

Warning: This story contains foul language and heavy themes of Transformation-as-Sexuality. If that's not your thing, you've been warned.

Story inspired by [this illustration](#) created by [HeartCollar](#) and commissioned by [Wolfren](#). Character used with permission.

Enjoy!

---

I'm a little disappointed with the garage sale. I got lost twice trying to follow the seller's home-made signs from the highway, and I was hoping to find at least *one* useful thing while I was here. Everything I owned was packed into my rusty old sedan (which just barely rolled its way across the last three state lines), and I needed a long list of amenities for my new apartment.

But instead of something practical like a set of silverware or a bookshelf, everything at the garage sale looked like an eccentric antique; from a few embellished mirrors to a souvenir ceramic sushi spread. Not really my style, even if I could afford it.

...Not to mention the guy running the sale has been staring at me in silence ever since I pulled up. I know I'm the only person here, but like... It's kinda creepy.

I sigh, putting down a holiday-themed deck of cards, and turn to leave. I make it halfway across the yard when I hear behind me –

"Where d'ya think you're off to?"

*Alright.* His stuff is junk, and this guy's going to be an asshole about me not buying it?

I shrug and keep walking. "I'm really not interested..."

"Interest don't factor into it. Ya ain't sold."

My forehead finds its way into my palm. I can barely tell with his accent, but I think I'm going to have to explain to this old idiot how garage sales work. I turn back to see him - surprise – staring at me from his lawn chair.

"Look, I was just hoping to find some new furniture, and you don't have any that I want."

He slowly cocks his head to one side.

"Here, fine. I'll buy something..." I look around and point to a toy top that's painted to look like a pumpkin. "I'll buy that. Will that make you happy?"

"Toys don't *buy* toys." He stares at me between his wide-brimmed hat and his sunglasses. "That don't make no sense."

Fucking *phenomenal*. This guy is 100% off his fucking rocker and also *probably* a has-been sex criminal. ...Looks like he might fall over in a strong breeze, though. I feel more unnerved than endangered.

I hold out my arms and deadpan "I'm not a toy."

"Oh, no? How d'ya explain them big plastic tits on your chest, then?"

Okay. I've had *enough*. This isn't even a funny story that I can tell my friends about later. It's just creepy and demeaning and stupid.

I shake my head in bitter frustration and glance down to see my chest pushing out against my t-shirt.

I turn to go.

I take two steps.

I'm sorry,

...*What?*

I look down again, and it looks even tighter than before. I snap back around in furious confusion. What the *fuck*. Who *was* this guy, some perverted *magician*? When the *fuck* did he sneak a practical effect up the front of my shirt? What was the *point*? Is there *someone else* here? *Am I on camera?*

"*NOT* cool, dude! *NOT* okay."

I pull off my shirt and shake off the fake boobs, but they don't fall off. I push on them, but they're stuck. I go to pull them off, but... what the fuck? I can't find the seam with my skin? I look down again.

They're... white. Large. Very... feminine. I touch them with my hands, and they feel like plastic. White plastic... tits. I poke them and they feel hollow, like they're filled with air. Hollow white plastic tits that... I... can feel my hands... through. I look back up at the guy in panic. What the *fuck*?

"Plastic *tits*?" is all I can manage.

"Plastic tits for a plastic toy..." He shrugs and sits back down. "Makes sense to me."

"Pla – a *what*?"

"You can clearly see for yerself..."

"I am *not* a toy!" I yell, a twinge of fear in my voice. Fear that I was trying to convince myself as well as him. "I AM NOT A *TOY*!"

He counts on his fingers like he's explaining something to a three-year-old. "White plastic belly... Blue plastic back... White plastic hands..."

Every time he describes my body, it slowly changes to reflect his words. My belly is now covered in a smooth white varnish. And by the time I go to touch it, my hands are plastic, too. It feels like my whole body is being wrapped in a new synthetic skin.

"Blue plastic legs... Blue plastic arms..."

If this wasn't so fucking *insane* I might actually enjoy it (kinky, yeah, I know). But it *was* insane. I threw down my pants to see new bright-blue thighs and calves. At least my dick was still –

"plastic vaginer..."

No. Nonononono – I aim to grab my dick but my hand falls down on a mostly-flat surface.

"Ah!" I whimper in a high gasp.

I keep my hand pressed lightly over my slit. If I don't see it, maybe it won't exist. But... I can feel it. Two lips and a gap right there against my palm. I lift my hand aching slow and wince. It's there. My...

...“vagner”.

“What are you *doing* to me?” I ask in a higher voice than I'm used to, mindlessly trying to push my breasts back into my body and shuddering at the sensation. I can feel my face start to plasti-fy. “How are you turning me into a human *sex doll*?”

“Haw!” he grunts in amusement. “Naw, naw. Ya'ain't human. Don't know what ya'are, but ya'ain't that.”

No – I feel my face push outwards but grip my hands against it. My ears just push out instead. A large tail emerges from my lower back, and I feel off-balance as I rush over to one of the mirrors laying on the ground. I see a snout. My snout. My boobs. My slit. A black plastic imitation of hair.

One toe on each foot is now a huge raptorial claw, and the other toes have pushed together into a kind of paw... My paws...

“Ah, yeah. Ya get it now. Yer one a'them fancy kind a toys.” He pauses and considers something. “Kinda easy, granted, but a good 'un non-ther-less.”

...How long had I been like this? Staring into the mirror? It frightened me that it all felt more comfortable by the minute, but it also confused me more and more that I was frightened to begin with. I reach back and feel my thick tail in my hands. It just... makes sense for me to have it. I know what I am now. I am a wolf-raptor. Is that a thing? Yes. I was it. I stare at the wolf-raptor in the mirror, and she stares back at me. And I am her. And she is me.

“When yer done with what'ere yer doin', be a good girl and sit back over with everythin' else. We'll surely have more customers today.”

I stand up and walk dutifully back to my spot, savoring the feeling of my inflatable plastic body rubbing together.

“Ah *swear*, toys ain't used to be so *mobile*. It's getting more than an old blind man can manage.” He chuckles softly. “A'course, if ya'll'd stop showin' up, what'd I have to be doin' all day?”

He leans back in his chair, and I sit motionless by the wares. I try to move and find it somewhat arduous. I touch my chest, and I smile. Sure, I *was* just turned into a toy against my will, but you know what? I'm starting to think this is better than a used bookshelf after all.