

On the Scene with Market Swaps

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male to female and female to male TG.

Read at your own discretion.



The grey wolf woman plucked a blouse off the rack. Its bright red color and flowery patterns had caught her interest. Shame she could tell it was a bad size even before draping it against the swell of her enormous bosom. With a sad wag of her tail, it was placed back before Rayna continued searching through the display. “You never struck me as someone that enjoys swap marts.”

Wendel glanced over from the glass display of rings he’d been pressing his pink bunny nose against. “They’re not my first choice for essentials. I think of them as sort of a treasure hunt. They were also great for finding my sister’s cheap Christmas presents back on the farm.”

“Can’t argue with your draconic logic, hun.” A pair of pants hovered next to Rayna’s hips for a few seconds. “Trying to find anything in my size sure feels like a long-lost treasure sometimes.”

“You’re the one that takes pride in packing a whole bakery.”

The wolfess glanced over her shoulder, eyes narrowed and muzzle twisted in a knowing smile. “And you’ve never outright refused my offers of twenty-four-hour cake service.”

“I’d rather not grow a dump truck myself. Thanks.” Wendel scoffed at Rayna’s deliberate shaking of her hips. His eyes didn’t so much as dart down out of curiosity to watch her booty shake, unlike the pair of crows running this clothing stand.

That was fine. Rayna always took his grumpy disinterest in flirting as a challenge more than an insult. She found many special ways to win the bunny over in their few years as roommates by now.

“Well, I ain’t forcing you to hang around if my hot buns are so boring.” Her pointed ears flipped upright upon spotting a rack of jeans designed for extra-large people. “Text me if you find any good food trucks. I’m starving.”

“Heh. I’ll save you a place in line.”

Wendel gave a wave as he walked off, leaving his roommate to her rummaging for anything that might cover that thick figure. He hadn’t followed her to a swap meet for any particular purpose, though it was as good an excuse to get in some walking exercise as any. There was always that slim chance of finding a rare item for rock bottom prices, or at least a gift for his landlord. A little flattery always made rent time easier.

“Well, aren’t you a cute one!”

The squeaky female voice got Wendel to stop a few steps from completely bypassing the lot. It didn't try much to stand out from the sea of canopies set up around the parking lot. Basic folding tables were covered in a mess of unorganized items. At first glance some antiques looked to range anywhere from last year to last century.

And all run by an opossum woman, apparently. She stood in the empty middle space between tables like some sort of centerpiece to her wares. Inky black hair was raised, tied back in a ponytail, showing off bright amber eyes and a wide smile full of sharp teeth.

"Not too bad, yourself!" he returned the smirk, making a show of scanning her body. It was a bit skinny in a way that highlighted her superior height, but not without some subtle curves. She certainly wasn't ashamed of them in ragged jeans and a short tank top. "I'm guessing you're a bit of a pack rat."

"I don't know. I like to think of myself as a treasure hunter." Her needle arms spread in a gesture to the tables around them. "After a few years you learn that just about anything can suit someone. And make a little profit off sharing it with them too."

Finally, a woman after his own heart. Wendel pivoted in place towards the nearest of her collectables. Lots of statues and old table decorations, most looked to have gotten a decent clean up job recently. "Alright, miss expert. Sell me your years of experience."

"Pfft! Don't think I can't tell someone with magic affinity from a crowd. I got just the thing for you."

Wendel sputtered, rocking the table with his panicked about-face. The merchant was already bent over rummaging through a storage box to really notice the clinking of metallic items being disturbed. "I, uh, that's more the opposite actually. Magic really hates me, and I'd rather do without any of it."

"Awwww! But I was saving this for a guy like you." The opossum stood, now holding an idol depicting two ornate masks staring in opposite directions. "This baby is chock full of magical energy just waiting for someone to use it."

When she stepped forward trying to offer the item, Wendel's butt struck the table in his reactive retreat. Several items clattered to the floor drawing looks from other shoppers for a brief moment. "Yeah. No! What does it even do?"

The opossum shrugged. Her quizzical gaze darted to the object she held and back to Wendel. "I don't know. I'm not one for magical stuff. Why are you acting like it'll explode?"

"I hate that that'd be one of the more positive outcomes with what magic usually does to me."

“Damn! You need to invite me to some of your parties.” The merchant continued her advance, wondering if Wendel intended to tumble over her display table in his anxiety. “Come on. At least check it out. I can promise a good price if the effect is cool.”

“Absolutely not! Get that thing away from me.”

He lashed out intending to hold her shoulders at arm’s length. Instead, his hands made the epic mistake of grabbing the idol by its base. Not a second later there came a loud click that made both anthro’s stop cold. Their gazes fell in perfect unison to the object finding the mouth of each mask had popped open.

“Well...shit,” Wendel huffed a second before a beam of glowing pink energy blew out of one mask and struck him in the stomach.

“OOF!” In the same instance a ray of blue energy erupted from the other mask and tethered itself to the merchant’s abdomen. The impact caused them to drop the idol, though it did nothing to sever a now firmly established connection between the three points. “Not what I expected.”

“I tried to tell you,” Wendel said in a tone already resigned to his fate. A churning sensation started rocking his insides. He could feel the magic at play drawing out some sort of energy from him, while also pumping a soothing different kind into him. Lifting up his shirt, it was easy to guess what as he watched his waist caving for an inward curve. “I’m totally going to regret not bringing my emergency sports bra today.”

“What’s that supposed to...o-oooh!” The opossum gasped when her hips cracked and pushed inwards. Her own body filled out into more straight lines and suddenly began creeping higher. The process of having to look further and further down to keep eye contact with the bunny intrigued her. “This is a big of a...argh...a rush. Whoa! What’s wrong with my voice!?”

She coughed a few times, which only caused her vocals to drop into a deeper range with almost every word she spoke. Hands rubbed along her thickening neck, eyes widening at the discovery of a swelling Adam’s apple. There wasn’t time to fully appreciate that after a jostling made her arms rock back so she could watch her tank top deflate over shrinking breasts. “Oh fuck. Am I turning into a guy!?”

“Looks to be the way of magic,” Wendel said sarcastically. His ears dropped at the sensual feminine voice he now sported. His own hands came to rest upon hips intent on straining his pants to their limits as they widened. The simultaneous swelling of their seat and the front of his semi-formal shirt in time to the energy flow made him feel like an inflating balloon. “I guess it’s a gender exchange doohickey.”

The opossum laughed a rumbling chortle. “Who the hell says doohickey anymore? You’re funny.”

“Uh huh.” The bunny grunted when his swelling bust grew tight enough to pop the collar buttons of his shirt. A slight bit of cleavage was left visible by the time they

stopped growing just shy of his head size. “Thanks for the unwanted product demonstration.”

“Why are you so grumpy? This is awesome!” The merchant was still all smiles on a muzzle that was growing bigger with harder edges. She couldn’t help flexing arms that’d grown much thicker, furry flesh rippling with hard muscles of a man that loved to pump weights. Much more showed through her ripping tank top and jeans. Hard influxes of testosterone covered over what little female charm remained. “You look so dang small from up here.”

“Gee. Thanks.” Wendel blew away his brown bangs as they grew to drape over his eyes. Even more was cascading down to the small off his back in silky locks. “No fair. Why is my masculinity making you so buff?”

“Maybe the idol amplifies our essence during transfer. I don’t know.” She struck a few more poses, not seeming bothered by the way each motion caused muscles to tear new holes through her clothes. “Maybe I’m a bit jealous you got melons three times my old size. You ever think of tha-ack!?”

“Hrrgh! There it goes.” Wendel’s face contorted in awkward discomfort which mirrored the much bigger changing merchant. The idols pull on his energy ramped up to its hardest on his defining male characteristic. Slowly the bunny’s two best friends dwindled away. Plump thighs squeezed together against the hollow cave digging into his pelvis.

By contrast, the opossum spread her stance in response to the hard shove of magic dropping into her crotch. Her lengthy muzzle hung open in awe watching what little space the denim had left puff into a sizeable bulge. The zipper became increasingly strained afterward when overwhelming fresh hormones made her junk start to harden. “Goddess damn! I...I didn’t think it’d go all the way. Little guy sure feels feisty.”

“Welcome to post-transformation arousal.” Wendel forced her gaze away from the pulsing bulge of the merchant’s crotch trying to hide a blush. The tender folds that’d blossomed down below were also getting pretty moist as her curvy body adjusted to its new form.

The opossum grunted, resting a hand on the mass between his legs for a second before pulling away. It was hard deciding if the tightness was worth letting the beast out to breathe. “So, how about fifty bucks for the bauble?”

Wendel crossed her arms, forgetting about her massive bust until they were squeezed hard against her ribcage. It was hard to ignore their nipples tenting through the thin fabric of her shirt. Not to mention the stares from several dozen shoppers their open transformation had drawn.

“I’ll give you seventy if we throw in a jacket.”

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Afterward

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