

A Faire Exchange

sharkrags

Like so many others, I had debts to pay and mouths to feed. Desperation pushed me to seek out the wrong people, naivete persuaded me to accept their terms, and foolishness piled my dues with hasty favors and promises I could never keep, but lying to yourself is always easy. In the end, the mistakes are my own, and I only hope I made them in good faith.

When I couldn't honor my bargains, my benefactors allowed compromises. I eagerly accepted their leniency, alongside its mounting cost. The only thing I bought for myself in the end was time and now I am told that time has run out.

My benefactors didn't expect money or blood for my missing recompense. No, my lenders weren't gussied up criminals doling out coins in the shadows. These folk bartered in open sunlight, and laughter came easily to their smiling faces, their manners oh-so kind and understanding. As collateral, I used a token of my spirit to insure their trust. A small, invisible trifle and the only thing I could spare at the time. On the morning my debt was called, they did not demand, but offered a collar and bell. A fine strip of leather and polished metal for a debtor.

"It's all yours," they told me.

Their generosity is without limit, and that's what makes them dangerous.



Silent, smiling mouths watched as I placed the collar on myself.

The bell giggled sweetly as I clasped the strap around my neck and placed me immediately in their service. Heaviness washed over me. My clothes felt tight and stifling across my body. Breasts pushed against my corset as if possessed and eager to escape. An expanse of soft, motherly flesh topped by saucer sized nipples bloomed in my vision. My bottom half felt likewise engorged, and knees shook as thighs swelled around folding bones.

I looked back and saw something coiling beneath the folds of my dress. My lenders darted and danced around me, eager to draw me deeper into their games. I shouted at one traipsing on my skirt, but my voiced became a ponderous bellow, no longer my own.

My hands pressed against my mouth, fingers brushed against a broadening nose -a snout some would call it. I would.

Growing ears ears twitched in rhythm to the grunts in my throat and the bell's steady ringing.



I felt terrified, and even now I hate the thrill sent through my heart as fae-craft flooded my veins and chest until it spilled out the only way possible.

My benefactors snickered at the bestial snorting I made as my hips widened, making room for the heaving mass that swelled from my lower belly and dangled between my legs.

In only a few scant moments, my hands held more of myself than I ever thought possible. I squeezed and shuddered as hot milk spilled from my extended nipples, both above and below. Sheer weight from a body rendered foreign to itself drove me to the ground. My overflow pooled across the earth beneath me, seeping into the grass and my golden fur. The frothy, creamy aroma left me lightheaded and I almost collapsed into a heap of soft flesh and ruined clothing.

A warning to undress beforehand would be appreciated...

Perhaps such advice risked spoiling their merriment.



Sweating, panting, and leaking everywhere, I felt appraising eyes across my furred, soft body. Hands, small and gentle, lifted me from the ground. Nimble fingers caressed and cupped the new beast of burden they molded.

“Work,” they told me, “is all we ask of you. Labor for labor. Simple, yes?”

A fair exchange. Simple, yes. Exhausting, humiliating days awaited me, filled with tugging and touching. Still. Simple all the same. They never lie.

At night, the bell rings unbidden, disturbing my sleep, and I remember that my own hands strapped the collar around my neck. I’ve done this to myself and will make no excuses. I can accept my overburdened body, even if I don’t recognize it in the mirror. I can accept the tugging at my teats day after day. The itching fur, the heavy, inescapable fullness in my breasts, and the wild, heady scent that follows me everywhere -I can live with it. Fine. Fine.

But God, I wish they had the decency not to laugh.

