the far end of the corridor, out of the line of vision he had through the door. Raising the hood to hide his face, he made a run toward the lifts as an option to escape.

The fursuiter, in response lurched forward and gave chase through the hotel corridor, faster than he could ever run. With a heavy pounce on Mark, the fursuiter knocked the wind out of him. While he was temporarily stunned, the furry figure proceeded to drag him by his ankles in the direction of his room. He tried to dig his nails into the carpeted floors but could not get any traction. Observing his futile attempts to struggle, the fursuiter clapped both its paws onto the sides of his head, knocking him out instantly.

Lugging Mark’s body through the mysteriously wide open door of his room, the fursuiter stopped when his body was at the foot of the bed. Lifting his body from the ground, the fursuiter heaved him onto the bed. Once he was on the bed and in position, the fursuiter pulled down the hood to reveal the back of Mark’s head. It put its empty fursuit head onto his, revealing the hollow husk of a living feline fursuit beside the unconscious man. Unzipping the furry husk on its own accord, the rest of the fursuit wiggled around to clothe itself onto his body, gradually covering the rest of Mark’s body in the fursuit as the zipper shot up, closing off the last chance of escape. Underneath the fur, his clothes disappeared, and something else changed inside.

When Mark regained consciousness, his head was still spinning as he sat up on the bed. He could feel warmth on his paws.

Wait paws?

He was snapped out of his grogginess as he dipped his head at his hand-turned-paws, frantically examining himself as his new paws traced the fuzziness from the back of his neck to the pointed feline ears. Shifting his gaze to his feet, they were paws too and between his legs, a thick plush tail. He threw up his arms and was going to exclaim, “What gives!?”, but found that he could not speak.

Trudging toward the room mirror to see what had become of his body, he found some difficulty stepping around with the digitigrade legs of the fursuit. Upon reaching the mirror, he stared blankly at his reflection – he was in a feline fursuit, the same one as his furry stalker. His curious paws poked at the eyes. ‘Oww… Damn it!’ he cursed inwardly as it felt like he was poking his own pair of eyes.

Squeezing at his stomach, he felt nothing but fluff inside. His organic body was converted into nothing more than squishy padding of the suit. Mark was not wearing the fursuit. He ***WAS*** the fursuit. Since he was in an appropriate costume for the furry convention, he thought that he could give it a chance and unravel the surprises that awaited him in the furry event at the ballroom below.