

# **SEX IN THE CARDS:**

# **PLAY TESTING**

By Dan Standing

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## **CHAPTER 1 - GETTING TO KNOW YOU**

Brini shifted her black ponytail from one shoulder to the other, something she always did when nervous. The end of it nearly reached the crest of her full fleshy grapefruits, tickling them gently through the green strings that criss-crossed back-and-forth over her impressive chest. Brini's green dress tightly hugged all of her curves, accentuating both her bust and round ass. Her eye-shadow was a complimentary smoky purple, as was the lipstick spread over her full lips.

She didn't know the names of the other women, but Brini would soon. One had already been waiting in the drab lobby when Brini walked into the unremarkable brownstone.

This woman, Cassea, had hung her fur coat on a hook, showing off a little black dress that clung to her flattish ass. The hem stopped high up on her nicely toned legs, showing off her better asset. The front of the dress was lightly ruffled with a deep plunge that revealed her pushed-up cleavage. Dark blonde wavy hair cascaded down around her shoulders and framed a light pink pout and eyes shaded a lighter purple than Brini's.

Both turned to watch the third woman arrive. This one, Holly, threw back her light brown hair as she

entered, revealing bright red lipstick that matched her dress. It was stitched together of little more than frills and straps. Holly's breasts, roughly the same size as Cassea's, were squeezed outwards quite a bit by the tight shoulder straps, their plump half-moons jiggling with each step. The hem of the dress was already short, and would have *just* covered the bottom of Holly's ass if it hadn't been quite so plump. The entirety of her athletic thighs and the very bottom under-curve of her rump were all on display.

Six eyes now looked over the fourth arrival, Deanna. She was the slightest of all of the women, wearing a shiny black dress holding tight to her boyish body. It covered her neck down to her mid-thighs. The rubber sheen was only slightly darker than the brunette locks that brushed beside her barely-visible bust line. She was also a little shorter than the others, and her dark makeup and attitude made it clear she wasn't interested in small talk.

Not that any of them had spoken a word to each other since arriving. Brini couldn't imagine what they could even discuss, although they all probably had one thing in common; something in their past their mysterious host had promised to make go away.

That wasn't all they had in common, although the facts that none of the women present were younger than twenty or older than thirty, or that all perched on high sexy heels, were not particularly interesting conversation starters. The circumstances of their gathering had tensions high.

Finally, Brini had to break the silence.

“So, we all here to see the same woman?”

Brini looked around to see how each of the others would react.

“I'm here to see a woman, might not be the same as you...” Deanna replied dryly.

“How do you know I'm not the one you came to see?” Brini asked. She only got a lone “Ha!” from Deanna as a response.

“But we all probably agreed to similar deals,” Holly interjected, walking across the lobby. She passed by a large open doorway leading into another room, but the other room was dark and didn't attract Holly's usual curiosity.

“I only agreed to hear out an interesting proposition,” Cassea laughed, letting a hand linger on her hanging fur coat before she walked over to where all four had loosely

gathered, “But I believe that if a powerful woman offers you a good time you should probably take it.”

“Probably the same thinking that created whatever the situation is you need resolved,” Holly bit back.

Before Cassea could respond their host arrived.

**“Good evening, ladies...”**

All four spun around towards the voice. It was instinctual, a need to pay mind to the words beyond just a natural inclination to turn towards a new sound.

The vision they saw standing in the doorway to the other room was a woman who was unnaturally alien and impossibly alluring all in the same package. She was lounging, not leaning, against the door frame, her body long and lithe. She had unreal curves accentuated by the straight line of wood she held her body against.

What she wore would be difficult to define as *clothes*, or even fabric – it was some sort of silky silver latex. It wrapped around her hips and nethers, and hugged her so tightly each visitor could easily make out the plump definition of lower lips and an eager nub pushing up through the northern end of them.

The material didn't even attempt to hide the breasts of their host. Instead it wrapped around her tits and added to the sense of cartoonish physics-damning.

Watermelon-sized zeppelins reached out in defiance of gravity, with thumb-sized nipples that looked to be painted in the svelt silver. The same material was wrapped around the woman's legs from the thighs down, and the toes of her silver feet were visible amidst the exaggerated ballet heel that extended down from her heel like a spike.

None of the four could look away. She stared at them with large doe-like eyes on her thin face. Her eyes were almost bigger than the pouty lips that threatened to extend beyond the lines of her cheekbones. Now and then those eyes would dart down at a holographic tablet which projected unfamiliar symbols, held in dainty hands with long thin fingers. Occasionally her luscious lips sipped from an exotic cocktail glass gripped by those delicate digits, when she wasn't smoking a green futuristic e-cigarette clenched in a long filter.

This filter was gripped by the most unusual part of the woman – a long, prehensile tail that stretched out from behind her bubbled ass and had a penchant for

occasionally undulating to stroke her silver nipples or pussy.

All four were transfixed by the vision before them, and finally the woman pushed herself away from the door frame, stepped into the lobby, and introduced herself. Every part of her moved as if she was swimming through reality - touching her feet to the floor was practically a courtesy to display some sort of normalcy in her existence.

**“I am Lady Reduxia, and I will be your host for tonight’s game.”**

Reduxia’s voice wasn’t of this world, more practically a warm purr. Her absolute confidence and comfort in herself began to thaw the frozen women, who each spoke their first names as if under a subconscious command to do so.

**“I know who you each are, but I am glad you now know what to call each other,”** Reduxia smiled, taking a long drag on her cigarette. She puffed out a cloud that hovered for a moment in the shape of a blossomed pussy before it faded away. Reduxia took a few long slow sensual steps around the room, her impossibly sexy shoes making small clicks as they brushed the marble floor.



Had she been circling the four her pace would have felt predatory, but instead she moved between them, weaving in and out of her guests.

**“I invited each of you here to help me test a new game, to see if it is ready for general release into my little dimension.”**

At the mention of “dimension” - such an unexpected word - Brini, Cassea, Holly, and Deanna all broke from their rapt stupor for a moment, looking back and forth to each other as if to confirm they had all heard the same thing.

**“Oh, yes, I am a hyper-dimensional being from another plane of existence. In fact, I am the being who owns what you would consider your reality, or universe. Think about it, normally you’d all be freaking out at seeing a woman with a tail. But you just accepted it when you saw me, didn’t you?”**

All four women looked back and forth to each other, their dumbfounded expressions indicating that Reduxia’s claim was true for all of them.

**“You’re comfortable with me because deep down everyone in the realm I own subconsciously understands that I am just as much a part of your existence as breathing...and eating...and fucking...”**

By now Reduxia had returned to the doorway leading to the other room. Brini, Cassea, Holly, and Deanna's minds were starting to clear, becoming less transfixed by Reduxia's presence. They again exchanged glances, each realizing how they had been acting. What Reduxia claimed felt as true as gravity anchoring them to the floor.

**“Each of you has some sort of secret of your past that I have offered to make irrelevant in exchange for helping me playtest my new game. If you are still in agreement I need you to leave your undergarments here. You may keep on whatever other clothing you like. Following me into the next room means you've accepted all the terms I offered to you when I first approached you.”**

With that Reduxia turned and strutted into the space beyond the lobby, her perfect silver ass shifting back and forth with each ethereal catwalk step.

With Reduxia's presence now fully removed from the room, the natural suspicion of their fellow game players returned - because if it was a game, that meant there would be a winner.

And three losers who could not afford to lose this opportunity.

Each participant gave the others a sideways glance.

“Well, I don’t give a shit about what any of you think...” Holly proclaimed, shimmying her thong out from under her dress. It slid down her legs and her red high heels kicked it away. Holly strutted towards the door, and Cassea shouted after her.

“You’re not the only one with balls, bitch!” Cassea also dropped her panties down over her heeled bootlets and followed after.

Brini and Deanna looked to the other remaining woman, turned their eyes away as they each reached under their hems, wiggled their undergarments down their legs, and left their underwear behind in the lobby.

All four had now walked into the darkened room.

## **CHAPTER 2 - THE CARDS YOU ARE DEALT**

Brini, Cassea, Holly, and Deanna were surprised by what they saw in the next room. Somehow, despite the lights of the lobby, they hadn't been able to make out that the entire neighboring space was akin to a sensual harem love nest. Silk curtains hung all around them, oversized cushions and pillows covered the floor from wall to wall. Everything looked so soft and inviting, and Brini wanted to throw herself into the marshmallow-like cushions.

In the corners there were fountains, flowing with what at first looked to be water. Brini and Deanna approached one and saw that the fluid was too thick. A gentle dab of Deanna's finger revealed the substance to be lubricant. She quickly wiped it off on a curtain and she and Brini rejoined the others.

Lady Reduxia was standing at a high-top glass table, on the far side from the other four women. She had traded in her tablet for a handful of playing cards. The majority of the deck she was slinging around in her hands like a stage magician, but some of the cards had been placed face-down in four spots.

She motioned for her guests to join her, and each stood behind a set of placed cards. All four had been

dealt sets of cards which included three with a blue back, two which were yellow, and one red card. Reduxia stopped playing with her deck, and instantly one hand now held orange cards, which she splayed out in her grip.

**“Now, the game is quite simple, and similar to some other party games you may have played. In a moment you will pick up your cards, and in each round you will play your cards against one of your opponents. That opponent gets to keep those cards as points, and at the end of the game whoever has the most points wins. Winners get to draw from a special pile...and so do the losers,”** Reduxia said with a grin.

The other four looked at each other, and Brini began to reach for the cards she had stepped up to when Reduxia stopped her.

**“Oh no no, first we play the Orange round to make sure things get interesting. If each of you would please share with me your sexuality...”**

“I’m straight,” Cassea blurted, quite without any control or intention to make such a statement. Her hand shot to her mouth to indicate her surprise.

“I’m lesbian,” Brini offered, the same look of surprise coming from her.

“Straight,” said Holly.

“I’m bi,” Deanna stated. By the time the last two had spoken they weren’t shocked by making the admissions.

**“Excellent, now, please, each select one orange card,”** Reduxia grinned, offering the splayed cards in her hand. **“You may look at them, but whether or not you want to share what it says is up to you.”**

Brini reached forward first, and when she carefully snuck a look at it saw BISEXUAL written on the hidden side. She furrowed her eyebrows and put it face down before her.

Deanna’s hand made it to Reduxia’s next, pulling a card which read NYMPHOMANIAC. Immediately Deanna felt a warmth rush between her legs. She almost staggered as her knees went loose for a moment. Deanna resisted moaning as her pussy heated up and flushed with moisture.

She managed to gird herself and visibly react with little more than biting her lip. As she put the card down her hands gripped the table for support. Deanna’s pussy had never been so...not just horny, but *needy* before. She wondered how long it would take before anyone could smell the juices building up in her unclad pussy.

Holly pulled next, and hers read LUST FOR PLAYERS. She raised an eyebrow, and as she placed it down she turned towards Cassea as her opponent reached for a card. Holly's eyes couldn't help but follow the smooth skin of the other woman's arm all the way to her shoulder, then down the plunge of the black dress to Cassea's breasts. Holly's eyes lingered on the curves of tit flesh for a moment before she realized what she was doing and looked away – turning towards Brini. Holly caught sight of Brini's breasts, tied so tightly behind those strings, begging for a little tug to release them, the nipples popping free and available for her lips to – Holly shook the thoughts away and stared down at the card she just placed on the glass.

“The fuck?”

The exclamation came from Cassea, who was staring wide-eyed at her card. She was making no attempt to hide it, and Brini could easily read it – IF THERE IS A DICK, YOU LUST FOR IT. IF THERE ISN'T YOU HAVE ONE THAT LUSTS.

“Oh...*OH!*” Cassea continued to exclaim. She backed away from the table and stared down at herself. Something was definitely happening to her pussy. Cassea could feel her clit pushing out from under its

hood and past her labia, lengthening with a burst of warm tightness.

What had once been a deep canyon filled up and pushing outwards. Her shifting clitty was now so long it was tenting her dress, and in a panic Cassea pulled the black fabric up. Everyone could now see her new dick shaping and growing, the phallus forming ridges and a bulbous head. No balls seemed to be developing, but in only a few moments a rigid five-inch cock had grown forth from Cassea's loins. Beneath it her labia had folded into themselves and completely sealed up.

"Fucking what? What did you do? Is that...is that permanent?" Cassea gasped. She didn't know what to do. She could feel it was real. Cassea could sense its weight pulling on the skin and muscles of her mons. She could feel air flowing across the shaft, feel it bobbing before her. She was afraid to touch it, to acknowledge it was there.

But at the same time Cassea could feel her newly grown dick ache for...something. It wanted to be warm...and wet...and held tight. It was like the inverse of how Cassea wanted something stiff and thick inside her when she was horny. But she couldn't seem to tamp down this desire.



Everyone stared. For the first time in her life Brini actually felt her own folds warm up at the idea of stuffing a man's dick inside her. And suddenly she realized what her Orange card had done to her.

**“Any number of things could happen between now and when the game ends, including reversing that,”** Reduxia replied, as if that had fully addressed Cassea's question, or even assuaged her real concern. Reduxia's tablet had reappeared in her hand, the deck of Orange cards vanishing. Reduxia was making little finger motions, and Cassea - feeling ignored - nearly cursed at her host for not paying more mind to the fact that *she had just grown a cock*. But Cassea stopped herself, fearful such an outburst could jeopardize her place in Reduxia's deal.

Cascea cleared her throat to release some energy, and let go of her dress. The hem draped over her hard-on just an inch past the end of her dick's head, causing Cascea to twitch a little from the contact on her shaft. She stepped forward and reclaimed her place at the table.

Deana realized she had been drooling while she stared at the virgin penis that had just sprouted so close to her, and she wiped some saliva from her lips. She could do nothing about the sensation of drooling down her thigh.

**“Now, ladies, if we are ready, we can begin the game proper. Each of you has three sets of cards. Blue cards are Details. You use those to complete the Yellow cards, which are Changes. And Red cards are for Defense, you can use them to reverse or reduce the effects of cards played on you – but remember, every card you play on someone is a point for them, so choose wisely! Cassea, you will go first and play will go clockwise from you. Each round the next person in order goes first. I’ll be back to check on you!”**

And then Reduxia was gone. She didn’t walk away or poof off in smoke – she was just gone. All four players looked around for a moment and failed to notice that the door they’d come in through had also sealed up as if it had never been there. Three draw piles of each card color had appeared at the center of the table.

Brini found that her eyes had again wandered towards Cassea’s new addition, and she tore them away. She had a girlfriend, a sexy attractive girlfriend that she...was very loyal to. After all, she was why Brini was here; she needed to know if she was going to start a new phase of her life with someone that the mistakes of her past weren’t going to ruin two lives.

But this...was this worth the risk?

Or was it just a new mistake?

But those questions, Brini realized, were moot. This was something she now had to see through.

The game was on.

## CHAPTER 3 - ROUND 1

“Well, I guess we can look at these now...” Brini muttered, picking up the cards in front of her. The others did as well, Cassea sorting through what she had with the most concentration.

It took a moment for Cassea to get her mind in order. Part of that was the suddenness of trying to learn a new game. The rest of the distraction was her twitching dick. Cassea could feel the fabric of her dress caressing its head, her muscles making it twitch without any intent on her part. In the past she could have rubbed her thighs together to try and sate untimely lust, but she could do nothing now without playing with herself in front of her opponents.

*Focus*, she told herself, looking at the cards. Cassea tried to understand them. Her Yellow cards read;

“Blue is enlarged by YOUR CHOICE”

and

“Blue is tattooed with YOUR CHOICE”

Her Blue cards were BREASTS, PUSSY, and LEGS.

Thinking for a minute Cassea realized that a good strategy would be to try and make the others as

distracted as her twitching dick was making her. But who to play the cards on...Deanna had a small build, maybe growing something big between *her* legs would level the playing field.

“Okay, I’ve made my choice.” Cassea exclaimed, laying down the PUSSY and “Blue is enlarged by YOUR CHOICE” cards, “Deanna, I want your pussy to grow three times bigger.”

“Hmmm, that sounds fun and all, but I’m going to play this Red ‘I take one card and replace it with...’ card.”

Deanna gave a shit-eating grin to Cassea as she placed down her Red card.

“I’m going to swap out PUSSY for the BREASTS card I have,” Deanna continued smiling, taking the PUSSY card into her hand and placing down the BREASTS card. She looked Cassea straight in the eyes with a deep smugness, and Cassea glared back at her.

Cassea looked to her own Red card, which read “...and also your nipples.” Before she could think any further about additional options Cassea’s thoughts were interrupted by a moan from Deanna.

“Oh...oh yeah...” the lithe woman hissed, her body arching and her hands gripping the front of her dress, groping her little breasts through the material. All three other women could clearly see that she was quickly gaining more mass up top.

“Fuck...fuck...” Deanna gasped as she felt her warm flesh expanding out atop her ribs. Supple fat was pumping into her little tits, the material of her dress pushing tightly back against the growth. This was forcing the soft additional flesh to spread outwards beneath the thin rubber.

The sensation of growth within constriction, combined with the fire already betwixt her legs, was too much for Deanna’s mind to keep under control. She could feel her nipples drilling into her palms through her dress, and she *needed* to touch them. She’d always been envious of bigger busts, and she had to better experience the sensation of actually growing some. She wanted to *directly feel* the expanding changes to her bust. Deanna struggled and partially unzipped her dress, pulling her arms through and letting the rubbery material hang down around her waist.

“Oh yeah...” Deanna closed her eyes and groaned, her fingers now directly gripping her freely growing fuck pillows. While her tits had once been barely noticeable

they were now pushing apart her groping digits. Deanna took a few moments to knead her new flesh, flooding her pussy.

But then, as the growth stopped, Deanna suddenly remembered where she was. Her eyes popped open and she deeply blushed as she looked around at the other players watching her. When she pulled her hands away apple-sized orbs of flesh were bouncing and hanging heavy from her ribs.

The others were too wrapped up staring at what Deanna had grown up to notice the trail of moisture trickling nearly to her knee. Holly found herself imagining sucking on the little nipples that had sprung to hard attention. Cassea found herself wondering what it would feel like to rub her dick through the newly grown cleavage.

Brini, the only one not new to being attracted to breasts, got the round moving again.

“Are you done?” she snapped at Cassea.

“Uh, yeah, your turn...”

Brini looked at her cards. MOUTH, PUSSY, NIPPLES stared at her in Blue, while Yellows read;

“Blue becomes Hornier”

and

“Blue is Duplicated”

She sighed. Brini didn't really know what the second Yellow would specifically do, but the other was quite clear. And she wanted to try something unique.

“Okay, Holly, your mouth is going to become hornier,” Brini grinned, placing down the cards.

“What the phuck doesth phat mean?”

As Holly responded it became clear what that meant. Her mouth had swiftly filled with saliva, some of it spraying and dripping down her lips as she spoke. To keep it from bubbling out of her lips like a ground spring she had to swallow some and then tightly close her mouth and clamp down her tongue to block the flow.

And even with her mouth tightly closed and filled up by her tongue it felt...empty. Holly felt a strong desire to fill it with something more. Out of curiosity she pushed a finger in between her lips, letting out a little dribble of spittle. The sensation of unbearable void sated a little, but still lingered. It was almost as if partially filling her mouth only illustrated how much more she wanted filled.



It was the difference between putting a finger in her horny pussy and how it felt to have a real dick in there.

Holly's eyes glanced to the bulge under Cassea's skirt, but her thoughts of how it would feel in her mouth were interrupted by a nudge from Brini.

“Your turn.”

Holly blinked a few times and focused on her cards. She pulled her finger from her mouth and wiped it on her dress, a long thread of saliva following after it. A dissatisfied moan could not be kept back as she felt the utter emptiness once more. Holly used the back of her hand to wipe off her chin.

MOUTH, ASS, and GENITALS were her Blue choices, while her Yellows were;

“Blue becomes black latex”

and

“Blue enlarges by YOUR CHOICE”

Holly's eyes once again glanced through the glass table at Cassea's new appendage, and a naughty thought entered her mind.

“Okay, let'sth try thiff. Cassea, your dick is going to be twicfe as big, twicfe as black, and twicfe as latex!”

Holly proclaimed, dribbles of saliva splashing to the table as she slammed down all three cards.

“The fuck? You can play three cards?” Cassea exclaimed. “What does ‘twice as latex’ even mean?”

“I guess sfo. And I don’t know. But it means you get another point, sfo...”

“Well how do you like this? I play ‘...and also your nipples!’”

“What?!”

The changes acted on the women simultaneously.

Cascea looked down as the tent of her dress began to push out further. She pulled up the fabric and stared at the bulbous head of her already impressive dick. It was stretching and expanding, and it felt like a far more pleasant sensation of when she’d experienced her first erection. Unlike the last time there was now a sound...like two balloons rubbing together.

Backing away as her cock stretched towards the table, Cascea watched as five inches became six, six becoming seven. As it grew Cascea saw the pink fleshy color get darker and darker, the plump veins losing their contrast.

Soon her shaft was a deep dark black with an unnatural sheen.

It only took a few moments for Cassea's once manageable meat stick to engorge out to a ten-inch rubber dildo. Its girth pushed her thighs apart, and Cassea had to adjust her stance to counterbalance its weight. Despite the additional heft it barely drooped, hanging out in front of the woman like a flag pole.

Holly wanted to be staring at her work on Cassea, but her attention was drawn to her chest. She could feel the changes happening to her nipples. There was an unmistakable sensation of growth and expansion.

Two hard nubs pushed out against the red fabric of her dress. Holly had always encouraged her little nips to show, to tease and distract. Now she could watch them getting bigger, trying to drill further and further through the material, as if they were actively trying to break free. It felt pleasant at first, but as the material reached the limits of its elasticity what was once outward growth began to push backwards into her tit flesh.

“Phuck...ow...” Holly hissed. Reacting to the pain she jerkily pulled back the cups of her dress and popped out each breast. Her hardening nips sprung out as they passed the hem of the material, practically making

*SPROING!* sounds. Holly was just in time to watch them finish turning from her previous darker tone into the deep black latex she had imagined. They were about an inch long and still growing, nearly a centimeter wide. Holly stared at them hungrily.

They would feel so good between her lips. Holly wanted to suck on them *real* bad...no! She just wanted *something* in her mouth.

To distract herself Holly looked over to Cassea's enormous rubber cock. Holly wasn't sure if she could even fit the bulbous head in her mouth!

She returned her attention to her own rubber accessories. The changes had mostly stopped. She ran a finger around the rubber rim of her areola, feeling the soft flesh of her breast transition to the tougher latex. Her stomach twitched from the sensation. She pulled her finger away before daring to caress the long length of her teats.

“Well, if you ladies are done...”

Deanna's statement had come out very breathy, but heavy with intensely controlled desire. Her eyes were switching back and forth between Cassea's enormous endowment and Holly's big thick nipples. Deanna could feel a trail of her juices running down to her ankle. Her

own breasts, hanging bare in the air, sported two *very* hard nipples that could almost give Holly a run for her money. But it was her turn and she tried to concentrate.

Looking at her remaining cards Deanna had arranged the Blue HAIR, LEGS, and recently acquired PUSSY ones up front. Behind them were;

“Blue 1 switches with Blue 2”

and

“Blue becomes more sexually sensitive by YOUR CHOICE.”

“Okay...I guess I’m playing this on Brini...” Deanna proclaimed as she laid down the cards, “Your legs are going to become five times more sexually sensitive.”

“My legs?” Brini asked, her head pulling back and her eyebrow raising as she considered the statement, “What would that mean?”

“I don’t know, it’s the most I wanted to do and-”

**“Thank you, ladies. That concludes Round 1.”**

All four players looked up at the sound of Reduxia’s voice lofted through the room. Their host was nowhere to be seen.

**“You may take a short break to take stock of yourselves, but we will be resuming momentarily.”**

It was not a suggestion but a command. There was a pause as each woman considered what they wanted to do.

Casaea was the first to step back from the table. She turned away from the others and stared down at the monster between her legs leading ahead of her long and proud. With each step her rubber cock bounced and swung, threatening to pull Casaea forward onto the floor...or into someone?

Its permanent stiffness was not just for looks. Casaea could feel the desire trapped in it, a need for release and a relief that, quite possibly, could never be achieved. She placed a hand on it and tried to push it down between her thighs but had to stifle a gasp – the contact had not helped that urge.

Also not helping keep her mind focused was how the hem of her dress brushed the base of her latex dick. Casaea gathered up the material and tied it off to the side, laughing to herself how it looked like what some country whore would do with a long blouse. She blushed a little, as now her bare ass was uncovered for all to see.

Holly had walked away from the table amongst the cushions and sheets to look for something small she could use to dab at her leaking mouth. The feeling of her saliva - she *hoped* it was saliva, although it felt slightly thicker - slowly leaking out from between her lips, down her chin, and splattering atop her chest was very distracting. She was trying to block and hold back as much of it as she could, swallowing the rest.

Thankfully that was not causing her to get a stomach ache.

With each step Holly watched her unhindered breasts jiggle like normal, except for how her nipples were reacting. The latex had locked up her areola, so they did not roll with the rest of her flesh like they used to. This kept her black rubber parapets somewhat still, sticking out pert and in need of attention in the same way Cassea's latex dick needed it.

Spotting a small silk scarf Holly bent over to pick it up and a dollop of spittle dripped right onto her right nip. Her body shuddered at the moment of impact, and without thinking Holly sent her hand to wipe it off. Her fingers, now slick with her own juice, brushed the nearly one-and-a-half inch length of rubber and Holly could not

hold in her moan. Her loins flushed as erotic lightning zapped from nip to clit.

Holly quickly pulled her hand back. She took a few deep breaths. She dabbed the moisture away from her lips, resisting the urge to suck on her finger. She dared not do anything more to excite herself – who knew what more could happen to her if she lost her concentration? So she left the remaining dab of saliva to dry on her tit, causing a spot of noticeable coolness as it evaporated. Shuddering from *that* sensation Holly wondered if she'd been better off just taking the scarf to it.

Brini watched the others for a moment before deciding to leave the table. But she hadn't taken two steps before she realized what the cards played on her legs had done to her. The fabric of her dress from her thighs to just over her knees shifted as she took her first step, and Brini nearly buckled over from the intensity of the pleasure. Nothing had impacted how her feet or ass felt, but any touch to her thighs or calves...Brini didn't know if she could go another round with every shift of her stance like a warm breath on her pussy.

Stuck now in this odd half-step Brini took some deep breaths and distracted herself by looking around to the others. She considered the fact that one woman had a giant dildo growing from her crotch, and two others had



their breasts hanging free. For the first time she noticed the shimmer dripping down Deanna's leg. Brini figured she wouldn't be in bad company if she rolled up her dress.

Her stomach and pussy twitched with each inch of material she pulled up, until it had come up over her hips. That seemed to be the sweet spot, but as she tucked the hem to keep it all in place Brini was very aware that half her ass and all of her pussy was showing.

She'd have to deal with it.

Deanna was the only one who hadn't stepped away from the table. She was afraid of her thighs squeezing her pussy, that any extra teasing would push her beyond the ability to control herself. It was bad enough her tits were hanging out on display, like a sign saying, "I want it!"

It was worse that she could see that big rubber cock bouncing between those lady legs, and the ass and pussy that had just been put on display. And those big latex nips that-

Deanna's train of thought was mercifully distracted when she noticed that the arrangement of cards on the

table had changed. Everything was tidied, used cards were gone, and Deanna had more cards in front of her.

Reaching to pick up her new hand, Deanna was interrupted by Reduxia's voice.

**“Ladies, please return to the table to begin Round Two. Brini goes first this round.”**

## **CHAPTER 4 - ROUND 2**

Brini picked up her cards and considered them as everyone resumed their place. HAIR had joined PUSSY and NIPPLES amongst her Blue cards, and her new Red card read, “Blue 1 becomes Blue 2.” Her fingers tapped her cards as she glanced at her competitors.

If she wanted to win she needed to keep these girls thinking about their own desires, keep their minds foggy. And she figured she knew how to make someone even more distracted.

“Deanna, your nipples are going to be pussies.”

There was an audible silence as all eyes turned to Deanna. The brunette stared at the cards, eyes wide and mouth slightly agape. She even continued to stare after she’d felt the tingling in her nipples, and it wasn’t until she felt a warm stretching that she finally looked down at herself.

The other players had been intensely watching Deanna’s flesh warp. The tips had started to shift upwards along the curve of her newly expanded bust. Early on the areola hadn’t changed, just the nips moving up towards the top of the slightly bumpy circles and

dragging the dark colored flesh with them slightly as they finished their nearly two-inch migration.

Then Deanna's areola started to get puffy, the flesh plumping up as the dark rings began to stretch downwards, creating an oblong shape. The puffiness increased until her areola pushed up just short of an inch, and then a crease formed down their center. Starting below the nipple Deanna's areola opened like a flower, juices starting to dribble from them as they did.

Deanna's breasts were jiggling and bouncing as her breathing got more and more haggard. She stared down as she watched her nipples shift to resemble clits with hoods, nestling in at the top of where her new titty pussy lips started. In only a moment or two she was staring down at two fully formed pussies, the same dark color her nipples had once been, open and needy at the front of her tits.

As little rivers began to stream down the underside of her breasts shaking fingers slowly and cautiously approached Deanna's bust. There was so much *need* in them, the same fire that was burning between her legs was demanding attention, demanding...to be filled. She was just about to touch her new slits when Holly spoke up.

“Um, excuse me, but could you *not* play wiff those right now? Fome of uf have turns.”

Everyone turned and looked at the blonde, Deanna’s eyes wide and glossy. Holly looked around at them with satisfaction. She could see how needy Deanna’s pussies were, and if she let the poor woman play with them and she orgasmed she could have a clear head.

And Holly didn’t need anyone with a clear head.

She looked down at her cards, still holding MOUTH and ASS with NOSE the new Blue card. “Blue becomes like an animal’s of your choice” was nestled next to her older Yellow card. She took a moment to play with them, arranging them for no reason other than to annoy the other woman – *She interrupted Deanna and she’s not even ready to play her cards!*

Finally Holly licked her lips, a delicious thought entering her head. She glanced over to Cassea, making certain she’d chosen an entertaining target, and placed down her card.

“Okay, Cassea,” Holly grinned, snapping the two cards onto the table with flourish, “Your nose is going to become like an elephant’s.”

“An elephant’s?” Cassea repeated, her voice betraying her moment of confusion, “But elephants don’t have noses, they have – oh no.”

Her realization was accompanied by a tingling, and Cassea’s eyes crossed as she tried to see what Holly had wrought on her. As she did so she spotted a new Red card and tossed it onto the table; “You’ll reveal more than you intend to with Valleyspeak!”

Returning her attention to her changes, Cassea could just barely see her small button nose start to stretch forward, her nostrils being pushed out from her. She could see more and more skin now with less and less effort, and Cassea could also see how the tone of her fake tan was starting to fade into a shade of grey.

The other women started laughing as Cassea’s nose continued to grow, quickly starting to droop and head towards her breasts. It grew about a foot and stopped.

Cassea had been afraid she’d get a full-sized trunk, but it appeared that being “like” an elephant’s nose meant that her new proboscis was somewhat scaled to her face. While the spot where her trunk grew from her face had certainly become a bit bulbous, it tapered down

into a ribbed grey snake of flesh down to where her flared nostrils hung between her chin and her clavicle.

At the tip of her new trunk Cassea could feel a little nub. She flexed it. Although all the many muscles were new to her the impulse to move them wasn't much different than the command to wiggle her human nose.

The little nub bent and moved, not quite as flexible as a finger, more like a toe. In mere moments Cassea was swinging her trunk around, able to lift it up and curl it back so she could see into her nostrils – which blasted her eyes with warm air. She blinked and shook her head in surprise, letting the trunk fall limply down her face.

All three of the women were just staring. Even Deanna had been pulled from her horny stupor to watch what had happened to her opponent. Yeah, maybe Deanna had pussies leaking down her tits, but at least they were *human* pussies. The first partial animal transformation had put a particular fear in the other three women, but Cassea looked to be enjoying experimenting with her new addition.

That finished Holly turned her attention to the Red card that had been thrown at her. She hadn't noticed a little tingle in the back of her brain, and almost laughed out loud as she picked up the card and finally read it.

*That's asinine, what's that card supposed to do to me?*

“Well that's totally dumb. What iff like, ya know, thiff fingy fuppofed to do?”

Holly stopped and furrowed her brow. She'd felt her mouth form words she hadn't been thinking, and her voice sounded much more high pitched and sing-songy. It was already bad enough that she was lisping while conrollong her thick saliva, but this was an actual change to what she intended to say. From the tone it was as if she didn't really care about what she was talking about.

*That was strange! Hey! Shit, it did it again!*

“Well that waf far out. Oh! Gag me wiff a fpoon, it happened again!” Holly put a hand to her throat, her eyes wide with realization.

“It'f mean enough that my mouth deperately needs a cock in it, oh, baby I don't need like, ya know, thiff as well!” Holly muttered. She hadn't intended to say anything - that sentence had sputter from her lips from an emotional impulse. Her eyes went wide as it dawned on her that she'd spoken.

*I didn't fucking mean to say THAT!*



“Oh, wow, that waf an oophy! Gah!”

As Holly struggled to regain command of her words Deanna pulled herself together and looked down at her cards. WHOLE BODY was the new one with HAIR and PUSSY. “Blue 1 switches with Blue 2” was still there, and next to it was “Blue changes to color of choice.” On her new Red card was written, “If me then you.”

Deanna tried to concentrate on what she needed to do. She fidgeted with the cards and looked at the remaining unchanged women in this round – well, *physically* unchanged – Holly and Brini. Deanna’s eyes kept jumping to Holly’s black rubbery nipples, jutting out from the ends of her delicious jiggly breasts.

As she continued to test her newest speech adjustment Holly was drooling on her tits, more so than she’d been doing so before. Watching the woman wipe away her slick spittle from her bouncy breasts, lines of saliva stretching from her skin, Deanna just wanted to jump her, to throw her down and use her like a...

An idea sprang to Deanna’s mind.

“Okay,” the brunette muttered, placing down the cards with a jittery hand, “Holly, your whole body is going to become bubblegum pink.”

Holly didn't hear her at first, still trying to force herself to speak what she was intending to say, sending rivulets of drool down her lips.

“I def want thif to ftop fo I can have room for a big hot cock! Oh no!” - none of which Holly had intended to share at all, except the “Oh no!” which had actually been *Fuck!*

It wasn't until Cassea snapped her fingers in front of Holly's face that she focused on what was going on.

*What did you do to me now?*

“Oh noes, did fomeone play cardf on me?”

“I'm turning you bubblegum pink.”

The drooling blonde cocked her head at the sentence. At first she thought Deanna was trying to turn her into bubblegum, but as she read the card and recalled the complete sentence she let out a sigh of relief. Holly held up a hand to her face and could see the change in skin tone already starting.

It wasn't just changing the shade of her skin. If that was the case Holly would have been able to continue seeing the little blue blood vessels and veins running along her hands and arms. No, this change was wiping away every blemish and imperfection of color across Holly's entire form. A solid, consistent pink was washing over her, and Holly turned her attention from her hand to her breasts.

There appeared to be no alteration to Holly's latex nipples, they remained their shiny black selves. Deanna wondered if, had they not been rubberized, if Holly's teats would have turned the same pink as the rest of her or if they would have been a slightly darker shade. It would have to remain a mystery.

Holly stepped back and looked down her legs as the pink spread beyond the hem of her dress and turned her toes pink. Although Holly could not see it, even her eyes had become pink – smooth pink orbs in a pink head, on a pink body with bouncing pink breasts capped by black nipples. Her hair had remained its dirty blonde color, and Deanna wondered if that was because hair was different than body in some fashion.

In only a few moments the woman's entire form had taken on a smooth, consistent, bubblegum pink.

*I'm...I'm...*

“I look...I look...” Holly gasped, still staring down at herself.

“Like a fucking blow-up doll!” Cassea laughed, her trunk almost letting out a loud trumpet. Her dick twitched, the idea of plunging it deep into the pink woman quite alluring. Deanna nodded, the look exactly how she had imagined Holly would turn out.

*Fuck!*

“Ah, dang!” Holly speaked. This was nothing like what she had just done to Cassea, but how it had changed the look of her entire body was still shocking to her.

*I do look like a damn fuck doll!*

“I *am*, like, totally a fex dolly now, and I need one of you in my mouff!” She slapped her pink hands over her pink lips, sending a little spray of drool out around her.

Cassea was certainly enjoying watching the woman who had just planted an elephant’s trunk on her face panic over having her skin color changed. She was especially smiling at Holly’s panicked bimbo voice. But Cassea now had to concentrate on her own turn.

Out of curiosity Cassea offered her cards to her trunk, and with a wiggle of muscles was able to grip them in her little nubs. Cassea almost snorted them out of her gasp as she swung her trunk up in front of her eyes and looked over her cards, amused at her own absurdity.

She'd already burned off her Red card in a most enjoyable fashion, and was now left with BREASTS, HAIR - the new card - and LEGS. The new Yellow card read "Blue becomes like a cow's," nestled next to her left over "Blue is tattooed with CHOICE."

There was only one other target left, and Cassea eyed Brini. The young woman had been barely changed at all. All that she had so far was a sensitivity change to her legs? Unacceptable. Cassea grinned as she planned to induct Brini into the Part Animal Club.

"Oh Brini," Cassea smiled, nodding her head back and forth as if she was some neighbor about to ask for sugar, "I think I'd like to see your breasts become like a cow's." Cassea plucked the cards from her trunk and placed them on the table with a gentle pat.

"Oh, thank you, honey," Brini replied with the same mock sweetness, thumbing a card from her own set, "But I think I'd rather see that fully reflected." Brini placed

down a Red card literally labeled “Fully Reflected” atop the pair Cassea had placed down and gave them a double pat herself.

Cassee blinked, then shot her attention down as her chest started to feel tight. She pulled back the material of her dress and watched as her tits started to bulge. It was little waves of growth, and warm waves at that. Cassee bit her lip as the changes happening to her breasts began to feed down to her rubber cock, every little pulse of expansion causing her to twitch her dick. The others watched, unable to decide if they wanted to see her udders grow in, or just lock their eyes to the bobbing of the enormous latex shaft.

Of course Cassee had no problem knowing where to direct her attention, peering down over her little elephant trunk. Her back was feeling the weight of fat and flesh and stretching skin. She could see a pinkish color wash over her chest, starting at the nipples and spreading to where her tits met her ribs – a circle of transition that was growing larger and larger with each moment.

What had once been succulent handfuls sitting nicely perky and proud and well spaced on her chest were growing into slightly droopy sacks that were banging into each other. Cassee felt the tingling of her nipples as they puckered and split into four teats. Her areola were

lost in the changing colors and texture of her skin - now thicker and tougher, while her elongating nipples migrated out from each other on the pair of udders.

Soon two jugs of flesh just larger than basketballs hung heavy from Cassea's ribs. Her hands were under them, just barely able to shift their mass. Her udders jiggled in a rubbery way, and her teats swung up and down stiffly. Cassea was not milk logged, and she wondered if that was going to be a future development, but it wasn't part of her immediate changes.

She pulled her hands away and felt her cow bags pull on her, but Cassea was thankful that her back muscles had adjusted – slightly. She was certainly saddled with an unfamiliar and inconvenient weight, but she was still able to stand upright with some effort.

“Fuck...udders? Fuck you...” was all she was able to hiss at the grinning Brini.

**“Well, that is round two!”**

The voice of Lady Reduxia startled each of the women, breasts and cocks jiggling as they jumped. All four turned to see their host standing by the returned doorway that led out into the lobby they had entered through.

**“You’ve all played a most amusing game so far. But I’m sure standing has not been pleasant for all of you, and a break is needed. You each have an hour to do with as you please. You may choose to stay amidst the comforts I offer here, or go out if you like,”** Reduxia smiled, taking a puff of her fancy drug, **“But I warn you that if you choose to leave you must not share with anyone what you have been doing, and you must be back in time. If you make us wait I assure you some infraction will be awaiting you.”**

With her warning stated Reduxia turned and walked out into the lobby, where she promptly vanished out of view.



## **CHAPTER 5 - BREAK OUT**

Brini did not pause for one moment. She was instantly on her way towards the door, adjusting her gait and clothes to make herself publicly presentable while trying to rub her legs as little as possible.

As she went Holly watched her intensely. She looked over to Deanna and Cassea for a moment, and then swiftly pulled the top of her dress up over her stiff rubber nipples. They jutted out like railroad spikes, the attention causing both her lips to drool. She had to find some relief, and as much as she was lusting for her three competitors they were that – *competitors*. She couldn't risk helping any of them relieve their own needs and therefore have more attention to give to the game.

Deanna and Cassea turned to each other, and just stared for a moment. Deanna could have easily pulled her latex dress up and over her breast pussies and passed for normalcy. But she didn't want to go out. She could already see a perfect solution standing before her.

There was no question that Cassea was stuck inside the room until she could do something about her new additions. The material she'd worn to the game would never cover her rubber cock or her cow udders, and she

wasn't going to try and wrap something around her trunk.

They continued to eye each other up for another moment. Deanna was practically whimpering, juices flowing freely down her thigh. Finally Cassea motioned to her, "Fine, come over here..."

Both women stripped themselves down as they walked over to one of the larger pillows strewn across the room. Deanna was practically tripping over herself and slipping in her own drippings as she struggled to get her rubber outfit off as fast as possible. Cassea had just dropped her dress around her ankles and started to turn around when the lithe brunette practically tackled her onto the pillow.

Although Cassea had been reluctant to give into her desires, she was immediately pleased and enthusiastic as she felt someone else's flesh rub up her latex pole. Her hands were instantly to Deanna's gushing breasts, her thumbs exploring the womanly folds that she somehow actually found sexy hanging down from Deanna.

There was no delay in Deanna trying to get Cassea's quivering cock into her drooling pussy. Her small size meant she actually had to stand up over the reclined Cassea in order to lower herself down. Both women let

out a gasp as Deanna tightly enveloped Cassea's rubber dildo. Cassea was surprised Deanna could even fit the monster rod between her legs – and so was Deanna. It was only the incredible amount of nympho-powered lubricant that was keeping the woman from being split in half.

Although both women had been mostly silent as Deanna slid Cassea's length inside of her, once they were tightly locked both began groans of "Fuck!" and "Yes!"

Cassee's trunk was making small tooting sounds in between gasps, but it was a miracle she was able to breathe at all. She was weighed down by her udders, which had spread out over her chest and into her armpits, and wasn't able to do much. Thankfully Deanna was more than eager to bounce herself up and down, grabbing her tits and rubbing the lady juices flowing from them all over herself and her lover.

Deanna was ecstatic as she finally filled the gaping need between her legs, but that wasn't the only emptiness she needed filled. Once she had a rhythm going atop the writhing blonde Deanna looked down to the other wobbling shafts Cassea had been gifted with. Before Cassea had a chance to question what was happening Deanna had grabbed the lower and inner-most

teats from Cassea's udders, bent herself forward, and slipped the teats into her boob pussies.

"Fuck, what? Fuck!" Cassea cried out as she tried to understand the pleasant warm wet tightness that had engulfed two of her enormous new nipples. The sensation was wonderful, eliciting a loud bray from her trunk, and after a moment Cassea didn't question it.

Deanna didn't reply, she simply threw back her head and let her mind get lost in the pleasure of filling up all three of her pussies. They continued to bounce and fuck each other like that with abandon, both somehow just short of cumming *just* yet.

Outside Holly had lost sight of Brini. The dirty blonde wasn't certain if she wanted to plot with her or fuck her, but the decision was out of her hands now.

Holly *could* have turned around and gone back inside, but she felt more drool drip from her mouth and splatter onto her pink skin. She had practically turned into a walking fuck toy, and she knew if she didn't find some way of satisfying herself and getting back some of her concentration she may end up stuck this way at the end of the game.

She wiped her lips with the back of her hand and looked around. Down the street was the blinking neon

for a dive bar. She knew she'd find someone willing to let her suck on something in there. She swiftly made her way to it. She was so focused she failed to notice the looks she was getting on the street, but she certainly took note of the eyes that turned her way once she was inside the bar.

In any other circumstance Holly would have been mortified by how she looked – nipples practically drilling through her dress, lips drooling, and her pink skin making her a beacon of sluttiness. She didn't care about the scowls or sideways glances of disgust she got from some of the patrons in the greasy bar – all she cared about right now were the looks she *was* getting that cared less about what color she was and more about what she could do with this body of hers.

One guy at the bar appeared to be particularly interested in the woman who had just walked in. He looked her up and down with no shame, and Holly certainly noticed. She strutted up to him, taking in the dirty denim and tattered white t-shirt adorning a body that had *just* started to pass its prime.

“Can I get those lips a drink, darling?” The voice was raspy and deep, the face rough in bristle and a leathery tan.

*My mouth doesn't need to be any wetter.*

“My mouth fo totally i'n't dwy,” Holly responded, the sound of her bubbly voice a shock to them both. Despite it Holly leaned in and let her plump lips brush against his ear as she continued.

*It needs to be filled.*

“It's, like, empy.”

In a flash the pair was in the bathroom. The guy was pulling at Holly's dress, and she could hear some stitches ripping but she didn't care. She *needed* to satisfy the void behind her lips, and she pushed the man into a stall and immediately started unbuttoning his jeans. With a quick *zip* his cock was free and Holly was upon it.

The dick wasn't impressive in size, but it did the trick for Holly – the taste of sweaty saltiness dissolved on her tongue and she let out a long moan as the meat continued to stiffen and grow within her mouth. It was so *satisfying* sucking like this, so *right* to have her mouth filled like this.

“Oh fuck, girly, you got a vacuum there...” the guy grunted. Holly's saliva was covering his shaft like thick oil, her tongue lapping at every inch it could find. It wasn't long before a burst of cream was hitting the back

of Holly's throat, both people groaning from satisfaction – the idea that Holly would have ever *wanted* someone cumming in her mouth had been a far away thought until now.

Despite the man's orgasm Holly continued to suckle on the slowly shrinking rod, which her tryst only found enjoyable for a few minutes.

“Alright, girl, I got a tab I gotta take care of...” the guy said, straightening up and putting a hand to Holly's dirty blonde hair. He pushed her back, his cock popping from her mouth followed by a gush of saliva that splattered down onto Holly's pink titties.

“No...no...” Holly muttered, the first words she'd said since entering the bathroom.

*I'm satisfied, I need more!*

“That's totally boguf to leave me, like, needing more!”

“Well, you set yourself up in here and I'll see if I can find anyone to send your way.”

Brini had walked as briskly and directly to her apartment building as she could, her legs held wide apart as she took the steps up to her second floor door. The moment she was inside she pulled the bottom of her

dress up and away from the little part of her thighs they had actually been covering. She stopped and leaned backwards against the door, taking deep breaths to calm herself down.

She'd only been there for a moment, but Brini's musk was already filling the tiny living space. She looked around the room and didn't see anyone – she was alone.

Brini reached towards a nearby counter and grabbed a roll of paper towels, ripping one off and using it to pat dry her drooling cooch. Tossing the soaked papers into the trash she put together her plan – four, maybe five steps to her dresser, grab the first pantyhose she could find, slip them on as quick as she could, and hope the material would do her more good as a buffer to her skin than it would turn her on itself.

Taking a deep breath Brini strutted with wide steps to her dresser, knocking off her heels as she did so. She pulled out what she was looking for and took another deep breath as she lifted her left leg and started to pull the nylon hose over her foot.

Brini bit her lip as she glided the material over her calf. She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter, but this was mostly from errant knocks and rubbing from her fingers than the loose material against her skin – the hose



already on her lower leg felt as if it *was* giving Brini the protection from her new sensitivity that she wanted.

Just as she had gotten the first leg of the pantyhose midway up her thigh Brini looked up at the sound of her door opening.

The woman who stepped through the door was strikingly gorgeous. Wild blonde hair fell in waves down past breasts the size of grapefruits, and had been quite expensive to make as round and full as they were. That enhanced chest was tightly held within a white bustier, and ripped jeans ran down long smooth legs capped with a round ass. Heeled black boots were as scuffed and rough as their wearer, despite what the full lips would make one think. A phone was in one hand and a laptop was tucked under the woman's arm – Brini had hoped she'd be in and out before her girlfriend arrived to use the wifi for her cam show.

“Hi, Destiny,” Brini said, her voice a little hot and heavy. She was still bent down, pulling on the pantyhose as Destiny stopped and looked her lover up and down, a puzzled look crossing her face.

“I thought you said you were going to an AA meeting?” The blonde's voice was low and rough, but

sexual all at the same time despite Destiny's attempt to strike an accusatory tone.

"We're...on a break," Brini thought quickly, "...and it's cold so I figured I'd come put on pantyhose real quick."

Destiny stood and considered that for a moment, then looked to her phone for the time. She looked up again and smiled at the naked space between Brini's open legs. "Given that I've got nearly forty-five minutes before my show starts, and you've got on no underwear, I think you came here for a *quickie*..."

"I-" before Brini could say anything else Destiny had put down her phone and computer, taken a few steps across the room, and had her hands on Brini – specifically her thighs.

Brini melted. The sensation of someone else's fingers on her sexually enhanced legs was too intense. She was whimpering as Destiny kissed her, guiding the pair towards the couch that one of them usually converted to a bed in the evenings. One half of Brini's pantyhose was still dragging loosely on the floor as the pair toppled onto the cushions.

Not far away Holly had lost count of the dicks she'd sucked. Not all of them had finished inside her mouth,

and gobs of cum and saliva were dripping around her mouth and onto her bright pink chest. The shoulder straps of her dress had been snapped from hands attempting to play with her titties, and her big black nipples were standing at attention. Holly was fortunate that they were no longer flesh, as the fingers and hands that had been upon them had not all been gentle.

It was as she was sucking her most recent cock that the man's phone slid from his hand and clattered onto the floor. Holly thought nothing of it until she felt another gob of cum hit the back of her throat, and as she was pushed back against the wall of the stall she licked her thick lips and caught sight of the phone.

*Fuck!*

“Oh noes!” she exclaimed, grabbing some toilet paper with one hand and trying to dab off as much of the goo from her body as she could, “I’m wate!”

Holly struggled to stand up on the slick tiled floor, some of the slipperiness from her own juices, and she staggered towards the door. She grabbed the torn fabric of her dress and gathered it upwards, covering rubber nips more with her hands than with any of the red material.

It was through fortune alone that Holly made it back to Lady Reduxia's room without any further trouble.

But she walked into some. Cassea and Deanna were standing at the table, looking a little more focused than when Holly had left. On the other side of it was a very annoyed looking Lady Reduxia.

**“You are late,”** the game mistress stated, in a serious tone that made Holly's blood run cold.

*I know, it is what it is.*

“Doy, I know, take a chill pill,” Holly responded, her valley girl tone nowhere near the tone she wanted.

**“And now you take three cards,”** responded Reduxia, **“Two blue and one yellow from any hand on the table, but you can't look at what they are before you pick them up.”**

*What!?*

“Whab?!” exclaimed Holly, looking at the cards with panic in her eyes, “Bud-”

**“I COULD make it a set of six...”**

With that the pink woman stopped objecting. She let her hands fall from her chest, the tattered fabric falling away with them and exposing the black caps to her

pastel mounds. She looked around at the cards for a moment, then grabbed three from in front of Deanna.

Before she could look at them Reduxia had them in her own hands.

**“Very interesting...and appropriate, I think...”** their host smiled.

*Just tell me...*

“Whab?” Holly asked, not realizing that her words had suddenly become much more mangled, “Whab boo fay...”

For a moment Holly fully lost the ability to speak. Her plump lips had begun to stretch upwards while the corners pulled in and puffed up. Her upper lip shoved against her nose and started to split. As her teeth dissolved away a sensitive button was starting to grow up and be covered over with a gentle pink hood, taking over the philtrum beneath her nose. Her tongue merged with the bottom of her new orifice, and for a moment Holly silently sputtered and drooled out of the vagina that had replaced her mouth.

A shifting sensation between her legs drew Holly’s attention below. Her dress was mostly useless now and she pushed it down to her ankles so she could see what

was happening. She could feel something stiff forming in the upper and lower portions of her pussy, another mass was moving, and she was dripping more and more. Her labia got puffier and puffier, stretching outward and becoming thin at the left and right edges.

*What the hell did you just do to me?*

“Whab hab you, like, done doo me?” suddenly sprayed out from between Holly’s legs.

Her mouth and her vagina had switched places. Holly stared down, her hands pulling apart her thighs to get a good view of her altered nethers. She tested sticking out her tongue, and it practically licked her thigh.

**“That feels like a fine punishment to me,”** Reduxia smiled, the cards vanishing from her hands, “Now I wonder how long it will take for our last player to return?”

## **CHAPTER 6 - ROUND 3**

Brini had her legs wrapped tightly around Destiny. The pantyhose had been thrown off in a fit of passion as Brini couldn't handle the unequal pleasure her legs were getting.

The moaning woman also couldn't handle how much she'd already cum. Destiny was doing all the wonderful things she usually did to get Brini off, but the sensation of a body held tightly between her sensitive calves and thighs...it was divine.

It had also been quite the distraction. In a moment of clarity, coming down from her most recent orgasm, Brini realized she was probably very late getting back. She didn't know what that meant, but in a game of magic it probably wasn't very good.

"I have to... I have to...go...gooo...gooOOHH!" Brini exclaimed. Destiny had untied the strings criss-crossing across Brini's chest, and Brini grabbed Destiny's blonde locks and pressed her girlfriend's face into her cleavage.

A muffle of disapproval came from Brini's tits, but before she could get caught in another loop of pleasure

the brunette untangled herself and slipped from Destiny and the couch.

“I guess I should let you go back...” Destiny sighed, “I’m proud of you for trying to kick it.”

“Thanks...” Brini replied, saddened at the reminder that she’d been lying about what she was doing, “I’ll be back later.” The tardy woman finished getting herself together, leaving the pantyhose as a lost cause, and went out the door as quickly as she could.

Destiny lay on the couch for a moment, gently playing with a nipple that had slipped out. She was still quite turned on and hadn’t had any release, but that was better fuel for the cam show anyway. She took a deep breath, fixed her outfit, and stood up. Destiny threw up her arms and stretched. For a moment she was satisfied with how things were.

Then she glanced out the window. Destiny could see the street below. She could see the cars. She could see the people. She could see her girlfriend.

She could see her girlfriend going the opposite direction of where AA met.



Destiny's face flushed red. She was a passionate woman of "extremes" she'd been told. She'd been working on that.

But anger from the feeling of betrayal?

That was not something she'd gotten a handle on yet.

Brini had become very aware of how late she was, and was swinging her legs as fast as she could. Running would have shaved off some seconds, but falling down from an overpowering orgasm wouldn't have helped her time.

Eventually she was back at the table in Reduxia's lounge. She was so focused on getting back, and so out of breath, that she hadn't even noticed the change to Holly's face.

But she did notice the look of disapproval on Lady Reduxia's.

"I'm sorry...I'm late..." Brini gasped, still catching her breath.

**"You are late and you will be sorry,"** Reduxia replied matter-of-factly, **"But for now select a blue and yellow card from anyone's hand."**

*Wait, but I had to-*

“Hey!” Holly’s voice came up from beneath the table,  
“I totally hab do-”

The objection was interrupted by a wave of Reduxia’s hand. Suddenly Holly’s eyes rolled back in her head. She blushed. And her pussy started twitching before it began squirting out juices from a powerful orgasm.

*Oh God, what...yes, so good...*

“Oh fuck...oh totes fuck...” muttered from down below as womanly fluids dribbled down Holly’s chin.

Having watched what happened to objectors Brini didn’t wait, she grabbed a blue from Cassea’s cards and a yellow from her own down-turned hand.

She’d pulled LEGS and BLUE CARD IS  
DUPLICATED.

The moment Brini processed what she had pulled the changes began. It started with her shoes feeling incredibly tight. She swung down her hand and swatted her feet free of their constraints. She gasped at what she saw. Another set of toes were growing from the outer sides of her feet. Little toes had already appeared, but they were quickly followed by more leading up to her big toe.

As soon as each foot had fanned out to ten toes Brini could feel a pressure as a new foot began to push out from her each of her existing ones. It was as if new legs were trying to twist off from the pair she'd always had, and in only a matter of moments they had.

Brini could feel her asshole shift and tuck under her as two new legs spun into existence on her. As her hips grew to incorporate them Brini's butt cheeks were absorbed by her new thighs. Brini's torso shifted back slightly atop hips that now held four legs in the shape of a square like a table, two facing forward and the other two facing back. Her anus hung in the center of all of them.

Brini gasped and gripped the table as she felt three additional pussies bloom forth between her new collection of thighs. Her dress was in no way capable of containing any of this new mass, and it had ridden up to proudly display all of the smooth labia peeking out from four crotches.

For a moment Brini thought she would stumble, but she was built fairly stably now. All she did was shift her four bare feet over the floor. She threw down a hand to investigate her new appendages and discovered that they were as sensitive as her originals had been made.

“What have I-”

“**Shh, wait...**” Lady Reduxia interrupted. All four women stared at their host as she cocked her head, and then looked towards the entryway. “**It appears I have another of your messes to deal with. I shall return.**”

In the lobby area Destiny was unable to see the room leading back to where the game was being played. She was trying to be quiet as she looked around for where her girlfriend had vanished. Destiny had passed the mystically obfuscated gateway a few times without notice. She was testing bricks for false wall release buttons when Reduxia made herself known by clearing her voice.

“**May I help you?**” Lady Reduxia asked. The sudden voice made Destiny jump, but she quickly gathered herself and approached the woman, anger blinding her to any concern of where the strange figure had come from or why she had a tail.

“Where’s Brini? I want to see her now,” Destiny demanded, getting right up into the strange woman’s face. Reduxia thought a moment, clearly displeased with how she was being spoken to. She started to raise a hand and then paused, smiled, and waved her fingers like a magician.

A fan of orange cards appeared in her hand, and Reduxia presented them to Destiny.

**“I’m afraid if you want to see Brini you’ll have to join the game, and if you want to join the game you’ll have to catch up by choosing...two.”**

“Sure, whatever, if it gets me inside,” Destiny growled, snagging the two cards in the middle of the fan, “Now take me to Brini.”

“As you wish,” Reduxia smiled, and she turned to the now visible doorway, motioning Destiny inside with a wave and a bow. The angry woman shoved the two cards into a pocket, one marked **HORNY JACKASS** and the other **COCK TONGUE**.

Destiny had only gotten a few steps beyond the doorway when she stopped.

Pretty much anyone would have done a double-take.

There was the woman with cow udders in place of her breasts, a small elephant’s trunk, and a huge black rubber cock extending from between her legs.

There was the woman whose skin was bubblegum pink with a pussy for a mouth...and a mouth for a pussy.

There was the woman who had vaginas in place of her nipples.

And then there was Destiny's girlfriend, who had four legs and a dripping slit between each of them.

"What the fuck is-" Destiny began to say, but she was interrupted as Reduxia entered behind her. A wave of Reduxia's hand was all it took to sap the sound from Destiny's mouth.

**"No no no, we've already been delayed enough, you can catch up after this round,"** Lady Reduxia tutted, leading Destiny to the table. She placed the blonde right next to Brini, and Destiny's eyes were burning with rage. **"The game is fairly straightforward, I'm sure you'll pick it up. I believe you start this round, Holly."**

Holly almost didn't hear Reduxia's prompt. As Destiny took her place at the table Holly could feel the rush of attraction wash over her for the new player. The full tits, the blonde hair, the pouty lips...Holly wanted to put either set of lips wherever they were now all over this woman.

But she had to concentrate. Pink fingers picked up her cards and she looked at them. The sense of her mouth humming in thought from between her legs was so strange. She had one new Blue Card, BREASTS, and had

gained a Yellow BLUE CARD SHRINKS BY  
\_\_\_\_\_ - well *that* one didn't sound very fun.

She did still have a Yellow card that could do some enlarging...

*Alright, here we go. I'm going to make Deanna's breasts twice as large!*

"Tobolly weady!" Holly's mouth spoke from beneath the table as she placed down her chosen cards, "Deanna, sowwy gurl, bup fose tobbies of yours are gebbing tobally twife aff big!"

Deanna was already looking downwards towards the source of Holly's voice, so it didn't take much for her to switch her attention to her now growing breasts. It was a sensation that this game had already made familiar to her, but that was before she had two sensitive slits riding that growth. The surging of flesh around and against her tit pussies squeezed and pinched at her labia and clits in such a way that the woman knew she had to act quickly while she still had her wits about her.

The Red Card slapped to the table and Deanna read it between gasps as she cupped her surging flesh.

"If me, then you!"

With her turnabout card played Deanna let her hands roam the soft burgeoning flesh, her fingers pushing up and across the twin vaginas that were nearly being engulfed. The swelling pressure was gripping them from within, squeezing Deanna's impossible pleasure canals and pushing out more and more slick juices.

A wet gasp lisped out from between Holly's legs as she grabbed her own growing tits. The bright pink skin paled for a moment as the surface stretched from the new flesh forming beneath, before the color deepened again as the skin grew to handle the new mass. This happened over and over as Holly massaged her formerly C-cups, then Ds, then DDs, and finally Fs. Delicate apples had grown to heavy melons, and Holly was drooling down her legs by the time her tits had stopped their growth, her fingers spread wide across their new surface area.

Deanna's fingers had dived deeply into her boob pussies as her growth had gone on. She was gasping and whimpering as she felt her digits squeezed by the new fat in her breasts, her fingers soaked in her fluids that had dripped down the underside of her bust and were trickling along her abs. Deanna was pumping in and out of her pussies, thumbs on her clits, as her growth also closed out on DDs and her activity was interrupted by the stern voice of Reduxia.



**“My dear, it does look like you are having fun, but we *do* need to move along.”**

The hot bliss that Deanna had been so close to was immediately chilled by Reduxia’s words. Having seen firsthand the results of defying the woman Deanna forced her fingers from her titty slits, whimpering at the ebbing pleasure. She wiped her juices on her sides and picked up her cards.

The young woman tried to look at them with an eye for strategy, a thought to whatever she was supposed to be considering to help her win. But all Deanna could think about was putting her hands back to her dripping slitties. She had a number of new cards and dropped two of them down and said the first name that was fresh in her mind.

“Here, for Holly...”

The Blue read NOSE and the Red instructed “Like a Clown’s.”

The pressure on Holly’s face was immediate, and it slowly brought her out of the pleasure stupor she’d fallen prey to as she’d massaged her expanding breasts. Her eyes went wide as she saw the tip of her pink nose begin

to deepen in color. As it did so it began to grow, pushing outward and becoming much rounder in shape.

As Holly's nose grew away from her face the circumference was also increasing. Her nostrils were pushed closed and suddenly Holly found herself needing to breathe through her face pussy. But that was not the only impact on her slit. Her nose was forming into a smooth red ball, but also getting bigger. As its size grew downwards it pushed between her labia and met her clit.

A wet gasp dropped from between Holly's thighs as her new clown nose absorbed her clit. As it did so all the nerve endings and sensitivities of her pleasure button spread throughout the red ball. In a matter of moments Holly's nose had become a bright crimson orb nearly the size of a baseball, and the entirety of it was as sensitive as her clitoris.

Gingerly one of Holly's fingers was brought up to confirm the large obstruction between her eyes was real. A tight inhale of air was sucked in by both her mouth and her pussy as she caressed her sensitive orb. Holly pulled her hand away and felt herself take another breath through her pussy. Each time she breathed, in or out, her labia were fluttering and tickling the underside of her

giant red clit. Beads of juices were now dripping from her face snatch.

Destiny's eyes could not have been any wider as she watched all that had just transpired across those two turns. She looked to Brini who glanced back to her, a look that made clear her regret of involving the blonde in any of this, even if it was unintentional.

“Well, well, my turn...” Cassea smiled, which could be barely seen beneath her little elephant trunk. Her eyes, however, were *very* visible, and they looked from her new cards to the women around the table before settling on Destiny. “We seem to have a clean canvas at the table. And I think I’m eager to do some painting...”

“**Wait one moment...**” Reduxia announced, stopping Cassea from placing down her cards. The otherworldly woman turned to Destiny, “**You have one last chance to decide – are you in, or out?**”

Destiny immediately began cursing and shouting and letting Reduxia know her thoughts on the matter.

All of which came out completely silently, as Reduxia had not yet given back Destiny's voice.

“**Tut tut my dear, you're lucky I didn't hear any of that or I may have turned you into a card and let you play that way...**”

Reduxia's look of disapproval turned to one of inspiration as she turned and spoke quietly into her tail, **“Note to self, make a card that transforms one player into a card that is later played, the played player deciding what happens...”**

Turning back to Destiny, Reduxia took a moment to clear her throat, **“A simple nod ‘yes’ or ‘no’ to indicate if you are staying will suffice.”**

Destiny did not even bother turning to see if Brini had a thought on the matter. Destiny sharply nodded her head *Yes.*

**“Very well. Once those orange cards finish taking effect Cassea may complete her turn.”**

“Orange cards? What...oh!” Destiny was startled that she could speak again, the sound of her own voice quite the surprise. So shocked that her ability to vocalize had returned that she forgot all about whatever the fuck orange cards were, and she turned with a glare to Brini.

“How could you lie to me about this?”

“Uh, Destiny...”

“How did you even end up here?”

“Hun...”

“Don’t ‘hun’ me you-”

*“Check your ears!”*

The usually soft-spoken Brini’s exclamation stopped Destiny’s verbal attack, and she placed her hands up to her ears. Which were taller than the last time she felt them...and fuzzier...

“What the he...he...*heehaw...heehawll...the fuck?*”

Destiny took her hands from her ears to her mouth as she let out a loud donkey bray amidst her attempt to swear. Once again startled by her own voice Destiny turned to focus her anger on Reduxia.

Who was gone.

“Where did she go?” growled Destiny, her anger faltering a tad as she felt her ass start to press out into her already tight jeans and thong.

*That’s just what she does.*

“She, wike, bodally does dat,” Holly answered from below the table.

Destiny wasn’t paying attention. Her jeans were painfully tight now and she couldn’t give two shits about

who was watching her undo the button and zipper on her pants and push everything down to her thighs in one go.

As Destiny did so two things became visible; her expanding ass and the course hairs that were starting to grow over it, and the short tail that popped loose.

As the still-growing appendage slapped between Destiny's ass cheeks she turned to try and see what had caused the sensation. "What did *sheehaw!* do to me?"

"Why do you think I didn't tell you what I was doing?" Brini spoke up, her voice a mixture of sadness and anger, "I didn't really believe it, but if it was true I didn't want you involved as well..."

"Shh...quiet...do I have a tail?"

Destiny was completely self-absorbed in her alterations now, and had reached back and grabbed what was clearly becoming a donkey tale. She stared at it, eyes wide and mouth agape, as she watched the long bristly hairs grow in at the tip.

Had her mouth not been agape, Destiny may have felt one other change going on unrelated to the donkey parts. Slowly her tongue itself had been changing. Although she was retaining the musculature and self control of the soft flesh, it was no longer quite the same shape. It

became rounder, the base tucking in a tad while the length to the tip filled out to roughly the same inch-and-a-half width.

The tip of Destiny's tongue not only broadened, but it formed a small tube of flesh that hugged a bulby glans. Small blood vessels and veins popped up around it.

Destiny was too busy staring at her tail to understand the changes that had happened in her mouth, but they would soon make themselves known.

The new player to the game released her tail and turned to her rear. Destiny had always been proud of her butt, perky and tight and perfect for a tight pair of jeans. But what she now sported was wide and stuck out from her back like a small beach ball had been split into two.

She ran her hands over the expanse of her altered ass, the rough grey hairs left standing up wherever Destiny's fingers passed over the fur. She had stopped her exclamations for a moment but was about to start again.

Before the fire lit in her groin and butthole.

The card had said *Horny Jackass*, and that's now what she was. Her long ears perked up for a moment before lowering slowly as the erotic warmth boiled up in Destiny's belly. She closed her eyes and hummed as her

pussy – still human between pink fleshy thighs – began to moisten.

Destiny had let a lot of people put a lot of things in her over the years, some of which she had really enjoyed, so the sensation of her asshole heating up with need wasn't a complete shock to her. She recalled plenty of times she'd been eager to have something pushed in there. And this new card was seeing to it that her desire to have her ass filled was going to be a constant sensation.

What most *certainly* was a surprise was the pressure of something pushing out from within Destiny's mouth. Something trying to part her lips from within. Destiny's mind was brought out of her sudden warm horniness and her eyes practically crossed as she looked down at the erect dick slowly pushing its way out of her face.

“Whab ib biff!” she howled, her words garbled now that her ‘tongue’ had stiffened and many of the muscles were no longer as responsive. The head of her tongue cock had pushed out of its fleshy sleeve, her glans on full display.

More than one person at the table looked at the fresh man-meat blooming from between Destiny's lips and felt an intense urge to kiss her.



Cassea felt it was her turn.

“This has been hilarious, and I am *so* happy Reduxia made me wait,” the elephant-trunked player nearly cackled. She slammed down a card in front of Destiny – Permanently Wears CHOICE. “And I definitely think a pair of fetish horseplay boots would look *so* good on you now.”

Destiny instantly felt her feet rise up – well, her heels, specifically. She grabbed the table for balance as she was pushed forward. She felt her boots shift and tighten. Destiny heaved herself backwards and looked down at what was happening to her.

She watched as the dull black leather of her boots spread up beyond her ankles, where it stopped encroaching her legs. It tightened, and became shiny, forming a ridge of material that was sealed tight around her shin, so tightly she doubted she could have pushed a pin between her skin and the leather.

There was a faint creaking sound as her feet continued to be stretched until she was perched forward on the tip of her toes. She could not relax any muscles within the once spacious boots; the material was tightly gripping every centimeter of her foot up to and including

her ankles. Her leg now stretched straight from her knee to where her toes were held pointed downward.

Destiny gripped the table tightly once more as more material began to form under her toes, pushing her upwards another two inches from the floor. A glance down confirmed that resin hooves were forming at the toe of her new kinky boots, the lower quarter of her foot within them.

With her feet now locked in place a few decorative chains and straps formed on the surface of the material, but it was all for show – nothing could remove the horseplay fetish trappings from her feet.

As Destiny teetered in place, attempting to release the table and stay upright, Cassea was openly laughing, her udders heftily jiggling and her teats wobbling around. Even Cassea's trunk appeared to be pointing at Destiny in mockery, an unusual site indeed. An angry hot flush rolled over Brini as she watched the woman across from her so amused by what had been done to her girlfriend. Brini stared down at her cards and grabbed the new Blue and Yellow cards she had been dealt.

“You think that's funny?” Brini hissed, slapping down her selection. “Let's see if that rubber cock of

yours is also amused when your Genitals get a Mind of their own!”

Cassea had been having such a good laugh that she hadn't really heard what Brini had said. The cackling woman was trying to catch her breath and calm down so she could really rejoin the game. Just as she had started to regain her composure she felt something brush against her inner thigh.

Everyone at the table had leaned back to try and see under the table and enormous udders, but Cassea wasn't able to see past her chest so easily. All she knew was that something was rubbing her leg, and coincidentally something was also teasing the head of her big black latex cock. So far all it had done was bob stiffly in front of her, so as Cassea stepped back and confirmed none of her tablemates were touching it she was a bit confused about where the contact was coming from.

Between the bulge of the trunk growing between her eyes and the difficulty in separating enough cleavage Cassea was just not going to get a direct line of sight to her own crotch. As the rubbing continued, and Cassea could feel her dick getting closer and closer to cumming, she looked around the room and spotted a large mirror on one of the walls. She turned towards it and gasped.

Her once stick-straight dick was now bent down against her leg. It was rubbing itself against Cassea's thigh. Through a combination of shock and arousal Cassea gasped, and the head of her rubber rod stopped for a moment, and turned up as if it was staring back at her in the mirror. It waited a moment, then twisted slightly as if beckoning Cassea to play with it. All she could do was watch wide-eyed as she considered what was happening – *her cock was acting on its own!*

When Cassea failed to acknowledge the gesture her latex lump gave a little curl that resembled a shrug, and then went back to pleasuring itself against her thigh.

“Stop...stop that...” Cassea hissed as the self-ministrations became more intense, the hot build of pleasure becoming more and more intense within her groin. Her dick lifted its head up towards the mirror again, shook left and right – *No* – and resumed its massage.

Unaccustomed to having her body defy her so literally Cassea reached down to grab her cock, but her udders made that a challenge. As her hand finally got into range her ornery appendage tucked back between her thighs and nuzzled its head into the crack of her ass. It seemed

to like it there, and began to push itself in and out of the soft rear embrace of Cassea's butt cheeks.

Thanks to her milk bags Cassea was having difficulty doing anything about her unruly dick, and stood stock straight as its playing fully lit a fire in her belly. She gritted her teeth and grabbed the edge of the table, her breathing heavy and haggard as her body got closer and closer to-

“Oh...fuuuck...” Cassea growled, the orgasm washing over her. The transformed woman bent at the knees, squeezing her thighs together as she was overwhelmed. A fire hose of cum shot from her latex length, firing out through her butt and splattering onto the floor.

Casseea couldn't move for a moment, her muscles locked tight. After a few deep breaths she was finally able to straighten out. She released her thighs and her rubber dick did something it hadn't done since she'd acquired it – hung limply down towards the floor.

“I guess it's asleep,” Destiny grinned, her own dick having softened enough to regain her speech. Casseea's face turned towards her like the loaded barrels of a shotgun latching closed. She stared daggers at the new player, but then had a delicious realization.

“I guess you’ll have to enjoy playing *your* cards on your girlfriend,” Cassea hissed.

“What?” Destiny turned to Brini for confirmation.

“She’s right,” Brini answered quietly, “You have to play cards on someone who hasn’t been played on yet in the turn, and this turn that’s...me.”

“I...” Destiny wanted to shout “fuck this” and storm out. She wanted to be in control, to put Reduxia and everyone at the table in their place. But she’d just watched a woman’s living rubber penis rub itself to completion. Destiny decided that defiance may not be the best option...yet.

The new player looked down to her cards. Destiny hadn’t gotten the most thorough of tutorials, but the colors and the instructions on the cards spelled things out pretty well. Her fingers hovered over Blue Nipples, Arms, and Face cards, and Yellow ones that said “BLUE CARD turns to glorious gold” and “BLUE CARD is removed” and picked the least awful combination.

Placing the two cards down onto the table all eyes turned to Brini’s breasts. At the end of her indomitable Ds her brown nipples crinkled, puffed up just a little

larger, and shifted from fleshy nubs to hard yellow metal.

Brini stared down at the tips of her tits. What had once been blips darker than the skin of her breasts were now solid glittering towers of light yellow. Every bump of her areola was captured in metal, every crease of her teats captured in hardened gold. Slowly Brini brought up her hands and gripped her metal rods, and moaned. All four thighs wrestled with each other to squeeze back the warm rush that touching her metalized nips had flushed down between her many legs.

**“That’s the end of Round Three...”** Reduxia’s voice flitted through the air, although she did not appear herself, **“I’d like to keep the game moving, so we are going right into the first turn of Round Four. Deanna, if you’d be so kind as to take a look at your cards...”**

## **CHAPTER 7 - ROUND 4**

Deanna took a deep breath, which had been meant to calm herself but in truth thrust out the pussies at the end of her breasts and caused them to open slightly. Deanna hissed and breathed out, the air-cooled juices of her titty slits warming up within their closed folds. She shook her head and tried to focus.

She looked down at her new cards, the Blue BUTT and a Yellow one that read “Blue Card becomes more like what PLAYER has.” She also had a new Red one, which would give whomever went after her a random Orange card from the beginning of the game. She still had HAIR and BREASTS, and the Yellow card that would make something more flexible.

Thinking a moment Deanna looked out at the other four women. Her gaze lingered on Brini’s golden nips and then Cassea’s multiple teats hanging from her chest. Considering each of them a curiosity struck Deanna, one she could easily explore with just two little cards.

“Okay, so, I’m playing these cards on Brini! I want to know what will happen to those gold-tipped tits when they’ve got to become more like Brini’s multi-teeted udders!” Deanna smiled, placing down her BREASTS



card and the new Yellow one. Brini flashed a smile and quickly threw down one of her own.

Red: "If me, then you."

"And I guess we'll see if you get eight pussies on yours to match all of her teats!"

Deanna stared down, eyes wide in shock. Would this mean that? Would she get...how could...Deanna was only *barely* dealing with the three nympho-powered pussies spread across her body that she already had. If this gave her more than twice that...!

"Oh..." Brini groaned, leaning forward and grabbing the table as all four of her knees went weak. Destiny gently put a hand to her girlfriend's back and leaned in to see what was happening.

The donkey-eared woman's eyes went wide as she watched her girlfriend's golden-tipped breasts bulge forward. Fat was gurgling up atop Brini's ribs with great speed, growing out her boobs and jutting her nipples outwards at an even higher angle. This was partially because the metal that made up her areola was not as flexible as the skin that was stretching out around it.

Deanna was experiencing a similar alteration. Her tits were rolling outward and down her ribs. The growth was

happening in pulses, a centimeter at a time in quick succession. Deanna had considered her boobs heavy after the last round, but that was nothing compared to the bowling balls of pink flesh that were engulfing her upper body.

As Destiny and Brini watched the four-legged woman's chest grow the sound of a light metallic ringing made itself known. It was quite unpleasant, like the tone in one's ears after a loud noise. Both women scrunched up their eyes in pain - although Brini was also reacting to a sense of great pressure within her nipples. It felt like something was pushing them outward from within!

Finally, as Brini thought all four pussies were about to explode from the blissful pleasure in her nips; *CLANG!*

Brini's nipples suddenly cracked into four golden nubs. They slowly shifted across the expanse of her tits, and Brini gasped again as she felt their metal forms growing. They weren't becoming like the teats of a cow in shape - the gold appears to have arrested that change. But they were creaking outward to match in size.

Cradled in Brini's arms now were two udders the size of her head, with four golden nipples just short of being the size of soda cans topping each of them.

There was no clang or other noisy announcement of Deanna's ongoing changes - aside from her gasping. As her breasts continued to balloon out there was just a muffled wet *schluck* as the drooling slits on her tits split into four needy holes. Each set of pussies shifted into a one-two-one diamond formation on each of Deanna's enormous bazongas.

Although the skin of their new breasts was clearly thicker and hardier like a cow's udder, both women had retained the respective colors that had stretched over their breasts prior to their growth. Each took long breaths as their bodies adjusted to the incredible weight they had each just quickly gained. For the moment it appeared as if everything was finished.

Deanna could not believe what had happened. Her curiosity was certainly sated, but the new empty need that eight new pussies were pumping through her...she couldn't handle it anymore. She grabbed the ends of her breasts and mashed her tiny hands at all eight slits.

Pints of clear pussy juice poured out over Deanna's hands, spurting out onto the table. The other players cried out and grabbed their cards and Deanna cried out for her own reasons.

“Oh, fuck, yes, yes...” the young woman cried out as her squeezed her original pussy with her thighs. It was too much and her legs went weak, and she collapsed to the floor. Her hands never left her udders, Deanna’s fingers running across so many labia and clitties, dodging in and out of her emptiness with desperate abandon. She couldn’t satisfy all of her holes at once and she wanted to – *needed* to – so badly.

**“Deanna, you are holding up the game,”** Reduxia’s voice echoed over the room, **“If you do not take control of yourself I will be forced to take action to keep the game moving.”**

The masturbating woman did not respond, and the other players could not tell if she was ignorant of or ignoring Reduxia’s orders. Deanna groaned and grunted in carnal impulses as her hands explored the many blissful holes she had gained.

And then suddenly her hands vanished from her breasts. Deanna let out a cry of frustration and looked down. Her udders hung heavily before her, all eight aching pussies dribbling down her taut skin. Deanna once again willed her hands to grope herself. She paid no mind to the wide eyes staring at her.

It was when her hands again failed to resume their play upon her breasts that Deanna looked to her side and realized that her hands were not all that had vanished.

Both of her arms were gone, leaving nothing but smooth skin over her shoulders.

“Nnnnooo...” Deana whined, bouncing and shaking her boobs. The jiggle of her engorged fat did massage her pussies a bit from within, but was nowhere near the attention the nymphomaniac craved, “I nnnneeeed themmm, give themmm baaaaack, give-”

Deanna’s final complaint was stopped within her mouth as her lips vanished, leaving a smooth sheath of skin over her mouth. Her eyes popped open and hooked downwards as if she could actually see what had happened – it wasn’t as if she could send a hand to explore the strange fusion of her orifice.

“**Cassee, if you’d please...**” Reduxia’s voice lofted over them. Cassee was still staring at Deanna, who was bouncing up and down on her ass in desperation to get some stimulation to her breast pussies, the desperate, armless, mouthless woman squeezing her legs together tightly. But she did indeed seem unable to cause much more interruption.

“Cassea.” The voice was slightly more forceful.

“Yes. Let’s see...” the elephant-nosed woman said to herself as she considered her hand. EARS, HAIR, and MOUTH remained in her Blue hand, as was her Yellow card about tattoos and the Red one about orgasms. The only new one she’d gotten this time was a Yellow one, “BLUE CARD Becomes Like An Animal Of User's Choosing.” As she considered her less-than-stellar selections Cassea felt her animated dick start to wake up. It wouldn’t be long before it was a significant distraction, so Cassea grabbed two and thought of a play quickly.

“Destiny, you seem to have a prickly personality, maybe you should have something more to reflect that. Your hair is going to become like a porcupine’s,” Cassea announced as she slapped down the relevant cards.

“Sure,” Destiny replied through gritted teeth, as she slapped down a red card; Sender Gets A Random Orange Card.

As Cassea attempted to read what Destiny had played an Orange card manifested itself in front of her on the table.

Destiny, meanwhile, could feel the alterations happening atop her head. She’d always been proud of

her hair and its naturally curliness, and the idea of it straightening out into rigid rods was especially upsetting. As she stood there Brini watched Destiny's curls begin to snake around on her head, long bunches about a quarter-inch thick forming.

Destiny groaned as her hair follicles fused together into larger growth spots, and from her scalp onward her strands stuck together fused into quills. In a few moments what had once been thousands of soft blonde curls were now hundreds of thick long pointed quills.

Sensing that the changes were done Destiny first shook her head. Her neck strained as the thicker mass pulled back and forth, with a sound of drinking straws rattling together. Destiny gingerly put up a hand and felt a quill between her fingers, squeezed its resistant diameter and grimaced at the waxy feel. She released it, exchanged a furious glance with Brini, and turned her attention to Cassea.

Cassee hadn't watched Destiny's changes happen. Instead she was staring down at the Orange card, eyes wide and mouth agape behind her trunk. The standing players had been paying attention to Destiny, and as she looked to Cassee everyone else did as well.

“Well?” Destiny finally demanded, working hard to enunciate around her dick tongue, “What does it say?”

It took a few blinks before Cassea looked up, and then turned to Brini. Cassea read from the card in a monotone fashion, although her voice wavered a few times.

“The Player whose turn comes after the Receiver’s can rename them, and Receiver must refer to themselves in third person from then on.”

A huge grin spread across Brini’s face. She looked Cassea up and down, the gaze so predatory she practically licked her lips.

“Well,” Brini finally said, her words slow as she strung along the dread within Cassea, “My first choice is to call you ‘**Fuck Udders**’ with a vapid bimbo upswing...”

“Please, don’t,” Cassea quietly muttered.

“I think I can be more creative than that,” Brini continued to tease.

“**Fuck Udders** would be very appreciative,” was the response. It took a moment for either she or Brini to realize what she’d just said.



“Hey, did you...?”

“**Fuck Udders** didn’t say **Fuck Udders**, **Fuck Udders** said...oh God!” the newly minted **Fuck Udders** exclaimed with a slightly higher pitched voice each time she stated her new name, slipping her hands under her trunk and grabbing her mouth.

“Aw, that wasn’t really what I wanted to call her...” Brini muttered, looking over to Destiny with a disappointed look.

“**Fuck you!** You’re not the one calling **Fuck Udders** **Fuck Udders** from now on! **Shit, Fuck Udders** doesn’t even realize **Fuck Udders** is saying it until after...damn it!” **Fuck Udders** stamped her foot, sending her udders and cock bouncing about. “It’s sounds so stupid and cutesy! My name is **FUCK UDDERS – FUCK!**”

“It’th pretty hilariouf though,” Destiny smiled. Everyone – except for Deanna who was lost to her helpless attempts at self-pleasure – watched **Fuck Udders** try a few more times to get out her name.

“Sorry, **Fuck Udders**, but that’s the way...oh, I actually meant to call you **Fuck Udders** but it came out – oh! I guess we’re all forced to call you **Fuck Udders** now, but we don’t have to use the Valley Girl accent,”

Brini exclaimed through her own hand to her own mouth as she felt words come out that weren't what she had intended. It was very unsettling.

“Az amuzing az thif if...” Destiny spoke up, and she tapped Brini's cards. Brini looked over to the struggling Deanna and silently agreed that she shouldn't hold up the game. She grabbed her cards and took a look for what was new.

After shifting through her hand for a few moments Brini realized she wanted to use a pair she'd had since the last round. She looked over to Deana. The poor nympho's slight body had already looked overwhelmed back when her breasts had only been...F cups?

The udders alone would have been a perfectly absurd addition to her slim form, each shaking and wobbling atop her chest. But now, with no arms framing them, Brini realized that between her head and the two enormous jugs Deanna looked more like a sexualized three leaf clover.

Deanna wasn't paying anyone any mind. She had enough sense of what was going on to not leave the table, but had her eyes closed and was still trying to swing her udders into each other to stimulate her pussies. Under the table her legs hadn't stopped their little dance,

her thighs desperate to elicit some satisfaction from her original pussy. Without a mouth only quiet *Mmmm* sounds could be heard now and then – somehow the sense of frustration was still clear upon them.

Brini didn't know if her decision had come from a sense of compassion, or a morbid desire to see if the sex-obsessed woman could get herself punished even further.

“Okay, Deanna, I'm going to make your legs more flexible,” Brini announced, placing down the cards, “Use them wisely.”

It was clear that Deanna hadn't really been listening. The only indication that she knew anything was happening to her was when her eyes fluttered open. She looked down towards the tingling that had washed over her legs.

The other players watched Deanna roll onto the small of her back. Her legs at the hip joints had rotated nearly one hundred and eighty degrees. Deanna's feet had bypassed the slit between her thighs and instead had gone straight to where the most vag could be found, her udders. Both feet were pressed tightly within the center of the diamonds of pussies.

It was clear that Deanna's feet had not gained any additional capabilities, her toes were as spread as she could make them but were far from expertly flicking any clits. Instead each foot was just mashed atop each udder, her feet roughly knocking against any pleasurable flesh they could find.

And Deanna wasn't ignoring the pussy between her legs, not entirely anyway. The muscles at the base of her thighs had benefited from the extra flexibility, and Deanna was using them to squeeze and roll her center slit with far more talent than she could before. From the amount of shuddering across her belly it was clear that Deanna was achieving what she wanted.

When it was clear that the group had observed the extent of what Deanna was going to achieve with her changes their attention returned to the game. Destiny picked up her cards and considered them, keeping in mind that the only two players left that she could play anything on were Holly and Fuck Udders – which was a strange name to have forced into one's train of thought.

Destiny had gained ASSHOLE in addition to her ARMS and FACE Blue Cards, and "BLUE CARD becomes like a monkey" was new. Her new Red card read "BLUE CARD is removed." Destiny thought for a moment. Both of the remaining women

were pretty well changed by now, Destiny didn't think she wanted to remove anything from their altered bodies. Looking over to the pink skinned Holly the donkey-eared woman decided that *she* wanted to try something.

“Okay, Howwy. How about you hafe awms wike a monkey,” Destiny tried to annunciate past her dick tongue, “Wetf fee how fat tuwns out.”

*That's disgusting, you fucking bitch! How am I gonna masterbate like that?*

“Oh, like, that is totes mean, you meanie!” Holly's voice bubbled as she lifted up her hands to see what would happen, “They're gunny feel funny in my cunny!”

Holly's eyes watched over her enormous red clit nose as her fingers grew thicker and shorter, her once feminine touch being replaced with something much coarser. Her palms extended to nearly twice their length, so while Holly's fingers were retracting the overall length of her hands were not changing much.

What was changing was their thickness, as Holly's once lithe appendages thickened and became at once both nubbier and longer. Her thumb remained roughly where it was at the base of her palm, becoming slightly longer and adding more mass. Holly rotated her hands

around and wiggled her fingers, watching the skin toughen and wrinkle around them.

From her shoulders down Holly's arms were lengthening slightly, while more muscle was building around their bones. Soon her biceps and triceps had become well defined balls of mass, and she could feel a boost of strength pull at her tendons.

Holly started to run her hands up and down her new arms when an itching broke out. It was quickly apparent that thick hairs were growing from her shoulders down and over the back of her stretched hands. But these hairs were not dark - they had the same pink color as her skin.

The growth of fur moved quickly, and soon Holly stretched out her new completed pink monkey appendages.

Thick pink fur sprung up from her skin just where her neck became her shoulders, and grew down each thickened arm. Around the elbow the fur grew thicker into pointed tufts, but as it continued down over her palms it became thinner until it vanished. Her hands were clearly the stretched-yet-stubby grippers of a chimpanzee. Holly flexed them and could feel the increased strength she had gained. She wanted to use it

to reach across the table and choke the grin off Destiny's face, but she held that desire in check.

*You're lucky I don't want to test what happens if I punch you!*

"You should be super glad I'm a lover and not a fighter, sweetie!" Holly's empty drooling mouth muttered from under the table, "And a super good lover at that!"

Embarrassed by how her altered language had expressed her true sentiments Holly decided to turn her attention to her cards. Her new thick pink fingers scooped them up, and for a moment she struggled to spread them as she'd used to with her altered fingers.

After a moment Holly had discerned that along with MOUTH and ASS she had picked up a Blue BREASTS card, and that "BLUE CARD shrinks by CHOICE" was now in the company of "BLUE CARD becomes like Target's BLUE CARD." Looking around the table Holly reminded herself that, since she was the last one in the round, the only player left that she could play cards on was Fuck Udders.

Feeling the new name override the old one in her head made Holly feel ditzzy, and from below the table a giggle bubbled up and out between her thighs. Considering her

options Holly decided to make her opponent's name all the more appropriate.

*I think your front should match your back, Fuck Udders!*

“Okay, like, Fuck Udders, your name is totes gonna work backsy and frontsy!” Holly squeaked, and her furry pink arms dropped ASS, “BLUE CARD becomes like Target's BLUE CARD,” and BREASTS onto the table. “I can't wait to try them!”

Fuck Udder's eyes went wide she heard a gurgle from behind her. Her upper body turned to try and see what was happening behind her, the little trunk and the enormous chest swinging with her motion. Ripples were forming around her once flat ass as the low rumbling sounds continued. With a loud *BLURT!* Fuck Udder's smooth rear gained a few inches, the skin stretching and starting to change to a slightly pinker shade – just like Fuck Udder's...udders.

As the skin finished its first stretch it toughened up slightly, and then there was another *BLURT!* and the audible sound of Fuck Udder's skin stretching. As her ass settled into its newest size – nearly six inches out from the small of her back – eight small nubs began to push out from the curve of each ass cheek.



Another burst of fatty growth pushed her ass out nine inches, not counting the two inches all eight teats had grown out to. Fuck Udders gripped the table to steady herself; the weight was significant, and she could feel one more surge of it coming. She grit her teeth as one more *BLURT!* pushed her ass udders out beyond the realm of basketballs, her dual quartets of teats stretching out to four inches.

Staring back as best she could Fuck Udders was full of anger. She'd always wanted a fuller ass, but this was absurd. She could feel the same weight tugging on her ribs pushing down on her thighs. At least up top her back muscles had enhanced to help carry the weight, but Fuck Udders could not feel a relative adjustment below her waist. Instead there was just a constant weight pulling down atop her thighs.

Her eyes turned back towards Holly and she hissed, “**Fuck Udders** is going to get you for that.”

“I hope I get it up the ass!” Holly could not keep herself from replying.

“If you say so,” Fuck Udders could not stop her roused cock from twitching up and down as she slammed a Red Card down on the table, “Target’s asshole will ache for attention

whenever their last Target plays with their most recent alteration.”

As Holly struggled to read the card Fuck Udders threw back her hands and grabbed her butt teats. She gave one from each side a pull and her dick sprung out and shuddered from the sensation.

At the same time Holly gasped and felt a dry itching from between her ass cheeks. Her butthole practically burned, and Holly immediately began to slide a hand behind her to relieve it.

**“I’m afraid any further revenge will have to wait.”**

## CHAPTER 8 - POST GAME

As was her way Reduxia's voice startled the group. Fuck Udders threw her hands on the table as if caught violating some room, and Holly's aching need vanished as Fuck Udder's fingers left her rear teats.

Each player looked over to a corner that had been empty a moment before. Reduxia smiled as she stepped inexplicably from the shadows towards the table, glancing first down at the desperate self foot-fucking of Deanna, and then back up to the standing players.

“Whab da he-haw-haw-ell doef thab meam?” Destiny brayed.

“Well, four rounds, four starting players, the game is over,” Reduxia replied.

“But Destiny hasn't had a first-turn round!” Brini objected as Reduxia circled the table.

“I set this up for four players, not five. It isn't my prerogative to continue this play testing, especially not when I have the data I need. Besides...” Reduxia's voice became velvety as she walked by Brini and with a finger flicked one of her golden nipples, eliciting a eroticly-charged gasp from the objecting woman, “Do you really want to see what would happen to you in another round?”

*I'm quite good with being done with this and out of here!*

“I’m totes okay with this being done!” Holly piped up, “I have people to do and things to see!”

“**Fuck Udders** is ready to be rid of this and have **Fuck Udder**’s name back as well,” the elephant snouted woman announced.

“**Well, that all depends on the luck of the draw...and on the winner,**” Reduxia replied.

“Wibber? Dis fing hath a wibber?” Destiny spat.

“**Oh yes, remember? Each time one of you had a card played on you that was a point towards your total,**” Reduxia smiled. She was still circling, like a shark around a school of fish. Her tail stretched out behind her as if there was a velvet rope no one was allowed to cross until given permission.

*So which of us won?*

“So who wonny, honey?”

“**Oh, oh my, I’m sorry,**” Reduxia pouted, “**I’ve not been keeping count. Haven’t you?**”

Four players looked across the table at each other – Deanna was in her own world still on the floor. Each did

recall trying to track some sort of point system at the beginning, but since then there had been... *distractions*.

And since all the played cards vanished from the table once their effects had completed there was no way to quickly track who had what.

Not that there wasn't a visual component to seeing who had gotten cards played on them. But had that change been made by one, two, or three combinations?

As eyes desperately darted back and forth to each other the four standing players noticed two new decks of cards had appeared at the center of the table. There was a Green deck with the word WINNER written across the top, and a Black one marked LOSER.

**“Once you have each chosen your respective cards the game will end, but be mindful...”** Reduxia's voice wafted through the room, her body vanished once more, **“Pull the wrong one and face a penalty.”**

For a moment there was silence, as each player tried to figure out how likely they were to pull from one or the other deck. But there was one woman who was certain of which one she had to pick from.

As Destiny's hand began to stretch across the table Brini reached out and grabbed it.

“No!” she exclaimed, her big eyes staring at Destiny.

“C’mon, we mow I ha-ha-haw-HAW-HAW’ve no way to wib,” Destiny spoke softly, “And maybe if will gib you an ibea of whab do expagt.”

Destiny shook herself free of Brini’s grasp and grabbed the top Black card.

“You will obey the orders of anyone you are attracted to.”

Before anyone could say anything else Brini blurted out, “You will always act as you normally would as if you were not under the command of this curse!”

Destiny felt a wave fall over her mind. Her brain was fuzzy for a moment, and she processed what Brini had just done for her. The donkey-eared woman looked up into the eyes of her girlfriend, the purest love very clear in them.

“Fank woo...” Destiny said, quietly.

“That’s all fine and good and sweet and shit, but **Fuck Udders** wants this done with, and **Fuck Udders** is pretty sure she won,” the trunk-faced woman across the table announced. **Fuck Udders** reached across the

table and grabbed the top card from the Green deck. With a smirk she flipped it over and read it out loud.

“Choose the changes that will only reappear during sex.’ Well, **Fuck Udders** is certainly happy about that! First, **Fuck Udders** will get **Fuck Udders**’ real name back. And then **Fuck Udders** doesn’t mind having some bigger titties, but **Fuck Udders** only wants two nipples and the rest can-”

Her monologue was interrupted as Reduxia’s disembodied voice spoke to them.

“Oh, I’m sorry, **Fuck Udders**, but you were *not* the winner...”

“What...what?” **Fuck Udders** responded, her whole body going cold. She threw the card onto the table, but she knew it was too late. “What does that mean...for **Fuck Udders**?”

“Well, since the card was about certain things only appearing during sex, I think it’s only right that as punishment...*you* will only appear during sex.”

No one at the table knew what that could have possibly meant, and all eyes – save for the lust lost Deanna – turned to **Fuck Udders**. It looked as though she was trying to say something, but the words were getting caught in her throat. Between her legs her big latex cock

was shaking and practically jumping from her crotch. Fuck Udder's eyes rolled up and a big smile stretched out from behind her trunk.

Fuck Udders was starting to pant and sweat, and she put her hands to the table for support. The others watched her skin blush, and it was becoming clear that she was working her way towards a powerful orgasm. One of her hands left the table and grabbed a namesake tit udder, clawing at the teats as her body began to undulate.

Finally some words began to escape Fuck Udder's mouth; "Oh yes... fuck... yes... **Fuck... Udders** likes... yeah... more... more... oh... *oh... OH-*"

Before Fuck Udders could crest her pleasure she vanished.

There was a loud *pop!* as she did so and a spray of sweat erupted out from where she had stood. The others stared for a few moments, not certain what to do.

*What just happened?*

"Like, where did she goiesies?" Holly spoke from beneath the table.



Reduxia's voice once more lofted over the remaining players.

**“Fuck Udders is now purely the sensation of nearly orgasming. She remains locked in a perpetual moment of anticipation, floating in the ether until pulled towards anyone having sex. She will have the full experience of that fucking – the anticipation of the partners, what intensity there was in foreplay, and finally the encroaching moment of satisfaction – before jumping to someone else before she can cum.”**

Upon hearing this the other players were struck cold. They all eyed the Green deck as if it carried the plague.

Their silence was broken by Reduxia's voice.

**“Now, now, let's see some forward momentum with the end game, don't make me have to step in to move things along.”**

Cold fear turned to warm worried sweat as Holly, Brini, and Destiny looked to each other.

*I have no idea what the score was!*

“I totes don't know if I won!” Holly exclaimed, the eyes above her big red clit nose showing her concern.

“I...I don't remember what points I got either,” replied Brini, the anxiety in her voice palpable.

“Well, we coul bry amb mawwow dah fielb,” Destiny replied, holding back a bray. She was motioning downwards towards Deanna, whose hyper-flexible feet were well covered in the juices from her breasts and between her legs. She’d been fairly quiet, and was doing her best to satisfy herself with her foot play.

“You see if you can get her attention, I’ll figure out if there’s some way for her to pick a card,” Brini instructed Holly and Destiny.

The pair were not especially excited to work together, but followed through on Brini’s request. They each crotched down and gently tried to get Deanna’s attention, carefully pulling her feet from her udders.

Brini was studying the cards on the table and thinking about her options. It seemed best to have Deanna pull from the Green deck. If she received what it said she was clearly the winner – if she didn’t then one of the others were.

The challenge was getting the Green deck to Deanna without Brini accidentally pulling a card. Looking around Brini spotted a throw pillow on one of the nearby lounges. She carefully shuffled her quartet of legs over and retrieved the pillow, then crab-walked back to the table. She sucked at the air as her sensitive legs brushed

against each other at the thighs and the occasional meeting of calves, the four pussies set around her hips each moistening. The wobbling of her udders and the four golden teats clinking and clacking against each other – every impact another erotic pulse to her pussies – was also an alien circumstance for her.

Carefully putting the tips of her fingernails to the tabletop Brini nudged the Green deck across the table. When it neared the edge she folded and pressed the pillow against the table so that it was practically level with the hard surface. With gentle patience Brini pushed the Green deck onto the fabric. She could now – carefully – move it wherever she wanted.

That was easier said than done. Four legs splayed out in different directions helped support the absurd center of gravity that her udders had given her, but Brini was still not practiced in how to move with finesse. And she feared what would happen if she dropped the Green deck.

Slowly and carefully she came around the table, and Brini let out a sigh of relief as she placed the pillow with the Green deck atop it next to Deanna.

*Pick a card now, Deanna!*

“Deanna, honey, now’s the time, sugah,” Holly said quietly. Her hands were massaging Deanna’s udders so that Destiny could pull the armless woman’s flexible feet away. All three exchanged glances and nodded, and Destiny guided one of Deanna’s feet to the deck. With a little encouragement the undulating woman put a toe atop the Green deck and pushed a card off the top.

As the card toppled over the pillow and towards the floor Holly and Destiny released their squirming opponent, who immediately moved her feet back to her udders. The other three watched as the little piece of stock fluttered to the ground, its words face up.

“You will regain your normal body, but any clothing you wear will become skin-tight latex so you always show it off.”

The trio waited a moment, and the voice of Reduxia was heard once more.

“However, Deanna is not the winner. So instead of her clothing turning to latex over a normal body, her current body will become latex.”

Destiny, Brini, and Holly all turned to watch Deanna. The seated woman didn’t appear to have any concept of

what was going on around her. She didn't even notice when her skin began to take on an artificial sheen, becoming slightly glossy. Squeaking sounds began to ring through the room as Deanna rubbed at rubber teats, her udders becoming less and less pliant as they changed from flesh to latex.

Little by little Deanna's motions slowed, as if she was getting tired. But in truth it was simply her muscles giving way to latex, her body becoming more and more artificial until finally her legs fell limply to the floor.

A quiet whimper could be heard from within Deanna's stilled mouth, but her face had long frozen in a look of amorousness. Her enormous udders pulled Deanna forward, her latex pussies all frozen open and inviting. Even her mouth had taken the shape of an O, and Brini suspected if she looked below she'd find Deanna's asshole held open. She'd become a most unusual looking sex doll.

The remaining three – two of which still had to pick from one of the decks – looked to each other, none quite certain what to make of Deanna's fate.

But that was when Reduxia's voice once more boomed over them.

**“Since it was the three of you who chose the deck for Deanna you each will also share a small part of her punishment.”**

Instantly all three players felt parts of themselves changing.

Destiny felt the skin of her breasts pull tight. Ever since getting her implants there had always been a drawn sensation across her chest, one Destiny actually reveled in. She got a kick out of the idea of having captured something inside her that made her so much sexier.

But this was a slightly different sensation, a tense tingling that first washed over the surface of her bust and then began to penetrate her skin and flesh. Destiny could see that the tone and substance of her tits had changed, and as the sensation of alteration reached her implants and faded away she tentatively touched the curve of her right breast.

After getting the implants Destiny’s tits had lost some of their give, but were certainly still soft. Now, as her fingers pushed against the surface, Destiny gasped both in pleasure at an increase in sensitivity, but also in surprise at how stiff her breasts were.

She now sported two balls of erotic rubber on her ribs. While her breasts at least tried to maintain

something similar to her flesh tone, Destiny's nipples and areola were even pinker than normal, standing puffier and harder than ever before.

For Brini the sensation had taken hold between each set of legs. She tried to pull aside her own enormous udders in order to see what was happening, her golden nipples wagging and clanging into each other, but her breasts were so large she could not control them well enough to get a good view.

All four legs fidgeted, her feet up on their toes and padding about in tiny steps, as Brini felt her pussies changing. They were getting wetter and wetter, and feeling emptier and emptier. Brini could feel her labia pull aside, the inside of her slits blown open as if invisible dicks were slowly entering her from North, South, East, and West simultaneously.

Her pussies then froze in this display, and Brini felt a tingle fall over them. She could sense their very substance changing, the alteration flowing deep into her hips. Finally the changes stopped and Brini sent a reluctant finger to her original pussy, now locked open before her. The moment she touched her stiff labia Brini knew that all four pussies had been reformed as if they were on a high-end latex fuck doll.

Holly threw a simian hand to her ass as she felt her butt cheeks shift. They had each pulled to the side, and Holly could feel that her asshole was exposed to the air. It did not seem as if anything more was happening to her buttocks, even though they remained spread.

What Holly did feel was the sensation of her asshole expanding, being spread wide by an unseen force and being affixed open at its new diameter. Holly uncomfortably fidgeted and bounced on her toes as a strong desire to fill the emptiness behind her relocated mouth took hold of her.

When it felt as if the onset of the side-effects of their actions had run their course Destiny, Brini, and Holly stood still for another moment eyeing each other. The possibilities had been narrowed down to just two. So the question was;

Who was bravest?

Or possibly;

Who had the best memory?

“It can’t be me,” Brini said, the tone of her voice very serious.

*And why is that?*



“Like, girl, why the heck not?” Holly’s reworded lyrical response wafted up from between her thighs.

“Why bo you fink so now anb nob earwier?” Destiny asked.

“There were too many players to consider. Now it’s just her...*Holly*. Because I think I only ever got two cards played on me on each of my turns,” Brini explained, looking to Destiny as if she was convincing herself as much as the other two, “In the first round my legs were made more sensitive. In the second round...I reflected the effects. I don’t know if I actually got those two points or not. Then two cards and two cards again for the last rounds, right?”

Destiny wasn’t sure if she was expected to answer that question. How could she have even known to be counting played cards, and even if she’d known the insanity her life had so swiftly sunk to - as she grew animal parts and became trapped in boots - would have been too much of a distraction. Thankfully Brini continued on without getting an answer.

“Holly, you had a red card played on you, right?”

The pink woman’s eyes rolled and she flicked one of her black rubber nipples in response, a bit of attitude she instantly regretted as her eyes rolled again – this time

from the pop of arousal, which sent a dribble from her pussy down her chin.

“So, Holly *must* have more points than I do. She *has* to be the winner, at least between the two of us,” Brini concluded.

The silence that followed Brini’s conclusion was palpable. None of the trio moved. It was if they had entered an old west standoff, or the restaurant bill had come to their table and whoever touched it first would be responsible for doing the math of how to split it.

Finally Holly spoke up.

*What if you’re wrong?*

“And if you’ve made an oopsie?”

“You sound like an idiot, but you can still do basic math, right?” Brini’s anxiety over the situation was bubbling up into her words, not something that would help her convince someone to put themselves at risk, “Count out how your rounds went and tell me I’m trying to fool you with math?”

Above the big red ball nose clit in the center of Holly’s pink face her eyes swung up and to the right as she tried to add up all the changes she’d gotten in regards to what cards had been played on her. After a

few moments she let out a long sigh through the lips between her legs.

*Very well. But if this is a trick I'll murder you.*

“Like, okay, fine. But I’ll be totes mad at you if I’m wrongsies!”

Slowly Holly reached out her hand towards the Green deck, as if with every inch she was rethinking what she was about to do. Centimeter by centimeter pink fingers lowered down, and finally touched the top card.

Destiny’s chest was tight, and not just because it had been turned to rubber. She wanted to scream out *Get on with it!* so badly, but kept control of herself – she wondered if the slightest moment of doubt could get Holly to move her hand to the other deck.

Finally Holly picked up the top card, but hadn’t yet flipped it over. Before she could do so, Lady Reduxia’s disembodied voice boomed over them.

**“Congratulations, Holly! You were indeed the winner! Enjoy your winning card!”**

Between her legs Holly let stretch a huge grin, and she held the card up so she could read it over her enormous red clit nose.

“You will look like an idealized version of your prior self so long as no more than 45%, and no less than 5%, of your skin is covered.”

And with that Holly vanished from before Brini and Destiny.

Across the city the pink woman reappeared in her apartment. She stumbled, and looked around in panic for a moment before realizing where she was. She immediately looked down at her hands, and furrowed her brow in frustration when she saw that they were still monkey paws and her original skin tone had not returned.

Then Holly recalled that she was naked.

She rushed to her bedroom and threw open some drawers. She pulled a pair of shorts out and quickly hopped into them, covering up the mouth between her thighs. Holly then found a t-shirt and slipped that over her shoulders and breasts.

Her big rubber nipples didn't even have a moment to tent the short before Holly's breasts began to shrink backwards into her ribs. Holly held up her hands and watched as the bright pink faded to her natural tone. Her fingers smoothed and stretched, and the fur receded into the skin of her thinning arms. She noticed her skin was now completely free of the small blemishes she'd had before.

Looking at the mirror of her bureau Holly watched the big round red mass at the center of her face shrinking backwards, molding down into the shape of her nose. At the same time the vertical slit of her face pussy was collapsing in on itself and stretching to the left and right. She felt the opposite changes happening down below.

In mere seconds Holly was a glamorized version of her old self. Her original orange-sized breasts were sitting round and perky under her shirt with no show of sag. Her lips were nicely plump with a glossy red to them, and the pointedness of her face had been buffed slightly, and given a delicate cover of make-up.

Holly rotated and saw how her ass had bumped slightly so her hourglass was complimentary above and below her slim waist. She could feel that she was

hairless practically everywhere south of the eyebrows. She smiled at the mirror, and dared to try speaking.

“I look fucking amazing!”

Those had been the words she had intended.

Holly wanted to see how her perfect breasts looked, to confirm her nipples were no longer black latex, and grabbed the bottom of the shirt. As she started to raise it she felt her nose begin to grow, her tits busting forward, and her mouth and pussy stretching. Holly broke out in cold sweat as she quickly lowered the garment.

The changes reversed.

Staring perplexed at the mirror Holly recalled the words on the green card;

*You will look like an idealized version of your prior self so long as no more than 45%, and no less than 5%, of your skin is covered.*

Which meant she could never be naked and look normal ever again!

Across the city, back in Lady Reduxia’s playroom, Destiny and Brini hadn’t waited for long once Holly had vanished.

That was it, that was the game. Holly had won.

Which meant there was only one last thing Brini had to do. She looked to Destiny, whose eyes were tearing.

“Don’b...”

“I have to,” Brini choked back her own tears. This was all so unfair. So awful. She had never wanted this. She just... “We’ll never leave if I don’t finish what I started.”

Destiny wanted to object. Wanted to say how nice the cushions looked, wanted to ask what life they were going back to as changed like they were, she wanted to...

Brini’s hand reached for the Black deck, fingers stretching and about to touch the top card-

Another hand, impossibly slim and dainty, grabbed Brini’s wrist and stopped her.

Brini and Destiny looked up to see Lady Reduxia was standing with them.

The fantastical woman smiled.

**“You have displayed the empathy that I was looking for. What if I told you there was another option? One you may actually be interested in?”**

## **EPILOGUE**

Destiny could hear the shower running as she slowly awoke. Sliding a hand across the other side of the king-sized hotel bed confirmed that Destiny was alone among the sheets.

Brini had always been the earlier riser between the two of them.

Destiny rolled up onto her thicc, grey-furred ass and stretched. The coarse donkey hairs growing from her butt dragged roughly across the 400-count bedding. The sheet slipped down over the side of her bulbous rubber breasts, the rigid pink nipples jabbing outwards like they always did.

As Destiny flexed her arms over her head the tips of her long donkey ears brushed them. She could feel that she'd sat on her tail, and Destiny stood up to relieve the discomfort. The hooves of her permanently-adhered boots sunk into the thick carpet.

Destiny would never feel the soft fibers upon her toes, forever trapped squeezed inside the artificial hoof. Brini had said the carpet was nearly *too* soft, but Destiny figured that was her way of downplaying what her shoe-adorned lover was missing out on.



Now out of bed Destiny found the knotted ribbon that kept the pillowcase tied around her quills. She pulled the protective cloth away and shook her head, giving the long spiked bristle a good rattle. Destiny had found this part of her new morning routine to be oddly satisfying, like letting her former hair down out of a tight bun.

As slumber drained from Destiny's mind the aroused emptiness of her pussy and asshole flaired to the forefront of her attention. She squeezed her flushed thighs and sighed at the sensation of her tail dangling over her puckered anus. It was time to find Brini.

In the shower, Brini was washing her brunette locks, letting the tips of them rest on the upper curves of her udder-tits. Soap suds flowed over the over-stuffed curves of Brini's bovine bust and dribbled over her enormous golden nipples. Under the spraying water each group of four metal teats knocked against each other with heavy muted *thunks*.

Brini turned - *rotated*, really - with eight feet taking little steps in careful sequence so that her leftward pair of legs were now getting the brunt of the shower. Encircled with extra-sensitive lower limbs Brini could not escape some form of arousal from the caress of the water - she could only balance out how much attention each pair of legs got. Her four rubber, bared pussies lightly dribbled

from the erotic attention, Brini's juices mixing into the water destined for the drain.

A shape appeared at the fogged shower door, and Brini grinned with gleeful anticipation. Destiny carefully pulled open the door and the pair exchanged the goofy passionate looks best known by young lovers. Without any prompting Brini handed her girlfriend the body wash.

Destiny didn't like getting her horseplay boots wet - they took forever to dry so she'd taken to sponge baths most days - so she was quite happy to remain outside the shower and spread her soapy fingers over every inch of Brini's body. They traced the metal areola of the golden teats, followed the heavy curve of the udders, worked between each thigh-to-thigh valley of Brini's impossible square hips, and even snuck underneath the skirt of legs to tease Brini's horizontal asshole.

But the quilled woman always made sure to explore and linger on every one of Brini's latex pussies. It was as these pleasures shuddered through Brini's body that she was grateful for the stability of so many legs.

As Destiny did this Brini was not overlooking her partner's pleasures. Destiny bit her lip and groaned as Brini soaped up the rubbery tits and slipped down to

explore her thick and glistening labia. As another finger pushed back into Destiny's ass she rested her head on the shower door.

It didn't take long before each woman felt their climaxes crashing over them, and each would exchange a dopy satisfied grin as they waded through their afterglows together. After a deep lingering drink of each other's eyes Destiny finally stepped back so that each of them could finish getting ready for work.

“Did that feel good?”

“He-*he-he-he*HAW-ell yeah!”

Between multiple

Destiny had taken to wearing loose black slacks she could tuck her tail into, along with blouses and business jackets that could *barely* be buttoned over her stiff round bobbies. Yeah, she could have gotten better fitting clothes custom fit, but Destiny enjoyed the stressed and overwhelmed look of her tops and jackets pulled tightly over her rubber bust.

Before pulling on her slacks, though, Destiny made sure to insert the dildo and butt plug that relieved the emptiness of her lower orifices for much of the day.

Brini's wardrobe was limited to skirts or dresses, and she had gotten a number of semi-professional day dresses altered to better fit her *unique* hourglass figure. She'd also invested in a number of shallow heels she could slip each foot into without needing her hands.

Yes, the soft stretchy fabric pulled around each leg kept Brini aroused throughout the day. But the advantage of having her lover work alongside her every day was that relief was only a closed office door or bathroom break away.

Dressed and gently teasing each other the pair left the Managers' Suite and took their private elevator down to the hotel lobby.

The hotel they had been placed in charge of as co-managers.

*The Oasis* was massive and beautiful. Brini and Destiny marveled every morning at the scale of the casino that branched off from the hotel's lobby. Lights flashed, games pinged losses and wins, and countless people passed by the check-in desk. Palm trees and water features rose over the tiled floor, with enormous windows letting in the light all day and night - either the natural rays of the sun or the neon glow of Las Vegas.

This was Lady Reduxia's hotel and casino. She'd explained that it was her mundane foothold in this universe. When Reduxia could find what or who she needed in the grander world she came to *The Oasis* as her personal dimensional playspace.

And she shared with Brini and Destiny that she had big plans for it - as well as her intentions to expand the card game they had playtested for her.

It was for this reason she'd placed Brini and Destiny in charge of the hotel portion of *The Oasis*. Reduxia expected she'd have new players checking in sometime in the future to play her next iteration of the game. And, as each round took its toll on those players, she knew Brini and Destiny had the experience to gently guide them along in the safety of the hotel.

The two lovers didn't quite know how *that* would work, but it didn't much matter to them. They had jobs. A roof over their head. And more importantly, each other. Maybe, *technically*, neither of them had won the card game. But, as they stood behind the counter and greeted the next guest - who never appeared to notice their odd alterations all *that* much - each subtly resting a hand on their lover's thigh, it certainly felt like Brini and Destiny had won in the ways that mattered most.

*FIN*

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