

# What Happens in Reno - Part 1

**Commissioned Anonymously**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Thanks to a witch, three men find themselves in new female bodies trying to make it in Reno. Each of them use their own unique sexual wiles to survive in the city and form a new sisterhood together.*

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Candi's first impression of Reno was that it was just a town with lights stuck on it. A poor man's Las Vegas, complete with the casinos and streetwalkers but somehow even more tacky and fake. Still, the glitz seemed oddly glamorous to her eyes and she had promised herself she would stay positive. She'd wanted to be a showgirl in Vegas but oddly enough, even with her double G breasts filled with silicone and a butt men would die to slap she had struggled getting work. Contrary to her belief, Vegas strip clubs did actually have standards and you needed more than just a nice pair of tits to get up on stage.

The first time she'd auditioned she had jumped up onto the pole, tried to do a simple spin and fallen straight onto her fat ass. So she decided a change of scenery was in order; if she wasn't good enough for Vegas maybe she could be good enough for Reno. One good thing that came out of her IQ being practically sliced in half was that it was pretty hard to overthink things like she used to. It was pretty hard to think at all really.

So with a spring in her step and a song in her heart she'd left Vegas and decided to make the most of things in Reno. Almost seven hours on a bus had come close to breaking her though; only a few weeks ago she'd been a successful businessman in his forties with plenty of money and a Lexus to drive. Now she wasn't sure she could drive any car safely with the attention span of a gnat and her money was long gone, locked away in the bank account of Lomand Richard, who no longer existed. So dirty public transport it was.

Still, despite the ache in her spine Candi smiled as she hopped off the bus and took in the city. She had a good feeling about this place. So good in fact she decided to treat herself to some food at the little hotel on the corner. She didn't have much money left in her wallet; her only income since her transformation had come from a few paid quickies behind the strip club that refused to hire her.

With a smile of blissful ignorance Candi walked into the bottom floor of the hotel which was set up as both a casino and restaurant. It wasn't as big as a Vegas casino of course but it was still something. She could at least get something to eat.

The witch who'd cursed her to be this way had expected her to be miserable. She supposed most men would be but ever since becoming Candi she found herself thinking more positively. Yes, she was pretty dumb and broke now but she was also hot as fuck and young again. A college aged bimbo who was too dumb for school but who cares? She'd been there and done that, this new life was a chance to have a little fun!

A short Asian woman who's work blouse was struggling to contain her cleavage walked over with a pad and spoke with a thick accent.

“What want? Coffee?”

“Oooh Um? I haven't decided yet!”

Candi looked the woman in the eye and gasped as something passed between them. It was like a bolt of lightning, a strange jolt that brought understanding with it.

“You like me...” The woman whispered, followed by something in a language Candi didn't understand.

“You were a man too!” She cried, making several other patrons of the diner give her dirty looks.

But the woman just nodded feverishly before half starting her sentence several times.

“I...English taken, replaced Chinese uh...meet here one hour?”

Candi couldn't explain how she knew, but she did; this woman was like her, a man who had been transformed into a woman.

“Wow you must have really pissed off the witch if she made you so dumb you can't talk.” She said wide eyed and the Asian woman scoffed.

“Not...not dumb, no English, Wǒ juédé nǐ shì nàgè yǒudiǎn shǎ de rén..”

Candi blinked.

“Sorry I don’t speak...that.”

She felt her cheeks colour; she wasn't sure what language the woman was speaking but she didn't want to offend her by guessing wrong. She sat in the diner, waiting for the woman's shift to end and watching as she flirted with male customers that walked in. For somebody who didn't speak English she didn't have a problem getting men's attention, then again, they probably weren't listening to her words.

Just before the hour was up Candi watched as a man slipped what had to be a room card for the hotel into the woman's cleavage and she smiled, whispering something before going out back to remove her apron. Candi bounced on her toes, enjoying the way she could feel her new curves jiggle with the movement while waiting until her new friend came out.

“Omigosh I’m so sorry, I forgot to introduce myself.” Candi gushed as soon as her new friend came out the door, “I’m Candi, well...I’m Candi now. What’s your name? How did you get like this? Did you do something wrong? I did I-oh, sorry, am I talking too fast?”

The Asian woman blinked in confusion and giggled a little, looping her arm through Candi's and dragging her over to a quieter, more secluded part of the casino floor away from the restaurant. After checking to make sure nobody was listening the woman spoke.

“Speak slow. My name Ming, old name Thomas Smith. I liked Chinese girl. Witch saw, say I rude, turn me into this. You too?”

Candi nodded.

“I was at this strip show in Vegas right? And I asked the girl for a lap dance and she said I had to pay her a hundred bucks! I was like, no way, a whore ain't worth that much and she was like, all offended and I was trying to explain that working on a pole isn't that hard and this witch shows up and is all like-”

“And curse, got it.” Ming cut Candi off, “I think I understand.”

“But I didn't even get to the best bit! So my butt starts swelling and suddenly I'm all young again and I've got these rock'n fake boobs so I decide, why not go out and prove her wrong huh? Well I couldn't 'cause it turns out pole dancing is actually real hard.”

Ming nodded.

“I think me same, look, I have to go, man waiting.” She flashed the card. “I have friend, like us, she working in the hotel a few blocks from here. Tomorrow we meet?”

Candi couldn't believe her luck! Not one but two other transformed women to be friends with; she was worried she would have to spend her whole new life never having anybody believe her if she chose to tell. She nodded again but then had another thought as Ming flashed the keycard.

“Are you going to go have sex with that guy?”

Ming's cheeks turned pink and she nodded.

“Cheaper than rent, men like Asian girls, think they are all subservient and sweet. I play along, I get free room.”

“That's soooooooooo smart ugh, I haven't done a guy yet but I've given a few blow jobs. It was actually pretty fun but actually having sex is kinda scary y'know?”

“Sex good, woman feels better.” Ming grinned, “Now, I go. See you tomorrow?”

“Yeah sure, uh, do you know of any place hiring? Sleeping with a new guy every night for a room sounds sort of exhausting. No offence.”

Ming screwed up her face and then sighed, shaking her head as if she couldn't be bothered being angry.

“Some offence, Tip Top Club have dancers, go.”

Candi gave her new friend an impromptu hug.

“Thanks, Ming! You're the best and I just know we're gonna be good friends now!”

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Ming's mind was reeling; she couldn't believe it, what were the odds another person who had been transformed would walk into her little hotel restaurant? Candi wasn't the first to be fair but her meeting with the other cursed victim had been...different. She didn't have time to reminisce on that now though, she had work to do if she wanted a bed for the night.

It had been months since she went from Mike to Ming; the first few had been spent in abject denial and confusion. There was something oddly terrifying about realising you no longer understood the language you'd spoken your entire life. Not only had she gone from a white guy to a Chinese woman without any ID; but she'd lost his ability to understand English. The witch had at least been merciful enough to give her a new language in return, but Mandarin didn't do her a whole lot of good in the middle of Vegas.

She'd had no choice but to find the sort of work that didn't ask questions; which meant a lot of waitressing. Of course, it was hard to earn tips when you couldn't sweet talk the clientele or understand what they wanted half the time. So she'd had to start getting more inventive in order to survive. Plus, getting a place to rent without any ID probably wouldn't have gone over well; a foreign woman with no legal papers trying to get property was a one way ticket to deportation.

Ming grumbled, she was American born and bred and now she had to slum it up with Asian fetishists in order to survive. It would suck if she didn't love sex so much. That almost made things worse; how much she enjoyed sex. The first time she'd managed to get into a man's room for the night she had grit her teeth and prepared to power through the experience and ended up losing herself in it instead.

Ever since she'd made it her habit, spend the day working tables as best she could with as much of her body shown off as possible, get a room key, have a few rounds of pleasure and then repeat. She'd spent most of her life as a guy with a thing for Asian girls, she knew exactly what to do to bring in the fellas. Too bad the ladies in Vegas were so territorial, or she might have been able to score some of the high rollers there instead of having to come to Reno to make ends meet.

She took a moment to neaten herself up, letting down her jet black hair and shuffling the push up bra so that her boobs were practically spilling out. She swiped the card and opened the room, glad to find it empty; she loved having a little time to herself before she was forced to entertain.

She enjoyed a quick room service meal on her hosts dime and had just enough time to position herself, sitting demurely at the end of the bed as he walked in. She blinked her dark eyes at him and made her face shift to a soft, excited smile; as if this was the greatest moment in her humble little life.

"I been waiting."

“Well wait no more, darling.” The man removed his necktie and swaggered over to the bed.

He was slightly drunk but that didn't seem to stop him going half hard in his trousers. Ming's mouth watered and her pussy burned with excitement; she hoped this guy was as good in bed as the last.

She stood up and slowly began to undress, wiggling her hips and letting her hair fall over her face seductively as the man took her place on the bed. She strip teases for him, wiggling out of her skirt and lifting off the rest of her clothes until all that was left was the bra.

“Keep it on.” He ordered as she reached to unhook it. “They look...so good.”

Ming couldn't help but smirk a little; he was right. With practised movements she crawled into the man's lap and unzipped his fly, stroking her soft fingers over his length. He didn't even question the condom she stretched over him, a necessary precaution given how she was forced to live now.

There was a power dynamic at play here, her almost totally naked while he was basically fully clothed. It gave him the illusion of control when really, Ming knew she was the one in the driver's seat.

When she had first realised just how much power was in a woman's wink and walk she'd almost gotten drunk on it. A few looks and she had a meal and a bed provided for her every night; it was intoxicating. As was the feeling of slowly lowering herself down on this man's cock.

No matter how many times she did this, Ming could never quite prepare herself for the unique feeling of being penetrated. She could feel her walls stretch open, burning pleasantly before being replaced with pure pleasure and a primal sense of gratification. It was good, it was so fucking good. She didn't even care that she was putting on a show moaning. If anything it egged her partner on.

“That accent, even when you're not talking it's so fucking hot.” He groaned as he started to buck up into her.

“Oh, yes, yes mister yes!” She cried, deliberately making her accent even thicker. “More, oh yes, more cock, more!”

He was grunting now, gripping Ming's hips tightly as he bucked deep into her and slammed the head of his cock against her G spot. Ming could feel the now familiar tightening sensation in her core as orgasm approached. Each thrust was a tease that brought her closer and she leaned backwards so that her breasts were thrust into the man's face; where he began to motorboat them.

They were so loud; like animals, but she didn't care as finally the ecstasy went white hot inside her and she shuddered as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her. She could tell the man was cumming too and she milked him for all he was worth before finally they collapsed back into the bed.

"Wow...this town is amazing." He sighed. "Best trip ever."

Ming giggled; Reno was something else, that was for sure.

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The Tip Top Club was one of those strip joints that didn't give a fuck how sleazy it looked. It was almost a cliché really; the blacked out windows, the pink neon sign complete with the silhouette of a woman popping her leg up and down; they even had the words 'Girls! Girls! Girls!' painted across one of the blank windows.

Candi's eyes lit up; it was perfect.

She pushed her way inside and found a surprisingly clean looking club; purple stages, shining silver poles and a bar lined with a rainbow of liqueurs. Idly she wondered if drinking on the job was allowed. A man in a pinstripe vest with sharp facial air walked up to her with a wide smile.

"Can I help you? Don't often see ladies in here, you swing for the other team?"

"Oh no, I wanna dance." Candi grinned eagerly. "I'm sort of down on my luck and I need a job..."

She turned from side to side, balancing on the toes of her heels and puffing up her chest.

"Well, you're clearly talented." The man said, eyeing her cleavage. "But can you dance?"

“Oh yes, I know I’m not the best yet but I have been practising.”

“Practising?”

Candi nodded furiously.

“On every pole I could find, traffic poles, lights, street lamps you name in! I actually got booted off Hollywood boulevard for that last one but where else is a girl supposed to practise pole dancing if a club won't let her?”

The man scoffed, then laughed out loud before throwing an arm around Candi’s shoulders.

“Girl, you’re eager. I like that. I’m Danny and you are...?”

“Candi. With an I.”

“Candi with an eye.” He blew a chef’s kiss. “Beautiful. Tell you what girl, audition, right here and now, centre stage. If the patrons like what they see, I’ll give you a shot.”

A public performance, oh that was exciting! Nerve-wracking but exciting. Back when she was a man she’d loved watching strip club girls dance, she could see all the moves in her mind's eye, if only she could get her own body to copy the moves. Danny jumped up onto the centre stage just as another girl in a golden bikini finished up.

“Gents, got something special for you tonight, a down on her luck girl with a heart of gold is here looking for work, shall we give her an audition together?”

The crowd cheered and Candi blushed as they all turned to look at her.

“Should I go change or...?”

“Just strip down to your underwear and get up there!” Danny called, jumping down off the stage. “Can’t be shy in this line of work sweetheart.”

Oh duh, of course. Candi put on her best, most winning smile and slowly shimmied her way out of her skirt, struggling to get her shirt off over her enormous fake tits. The men were



already hooting and hollering and the sound of their adoration egged her on. She did her best strut toward the walkway and climbed up on stage.

It was surprisingly difficult to do and she was forced to lift one leg up at a time, pulling her panties to the side and baring her pussy for just a moment; a moment was all it took for the men to go absolutely wild though. A thrill went through her; back in her old life she never got to be so naughty. Just visiting a strip club had been the height of her letting her hair down. Now she could be as filthy as she liked; and she really liked it.

Candi grabbed the slightly slick pole tightly and pulled herself toward it, sliding the silver between her tits as she began doing squats in time with the music, twerking her ass like giving herself a tit job with the pole. She could feel the bass thrumming through her and for the first time in her life, female or otherwise, she felt a profound sense of right.

This is what she was meant to do. Maybe what she had always been destined for.

With one quick movement she turned around and pressed the pole into the cleft of her ass as much as her panties would allow before wiggling out of them entirely. She turned and twisted, dancing to the beat all while using the pole as her tool. She may not have been able to perform the acrobatic tricks of other strippers yet but she was putting on a damn good show despite it.

The crowd was cheering, men offering her cash which she stuffed into her cleavage. Candi's cheeks hurt from the wideness of her smile; this was Heaven and if the impressed look on Danny's face was anything to go by; soon she'd be getting paid to do it.

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"Ming!" Candi called out, running up to the other woman and giving her a tight hug. "I got a job, thank soooo much!"

"Ah! Can't...breathe!" Ming gasped.

"Oh sorry!" Candi let her go with a giggle.

"Ow, how much...fake in those? So hard." Ming complained, rubbing at her own chest that had been crushed under Candi's fake tits.

"Oh, I dunno, great aren't they?" She shrugged and Ming rolled her eyes.

“Like weapons. Careful no crush man to death at work.”

“I will take that as a complement!” Cadi beamed, “Now, where is your other friend, you know...”

She leaned in close clearly thinking she was being discreet when in reality she was anything but.

“The one like us.”

“She performing, we go see. Then talk.”

“Ooooh yay! Does she strip like me? Or is she a show girl? Oh that’s soooo cool!”

She'd slept most of the day away so the city was just coming to life in the twilight. The neon lights flickered overhead, casting a kaleidoscope of colours on the pavement below.

Candi bounced on her toes happily and Ming shook her head in disbelief before offering Candi an arm which she took. It felt lovely to walk arm in arm with another woman without getting looks. If two men did that everybody would assume they were partners but girls got to be as physically affectionate as they pleased in public. It was such a welcome change.

Ming said a few words Candi didn't understand before screwing up her forehead in concentration; clearly trying to find the right words.

“Why you so...happy? No miss man life?”

“Hmmm...” Candi stuck a finger to her cheek as they walked, sticking out her tongue as she tried to think of the right way to explain. “I guess I do but, I ain't gonna turn back so I figure...why worry? ‘Sides, being all slutty is kinda fun and I have trouble focusing on more than one thing at once, so it's easy to distract myse-oh wow look at that!”

The hotel in front of them looked like it was right off the Vegas strip; it was all ocean themed, with blue walls and fake pearls and bubbles decorating the sides. There was even a little waterfall running off the side by the door glittering under the intense afternoon sun.

“It's so pretty!” Candi breathed and Mings smiled.

"Friend works here, in theatre at back. Come."

Candi adjusted the strap of her purse as she made her way through the bustling crowds in the lobby.

"Where is your friend?" Candi asked and Ming nodded towards a show theatre where plenty of people were funnelling.

"Her show starting, push up boobs and smile, man will let us in free."

Candi did as she was told and was titillated to discover Ming was right. The man barely looked at her face at all, focusing all his attention on the two melons in front of him. Ming was so smart, she had so much to learn about how to use her sexuality to get what she wanted.

"Being a girl is so fun!" She giggled.

The air inside the theatre was thick with excitement. They found her seat near the front and settled in, her eyes eagerly scanning the stage. The lights dimmed, and a hush fell over the audience as the curtains parted.

A gasp escaped Candi's lips as she beheld the spectacle before her. In the centre of the stage, a giant tank shimmered under the spotlight, its surface rippling with the gentle movements of water. And within it, a woman adorned in a shimmering mermaid tail gilded gracefully through the water, her every movement fluid and mesmerising. The scales were bright, light blue while her hair was a fair orange; she looked like something out of a fantasy film.

Candi watched in awe as the mermaid performed a series of breathtaking tricks, twirling and somersaulting through the water with effortless grace, all the while showing off her impressive chest that was barely contained by her seashell bra. Seriously, they were even bigger than hers and *that* was saying something. The audience erupted into applause, their cheers echoing through the theatre.

But it was when the mermaid surfaced and began to sing that Candi felt her breath catch in her throat. The melody was hauntingly beautiful, a wordless song that seemed to speak to something deep within her soul. The music swirled around her, wrapping her in its embrace as she listened, transfixed. At one point the mermaid's blue eyes fixed upon her and that same jolt of connection passed through them both. The song faltered just for a moment before the mermaid continued but Candi lost her breath. *This* was Ming's friend.

When the show was over Ming showed her to the side entrance of the stage and they snuck back behind the curtain. The woman was dragging herself up onto the platform near the top of the tank with some difficulty before hopping onto what looked like a skateboard to wheel herself to a small dressing room.

“You know, you don’t need to keep the costume such a secret.” One of the stage hands snickered.

“It’s my life’s work.” The mermaid replied lamely, not sounding like she remotely cared.

She looked up and saw Ming and Candi and grinned, waving them into the tiny dressing room and closing the door. Candi couldn't stand it a second more.

“Oh. My. GAWD, girl!” She cried, “That was like, the most amazing thing I’ve ever seen. I am so jealous, that song had me all light headed it was so good.”

“Thanks, I’m Miranda, but most people call me Mirage.” She held out a hand. “I see you too fell afoul of that witch in Vegas?”

“Felt afoul?”

“You pissed her off.”

“Oh, yeah.” Candi shrugged. “But I am so jealous, she didn’t give me an amazing voice of sewing skills. How did you make that it’s so pretty!”

Mirage grimaced, “I didn’t make it.”

“Huh?”

“Is real.” Ming explained. “Witch turn man into mermaid.”

Candi’s jaw dropped.

“Whaaaaaaaat!?! That’s so cool!”

Both the other women flinched at the high pitch of her voice.

“Not really.” Mirage rolled her eyes, “I have to live in that tank most of the time because being out of water is a pain in the back.”

“How?”

“Literally.”

Candi blinked and Mirage raised an eyebrow before cupping her enormous breasts and realisation hit.

“Oh! Literally, gotcha.”

Now that they were up close Candi could take in all the little details others must have assumed were make up. The tinge of blue on Mirage’s ears, the silver line of scales that framed her face and the small, almost insatiable gills on her neck.

“Still, we’re glad to meet you.” Mirage smiled, “The more of us there are to help the easier life is going to get. I’ve been teaching Ming English and she helps me get things without having to be out of my tank. It’ll be nice to have another set of legs around, if not brains.”

The slight insult went straight over Candi’s head; she was focused on the first part.

“I do have a great pair of legs, don’t I?” She giggled. “They got me a job last night, maybe we could all pool our money and get a place together, with a pool for you!”

“That would take a long time-”

“Or a lot of cocks.’ Candi mused, “But I could do it, I’m already pretty damn good at blowing dudes and I am pretty eager to see what sex is like, if I get really good at it I can charge a few hundred...maybe I can make thousands a night!”

“You’re...very chipper about this, don’t you miss being a man?” Mirage asked and Candi shook her head.

“I don't know about you, but the witch was really pissy with me. I don't think she'd change me back for anything, so I decided I was gonna just go for it. She gave me the body of a total slut so why not give it and go and turns out, it's *really* fun.”

“I think I finally understand that saying ignorance is bliss...” Mirage muttered, “too dumb to be unhappy...”

“Yeah, she said something about lowering my IQ but I feel fine so I don't think it's a big deal.”

“Not for you anyway.” Mirage smiled. “What do you think, Ming?”

“I think is good idea.”

“Ooooh and I can help ya with your English as well!”

Ming's smile wavered for a second.

“Maybe just Mirage teach.” She said politely. “You focus on making money.”

“That I can do!”

The three of them smiled and Candi sat down next to Mirage full of questions.

“Do you think it was the same witch who cursed us all?” She asked, “Mine was a lady with dark hair and purples eyes-”

“And a necklace with a diamond encrusted star?” Mirage added.

“And tattoo of a rose on her shoulder?” Mind asked.

Candi nodded.

“Looks like it was.” Mirage sighed. “Do you think you deserved it?”

Ming and Candi looked at each other and blushed before nodding.

“I was pretty rude.” Candi admitted, “aaaaaand pole dancing wasn't as easy as I thought it would be.”

“Learning English is diffi-dif....hard.” Ming groaned. “I say easy, rude and poof! Now I know.”

“Well I didn't deserve this!” Mirage crossed her arms in a huff, or at least tried to. Her chest was far too big to really allow it. “It's one thing to turn me into a woman but she could have at least kept me human! One minute I'm a handsome banker, the next I am being pushed into a pool and when I surface I'm this!”

Ming patted her shoulder sympathetically.

“We here for you now.”

“Yeah! We're gonna all be best buddies, after all, who else can really understand what's been like?”

Mirage pressed her lips into a thin line and nodded. Candi's heart went out to her, the poor thing was still in denial a bit it seemed. She hoped the mermaid would accept and learn to love her new life the way she had soon enough. If not, she would do everything she could to help her.