

SEX IN THE CARDS: ALL DECKED OUT

PART II

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CHAPTERS

[A Good Morning For A Deadly Woman](#)

[A Night Fulfilled](#)

[A Quiet Morning](#)

[A Sweet Start To The Day](#)

[Down For Another Round](#)

A Good Morning For A Deadly Woman

Cindi woke up to find her face glued to Daphne's leg by honey. It was difficult to open her eyes through the thick golden goop that had trickled over her most of the night. Cindi's body was on a bed - mostly. Every part of her ached from the strange position she'd passed out in, her body down to the knees curled at the foot of Daphne's bed, with Cindi's lower legs hanging off the mattress.

The musk of Daphne's pussy was heavy in Cindi's nose, partially because it was only an inch from where her cheek was affixed to the inner thigh, partially because Cindi's nose had been covered in Daphne's juices as Cindi lapped at them through most of the night. Slowly Cindi pushed herself up. She felt the skin of her cheek stretch as it slowly peeled from Cindi's heavy tan limb. Cindi winced at the noise of her balloon tits rubbing against each other.

At last Cindi was free and she looked up the bed towards the headboard. Daphne, completely passed out and naked, was lying atop a towel that had been placed down in a foolhardy plan to control how much of her honey would get on the bed. Cindi watched as even now, in what appeared to be a very deep sleep, Daphne's hands were still compulsively massaging two of her breasts and eliciting a steady flow of honey from them - her upper left tit, and her lower right. The other two appeared visibly rounder and more bloated, beads of golden gel just barely oozing from their erect and hard nips.

Cindi pulled back and slowly stood up, her cartoon tits bouncing unnaturally. It felt like they couldn't decide if they were as light as balloons or as heavy as gelatin sacks - and Cindi had never considered if animation physics made any sense. Either way they liked to jiggle. Cindi felt like she was nearly ten pounds heavier, and put a hand to her short red hair - it was caked in honey that had dripped atop her while she'd been going down on Daphne in the shower. Cindi's shoulders, breasts, back, and even the curve of her ass all shimmered with literal honey dew. There didn't seem to be an inch of her body that Cindi could touch that wasn't sticky.

Although Cindi's flesh screamed to be cleaned as quickly as possible, she didn't want to stay in Daphne's room any longer. Cindi could feel that her sexual infatuation with Daphne had been satisfied, and she didn't want to risk her night's lover waking up, asking "Was it good for you, too?" and getting wrapped up in the same lying cycle. She knew Daphne would be upset if Cindi didn't stick around to help her get dressed around her occupied hands, but that was a risk that Cindi needed to take now. She could try and find an excuse for her absence that wouldn't be a lie.

As Cindi was basically walking flypaper she didn't think she'd get any of her outfit from the night before back on. A quick check of the closet proved productive, and she grabbed one of the two cotton robes within. Pulling it on, the material would only stretch around far enough to

barely cover her squeaking boobs, forcing the front of the robe to hang open. Sighing, Cindi pulled out the robe's belt and tied it around her crotch like a sumo wrestler's mawashi. It was clunky but would do. She grabbed her folded clothes where she'd stashed them only for the sake of retrieving the gun, and Cindi went back to her room.

She barely got any stares on the way, and she silently thanked Las Vegas for being so insane all on its own without magic card games.

The clothes and the gun were tossed onto her bed, and Cindi peeled the robe off of her tacky body. It was dropped into a pile on the floor before the former assassin climbed into the shower and cranked on the warm water. They spray bounced from her bosom like the surface of a party balloon, a light drumming sound echoing from Cindi's boobs. She turned around and let the water warm and loosen the honey weighing down her head.

Cindi spent nearly an hour in the shower, just letting her body be refreshed by the wet heat. She thought about her situation outside of the hotel. It wasn't wise for her to stay here. Any number of people she didn't know could have seen her, and word could have gotten back to The Rose. The smart plan would be to move on.

But that had been before she'd entered herself into this crazy magic game.

"Fuuuuuuck..."

Cindi sighed as she finally turned off the water and stepped out. There was no telling what could happen if she didn't appear at the table tonight. That Reduxia woman didn't appear to play by the laws of physics - and that was the least of what it appeared she could do.

But;

If she stayed Cindi worried she could be found and shot.

If she left Cindi worried if should end up with more of her body than just her breasts turned into weird cartoon rubber as a punishment.

Of course, depending on what cards everyone had, Cindi worried that she could end up with more of her body than just her breasts turned into weird cartoon rubber and *then* found and shot. Her tits did *not* feel bullet-proof.

A sudden thought entered Cindi's mind, and she went swiftly back out to the bedroom, her boobs wobbling like mad. She grabbed her clothes, dumped out the gun, and searched them. Quickly she found what she'd been looking for - the Purple card that read *Totally 'Armless: Any arms you have no longer exist*. Cindi looked it over for a moment, and recalled what Reduxia

had said; the effects would only last until the victim of the card sat down again at the table - unless they enjoyed some aspect of it.

Did that mean the card could *only* be played on someone who was playing the game? If it could be played on anyone, what would happen to someone who wasn't playing the game?

Cindi had no patience for such philosophical quandaries. She was sucked into magical madness, and did not want to let herself get dragged in any further. She'd spent her life following orders, living by a strict hierarchy of rules. She'd already brought most of that crashing down on her, Cindi didn't want to begin second-guessing the rules of *reality*. She'd tried to embrace unpredictability the night before, but that was before Cindi had realized she'd greatly underestimated just how *much* could be unpredictable.

Right now Cindi needed a big dose of structure, and she started by checking over the hotel room for intrusions. The only evidence of anyone being in the room was another letter on the same table she'd found the first one on;

*Hello, and thanks for playing Round 1 of our new game here at **The Oasis!***

Please join us again in Conference Room 2B at 5pm promptly this evening!

*If you would like to enjoy another special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following; **you must wear golden bracers!***

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

Cindi grunted angrily and tossed the letter down, and then checked for her rifle. It was where she'd left it, and she added the smaller firearm back to the case.

For the next hour or so Cindi laid them out, disassembled them, cleaned each piece, and then returned everything to functioning order before hiding her case once more. Although Cindi's inflated chest had obscured her vision at times - and she'd banged her arms into the sides of her breasts on multiple occasions at the start - it didn't take long for her to adjust her process. If she'd done it all again and been timed Cindi though she'd be close to her prior personal best.

With that done Cindi felt that she was much calmer and more centered. She took another deep breath and opened the closet. Cindi was going to stay, but if that was the case she'd need to

practice moving with these new and still unpredictable enhanced endowments. She had a few hours to get dressed and test her agility in case someone found her.

The bracers were on a little shelf in the wardrobe, and Cindi went ahead and snapped them on - if “bonus” again meant a Purple card she wasn’t going to pass that up.

As she sorted through the outfits Cindi made a realization - all of the tops had been adjusted to fit her inflated bust, including the long red silk dress she’d considered wearing the day before. She grumbled at yet another thing she hadn’t seen coming, but half-heartedly admitted that she was happy she had clothes that would fit.

Cindi grabbed a silk thong from another drawer and slipped it on, then stepped into the dress. As she pulled the cool, smooth fabric up her legs and over her hips Cindi suddenly felt something push the material downwards as she reached her belly. Turning to the mirror Cindi watched as she pulled the dress up over her stomach again, and the material snagged on an invisible rod that felt to be coming straight out of her navel.

There was a moment of puzzlement before Cindi recalled that the night before she had been asked to wear something that bared her belly-button, and when she sat down at the table there’d been a tingle - was she now incapable of covering her stomach?

“Fuck this game!” Cindi loudly growled as she pulled a few more full-length dresses and found the same resistance each time they reached her abdomen. Someone was out there likely trying to kill her, and now Cindi couldn’t cover the part of her with all the important organs?

This also brought Cindi’s attention to the bracers on her arms. Did this mean when she sat down at the table this evening she’d find the bracers were now permanently clamped around her? Her hand instinctively went to unclip one, but she stopped - what was the risk? Wearing these things potentially forever and getting a useful card for the game, or sitting down at a disadvantage? Aside from her big boobs, Cindi figured she had probably fared the best over everyone else playing. It was very likely she’d be a target this round, and she *needed* something that could dissuade the others at the outset.

She pulled her hand back from the clasp of the bracer. At least she could knock someone in the head with these.

If the events of last night had taught Cindi anything, it was that she should be prepared to leave this round with some part of her different than how she walked in. Sorting through a drawer Cindi found a low rise, drop crotch, harem-pants-style option that tapered the leg to the ankle. It was a soft grey blend of cotton and something else - spandex? Whatever it was, it as soft, stretch, and had plenty of room for Cindi to move - or grow.

A little more searching and Cindi found a white criss cross crop top did a fair enough job of hugging her breasts and keeping them under control. She grimaced at the *deep* cleavage that was visible at the center of her shirt, and the bulges where each of her nipples tried very hard to rip through the material. She bounced and swung and watched as her tits still flowed like grocery bags full of gravy - but, thankfully, had nothing close to what that weight would be.

Cindi considered wearing her handgun again, but decided it wasn't worth the risk of nearly being caught with it. What was she going to do with it, shoot magic? What she did grab was the Purple card, slipping it into her pants pocket before leaving her room.

Walking to the elevator Cindi decided that the gym would be the best place for her to test her reflexes. The elevator doors dinged open and as Cindi stepped on she saw another passenger that caused her body to flush.

Standing in the corner was Maxi, the same casino employee who Cindi had encountered the day before. Maxi was again wearing her toga-style uniform and name tag. As Cindi stepped on Maxi could not hide the look of surprise and lust as her eyes went straight to the pair of jiggling jugs jumping slightly with each of Cindi's steps.

"Oh...hello..." Maxi murmured, her eyes locked on the titanic tits that took up a fair portion of the elevator's space. Cindi found that she was again looking for Maxi's hard nipples through the folds of the toga - undoubtedly, Cindi now realized, a lingering lust from when she'd fibbed to the woman the day before.

"Hello...again," Cindi replied, and her emphasis finally brought Maxi's eyes up to Cindi's. There was a squint as Maxi thought back, then they went wide with recognition.

"Oh, it's you!" Maxi giggled. Her hands went to her hair, which was once more disheveled, and she unconsciously primped it, "I'm sorry, I didn't recognize...you. Did you have something done?"

"Let's just say last night went to some places I didn't expect," Cindi, replied, trying to be careful with her language. Right now she just wanted to suck Maxi's nipples, Cindi didn't want to impress any further impulses onto herself.

"That happens a lot around her," Maxi giggled, "I intended to go home last night after my shift, but the sorority renting the penthouse ordered last-minute room service and the night just got away from me..."

Cindi watched Maxi's finger absently curl some hair around it, and it was now she suddenly saw the women's nipples push outward against the restraining fabric. Cindi's mouth actually watered for them.

“Hey, do you know where the gym is?” Cindi asked. Maxi snapped out of her lusty look of vacant recollection and she looked first at Cindi’s cleavage and restrained nips before pulling her eyes up to Cindi’s.

“Uh, yes! Yes I do!” Maxi smiled, “Technically I’m not back on the clock for a few hours, but I’d be happy to show you where it is.”

“Wonderful,” Cindi smiled, “Maybe, if you’re interested, we could find something to do...together. I need a good...stretch.” This was not untrue. “Maybe a little...*nibble* after that.”

Maxi’s face lit up. Cindi wondered if at some point someone had played a Horny card on her.

“Oh, I would *love* to nibble with you!”

A Night Fulfilled

Cassidy awoke and could immediately feel that she was still impaled on Phoebe's plastic dick. The pair were laying on their sides facing each other. Cassidy's furry goat legs were wrapped around Phoebe's lithe and bare pair, her cock connecting their groins. Cassidy could feel that despite the long night of fucking she was *still* wet, and there didn't feel as if she was at all raw between the thighs.

Then the former cheerleader noticed a stream of sunlight sneaking from behind the window curtains.

Being gentle and careful Cassidy slipped off of Phoebe and rolled her sleeping form to the side - not for Phoebe's sake, but just so that Cassidy would not have to deal with the awoken woman. Phoebe moaned in her sleep as her artificial dong swung straight up into the air and wobbled there for a moment.

Cassidy took a deep breath and pushed back against her hangover - she'd had worse. The night had been insane. Cassidy had felt desperate to keep fucking Phoebe no matter how many times Cassidy came - or how. Getting wracked by orgasms brought on by Phoebe cumming while thinking of Cassidy had double-whammied Cassidy throughout the night.

Plus, it had felt like some people - maybe from the bar - had also had her in mind during their intimate moments elsewhere through the evening.

As she sat up, Phoebe felt a fullness in her abdomen and a dribbling from within her pussy. Looking down Cassidy's eyes went wide and she clasped her hands over her mouth to keep from gasping out loud.

The goat-legged woman's lower belly was bulging out a few inches, as if she was newly pregnant. Cassidy knew that she wasn't, but she was certainly full - full of Phoebe's own juices blasted within her. That's why her pussy was still so wet - Phoebe's own lube was draining from Cassidy's overfilled womb.

As she became more and more awake and clear-headed Cassidy felt more of the weight added to her lower body. She estimated that maybe there was one or two gallons of girl cum injected inside of her, and it sloshed about as she adjusted her position on the bed, the clear goo bubbling out of Cassidy's slit and matting the thick hair on her legs.

Phoebe mumbled and rolled over, her long rubber shaft resting on the bed sheets. Cassidy held her breath, but her endowed lover did not rouse.

It was time to leave before she did.

Cassidy grabbed enough of her outfit to tie over her tits, and stood up from the bed onto her hooves. Instantly her ass felt a smack, and her rabbit tail twitched. A little more girl cum squirted from Cassidy's pussy. She'd forgotten that the Purple card played on her was set to wear off when she returned to the game table, not just the next day. Her body twitched with spankings and pussy drool as she left Phoebe's room as quietly as she could.

It would be another hour before Phoebe would finally wake up. She was exhausted from the night-long fuckfest, and *very* hungover. It wouldn't be until after she'd stood up that she'd become aware of her ever-hard cock.

The shock of finding proof that any of the night had actually happened panicked Phoebe for a moment. But when she grabbed her rubber dong to check that it was really *part* of her that panic was wrapped up by the incredible sensation of her hands on her cock. Once again *reason* was pushed out of the equation.

Phoebe babbled and curled over herself as she stroked the PVC shaft. She could feel a pressure within her pussy of built-up juices, and she so badly wanted to feel what it was like to relieve that pressure again. She imagined the sexy satyr woman she'd laid with last night, and stroked her big dick, but after a few passes up and down she stopped.

She needed some lube. Not for her cock, but for her hands!

The petite woman pranced quickly to the bathroom, her rigid endowment swinging between her thighs as she went. She grabbed the little complimentary bottle of body wash from the sink counter and squirted some into each hand. It was cool and smooth and her hands felt much better when she grasped her shaft and began stroking it once more.

Phoebe again imagined the busty beauty she'd bedded the night before, remembering what her nipples felt like between her lips and on her tongue, pulling out of her memory the sensation of being inside of Cassidy. It didn't take long for Phoebe to feel the rising warmth of another orgasm, and she shuddered as she felt her juices rush through her rubber hose and burst forth from its end. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth in bliss as her juices splattered onto the bathroom tile, nearly three cups worth oozing across the floor.

Deep breaths filled Phoebe's small body as she braced herself against the sink. That had felt wonderful, and she wanted to let her body drift into afterglow.

But that same hot desire to cum filled Phoebe's loins instead, and she opened her eyes to look down at a dick that was just as hard as it had been a moment ago. And of course it would be, dildos did not have refraction times. It was hard and ready and would stay hard and ready.

When the Purple card had been played on Phoebe one important aspect had been overlooked - Purple cards lasted until the player returned to the game table.

Phoebe wasn't part of the current game.

Her thick rubber dick wasn't going anywhere anytime soon.

Cassidy wasn't thinking about Phoebe in the slightest as she made her way back towards her room. All that was on her mind was the long drool of shimmering slime she was leaving behind her as she went, like a snail's trail. Every time she got another phantom spank she'd burst a little more from her loins, matting her goat fur further - but also bringing down her fully belly little by little.

She moved quickly, getting a few surprised looks from the hotel and casino guests as she went, but experiencing no significant roadblocks before reaching her room. Cassidy locked the door behind her, stripped, and rushed to the bathroom. There was a pair of complimentary slippers beside the shower, and while Cassidy could not wear them on her hooves it was a quick way to get herself off the floor.

The spanking done for the moment, Cassidy gripped the sink and took a deep breath. For a few minutes she did nothing but breath, and feel the steady drip of Phoebe's juices trickling down her thighs. Finally, out of curiosity, Cassidy placed a hand to her still-bloated lower abdomen and gently pushed against it.

"Fuuuuuck..." the former cheerleader hissed as she felt the lube of her lover push out of her at a slightly higher rate, bubbling up from Cassidy's pussy in warm waves.

Then a different sensation bubbled up from within Cassidy. Somewhere someone was thinking about her and about to release, and Cassidy regrabbed the sink to steady herself. She gritted her teeth and gasped through haggard breaths as her pussy exploded, metaphorically and literally. She at once felt the pop of the orgasm warmly wash up through belly, but as her muscles contracted she also sputtered a few cups of Phoebe's spunk down her thighs.

Collecting herself as the cumming passed, Cassidy glared at her reflection. She'd let things get out of control, and that was stopping. Now.

Cassidy scooted over to the shower atop the crushed slippers and slipped inside, her hooves clapping on the tile. The rabbit fuzz around her pussy and the goat fur down her legs was already weighing down with gobs of Phoebe's cum, but everything got even heavier as the water soaked in. Her little bunny tail lost all of its fluff and hung pathetically down the crack of her ass.

It took a lot of soap and significant scrubbing for Cassidy to work out all the juices that had dried on her legs. Loose hairs were also working themselves out and collecting in the drain, and thrice over Cassidy had to clear it when the water began to back up.

The warm water loosened up the thick mass stuffed within Cassidy, and by the time she was done showering it felt like most of it had worked itself out. She stepped out onto the slippers and dried herself as much as she could, but her wet fur had soon overwhelmed the towel.

Looking under the sink Cassidy found a hair dryer. She plugged it in and then sat down on the closed toilet lid, her hooves perched up on the counter. The dryer burst to life in her hands, and Cassidy began to blow the sharply hot air over her pussy and her legs, and also her actual blonde hair. It took over twenty minutes but Cassidy finally did it.

Back on the slippers Cassidy grabbed a few fresh towels and shuffled her way into the bedroom. She tossed the towels onto the bed and looked around. She didn't see that much had changed since she left, but there was a new note on the end table. Cassidy picked it up and read over it.

*Hello, and thanks for playing Round 1 of our new game here at **The Oasis!***

Please join us again in Conference Room 2B at 5pm promptly this evening!

*If you would like to enjoy another special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following; **you must wear bunny ears!***

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

Cassidy reached behind her and squeezed the rabbit tail that was still a little damp thanks to its awkward placement. There was no doubt in her mind that wearing whatever rabbit ears she'd find in a drawer would grow attached to her once she sat down at the table like the tail had. At the moment she wasn't sure what she thought of that, adding rabbit ears to her body or getting another Purple Card.

But she didn't have to decide at this moment.

With a big leap backwards Cassidy flopped onto the bed, the impact causing her to spurt a little more. She spread out the towels and shimmied back on top of them. Settling into the mattress was difficult at first because of her rabbit tail, but shifting a few pillows relieved the

pressure. Comfy, Cassidy reached over and grabbed the TV remote. Before turning the TV on she looked down her fur-covered legs and wiggled the split goat hooves that her feet had become.

Cassidy was a motherfucking satyr, and she was going to show everyone what it was like when they messed with her.

But in the meantime, she was in a swanky Vegas hotel with air conditioning, room service, and PayPerView TV. Cassidy pulled open the menu for the porn while her free hand slid down and massaged her very wet pussy. She'd get herself off a few times, squeeze out the last of that spunk still inside her, and order up some lunch.

Then maybe put those hooves back on the floor and get herself phantom spanked to a few more orgasms. She was going to fucking enjoy herself between now and when the next round started. And as she felt another remote-sourced orgasm start to well up inside of her, Cassidy realized she wasn't the only one who was going to enjoy themselves today.

A Quiet Morning

Akari awoke and could feel how drained her body felt. She lifted her head and realized she had dozed off in the steam room. Despite being surrounded by moisture she could feel how dehydrated she was. Akari was disoriented and her vision was out of focus. She pushed herself up and stumbled to the door, her affixed boots slipping on the tile floor. She could barely grip the damp towel around her waist.

Once outside Akari slammed the door shut behind her and leaned on it, taking deep breaths. The moist bare skin of her back stuck to the wood. Glancing through the steam room's lobby she saw a basket full of complimentary water bottles. She wobbled over to it and grabbed one, desperately cracking the cap open and gulping the water down. She was drinking so quickly room temperature water - which felt very cool on Akari's steam-heated flesh - dribbled out of the corners of her lips and ran in little rivulettes over her little bared breasts.

With one bottle finished Akari crushed it in her hand and threw it at a nearby chair. The empty plastic bounced off the cushion and rolled onto the floor as Akari grabbed another bottle. Now she sat on the chair nearest herself, taking a deep breath before gulping down another bottle. This one was not as messy.

Tossing the second emptied bottle like she had the first Akari finally took a break. She was still breathing heavily. The air was cooler, but not cooling her fast enough. Her vision was more focused but her body was still overheated. Lolling her head around Akari spotted a sign on the wall; POOL ->

Stumbling up from the chair, still naked save for the towel she gripped around her waist and the one stuffed in her puss, Akari's fused heels clacked across the floor as the corporate espionage expert pushed herself down the hallway.

Not too far along she found another door with POOL written on it. Akari burst into the room and saw steps and a metal railing leading down into the still surface of water. She clacked across the tile and plopped her encased feet into the steps. She could dully feel the water splashing on the boots-merged-with-her-skin, but she could certainly feel the cool temperature.

Akari dove into the water. Both towels became water-logged and fell from her, floating away. She briefly attempted to swim but her pussy and boots were too heavy, dragging her lower body down into the water. She was still in the shallow end of the pool and stood up, the water breaking around her hips.

Weird *claps* echoed through the water as Akari's heels walked along the bottom of the pool. She was feeling much better, the cool water bringing down her core temperature, and the water she drank starting to diffuse through her system. Akari took a deep breath and stood still in the water to collect herself.

Then she felt it. A tightening of her golden pussy. It was like her clit had brain freeze. Akari realized that just like the heat of the steam room had expanded the golden cooch, now the cool water was causing her metallic groin to contract. It felt like her pussy was in a vacuum-seal bag, and the air was being sucked out. Every part of her golden surface was pulling in on itself.

Throughout her dehydration spell Akari had completely ignored the arousal she'd been given, but now as she recovered and her glistening pussy tightly gripped in on itself Akari could feel that arousal rushing through her body once more. Her golden gates were not satisfied being filled by water, and as she looked down beneath the surface Akari thought should could make out a mistiness around her submerged crotch.

A *ping* of contraction rang through Akari's gold and she doubled over from the sharp arousal that gripped her body. She began to walk back towards the steps, the water pushing heavily against her. She could now feel the flow of the water moving over the rigid folds of her puss, little eddies swirling around and licking at her labia, wicking her own juices out into the pool.

Akari shuddered at another *ping* as she reached the metal railing that ran up and out of the water. She gripped it and pulled herself up the steps, water pouring off of Akari as she raised up from the surface. Finally her pussy opened into the air, and more water poured from its opening. Once that was drained the dribble of Akari's own juices continued.

Back on the tile surrounding the pool Akari clacked over to a shelf of white fluffy towels and grabbed one. She wrapped it around her waist and pushed part of it against her groin, using her thighs to squeeze the material in place. She looked over to the pool and saw that the two towels from the steam room had sunk to the bottom. She wasn't going to bother getting them.

That's when Akari noticed that she wasn't alone at the pool. There was another woman there at the other side, lounging on a recliner near the deep end. She had a book in one hand, her thumb keeping her place on a page. The stranger was curvy and wore a little pink bikini that did justice to her curves. Sunglasses and a wide straw hat completed the look. She was watching Akari - who wondered for *how* long she'd been watched - and when the reclined woman saw that Akari had noticed her she gave a small wave and a large grin spread across her face.

Akari was mortified, her entire body blushing. This woman had just seen her dive naked - save for the boots stuck to her - into the pool! Had probably gotten a look at her golden slit. And,

Akari realized, could *still* see her bar little boobs. She threw an arm across herself and grabbed another towel to wrap around her chest.

Her skin beat red Akari then tottered out of the pool and grabbed her clothes from the steam room locker. She didn't bother putting them on. Akari could see that she was past the time when she could return to her room, and making sure she still had her key card she just tightly gripped the towels around her and ignored the passing looks of anyone who noticed she'd taken the towels from the pool - which you weren't really supposed to do.

Akari could feel her juices dribbling out of her open lower hole but dared not too overtly push the towel into her pussy in the hallways or elevator. It was only once she was in her room that Akari dropped everything, twisted up the corner of the towel, and shoved it into her golden orifice.

Her face twisted into a relieved sigh that wanted so, *so* much to make some *god damn sound*, but with her current circumstances Akari continued to exist silently. She'd have to wait for the golden Purple Card to wear off when she got back to the game that evening before she could curse out that tree-hugger who had done this to her.

Having another towel pushed up into her auric opening helped, and Akari took another deep breath. She was still blushing. In her whole career she'd never been so humiliated by anything as she'd been in just one night in this damn casino. When this game was done and she'd fixed herself Akari was going to find someone willing to pay her to bring this whole place down.

Or she could even do it just for fun.

Akari teetered into the bathroom and dropped the large towel, refilling her metal minch with a hand rag. Half of it dangled out and rubbed her thighs, but it was much better than having most of a full towel to drag around like the end of a toga. Akari dropped her bare ass onto the lid of the toilet and once again examined her legs encased in the latex boots.

Her dip in the pool appeared to do no damage, all the water having beaded and dripped off or dried by the towel. Akari again examined the relief of her toes in the tightly sealed material, tracing her fingers up to where the latex transitioned smoothly into her skin. The disbelief that any of this was real still owned a little part of Akari's mind.

A flash of anger and shame at having allowed any of this to happen pushed Akari back up off the toilet and she went into the bedroom, the washrag slowly getting damp and heavy within her golden maw. Pacing in the room Akari noticed that a new note had been left for her, and she opened it, her sharp motions just short of ripping the paper apart.

*Hello, and thanks for playing Round 1 of our new game here at **The Oasis!***

Please join us again in Conference Room 2B at 5pm promptly this evening!

*If you would like to enjoy another special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following: **you must wear the elbow-length latex gloves!***

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

Akari crunched up the letter and tossed it aside. She stomped her heels over to the dresser and opened the drawers. Quickly she found the gloves. Akari held them against her boots and found that they were of the exact same material. There was no question about what would happen if she wore them and sat down at the table. The corporate spy felt the material between her fingers, and then began to slip on one of them. When this was over the corporate espionage professional was going to *make* Reduxia undo every change made to Akari's body, so it didn't matter if she started this round with her hands and arms fused to black latex.

With both gloves on Akari stepped over to the mirror and looked at herself. She actually enjoyed the powerful look of the black boots and gloves. It reminded her of some of the black outfits she'd worn sneaking into a few places. If her metal slit hadn't already been on fire with permanent arousal and wetness Akari might have actually found herself turned on by the latex look. But seeing a damp rag hanging out of her golden hole did kind of ruin the image.

Also ruining the bad-ass look was the rumbling of Akari's tummy - she hadn't eaten in some time. Sighing, she pulled on a rather plain blouse, a black skirt, grabbed some extra washrags, and headed down to the buffet again.

A Sweet Start To The Day

Daphne awoke feeling warm and heavy. Her eyes fluttered in the morning light as she gathered herself and took stock of where she was. Her body was propped up on her hotel room bed, and she looked down to see her hands massaging two cater-cornered tits. Barely any honey was coming from her sore nipples, while her other two breasts bulged atop her ribs. The pressure within them wasn't painful, but very tight.

Although she couldn't do anything else with her hands, Daphne was able to will them to switch boobs. Her hands - completely caked in honey - slid up and down over horizontal cleavage. The moment her fingers curled into the fresh boob flesh an extra thick flow of honey, nearly the size of a gob a toothpaste from a tube, erupted from her nipples.

"Fuuuuck..." Daphne groaned. She took a deep breath as honey poured over her hands and down her underboobs, then along her belly to her pussy. It gooped up atop a thick layer that had well soaked the towel.

It was then that Daphne recalled that she hadn't fallen asleep alone. She didn't know how many orgasms Cindi had given her before finally losing her mind to pleasure. She looked down and didn't see anyone between her thighs.

"Cindi?"

There was no answer.

Daphne felt a pang of disappointment, and then a little anger as she realized she was naked and didn't know how she was going to do...mostly everything without help. But those feelings were quickly pushed aside as she felt the heavy layers of honey pulling on her skin. She needed to wash it off.

Her unattended boobs bounced and swung as Daphne used her legs to pull herself to the edge of the bed. Even the breasts with hands massaging them jiggled and wobbled in the cup of her palms, dribbles of honey flicking out into the air. The towel and sheets stuck to Daphne's ass and thighs as she stood up, but it only took a few steps before the honey-laden material was pulled to the floor by its own weight.

Little spirals of honey collected on the tile as Daphne stared at the shower, figuring out how she could possibly get any water started. Willing herself to try *something* Daphne bent over so she could use her knuckles to get some leverage on the faucet knobs. With a little difficult she finally managed to nudge one and open a flow of water.

Cold water.

Daphne's yelp was short and angry, and she instantly bent back down to try and get the other knob turned. Her haggard movements had her doubled rack swinging and tugging at her ribs, but as the cold water washed over her and seeped out the heat Daphne could feel a new sensation. Across her body the once viscous warm honey was cooling and becoming much stiffer and tougher to move against. And her soft jiggly tits were beginning to exhibit some stiffness to their form as the honey generating within their flesh began to cool. The flow from Daphne's attended nips slowed.

After a few desperate moments Daphne finally got the other knob turned, and grit her teeth as she waited out the moments before the hot water really got going and overwhelmed the cold. Her short breaths lengthened as the temperature rose, and slowly she stood up in the spray as the water turned from warm to just short of too hot - good enough given how difficult the process was.

Quickly the cooled honey warmed up and began to wash away, and Daphne felt her stiffened tits soften again. She let out a long sigh, enjoying the steam that enveloped her. She let the spray run down over her four breasts, the warm water winding its way down her doubled cleavage, dripping under her tits and between her upper and lower honey-stuffed pillows. The flow from the two nipples pinched by her fingers poured from her much more freely.

After a few moments of the spray washing over her stomach and dissolving the honey spread over her pussy and thighs Daphne finally began to turn to let the water wash the rest of her, including leaning back her head to let the water run through her hair. After a few rotations Daphne felt she'd dissolved away about as much as she was going to without any assistance.

And the environmental activist was acutely aware of how much water she was using. It was building an anxiety in Daphne which she finally could not hold back. She bent over and shut off the hot water, preparing herself for the chilly spray.

But instead of immediately trying to shut off the cold water Daphne stood up and thrust her quadruple chest into it. She grit her teeth again as the cold shivered through her, but Daphne had a plan. She could feel the honey in her four tits start to cool, hardening up and losing its flow. After a few moments her caressing fingers could feel the honey had gotten quick stiff.

Quickly shutting off the cold water Daphne stepped out of the shower and willed her hands to massage her chest as little as possible. With any luck that would help hold back some of the honey for a while.

Dripping wet and nearly chattering her teeth Daphne took another deep breath and considered her options. Her feet, with their golden toenails, were sitting in cold dampness atop a completely overwhelmed floor towel, and she could feel her toes pruning.

Water fell from Daphne's hair and dribbled down her round ass as she padded into the bedroom, the carpet managing to suck up the remaining water just fine. She passed a table that had a new envelope on it, but Daphne knew there was no way she could possibly open it. Even if she did there'd be no way to dress herself per whatever the requirements were for this evening.

Hell, Daphne didn't know how she'd dress herself at all.

Wet naked feet brought her over to the room's dressing mirror, and Daphne gave herself a look up and down. Compared to the others she hadn't changed that much. She actually liked her gold finger- and toenails, and although she had four honey-filled tits they weren't cartoonishly large...or literally cartoonish. Another wave of disappointment in Cindi's abandonment sent shivers through Daphne's body.

Once she sat down at the game this evening she'd have control of her hands back and the honey situation would actually be manageable.

Letting out one more sigh Daphne felt her stomach rumble. She looked around the room. There was no food to be seen. The only things on the tables was the new envelope, and the phone by her bed.

Daphne's eyes went wide as she had a realization. She stepped over to the phone, pushed it off it's cradle, and was thankful that she'd done it in a way that left the ear- and mouthpiece facing upwards. Carefully Daphne used her nose to strike the FRONT DESK button, and she bent down to lean her face against the rocking phone.

The phone rang a few times, just enough to make Daphne start to fear no one would pick up. Then...

"Hello, front desk, how may I help you?"

Daphne's heart fluttered.

"Hi, yes, um, I'm going to need some fresh towels..." The request stung knowing how much water was wasted on washing hotel towels but all of Daphne's were soaked or caked with honey. "...and I'll need to be connected to Room Service, but first I have a sort of odd request..."

Down For Another Round

A loud bang had echoed through the gym's changing room as Cindi roughly pushed Maxi against the lockers. Maxi gasped and laughed, and the predatory smile on her face indicated that this was exactly what she wanted from Cindi.

All Cindi wanted was to get her mouth on Maxi's nipples and eliminate the last lingering lesbian distraction on her mind. It was true that Maxi's hands gripping deeply into the surface of Cindi's cartoonish tits - the squeaky sound of palmed balloons echoing through the tiled room - was broiling Cindi's slit. But she knew that was temporary and just wanted to get her lips on those nips.

But Maxi appeared to be all about the foreplay, and it took some time for Cindi to warm her up enough to strip off the casino employee's top. With Maxi's breasts bared and hardening in the cool air Cindi carefully got onto her knees and latched onto one, and then the other. Her mind tingled, and she felt the desire for the teats tapping her tongue fade away.

Although a sense of distaste for what she was doing was welling up in Cindi's gut that didn't stop her from pushing a hand up Maxi's thigh and finding her plump and dripping pussy. It wouldn't be the first time Cindi had made someone she had no attraction to orgasm. Maxi had no panties on under the toga, and the horny woman shuddered with audible pleasure as she felt Cindi's middle and pointer fingers slip deep inside of her, so that Cindi's thumb was within reach of Maxi's nub.

"Oh...oh yeah...thumb my clitty!" Maxi growled through gritted teeth, her ass pushed so hard against the locker doors they threatened to bow. Cindi increased her speed, and Maxi's gasps went silent from the intensity of Cindi's finger fucking. She grabbed the assassin's hair and knotted it tightly between her fingers, causing Cindi to wince - but not to stop.

After a few moments Maxi's haggard breathing stopped and her body locked up, her entire weight leaning forward atop Cindi's head. Cindi held Maxi up until the young woman's muscles relaxed and she stood straight, then leaned back against the lockers and looked upon Cindi with the most seductive bedroom eyes.

"You're very good at that..." Maxi's words were both heavy and filled with air. Her body was blushed as Cindi slipped her fingers from Maxi's overflowing pussy with a light *slurp!* The assassin stood up and took a step back, assessing how best to now get Maxi to move on - without possibly getting herself enamored in some new way.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," Cindi's careful selection of her words came out with a monotone impression, "But now I have to say I do my best training when alone."

“That’s...fine...” Maxi sighed, one arm raised above her head toying with her own hair, “I should...take a nap...and get cleaned up for my shift...”

“Well, don’t let me keep you from that...”

“No...” Maxi mused. She began to walk towards the locker room’s exit, and Cindi was about to let out a sigh of relief when Maxi stopped and turned back, “How about we have another nibble this evening?”

“I...have a prior engagement this evening.”

“All night?”

“Nnn...no. I don’t know what I’m doing after it.”

“Well, I’ll be around,” Maxi winked, and she finally left the locker room. Cindi counted to ten, and when the woman hadn’t yet returned she finally let out a long sigh and let herself collapse backwards against the other row of lockers.

Cindi remained as she was for a moment, appreciating that her mind felt like it was entirely hers again. Finally taking a long deep breath to clear her thoughts she scowled as she caught a whiff of something. Looking down Cindi saw her fingers still had a glisten on them, and she raised them up to confirm with a cough that it was Maxi’s musk on them that she was still smelling.

Stepping over to the nearby sinks, enormous tits bouncing with each step, Cindi thoroughly washed her hands until she could smell nothing more. Satisfied, Cindi stepped out into the nearly empty gym. There was a sparring bag in the corner and she approached it, took a stance, and struck it.

Working around her absurd boobs caused what should have been an incapacitating strike to actually glance off the curve of the bag. Cindi growled. She hated having to practice all over again skills she’d already been so adept at.

But that is what she did. For the rest of the day Cindi tuned her martial arts training to her newly exaggerated form, ate at the buffet, and tried to remain vigilant. Eventually the time came for her to go to the game room, and she left for it feeling slightly better about her improved skills over her wobbling tits.

But they did prove to be enough of a distraction for Cindi to miss a pair of eyes watching her, a pair of eyes that had only arrived at The Oasis forty minutes before the next round was about to begin, and were not yet ready to do more than observe their target.

Cassidy had indeed spent the day orgasming and eating, and felt like she'd truly embraced the bacchanal life she was more and more identifying with as a self-professed satyress. She'd even tried to seduce the room service servers, but none had stayed - although Cassidy was certain a few of the remote orgasms she'd experienced were from some who had regretted passing up the opportunity.

When the time came to leave the room for the next game round she tossed across her chest the flimsiest of fabric from her toga. Cassidy's cloven hooves twitched and her furry pussy dripped in anticipation as she stepped onto the floor. She made it three steps towards the door when she got her first spanking. She stopped and leaned against the wall, her lower lip bit and her rabbit tail shaking.

This was hers. Cassidy had chosen to step down and wanted to be spanked. From there she strutted down to the game room proudly embracing every smack to her ass and not giving a shit about who saw her.

Daphne had spent most of her day naked in bed surrounded by towels and kale and vegetable smoothies. She didn't need her hands to suck the thick drink up through her metal straw, and she was pleased to have gotten back to her roots a bit with something more basic and less extravagant and wasteful than the buffet.

None of the maid or room service workers made any particular comment upon seeing Daphne seated naked and cross-legged on her bed with a towel over her legs and her hands massaging strings of honey from her four breasts. Daphne wasn't sure if they were especially professional or just jaded to such unusual situations.

But that professional attitude was not to be found within the woman who arrived to help Daphne with her "odd request."

"Hi, I'm Maxi, and I'm here to - holy shit, you've got four boobs!"

Daphne could not help but laugh thanks to how Maxi had intoned her exclamation. It was not disgust, nor disbelief, nor pity, nor some sort of relief of Maxi's that she was normal unlike Daphne. Her voice instead contained unbridled glee and passionate interest in what she was seeing, as if Daphne was a present for Maxi.

"That I do, that I do..." Daphne giggled, rocking gently on her bare ass atop the bed. Her unattended breasts swayed over her ribs as Maxi's wide-eyes moved closer and closer. "Did they explain why I needed you?"

"Just that you needed help getting dressed. I'm glad I was sent up because I'd be so sad to not have seen those in their full glory..." Maxi mused, her eyes darting up and down between

Daphne's two bosoms. The environmentalist could only laugh again at this woman's blunt but sincere interest in her body. "Is that...is that honey?"

"Yeah."

"Can I...can I try some?"

Not *How is that possible?*, not *Why is that happening?*, just complete acceptance and pure interest.

Daphne felt herself getting wet under the towel for this woman.

"Of course you can..." Daphne replied, and for the first time that day purposefully squeezed a little extra honey out of her upper right and lower left breasts. The extra blobs of honey dripped downwards towards the towel and Maxi snagged them out of the air with two fingers, which went straight into her mouth.

"Mmmm..." Maxi moaned, closing her eyes, squeezing her legs, and shaking a little. Daphne watched the other woman plunge her fingers in and out of her mouth and suck them completely clean. With little *pop! pop!* sounds Maxi finished her tasting, opened her eyes, and looked down at Daphne with very carnal interest, "That is *so* good, thank you. I'd love to..."

Daphne felt her labia flutter in anticipation, expecting Maxi to ask if she could drink more directly from the source. But the sentence trailed off incomplete.

"You must get a lot of interested people downstairs," Maxi said instead.

"Well, I haven't really been downstairs much since I got these," Daphne replied, "You see, something I'm dealing with right now is I can't let go of them. So I can't really get dressed on my own. I hope that will clear up later tonight, but in the meantime..."

"Oh, I get you, I get you," Maxi straightened up and took a breath, stepping back into her employee service role, "What can I get for you?"

"Eh, I think I have a yellowish brown tanktop that should fit all of these, and some brown shorts. But first I need you to show me what is in that envelope on the table over there.

Maxi looked where Daphne had motioned with her chin, and quickly retrieved the note from the table, holding it up so that she could not read it but Daphne could.

*Hello, and thanks for playing Round 1 of our new game here at **The Oasis!***

Please join us again in Conference Room 2B at 5pm promptly this evening!

*If you would like to enjoy another special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following; **you must paint your clit gold!***

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

"I see..." Daphne mused. "I think I have one extra request of you, if you don't mind."

Maxi placed aside the note, still averting her eyes to give Daphne the privacy of her affairs.

"Sure, what can I do?"

"Uh, well, before I get dressed there should be some special gold body paint somewhere in the dresser or closet. I'm afraid I must ask for you to paint my clitoris gold, if you are okay with that!"

"Oh, honey, that is nothing compared to some of the things I've done for guests!" Maxi announced, completely proud and unashamed of what the statement implied. She bounded over to the dresser and Daphne found herself staring at the slight build of the casino employee tightly held by the light blue blouse and skirt, modest heels supporting short but toned legs tinged tan by her pantyhose. She wished she could release her hands from her tits and grasp at the ass bent down before her.

Daphne felt herself get even wetter, and realized the source of that moisture was about to get a very good look at it. Her awareness of her wetness caused Daphne to fidget on the bed.

Maxi returned with a huge grin on her face and little bottle similar to the nail polish Daphne had used the other day. But this one was certainly different, and Maxi showed Daphne a little disclaimer that declared it safe for her privates.

Carefully Maxi moved the honey-soaked towel from over Daphne's crotch and appeared to brighten when she saw the glistening slit beneath it. Carefully she pulled the little brush from the tiny decanter, sloshed off some of the extra liquid gold, and gently separated Daphne's lips and pink coral to get direct access.

Daphne bit her lip and tried not to shiver as the slightly cool liquid was applied to her most sensitive button. Her breathing was deep yet uneven as Maxi stuck her tongue out slightly while she concentrated. Daphne felt it was an adorable look, and only made her wetter. She hoped her increased flow of juices did not wash off the gold.

Although, if that meant Maxi had to pay more attention to her clitty then maybe she did want it to happen.

But the paint was more resilient than that and after just a few moments Maxi stood up and declared her work complete.

Daphne let her body melt a little bit, and looked up at Maxi with barely any control over her lust.

“Before...I get dressed...if you wanted another...sample...more *directly*...”

There was no pause from Maxi. She set the closed little bottle on the bed as she leaned in and eagerly took up one of Daphne’s bared teats.

“Oh, fuck yes...” Daphne groaned as she felt the mass in her boob flow out of her. Maxi’s lips were so soft, and her tongue warm and agile. There was a passion to how she was being emptied that had been absent with Cindi. There was something about Maxi that made Daphne truly hope her suckling wouldn’t end.

On her own Maxi switched from one emptied breast to the other. As she pulled back for a moment Daphne could see that the casino employee’s blouse was being stained by the honey flowing from the nipples Daphne was compulsively kneading. This did not stop Maxi.

“Shit...fuck...shit...” Daphne gasped over and over again. Neither had a finger on the double-bosomed woman’s pussy, but the pleasures Maxi was giving Daphne made her feel just as good.

In fact, Daphne could tell she was coming close to cumming. With the gold drying on her clit and Maxi’s intimate and personal attention to her honey-filled melons Daphne was shocked how quickly she found herself at the crest - and then over it.

“Fffffffuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck...” Daphne yowled as her back curved and she rolled away from Maxi. The nipple slipped from Maxi’s mouth as she was stopped at the edge of the bed, a mixture of spit and golden goo stretching a long string between them. Daphne’s pussy spurted over her crossed ankles as she shivered her bones into jelly, and her entire body flushed.

Very slowly Daphne’s legs uncrossed and slid down the bed towards Maxi, who looked down with her own satisfaction and amusement. She gently caressed the calves that were inching towards her, eliciting a sigh from Daphne.

“Okay...okay...” Daphne finally gasped, struggling to push herself up with her elbows, “I need to get dressed and get to...an appointment.”

“If you must,” Maxi fake pouted. She walked over and slid her hands under Daphne’s back and helped her get up from the bed. Daphne’s knees were still weak and she stumbled, but was caught by Maxi in a very tender embrace.

The pair held as they were for a moment before Maxi literally peeled herself away, the front of her work uniform completely soaked in honey from being pressed against Daphne's multiplied chest.

"Oh no, I'm so sorry!" Daphne exclaimed, but Maxi laughed it off as she walked over to get the clothes.

"Don't worry about it," Maxi replied as she walked back to the blushing woman, "Maybe after your...appointment...you could help me take these clothes *off*."

"I'd like that."

That said the flirting was reined in, although only in so much as it can be for two people attracted to each other being dressed by one. Shorts and panties went on without issue, although Maxi had to struggle a little to force the tank top between Daphne's hands and her breasts. Once on it immediately gained some circular stains from her honey nipples, but the dark yellow helped downplay that.

Daphne had intended to slip on some flip flops, but found that she could not get her toes under the thong. She and Maxi tried over and over to slip the open shoes on, but it was as if a forcefield was pushing Daphne's toenails away. With time getting short the pair decided that Daphne would probably be fine barefoot on the regularly-cleaned floors.

Maxi accompanied Daphne down the elevator and to the casino floor, taking care of all the buttons and doors along the way. But that was as far as Daphne wanted Maxi to go, not wanting to risk getting her too involved in the craziness of the card game. Maxi actually planted a little kiss on Daphne's cheek, and left her blushing like a girl with a crush.

A few barefoot hallways later and Daphne was standing at the table.

Shortly after that Akari, who had spent much of her day at the buffet, stormed in, grabbed a chair, and sat down. She instantly felt the material of her gloves itch across the skin within them for a moment, and then there was a wave of warmth. Like how it had happened with her boots Akari could no longer feel where her skin pushed against the latex. The gentle pressure on her muscles remained, but not the sensation of external contact. She looked down and ran a finger over where the glove had once ended along her arm, and both saw and felt only a smooth surface that graduated from the shiny black to her dull pale flesh. Akari raised her hands in front of her face and stretched and flexed the fingers, hearing the squeak of latex on latex that was now permanently a part of her body.

Akari also felt a different tingle. She put a hand to her throat, and let out a long grunt to clear it. Narrowing her eyes, the corporate espionage expert turned to the other three women still standing around her and watching.

“Alright, bitches. Let’s do this.”

Daphne was next to move to a chair, using her foot to draw one out and sit down. As her ass met the seat she felt something wash over her hands she hadn’t felt for what seemed like forever;

Free Will.

In fact, before she could even consider what to do with them her hands just fell into her lap from the breasts they’d been massaging - Daphne hadn’t had to actually *think* about controlling them all morning. She lifted them up and flexed her fingers, for the first time realizing how sore her muscles had become. She straightened her arms and stretched her elbows, the joints and tendons tight from being crooked for so long. Daphne then rolled her shoulders, rubbed off the stickiness from her hands onto her shorts, and let her arms rest on the table with a *thud!*

Daphne’s moment of completely still relaxation did not last long. She felt a tingle fall over her clit, which caused her already aroused nub to twitch and swell against her inner lips just a little more - and then it went stiff and a weight pulled on it.

And Daphne immediately felt an extreme discomfort fall over her crotch. She tried to ignore it, tried to subtly wriggle in her chair to try and alleviate it, but the fabric of her shorts right over her pussy had suddenly become sandpaper. It was unbearable, and finally Daphne had no choice but to unbutton, unzip, and undress from the waist down. As the shorts settled around her ankles and covered her feet Daphne felt a similar sensation begin to well up in her toes. Frustrated and wanting to be relaxed *for just one god-damned moment* Daphne kicked the shorts off her so violently they flew out from under the table and across the room.

Bare-foot and bare-assed on the chair Daphne leaned back. She could feel her now-metal clitty hanging heavily over her pussy, permanently engorged and stimulated as her wet lower lips pressed against it. All four breasts were filling up with honey, her nipples sore and sensitive under the fabric of her top. Her hands rested limply on the table. She took a deep breath, which was difficult from the weight of her multiplied bust. Daphne was exhausted, but now determined to win and make this all worth it.

Cassidy was next to arrive for Round 2, strutting with her head held high and savoring the ripples that ran through her body with each phantom spank. Akari and Daphne had taken their old chairs for no reason besides habit and Cassidy did the same. She was actually sad to feel the

little tingle over her rump that indicated that her spankings were done...but then a new sensation fell over her ass. Cassidy took a sharp breath as her butt started to feel more sexually sensitive.

The cheerleader-turned-satyr cooed and twisted her body in the cheap folding chair as the pressure of her body weight squeezing her ass against the seat began to deeply turn her on. Cassidy's furry pussy was already wet, but down it was beginning to really soak. Just sitting down as she was had the same effect on Cassidy's arousal as if someone had a finger on her clit and was gently pushing on it.

Wanting to test an idea, Cassidy pushed her butt up a few inches from the chair and then released her knees, bringing her ass down onto the chair with a fairly light impact. But the sensation that rushed through Cassidy's body was anything but light. Her whole body flushed, she bit her lip, and grabbed the edge of the table tightly. She didn't *quite* orgasm, but the sensation had been so suddenly pleasurable that her pussy actually spurted some juices out of her fur and onto the chair seat and even the floor by her hooves.

Cassidy recalled being warned that if a player *liked* the effect of the Purple card played on them there could be consequences after the official effect wore off. It now felt as if Cassidy's ass had been made as sensitive as her clit, adjusted so that even a reserved spanking would absolutely get her cumming - probably with each slap. Cassidy grinned and rolled her shoulders in glee as she sank back relaxed in the chair.

While paying so much attention to the increasing sensitivity of her ass Cassidy hadn't especially noticed the itching going on in her ears. Ever so slowly each ear had begun shifting up the side of her head, while the fake bunny ears had slid downwards. They met midway, the flesh of Cassidy's ears merging with the white fabric of her headdress. In short order Cassidy now had a large pair of white bunny ears growing straight up from near the temples of her head. There was a minor improvement in her hearing, not enough to be noticeable in the fairly quiet room. The other three players looked up at them as they twitched on their own accord, and then drooped slightly to match Cassidy's sense of satisfaction.

Cindi had held back to observe the room and the actions each of her competitors were going to take after a day of living with their alterations. There was no way to predict how such fantastic occurrences would affect someone's actions, and Cindi hated the unpredictable. But she did not want to draw much attention to herself as the only one standing so she took the same seat she'd had the night before.

The moment Cindi sat down she felt a pinch around both of her arms. Raising her hands up so she could see around her enormous bosom lightly bouncing atop the table Cindi confirmed that the seam where the bracers had closed had fused as if it had never been separate. The pinching had come from the bracers shrinking around her flesh to the point that there was no

space to push even a paperclip between metal and skin. The bracers were now, without question, permanently affixed to Cindi's arms just above the wrists.

"I'm glad that you were all able to find your way back to tonight's game."

Once more the quartet was in the presence of Lady Reduxia, impossibly manifested in the back of the room that had been empty and appeared to have no entrances. She slinked around the room, taking long slow steps and puffing on the strange cigarette whose long filter was gripped in her slinky tail.

"It wasn't...easy..." Daphne spoke up, needing to force out the words in Reduxia's presence. She gave Cindi a sideways glance that actually went unnoticed by the usually observant assassin, whose entire attention was locked on Reduxia.

"And you are all the stronger for finding the solutions you needed!" Reduxia grinned. She manifested her alien holographic tablet in one hand and scrolled through symbols that meant nothing to the players watching her. "I see you've all earned your Purple cards. I'll add them into to the hands you've just been dealt up on. And remember, the limits are off this round - a player may play cards on another player even if they've *already* gotten cards played on them this round. Just watch out for who you're giving those points to!"

With a wave of her cigarette filter each player could sense that their cards for Round 2 had been manifested at the table. Each looked down for a split second to confirm that, and when they looked up Reduxia was gone.

Cassidy could sense that she was first this round and eagerly gathered up her cards.

The new Purple card was very tempting; *Target will experience endless back-to-back orgasms.*

Cassidy had the *Arms* and *Snake* Blue cards from the last round, and a new one; *Legs*.

She also still had the Yellow card which read *Blue Card tastes like FRUIT of CHOICE* and a new one, *A vagina will form on/in/under Blue Card.*

She also had her Red reactive card, *The player to the Receiver's RIGHT is affected instead.* That was Daphne, and that was a delicious thought.

Looking around Cassidy locked her eyes on Cindi. That uptight bitch hadn't...

"Mmm...mmmm..."

Cassidy's strategizing was interrupted as she felt an orgasm coming on. Her extra sensitive ass ground into the seat, enhancing the feelings washing over the former cheerleader as she gave into the unexpected but welcome pleasure - without question her mind would be cleared up as

the bliss crashed over her and ebbed away. She'd wait until after she'd finished cumming to play her Blue and Yellow cards.

But one decision was already made.

"I think...it's timmmme...you got a Puuuuurrple..."

Cindi stared down over the high bulge of her cartoony tits as Cassidy slid her Purple card over the table. The assassin hadn't yet finished reading the text when she felt her pussy flair up, a tight ball of heat growing in her lower belly.

"What did you - *Oh!*"

Cindi's cartoonish tits bounced as her body convulsed. She felt the knot of pleasure tie tighter and tight in her loins, the flame of bliss burning brighter and brighter behind her abs and then it burst. Cindi's stomach tightened up and she curled forward, her tits making the sounds of stretching rubber as she pressed them down into the table. The assassin gritted her teeth, adamant that she wouldn't make a sound.

The other three watched as Cindi locked up into her first orgasm and then, after a moment, she began to relax and sit upright again - then the bubble of bliss began again to blow up inside her loins. Cindi gripped the table as she felt the second orgasm latch onto her just before the moment where she could have considered the first satisfying. Her pussy was oozing from the first orgasm and she could feel another sport of juices oncoming as the subsequent cum came upon her.

While it was entertaining to see Cindi shudder Cassidy had come down from her own carnal crisis and was examining her cards with more thought. She had the opportunity to really screw with Daphne twice this round if she played cards on her now *and* hit her with the Red card later. Plus, she'd just gotten use of those arms back...

"And for you..." Cindi's toothy sneer stretched across her face again as she turned and dropped down two cards, "...this should create some sort of fun for you."

As had happened before Daphne barely had a chance to read what had been played on her before she felt it acting on her. She felt a tickle under each armpit, which elicited a giggle from Daphne. She slapped her hands over her mouth, embarrassed to have revealed a ticklish spot. As she moved her arms Daphne felt a change in her armpits, the sensation of split and formed labia sliding over one another instead of the familiar feeling of stretching unbroken skin.

Not wanting to reveal to any of her competitors what had been done to her - especially not Cassidy - Daphne crossed her arms across her breasts and slipped some fingers beneath her biceps. She could feel the V of her labia where the split began near her upper chest, the portion

that would have been near her taint in the normal spot for a pussy. It followed the curve of her armpit back and angled up slightly, fingertips gently gliding in the valley of puffy lips. Daphne could not hold back a shudder as she reached the other convergence of the new pair of labia, and she poked two new clits held tight below her shoulder blades. Moisture was already beginning to form along the line of Daphne's two new slits.

Curiosity satisfied Daphne suddenly remembered the Red card she could now play on her attacker. She yanked her hands out from under her arms, her fingertips glistening lightly. Daphne picked up the Red-backed card and slapped it down in front of Cassidy.

Just Ducky! Player's mouth and nose are replaced by a fleshy duck's bill.

"That should help you with all those selfies."

"What did you do yooou biyooootch..."

Cassidy's eyes went wide as she looked down at her nose and lips stretching out from her face. Her flesh pushed inches and inches into the air, Cassidy's nose flattening until only her nostrils remained on the top of the forming protrusion. The other players winced as they heard cracking coming from within Cassidy's altering jaw, but she didn't feel any pain - only a tightness.

When the process was done Cassidy did indeed have something that resembled a duck's bill. It was shaped like one, hanging just a little over five inches outward into the air. Vertical slits for her nostrils sat along the top. But a split from the top and the bottom did not run the length of her extended cheeks. It was a "fleshy" bill, so it looked more like someone had stuck a vacuum on Cassidy's face and tried to pull off her mouth. Perched at the end of her extended jaw were Cassidy's lips, nearly unchanged. They were slightly fuller, and their corners were pulled back a tiny bit, but they were still human lips wrapped around an internal structure of a dick's bill.

"You fooking bootch!" Cassidy proclaimed once more, her hands running down the length of her stretched visage, her vowels slightly altered by the strange arrangement of her lips, "What dood you do to me?"

"Why don't you wait and ask that when I'm finished?" Daphne gave her own predatory smile. With that Daphne picked up the rest of her cards, the motion of her arms causing the pussies within her armpits to be squeezed and mushed around slightly.

She still had the *Hair* and *Eyes Blue* cards, and now *Nipples* was added to it. Daphne's Yellow card that read *Blue Card grows grapes that cause orgasms when picked and eaten* was

still very tempting, but now it had *Blue Card is flattened into an erotically-charged living anime-styled image*.

Daphne was tempted to play her new Purple card right now as well, but decided to keep it a secret.

“Jeepers, creepers, where’d you get those peepers?” Daphne laughed as she placed down her Blue and Yellow selections in front of, “Oh, right - from me!”

Cassidy looked down at what had been played on her and blinked...then blinked again as her eyes began to tingle. She closed them and winced, and as she did so the split of her closed eyelids shifted from a shadows to defined black lines. The lines each pulled back across her head towards her ears, getting longer as her eyelids smoothed and changed from imperfect skin to digital paint textures.

When Cassidy opened her eyes her new painted lookers were more than twice the size her original eyes had been. Her head had smoothed so that the painted eyes sat smoothly on her head, pushing up into Cassidy’s forehead and wrapping around towards her ears. Her irises had also gotten bigger, turning purple and feature large white spots that gave them a false sense of glassiness. Cassidy’s eyelashes were flattened against her skin as nothing more than black strikes as ink overtop each of her big eyes.

“You fucker!” Cassidy shouted through her duck lips, her vision clearly expanded thanks to her larger painted eyes. The stretched and changed cheerleader seethed in her seat, ready to stand up and pop Daphne across the face. She was so angry that Cassidy completely forgot about her Red card.

“Okay, enough from you two, it’s my turn now,” Akari loudly announced.

Akari was practically giddy as she started looking over her cards, a sensation the practical-minded woman rarely admitted to feeling. But she could talk again, in a fashion, and she was going to savor playing some of the new cards she’d obtained.

The first card to inspire Akari was her new Purple card; *Target Player shrinks to 12 inches in height*. That sounded delightfully inconvenient.

Joining her *Blue Eyes* and *Arms* cards was *Breasts*, which felt like a common card to get at this point. Akari grumbled at what felt like an uninspired draw.

She still had her *Blue Card becomes bedazzled* Yellow card, which Akari was again unimpressed by. That didn’t feel especially inconvenient to use on someone. But her new card had potential; *Blue Card swaps with player to left*.

Last was the Red card, *Sender grows a dick for a tail*.

Akari’s fingers tapped along the top edge of the cards in her hand. She felt her pussy drooling between her legs. Akari actually wished she had a tongue down there to lap up her juices. She wondered just what she’d be able to ask for if she won...

But that was getting ahead of herself, and the corporate saboteur concentrated on what she could do now. She’d already decided that the Purple card was going on Daphne. The little

irritant had gotten back control of her arms? Akari figured they wouldn't do her much good over the next twenty-four hours the size of a doll's.

That left picking between Cassidy and Cindi. Akari reminded herself what Reduxia had mentioned to them - that this wasn't just a game about fucking with the other players, points were what mattered here! Every card played on someone counted as a point towards *their* score...and Akari had been slacking on tracking those points.

Cassidy had made herself such a target so far that Akari could just look at what had been done to her by this round and guess that the cheerleader-turned-satyr probably had more card points than Cindi had...likely more than any of them had. Akari took a deep breath and decided that it was in her best interest to play her cards on Cindi - and of those choices, to use the one that would most deter anyone from feeling like Cassidy could use more changes.

"Alright..." Akari's voice wafted up from under the table as she drew her cards and placed them before Cindi, "This should make for an interesting exchange."

Akari didn't realize just *how* interesting playing the *Breasts* and *Blue Card swaps with player to left.* was going to be. Before Cindi could even grit back another orgasm and lean far enough forward to read over her boobs what Akari had set down her two enormous cartoonish breasts popped off her chest with equally cartoonish *Pop! Pop!* sounds. She fell backwards into her chair and exclaimed, "What the shit?!" as she came.

Breathing haggardly Cindi looked down at her body to see completely flat smooth skin where her absurd tits had hung. Cassidy was doing the same, as her own saline-filled tits had also leapt from her flesh onto the table, making no other sound themselves aside from landing with squishy *thud!*s.

"Shoot, what? Those cosp too mooch to-"

The actions from the magic cards had pressed on regardless of Cindi and Cassidy's time to react. Cindi's toon tits rolled across the table and cards making *woowhump woowhump* sounds as they went, Cassidy's simply rolling by them with the quiet grace one would expect from disembodied self-locomotive breasts.

With little leaps each pair of boobs bounced up from the table and struck Cindi and Cassidy on their rib cages, the flesh merging and taking hold and sticking fast. Cindi grabbed the table's edge and braced herself for what were smaller breasts than what she'd grown the night before, but as they weren't cartoons Cassidy's former tits packed on more weight. Cassidy barely had to move as her new breasts from Cindi pushed up onto her with *schluck! schluck!* sounds.

Other than Cindi trembling from another orgasm there was a moment where no one who had just seen what had happened could quite gather the words to comment on it, not even Cassidy.

"Well," Akari finally muttered, "That was certainly unexpected. And it's going to make *this* seem pretty mundane." As she spoke she pushed the Purple card over towards Daphne.

“Whoot the foock is bis! Gib me back my boobbs!”

Daphne ignored Cassidy’s cussing and looked down at what Akari had just played on her. She got only a moment to read it before she felt a current of air over her - a vacuum as she began to rapidly shrink in size! Thinking fast she let her top slide down over her shoulders and arms and slimming upper body before she could get too small to reach it.

As Daphne’s feet rose up from the floor and her ankles knocked the edge of her chair she pulled her reducing form up onto the table and rolled her naked body on up to it, her four breasts getting squished under her and all four nipples spurting out quite a bit of honey. Daphne quickly stood herself up upon the table top, her little half-inch long feet sinking into the puddle of honey she’d expelled.

Everyone around Daphne was arguing angrily about whose tits were whose, and Daphne felt her heart jump in apprehension as they all appeared to be huge, which made sense. She looked down at the card Akari had placed in front of her - which was now nearly half Daphne’s new height - and let out a frustrated sigh.

“Fuck you!” Daphne shouted at Akari.

But Daphne’s little voice could not be heard over the ruckus playing out between the other three players.

“Boose are by boobbs, I wand bem back!”

“Hey! Listen to me!”

“Nah, I think I like these better than those stupid sound machines. Gonna have to deal with some back ache though...”

“Why dood you doo bis tooo us?”

“Why have any of us done any of this to each other?”

“Let’s see if *this* gets your attention!”

Akari leaned back in her chair, a smile on her face. She started to cross her arms, but as she did so a tingle fell over her body, starting at her fingertips. Looking to her hand Akari’s eyes went wide as she saw her fingers starting to flatten!

“What the Hellllllll...? Akari’s voice from under the table let out a long wheeze as her chest pressed back in on itself, her lungs flattening and pushing out all of their air like a bellows. Her entire form was compressing in towards her vertical center, front and back thinning at equal speed. Akari’s body was becoming weak and incapable of supporting itself as her flesh and bone

slimmed, and her head tipped backwards to lay gently on the back of her chair - she never saw the card that Cassidy had hefted before her.

Like a balloon - or sex doll - losing air, Akari's shape slimmed and sunk against the contours of the chair, her clothes now resting heavily on her and pulling her downwards towards the seat. As she was Akari could move nothing more than her eyes, which shot back and forth at those who watched her with shock or amusement.

To those who were ogling her predicament all that was next seen was Akari disappear in a flash of light and reappear leaning against the wall. But wasn't the human Akari leaning against the wall. A dark oak wooden frame surrounded a canvas of black velvet. And "painted" across the light fuzz of the velvet was Akari.

Akari had felt everything that had pulled her into the canvas that had flashed into existence. Her body was already bound by its two-dimensional limits as she had sunk into the chair. It wasn't that she didn't feel how her arms and legs were *trying* to respond to her commands, but she'd become so thin that the gravity she had once so easily overcome was pulling her down too greatly.

Her clothing, which Akari had not considered heavy before hand, had pulled her down and pinned her to the chair like sandbags. The entire experience had felt like she'd been stuck between two vices and squeezed, although instead of popping and breaking her flesh and bone just collapsed like squeezed sponges. That pressure on Akari's breasts and pussy was actually quite erotic, not that anyone could tell the difference in how her slit reacted to anything.

As it became clear Akari could not become any slimmer she felt herself pulled ass first from the chair. As her form flew through the air Akari felt her very molecules soften, nearly liquefying. She felt her butt collide with something soft and stick there as the rest of her skin-thin body followed suit. Soon she was completely spread and adhered to a material that was thin but still had relief.

Under these new circumstances Akari found that she could stand and move once more - although not without significant restriction. She could not step forward or backwards, only shimmy left and right. And even that had its limits - Akari felt an uncomfortable pressure pinch at her shoulders as she bumped into the sides of her enclosure - the points at which the velvet bent around the sides of the wood framework it was stretched across.

Looking forward Akari could see the other three bitches gawking at her, but when she turned her head Akari could only "see" pure blackness. She could pass her legs and arms in front and behind each other, but had no choice but to tightly brush her skin together. It was like she

was vacuum-sealed into something, her form at all times pressed against itself. The others could see that this was because she had become a living painted image on the black velvet.

Akari looked like any finely detailed painting on such a “classy” medium, only her movement and one other aspect indicating that she was something more than just a chitzy decor item. And Akari could feel the extra indicator, even if she hadn’t figured it out yet. But the others could see it. The transformation from human to art had not reduced the runniness of her pussy juices. They continued to flow out of Akari’s slit, at first absorbing into the velvet. As she shifted back and forth across the material a dark wet blotch followed her groin, and Akari could feel that moisted on her painted thighs as they moved across the material. The longer she stayed in one spot the velvet would become saturated and her juices started to flow down the canvas.

The arguing between the other three players had stopped as they looked on at Akari’s predicament. So far their changes had been invasive, inconvenient, or at the least embarrassing, but even Cassidy - who had most embraced her changes - had to take pause at the restiveness of this card’s results. Even if it was only for a day, as Cassidy watched Akari struggle fruitless against her circumstances and silently shout, she realized that this illustrated the extreme ends that it was theoretically possible any of them could become stuck with for more than a day.

“Bwell, bat is weawwy fugged up,” the former cheerleader sputtered.

“I think it is about time we brought this evening to a close,” Cindi stated dryly. Her stomach was turning. She’d been one card play away from having *that* potentially happen to her. Trapped, exposed...if someone stuck a knife through Akari’s painted belly right now what would happen? Cindi was seriously wondering if taking up with this game had really been the safer option over running. She needed to get out of this room and back where she had a little more control over her circumstances. Cindi picked up her cards and slipped into her outfit the new *Who am I? Forget your identity, accept what Player tells you as fact*. Purple Card.

There were new cards in her hand but Cindi didn’t pay them much mind. Instead she simply threw two down in front of Daphne.

“There, sorry. I just want this round to end. Good luck with the evening, everybody.”

Cindi’s exit was designed to be swift and without interruption, and by that it was successful. Only Daphne had time to chase briskly across the table after her former lover as Cindi slipped by Akari’s frame and vanished into the hallway.

“Wait! Where are you going? What [*cards*] clitorises did you play?” As Daphne spoke, not even realizing yet that the word she had intended to use had been replaced with another, she shuddered as a very sensual tingle tickled all three of her clits. Daphne hugged her arms and tits as her body

shuddered from the sensation, all three pussies moistening. As she took a deep breath Daphne recognized that she had misspoke.

“Why did I say clitorises instead of [*cards*] clitorises?” Another sensation across all three sensitive nubs, another tighter squeeze to her upper body, and another shudder convinced Daphne her suspicion was correct - this was certainly caused by whatever Cindi had played on her.

Tiny naked feet took Daphne past her own cards and she stood at the edge of the cards Cindi had dropped onto the table. The Yellow Card read *Blue Card replaces common nouns when speaking and feels the intended word when mentioned.*

It then came as no surprise that the Blue Card read *Clitoris.*

“Wou weawwy fugged be ub, and mow I phink fome payback if needed.”

The lisping voice that boomed overhead sent a different kind of shiver through Daphne, and she looked up to see Cassidy looming overhead. The tiny woman instantly started backpedaling across the table as Cassidy began to cross around towards her. Uncertain of where the edge was Daphne was trying to check behind her shoulder and keep an eye on the looming giantess, but in the process failed to see that she was about to step on the cards Cindi had played. They were slick atop the table’s surface and Daphne’s right foot swung out from under her. She toppled hard into the table, but only made the lightest *tonk!* sound as her little marble-sized shoulder struck against the wood.

“No, get away from me!” Daphne screamed, throwing up her arms to protect herself as Cassidy raised her fist.

“Wet’f fee you pway mowe phucking cawdf om me if you’re a coafter!”

Daphne shut her eyes tightly as Cassidy brought down her fist. The tiny woman felt a breeze of air as something moved over her, but there was no impact. Slowly opening one eyelid Daphne saw that Cassidy’s fist had been stopped. Cassidy had a shocked look as they both looked at the futuristic cigarette holder hanging in the air between them, gently but completely stopping Cassidy’s attack.

“No no no, naughty naughty...”

These words were spoken in the unmistakable voice of Lady Reduxia, towards whom both Daphne and Cassidy turned. A bit of Reduxia’s tale was curled around the end of the futuristic filter. Only the strange woman’s otherworldly abilities could have explained how such a soft looking appendage could have stopped Cassidy’s strike. Reduxia had one hand to her hip, and the other was wagging a raised finger.

Cassidy hadn't yet gathered up the ability to respond to Reduxia's chastisement. Just being in their host's presence was overwhelming, and learning that Cassidy had done something to upset Reduxia felt soul crushing. Just as the resolve was starting to bubble up the former cheerleader's throat Reduxia spoke again.

"Have nothing to say for yourself? Perhaps the best thing for now is to put some space between the two of you until tempers have calmed."

With that Reduxia flashed a smile and Daphne watched as both women vanished.

From the floor, where her frame was propped up against the wall, Akari laughed as she shouted *She should have squished you!* but as she moved her mouth Akari realized no sound was being made. It wasn't that she was speaking and couldn't be heard, Akari couldn't even feel the light vibrations in the lower part of her throat that accompanied any speech. The fact of the matter was that Akari was now nothing more than animated paint on velvet, there was no air in her to move over vocal chords. At this realization she angrily swung her arms and raged silently atop her damp canvas.

For Daphne it took a moment for the overwhelming awe of Lady Reduxia's presence to ebb away after she had left. Daphne felt like it was almost like waking up from a dream as she fully got her wits about her.

What Daphne quickly confirmed *wasn't* a dream was her miniaturized predicament. She looked around to reread the cards that had been played on her only to find that they had all vanished as well!

"Damn you all!" Daphne shouted, slamming her little foot onto the table, "Even you, Cindi! *Especially* you, Cindi! You're all [*bitches*] clitorises!" Daphne shuddered as all three clits reacted to her words. "[*Crap!*] Clit!" Another shudder.

Daphne crossed her arms as best as she could across all four breasts and shoved her hands under her arms and squeezed her thighs. All three slits were wet and buzzing, and the pressure Daphne was putting on her tits was causing little drips of honey to ooze out. She could feel the puffy labia pressed against her fingers within each armpit. She'd have to ramp up the pressure against her doubled chest, but it wouldn't be too hard to satisfy the impossible-yet-familiar hunger dripping onto each hand.

It was now that Daphne wavered. Here she was, stuck on top of a table mere inches high, honey dripping down her body, and she was seriously considering masterbating her armpit pussies? What sort of priority was that? She needed to find a way to get down...but the feelings

were awfully distracting. Maybe if she just pushed each hand in a little further to try and clear her mind...

The sound of footsteps in the hallways snapped Daphne out of her head. She yanked her hands out from her armpits, her juices glistening across her fingers. Strands of honey stretched from her breasts to her arms. Someone was coming, and Daphne was now very aware of how nude she was.

In a panic the environmental activist glanced across the table for anything she could cover herself with or hide behind, but with all the cards vanished the top was completely bare. As the footsteps got closer and closer Daphne could do nothing more than throw her right arm across her top tits, her left arm across her bottom boobs, and cross her legs.

All of which fell open in glee as Daphne saw who entered the room dressed in a latex French Maid outfit!

“Maxi!” Daphne exclaimed, throwing up her arms in glee. A smile broke out.

As Maxi entered the room she did pause, cocking her head as if she’d *maybe* heard something but wasn’t sure and was waiting to see if the sound repeated. Daphne was confused at first, forgetting that her small stature also meant a decrease in her volume, before realizing what had happened and shouting even louder this time; “MAXI! DOWN HERE!”

Realizing that she had heard *something*, but still uncertain of what it was, Maxi looked around the room, swinging her vision back and forth while the latex stretched and creaked. She finally caught sight of the small figure on the table waving her arms. Curiosity and not recognition brought the hotel staff member closer to the table, and it wasn’t until she was only a couple feet from Daphne that Maxi realized who she was looking at.

“Holy fuck!” Maxi exclaimed, slipping into one of the chairs accompanied by plenty of squeaks. She crossed her arms on the tabled and rested her chin on them, “Daphne, is that you!”

“Yeah! I’ve been shrunk, can you help me?”

“I see that and of course I will! But, I mean, I think I need to ask now...what is going on?”

Daphne sighed and realized that shrunk as she was anything *but* the truth would be what was most unbelievable.

“First I need to tell you that I’m forced to say clit in replace of the *[words]* clits I mean to say!” Daphne started, motioning to her mouth as she said “clits” and trying not to shudder too much at the triple tingle.

“And...is that related to why you have extra boobs that all ooze honey and are now super tiny?” Daphne asked, more amused than incredulous.

“Yeah.”

“That should make this explanation very entertaining!” Maxi laughed.

“You don’t even realize...” Daphne blushed, giving a flirty smile back. Then she took a deep breath and tried her best to not collapse from the pleasure acting on all three pussies as she spoke. “So, I received an *[invite]* clit to stay at this *[hotel]* clit but I had to play a magic *[game]* clit with three other *[women]* clits, and you have to play *[cards]* clits on each other that cause you to change, so now I’ve gotten all these *[changes]* clits made to me plus an extra *[pussy]* clit under each *[arm]* clit and my clitties vibrate every time I mention them!”

As she explained Daphne attempted to mime or display the words she could not speak as intended, and Maxi appeared to be following as anyone could expect under the circumstances. As her speech ended Daphne’s body slumped down onto the table. The multiple vibrations across her three nubs had practically turned her muscles to jelly. Juices were flowing out from under her arms and down her legs and the tiny woman was panting.

“Wow,” Maxi muttered as she sat back, the rubbing of her ruffled latex skirt on the chair making some especially loud squeaks, “I knew this place was mad sometimes, but I didn’t realize there was real magic involved.

“Yeah...” Daphne panted, trying to sit up on her ass, but her limbs were too weak. Maxi looked down at the miniature woman covered in honey and underarm pussy nectar.

“It looks like you could use a bath...” Maxi had a naughty smile stretch across her face which did not go unnoticed by Daphne.

“Yeah...?”

“Yeah,” Maxi gently put her hand out next to Daphne, “I could take you all the way back up to your room...” Thinking she knew where this was going Daphne shook her head *No*, “Or I could try and do it in the restroom without anyone catching us...” That sounded very naughty and fun but Daphne hoped there was another option and again shook *No*, “Or I could do something a little more intimate and...tasty.”

Daphne enthusiastically nodded *Yes!* and helped roll herself ass first into Maxi’s hand. The French Maid-dressed woman raised Daphne up to her mouth, and the tiny lass sat with her arms holding up her multi-breast crested chest and her legs spread wide. Maxi held Daphne before her for a moment and then took a deep breath, actually drawing Daphne’s hair upwards lightly.

“Mmm...” Maxi smiled, “Sweet and musky!”

Without further delay Maxi drew Daphne closer to her lips and slipped out her tongue. The tip of the thick, wet, warm mass connected with Daphne’s lower belly and then dragged up her body. Her breasts were gently squashed and pushed about as the tongue rose, saliva and honey mixing together. Just as it reached the upper ridge of Daphne’s ribs the tongue stopped and pulled back into Maxi’s mouth.

“Oh, yes, *very* sweet,” Maxi smacked her lips. Daphne was shuddering atop Maxi’s palm, the lingering saliva warm and covering her like a comforting wet blanket.

“More where that came from...” Daphne managed to gasp.

Maxi didn’t delay. Again her tongue split her full lips, but this time the point dove lower. It connected with Daphne’s taint before pushing upward and mashing into her little pussy, saliva and juices grinding upon Daphne’s clit. She yelped in pleasure and wanted the sensation to continue, but Maxi only paused for a moment before continuing the lick up across Daphne’s breasts like before.

There was not pause to comment on taste this time. Before Daphne could recover from that attention Maxi’s tongue again pushed against her taint, lapped up over her pussy, and caressed her breasts - the only difference was that it concentrated on Daphne’s left side. Then her right. Then the middle again. Daphne was being driven mad with pleasure, the pussies within her armpits gushing fluids down her arms.

Daphne mewed in disappointment as Maxi failed to lick her again. Instead she pulled back and examined her quivering little lover.

“Hmm, that’s all been very good, but I don’t know how *thorough* I’m being...” Maxi winked, “Oh, I know!”

Daphne felt Maxi’s hands lift her up and shift her position. A very slight tinge of fear passed through the little woman as she was raised up higher, but it quickly passed as Maxi held her squarely under the arms, Maxi’s thick fingers mashing against the two additional upper slits. Hanging with her feet dangling freely, Daphne looked down to see Daphne lean back her head and open her mouth.

Feet, calves, thighs, and waist slipped past Maxi’s lips, over her tongue, and partially into the back of her mouth as Maxi depthroated Daphne’s lower body. The shrunken woman cried out in bliss as Maxi’s tongue swished around her legs, splitting her labia and ass and exploring every inch it could.

It was all too much, and Daphne could feel her body cresting. The force of the orgasm stunned her stock still, every muscle locking. The pussy between her legs spasmed and sprayed directly onto Maxi's invading tongue tip, while the slits under Daphne's arms spurted like showerheads.

The shrunken woman collapsed limp atop Maxi's lips, and feeling her little lover go flacid Maxi gently pulled her from her mouth. Cradled in enormous hands, and covered in a mixture of saliva and her own juices, Daphne looked up at the woman with deep appreciation in her eyes.

"Maybe next we can go up to your [room] clit...mmm...and I can show you what I can do for you between your [thighs] clits...hmmmmm," Daphne mewed.

"I think I got the gist of that, and I think I like it," Maxi smiled, "But I need to finish my shift first. Here, why don't you ride along..." Maxi lifted up her hands and gently slid Daphne into her bustier-bumped cleavage feet first. Daphne put out her arms and stopped herself just as her lower cleavage met Daphne's.

"Ooo, warm and cozy..." Daphne sighed, reveling in how she was being gently squeezed by breasts. She could get used to *this*.

With her little lover secured Maxi put away the chairs and table and was about to consider her job done when she turned and saw the Akari painting.

"Woah. What the fuck happened to her?"

"Me!" Daphne laughed, "I played a [card] clit on her. It's not permanent. She'll turn back when the next [round] clit starts."

Akari silently cursed and then put up a middle finger.

"She doesn't seem to be very nice."

"She's not! She shrank me!"

"And she's stuck in...on...there...that?" Maxi asked.

"Yep!"

"Well," Maxi grinned, reaching down and picking up the framed velvet. Akari staggered back and forth as the angle of the canvas shifted back and forth beneath her painted feet, "We can't have such a *beautiful* painting going to waste in here. I think I know just the place for her. It. But I'll need to stop at the utility closet."

Maxi turned the painting ninety degrees so she could more easily carry it, sending Akari tumbling to one of the previously vertical sides of the canvas - a damp trail following her to new

territory. As Maxi walked, Daphne gently bouncing in her bosom, Akari tried to get her footing but could not remain upright in the traveling painting, finally resigning herself to reclining along the long edge of her containment.

After emptying some trash bins from a few more of the private meeting spaces Maxi made her way to the utility closet and grabbed a portable power drill and a few long screws. Giggling with an idea only she fully knew Daphne and Akari travelled along with her until they reached the furthest rear portion of The Oasis. Maxi made her way to an even *further* back maintenance entrance, and after making her way through some tight hallways came out into a large room.

Daphne's eyes went wide as she saw a bar, various tables and chairs, lighting rigs, cages, and a stage.

With poles.

And topless women dancing on them.

"A [strip] clit [club] slit!" Daphne exclaimed, massaging her underarm pussies.

"Yeah. It's called The Gallery. Look," Maxi turned her upper body so Daphne could more easily see the walls. All over them hung erotic paintings of all kinds, women of various shapes and sizes and colors doing all sorts of activities alone and together - but always naked.

"Oh my!"

"Yep," Maxi's grin was just getting wider and wider as she got closer and closer to completing her plan, "But she's not going up in here. This isn't the only room with that decor..."

Moving through the tables, patrons, and waitresses Maxi moved towards an open doorway, over which Daphne saw a sign which read PRIVATE ROOMS. Beyond that was a long hallway with over a dozen dark oaken doors. Two were closed and bolted shut; a tiny window above the handles displayed the word OCCUPIED. The third door, Room 3, was ajar and Maxi brought her entourage in with her.

Daphne's eyes lit up as she looked around. A pleather seat, wide enough for two people, was bolted to one wall and the floor. Aside from that the room was mostly bare - except it also had a variety of erotic paintings spread across the walls - except these had plexi-glass sheets bolted over them. And there was some lingering evidence as to why the protection had been added. Instantly the tiny woman realized what her amazing rescuer was going to do.

The latex of her maid outfit stretched and squeaked as Maxi crouched down by the seat. She faced the wall across from it and held up Akari's frame, sending the painted woman tumbling once more as her canvas was positioned vertically again.

“What do you think, right here?” Maxi asked, looking down at Daphne, “Do you think that’s a good arc?”

“Yeah!” Daphne laughed.

Held as she had been, Akari had not gotten as good a look at where she had been taken, and her head was darting around trying to understand what was happening. Then, as the drill spun the first screw through the wood of the frame, Akari clenched her hands to her ears as the noise rattled her animated oil form. She gritted her teeth through the second, third, and fourth affixing to the wall.

“There,” Maxi smiled, giving a tug on the frame and finding it stuck fast, “She should be pretty secure right here. We’ll come get her before your next round.”

“Loving it!” Daphne clapped, giving the confused Akari an evil grin, “Next [time] clit you’ll think twice before shrinking me!”

Akari rose her fists and raged at the two women hovering over her, demanding silently to know what they’d done. But they only laughed and left the room, leaving Akari in near total darkness.

Back out in the club Maxi wasn’t *quite* done. She pulled out her employee keycard and went over to an ATM in the back of the club and swiped some cash out of her employee account. Looking around she spotted one of the dancers step down from the stage to look for anyone interested in a private dance. Maxi beelined for her.

“Hey, Triana, I got a favor to ask,” Maxi grinned, shoving the wad of bills into the stripper’s hand, “I just installed a new interactive screen in Room 3. Can you pass the word around that management would like you to encourage aiming for that as we test it out?”

“Sure, Maxi,” Trianna grinned, slipping away the money, “Anything for you.”

“You’re the best!” Maxi waved, and she bounded her latex maid outfitted ass out of the club. Trianna continued looking around for a moment before furrowing her brow and saying to herself, “Wait, did Maxi have a tiny woman stuck in her tits?”

But this was Vegas, and The Oasis, so Trianna shrugged the thought away and continued what she was doing without another thought.

The room was dark, and the first thing Cassidy noticed as she appeared within it was a musky smell of human sweat and rusty pipes. Popping into the strange space was quite startling, and Cassidy took a step backward - only for her hoof to bump something and send her tumbling

backwards, her cartoonish tits from Cindi wobbling all over and squeaking and making balloonish *bonk!* noises. Thankfully what her little twitching bunny tail landed upon was soft, and revealed itself to be an old brown overstuffed loveseat held together with duct tape. After a moment Cindi's wobbling boobs settled atop her ribs as her ass sank into the old cushion.

"There appears to be very little that will humble your attitude," Lady Reduxia's voice rang through the room. Cassidy watched as the erotically alien woman stepped into view, as if the very fabric of reality drew apart like a stage curtain for her. She stood over Cassidy, looking down at the former cheerleader with eyes that glowed with judgement.

"I bom't hafe...bo be mice...bo my leffers," Cassidy bit at her words as they came out, a mix of what she wanted to say - plus the lisping - and something compelling her to be completely honest. She had to strain her neck to look over the curves of her titanic tits.

"Lessers? I see," Reduxia hummed, taking her electric cigarette from her tail and breathing in deeply from it. She returned the long filter to the curl of her tail and let out a glimmering cloud of vapor, as if she was expelling ephemeral glitter. "I think, for the safety of my other guests, it is time you faced a more interesting challenge this evening."

"Whub bo wou meam?" Cassidy tried to growl her response, but it was difficult to do that with the lisp. The squeaking over her alien beasts rubbing against each other also sucked away any authority Cassidy could possibly display. She wanted to stand and look Reduxia in the eyes - being so low in the worn cushion, towered over by this hoity woman, made Cassidy uneasy. But she could not compel her body to stand up.

"You are currently in the green room of one of my many establishments. It's actually a pass-through for two business ventures..."

As Reduxia spoke Cassidy took in more of where she'd been deposited - or what she could see around her bouncing boobs. It was a long room - underground, she guessed, from the lack of windows in the cinder block walls. The floor was painted deep green, and the walls a teal - but the paint on each had been done so long ago that much of it had worn or peeled off. Metal pipes criss-crossed above Cassidy's head, and across from her were a series of six old doors marked Dressing Room 1, 2, and so on. At either end of the room were metal steps leading upwards.

"Over there..." Reduxia waved a hand to Cassidy's left, "...is the way to The Greased Pole, a strip club of mine. And over there..." Reduxia's tail flicked to Cassidy's right, "...are the steps for The Trimmed Fern, one of my brothels. Some of the girls in each work at the other, and this lets them move back and forth."

As if on cue Cassidy heard high heels clacking down the steps on her left. Both she and Reduxia turned to see a woman in silver strappy heeled sandals walk in, a silver leather thong the

only item she was otherwise wearing. Her blonde hair was styled in waves that came to her shoulders, and a slightly orangish fake tan covered two fake tits pumped up nearly to the size of the woman's head.

"Hey! Who are you two? What are you doing here?" she exclaimed, stopping and crossing her arms under her breasts. Cassidy wondered why she wasn't under the same sort of awe the game players felt when around Reduxia - was the strange woman capable of selectively affecting people?

"Who are you?" Reduxia asked, making no indication that the confrontation concerned her.

"Galinda Glitter," the woman replied, "You two bitches have to-"

"I'm not fond of such language, even in an understandable circumstance," Reduxia replied with a calmness that made Cassidy uncomfortable. At the end of her statement Reduxia snapped her fingers at Galinda Glitter.

Cassidy watched as the woman, who had been approaching them, changed. Her skin shifted from the orange hue to a shimmering sparkle. She'd raised a foot as she walked and the sandal dropped through it, scattering what had once been flesh into a cloud of glitter. Soon afterwards the thong was similarly claimed by gravity, dispersing the glitter-turned substance of Galinda Glitter's thighs as it smashed to the floor.

As flesh changed to shimmering particles Galinda Glitter's expression had just enough time to shift from anger to shock as she felt her body break apart and collapse atop her other sandal. The enormous collection of glitter crumbled to the floor in silence. Her silicon implants, retaining the inertia of her step, popped out of the pile just before landing on the cement and rolled softly about two feet. Galinda Glitter had been reduced to a pile of glimmering flecks heaped onto the floor like a pile of shimmering tiny leaves.

Cassidy stared at the sparkling remains of the transformed woman. For the first time some true fear was chilling her blood.

"Now, as I was saying..." Reduxia continued, "...strip club that way, brothel that way. I'm going to give you until the next round starts tomorrow to humble yourself to the point you can earn from either, oh, let's say...what you won with your first dishonest lawsuit."

"I, waib, whad?" Cassidy sputtered, "Vab'f fo much! I can'd!"

"I think you could, you're clever," Reduxia mused, "And I think you'll have the proper motivation if failing means-"

“The fuck? Who let you in?” another voice, this time from Cassidy’s right, interrupted Reduxia. She and Cassidy looked over to see a woman in a golden sheer nightgown. Matching golden slippers adorned her feet, which was why her entrance had not been detected until she spoke. Black lacy lingerie cupped generous natural breasts and hugged a fair pair of hips. Light freckles mottled milky white skin, and short strawberry locks framed a softly featured face.

“I tire of these interruptions,” Reduxia sighed, turning to the new interloper, “And what is your name?”

“Brenda Bubbles, and you-”

Snap!

Cassidy watched Brenda Bubbles shudder as some alteration overtook her. Cassidy guessed that this change was starting from the inside, as Brenda Bubbles looked down at herself and started patting her stomach and sides with her hands. Curiosity and concern furrowed her brow as she took stock of the sensations running through her core.

Brenda Bubbles lifted her hands up and examined her fingers. The skin on each was starting to become transparent, but instead of muscle or bone appearing beneath them there was just emptiness within them.

No, Cassidy realized, *air*. Brenda Bubbles’ eyes went wide as her fingers, separated at each joint, released from her hands as a series of forty-eight little bubbles. They hung in the air as the transparency and bubbling moved through her. Toes blipped into little bubbles, as hands became larger ones. More quickly now arms and legs broke apart into bubbles roughly the size of baseballs and softballs. Each breast rose from the lingerie as its own orange-sized bubble. More and more of Brenda Bubble’s body turned transparent, separating into more and more of her namesake until her head gently split into six bubbles. And, as her nightgown and lingerie crumpled to the floor, that was the end of her.

Cassidy watched the little transparent balls float through the air. They had a soapy swirl to them, and every now and then Cassidy thought she could catch an image of a nipple, or an eye, or lips form in their glossy surfaces. It did not appear as if these bubbles were as fragile as ones actually formed from soap, as the former cheerleader watched the bubbles gently bump against the pipes and walls and instead of bursting simply float away from whatever they’d contacted.

“Do not worry, neither is dead, just experiencing a new form. Let us finish before we are interrupted again,” Reduxia muttered, turning her attention back to Cassidy and batting away a few parts of Brenda Bubbles that had floated too close. “You’ve got your total, and it appears that The Greased Pole and The Trimmed Fern each have newly available openings for you to fill. You’ll find no resistance to your actions at either. Earn yourself that cash and you’ll head back to

the table no worse than you are now. But fail and you'll find me disappointed. And I care for disappointment even less than I do rudeness or interruption."

Her instructions complete Reduxia took a step backwards and vanished into the curtains of reality. The impossible woman now gone Cassidy felt her ability to stand returned, and she carefully rose up from the disgusting couch.

And then clenched and cursed and came as someone somewhere got off to her social feed. Cassidy's breasts squeaked and squawked as she pawed at them, the cartoonish smoothness of their skin slightly off putting to Cassidy. She shuddered through the last moments of the orgasm and clenched her thighs against the moisture that head released onto them.

Cassidy considered her options. She had no qualms fucking her way into riches, but she *just knew* that's what Reduxia wanted her to do. To go the route that would likely be easier.

Trashier, Cassidy thought.

Which meant the only choice was to head to The Greased Pole and prove Reduxia wrong.

Cassidy took a few tentative steps as she learned how to handle her newly acquired tits. It felt like they moved down when they should go up, and up when they should go down. It was disconcerting. And since Cassidy couldn't see past her bust she was startled when she felt something bump into her hoof.

Turning and looking down the former cheerleader saw she'd gently kicked one of Galinda Glitter's loosed breast implants. Cassidy carefully bent down and picked it up, gently squeezing the silicon bag. She then looked to the pile of glitter still mostly resting atop Galinda Glitter's thong and sandals. Some of the glitter had begun to blow about the floor, carried by little drafts. A few of Brenda Bubbles' bubbles had floated down and bounced off the pile, bits of glitter now floating over their surface.

"Bebber wou fam me," Cassidy muttered, and she tossed the homeless implant onto the couch. About to march over to the steps Cassidy paused. Considering that she was headed up to a strip club she realized she needed some sort of theme.

Thinking quickly Cassidy reached down again, this time to grab a small handful of formerly-human glitter. She sprinkled it over the expanse of her chest and down her cleavage. She then turned her attention to the bubbles floating through the air. She gently touched one, and it didn't pop - it briefly stuck to her finger and had a cellophane feel to it. With her thumb and forefinger Cassidy plucked a bubble from the air like it was an apple, and found it sticky and resilient. The image of an eye briefly formed on its surface.

Cassidy reached around and pushed the bubble against one of her nipples. It stuck there, a vague slimy sensation holding it in place. She then began collecting more, using them to cover her nipples and groin. Cassidy didn't pay any attention to any more imagery of Brenda Bubbles' former humanity, sticking one nipple and another eye over her crotch while the second nipple, an ear, and an asshole found themselves stuck to Cassidy's other tit. One single bubble was placed at the top of Cassidy's ass crack, which shimmered Brenda Bubbles' pussy.

"Ab leafp wou dwo were goob fow fomefing," Cassidy mused as she clopped up the steps towards The Greased Pole.

Once she was comfortably far enough away from the game room Cindi placed a hand on the hallway wall to steady herself through another swell in her ongoing climax. She bent over and took a deep breath, thankful that her newly acquired breasts weren't swinging about and threatening to uppercut her.

Cindi found that the weight of Cassidy's silicon-filled tits were an inconvenience over the breasts the assassin had first entered the casino with - but they were a marked improvement over the cartoons she'd grown. They moved, but not a lot - not like what she'd been dealing with the last few hours. It would require a little practice for Cindi to retrain herself with the additional mass and its associated momentum, but certainly doable.

The ongoing climaxing, on the other hand, was a serious safety risk. As Cindi wobbled to the elevator she could feel her juices expelling and rolling down her legs. She smacked the call button and realized she was biting her lip. She pulled her teeth back and commanded herself to stand up and project herself as if nothing was wrong. She'd been here a few days now - plenty of time for someone to have tracked her down. Cindi could not let it look as if she was compromised.

With a *ding* Cindi got onto the elevator and hit the button for the casino lobby. She hated that the gaming space was so far from her hotel room. Having to travel through so many people, in such an open space, was a sniper bullet to the head waiting to happen.

Unless The Rose had decided on a more personal attack - or been ordered to deliver a final message. It wasn't outside the ego of the assassin's former employers to want to have the last word before Cindi was snuffed out. Two more *dings* and two more climaxes brought Cindi to the casino lobby. She could smell the musk she'd filled the elevator with - a look to the floor confirmed she was dripping a bread crumb trail of her juices. Just two more ways she could be tracked now.

Trying to hold herself up straight through another orgasm as she stepped into the lobby, Cindi looked around. She needed to do something about the trail she was leaving - the last thing she needed was a series of carpet stains leading someone to her hotel room. She spotted a sign

for a woman's room right where the casino lobby transitioned to the gambling floor, and Cindi started towards it.

It was difficult to walk straight. In any other circumstance Cindi would have zigged and zagged a bit through the public space, and kept her focus off the bathroom sign. But standing upright and keeping herself from groaning after each orgasmic swell was taking up all of her concentration. Cindi knew she was telegraphing her destination, but it was a risk she just had to take at this time. Once she'd dried off her legs and groin and stuffed a bathroom tampon up herself to stave off the dripping, Cindi could concentrate on the more complex self-preservation methods.

Approaching the tiled entryway of the women's room Cindi stepped aside to let a gambler rush out back to the casino floor. Cindi had needed the extra moment to steady herself anyhow. Keeping the stony expression and locked knees through the blissful explosions was sapping all of Cindi's energy. She wanted to retrain herself for the changes to her body once she got back to the room, but Cindi was feeling more and more like she'd probably collapse into sleep.

Quivering into the restroom Cindi found herself alone amongst the sinks and stalls. She steadied herself on the counter for a moment, taking deep breaths. Another climax shook up through her belly, across her stuffed breasts, and down her arms to fingers that tightened on the tile. Cindi took and released another deep, long breath. Thank God this would wear off tomorrow.

Recentered, Cindi turned and began to pull paper towels from the dispenser. She'd taken six of them when the corner of her eye caught in the reflection of the closest mirror a toilet stall door quietly swing inwards. Thinking quickly, Cindi wrapped the paper towels over each thumb and shot her hands up to her neck as a garrote was thrust over her head. The thin wire dug into the layered paper, but not tight enough to cut her skin - yet.

Cindi was pulled backward against the body of her assailant, and felt a voluptuous form pressed against her back. Even before delivering the final message, the former assassin could tell who had found her.

"Because of what you did your former bosses think you lost your head. They wanted you to know I'd been sent to collect it for them," hissed The Rose into Cindi's ear.

Cindi had never been one for quippy retorts. And she wasn't about to begin now. She thrust herself backwards, slamming The Rose hard against the center support between two stalls. It was enough to relieve the pressure of the string from her thumbs, but not enough to let Cindi's head slip from the garrote. But she didn't need to do that.

Keeping one hand up to resist being scrambled, the former assassin felt for the purple cards she'd been keeping. She felt one stuck against her skin, but didn't know which one it was. As The Rose thrust them forward so Cindi's thighs rammed into the sink counter, and the garrote pulled tighter. Cindi didn't have time to figure out which card she had in her hand, she could only hope either could help her.

Shifting and rotating so Cindi and The Rose had their left legs pressed against the countertop, Cindi reached backwards and slapped the purple card against her assailant. Instantly the pressure of the wire over her thumb and against her throat was relieved.

Ducking away from the garrote and turning to face The Rose, both women were shocked to see the garrote and two black gloves fall to the floor as The Rose's arms vanished, thanks to having the Totally Armless card played on her.

"What the fuck?!" the assassin screamed as she looked left and right at the smooth nubs of her shoulders. Atop them the straps of her black velvet dress perched precariously.

"Shit..." Cindi muttered. Although that had certainly freed her from the attack, she'd actually wanted to use the *other* purple card she'd been harboring for this encounter, the Who Am I? card. Armless, The Rose was much less useful to Cindi.

But she wasn't helpless. Having assessed her situation quickly The Rose leaned back and began a flurry of kicks towards Cindi's head. She dodged and backed away, The Rose hoping on one leg to carry her attacks forward - although the loss of a limb counterbalance meant the attacking assassin could not advance as quickly as she wanted to on Cindi.

Each woman was deadly, but between the sudden lack of arms and the continued distraction of the ceaseless orgasm each was off their game.

As she weaved away from The Rose's attacks, Cindi was exploring every inch within her outfit trying to find the second card. She couldn't believe she'd lost it, and just as Cindi was wondering if it had fallen out unseen in the game room she spotted the purple back on the tiled floor - it had slipped out when she had grabbed the Totally Armless card.

The Rose became aware of Cindi's drawn attention, and spotted the object of her target's attention.

"Is that how you did this to me?" The Rose spat, pausing her attack to consider her options. She didn't know just what the thing on the floor was for or could do, but if Cindi wanted it The Rose was going to keep it from her.

Cindi attempted to use the pause in The Rose's attack to leap for the card, but the assailant was quick to catch Cindi in the side with a kick. Cindi rolled towards the sinks, but the card was

out of reach. The Rose's blocky heels clomped across the tile and one boot slammed down atop the purple rectangle.

There was a moment as The Rose considered how she was going to pick up the card, and that was all the delay Cindi needed. She rolled over to the armless woman's legs, grabbing one and kicking the other in the heel. The Rose yelped and fell backwards over Cindi, landing hard on her ass. The kick of her flailing foot slide the purple card a few feet away, and Cindi struggling to reach it as the pair of them were a pile of six flailing and tangled limbs. Cindi could feel her stomach being squeezed by The Rose's legs as she pulled herself over with her elbows. Cindi finally grabbed Who Am I? and slammed it onto The Rose's bare legs.

"What have you...oh...what?"

The Rose's vice grip on Cindi relaxed and the former assassin wiggled free. Standing up and leaning on a stall door as she panted through pain, exhaustion, and another orgasm, Cindi looked down at the woman she'd just defeated.

The Rose's shoulder-length hair was spread out around her head on the tile, and for this mission it had been dyed a raven black. The fair and pointed features of her face betrayed a deep confusion. Past her armless shoulders Cindi could see that she'd taped down her generous breasts for this mission, The Rose's naturally deep cleavage flat and dulled under the dress. Her long, muscular legs were splayed out, bending and moving purposelessly.

"Who...am I?" The Rose muttered, wide, scared eyes looking up at Cindi. The former assassin realized now was the time when she needed to create a the new backstory for her defeated foe. She'd briefly considered this. Cindi thought back to the first time she'd encountered The Rose. The squirming woman had been sent to spy on Cindi to confirm her loyalties. She'd entered Cindi's room dressed in a shimmering bra-top and bedlah pants and claimed to be there to satisfy any of Cindi's needs.

At the time Cindi didn't have any sexual impulses for her, but she figured if she was now going to redefine who this assassin was she may as well use something from their past that could benefit her.

"Your name is Rhea, and you are my personal nympho courtesan, completely dedicated in body and mind to satisfying any and all of my desires."

Both The Rose - now 'Rhea' - and Cindi convulsed as she finished speaking. For Rhea it was from an entirely new personality taking over. The former ruthless assassin, with over 400 confirmed intentional kills, vanished into the deepest recesses of Rhea's brain, waiting for the time when she'd rejoin the card game and have her mind reset.

Rhea bloomed upwards into her mind, establishing a subservient personality who only had one goal - to please and pleasure the woman who was standing over her. Her pussy buzzed and moistened, not just because that was now its constant natural state, but because Rhea was staring at the focus of her lust looming over her.

Cindi had convulsed for a completely different reason - because she had lied. Cindi hadn't considered how her oldest card-effect would react to this. Staring down at 'Rhea' her body flushed with desire. It had been a fairly deep lie - the armless woman had played the part once, but certainly *wasn't* as Cindi had described. Her body shivered with a sudden sexual need to have Rhea's bare skin pressed against her own...to feel her breasts against hers, to suck her nipples, to lick her pussy, to caress the bald shoulder nubs.

"Oh, Mistress!" Rhea moaned, wiggling on the floor, helpless to get up without her arms, "How may I please you?"

That silky smooth submissive voice would have sent an orgasmic shudder through Cindi even if she hadn't been locked in a looping orgasm.

"For now it will please me to get you off the floor," Cindi quietly replied, her skin flushed with arousal. She leaned down and had to resist plunging her hands underneath Rhea's dress to find her breasts. Instead she restricted herself to trying to grip Rhea's shoulders and waist. With some struggle Cindi finally got her would-be killer on her feet. She wanted to ravage The Rose right then and there in the bathroom, to kiss her and plunge her tongue into the black lips and never stop tasting her. But while it was likely she'd come alone there was no guarantee. "And now I think we can best tackle our desires in my room."

Having enough mindfulness left to check the stall the armless woman had come out of Cindi found a black duffel bag. She threw the strap over her shoulder and the pair left for the hotel elevators.

Cindi thought escorting an armless woman would have been easy. She'd certainly pushed along her share of handcuffed individuals to various fates. But those were all broken or scared individuals, who Cindi held nothing but disgust for. Rhea was so sexy, so sensual, and Cindi *wanted* to feel her body pressed against her own. As they walked through the casino Cindi found herself stumbling as she and Rhea pushed against each other, and as Rhea nipped at Cindi's neck and ears whenever they came close.

And having her lower body quivering from regular orgasmic crests didn't help.

Thankfully Rhea was trying to do the opposite of escaping and the pair finally made it to the elevators. They rode up alone, Rhea constantly asking if she could kiss Cindi or suckle a

breast. Cindi mustered every ounce of self-control, pressing her ass hard against the wall and handrail as she continued to cum. The small space was quickly filled with their musk.

Cindi was physically relieved as they finally entered her room. She no longer had to try *so* hard to resist looking like a wanton helpless slut as another orgasm crashed over her. She pushed Rhea into the room, closed the door, and collapsed onto the bed. At last Cindi could moan out an intense orgasmic wale into the pillow she'd dove face first into, her shaking ass raised slightly into the air.

And Rhea was instantly upon her, knees brushing against the side of the mattress as she attempted to climb on. Her face

“Please, please, mistress, let me relieve you!” The Rose insisted, her teeth trying to grip Cindi’s outfit so it could be pulled off. The fully-limbed assassin could feel the nipping at her ass, which threatened to pinch her.

“Fine, fine,” Cindi gasped, realizing that having actual physical attention between her thighs would help her focus. She turned over and shimmied the long skirt over her hips. Rhea finally nabbed it with her lips and pulled the fabric off of Cindi’s legs and over her heels, stumbling back a little. Cindi reached out, “real” concern in her heart for Rhea’s well-being, but the armless assassin caught her balance and spat the skirt to the floor.

As Rhea lowered herself to her knees, Cindi pushed her bare ass to the edge of the bed, spreading her legs to bare her vibrating puss to her former mortal enemy. Rhea’s eyes went wide with lust and she dove for the dribbling slit.

“Ahhh, fuuuck...” Cindi hissed, squeezing Rhea’s head with her thighs and gripping her hair. It was an odd sensation, Rhea’s tongue doing everything right to please Cindi’s slit while her orgasms carried on out of synch with what she was physically feeling. The dissonance actually helped give Cindi’s mind some clarity and she relaxed her hands, lowering them to Rhea’s armless shoulders and caressing the smooth skin stretched over the knobs of Rhea’s clavicle and scapula.

It was oddly erotic for both of them. For Cindi it was evidence of how soundly she’d outmaneuvered her opponent, long planning to use the Purple cards as a surprise weapon. For Rhea the sensation was sexually alien, fingers touching where fingers *shouldn’t* have been able to touch. It was the ultimate *wrong but right* for her to be caressed there by her mistress.

Taking some deep breaths Cindi found her focus and turned to The Rose’s duffel bag. She unzipped it with violent flourish and was not shocked to find a few small firearms and more

hand-to-hand combat weapons. Cindi tossed them aside, confident in her safety around the altered Rose.

Next were a few forged documents, a Nevada driver's license and US passport indicating that the woman eating her out was named DORIS DELANEY. Cindi laughed at the idea of having been murdered by someone named "Doris" even if the name was fake.

With the documents added to the discard pile, Cindi took a moment to shudder and revel in a deep guttural moan as Rhea's tongue finally brought on an orgasm that matched up with the extended cumming.

"Was that good, mistress?" the kneeling woman asked, barely raising her head up from Cindi's thighs. Cindi could see that her juices were covering Rhea's face, glooped up in her eyelashes. She felt compelled to gently wipe away her spray from Rhea's eyes. Cindi didn't want to admit how excellent the sensation had just been, but she feared what would happen if she lied about it.

"Yes, that was very good. Do it again."

"Yes, ma'am."

Gulping down some air to try and reclaim her focus, Cindi turned back to the duffel bag. A few wrapped piles of \$100 bills were next discovered, undoubtedly to pay for a room and/or to cover some gambling if The Rose had needed to blend in while hunting her quarry. Those would come in hand when the damn game was done.

Finally Cindi found what she was looking for - a clamshell style burner phone.

The outside screen indicated that there was one unread message. Cindi flipped it open.

IS IT DONE?

This was when Cindi hoped "Rhea" still had the Rose's memories buried deep within her and available in on-demand circumstances.

"Ro...*Rhea*, what was the code you were supposed to use to affirm you'd killed me?"

Rhea looked up, an audible slurping sound accompanying her gaze.

"Oh, mistress, I don't know what you...wait...does the term 'The cake is baked' mean anything?"

"That'll do, yes, thank you, you may resume."

Cindi hummed in bliss as she felt Rhea's juice-soaked cheeks slide back down the inside of her thighs, the armless woman's nose pushed against her mons while lips met lips and Rhea's tongue dipped back inside her slit. Cindi began awkwardly typing on the phone's keypad.

THE CAKE IS BAKED

Send.

Cindi felt a chill finally push through her aroused blood as she hoped Rhea had recalled correctly. After a minute the phone buzzed.

EXCELLENT RETURN RIGHT AWAY

A long sigh slid from Cindi's lungs. When The Rose failed to come back her old bosses would realize something was up, but for now Cindi was free - hopefully long enough to finish the card game. She was about to snap the phone in half when she thought better of it.

Once it was clear something was wrong the first thing the people who wanted her dead would do was check the phone again. They could undoubtedly track it. If Cindi mailed it to Maine or something the next morning then maybe that would give her a little extra smokescreen. She placed it on the table next to the bed and turned her full attention back to Rhea.

Damn, she wanted to fuck this woman *so badly*. With the threat of life-or-death temporarily resolved Cindi wasn't sure if she could muster the will to further deny her lie-fueled attraction.

And the poor dear had been trying so hard to pleasure her - Cindi shook her head. *Poor dear?* Where had that come from? This was a deadly assassin like herself who boasted and prided herself on *multiple* murders, not all of which had been part of the jobs taken. The Rose was a monster even by Cindi's standards.

But, unless the armless woman somehow found herself with a seat at the game table, Cindi realized that The Rose had functionally been erased. The woman eagerly lapping between her legs was *Rhea*.

And all Rhea had ever done was try to make Cindi happy.

"Rhea, stop and stand up."

A gurgle of disappointment bubbled up from Cindi's sopping thighs as Rhea's artful tongue retracted from the cumming cooch. Rhea shifted her weight backwards onto her heels as she pulled back her face, strings of various juices stretching from her glistening skin to Cindi's crotch. She looked at her mistress with a seductive face that made clear she was disappointed to no longer be tasting Cindi's pussy, but she also reveled in fulfilling the newest command.

With a sexy undulation of her stomach and chest Rhea ground the toes of her slight heels into the carpet and pushed herself upwards, knees burning as they straightened after being tightly bent for so long. Rhea stood at attention, her face beaming proudly as Cindi's pussy splatter dripped down her cheeks and chin.

Tensing through her continual orgasms Cindi stood up and gently slid her hands around the black velvet dress clinging to Rhea. Cindi slowly undid the zipper, letting the sides of her hands glide down Rhea's body from her shoulders to where the zip stopped just above her ass. Cindi gently pulled the straps around Rhea's shoulder knubs, then let the fabric fall to the floor. Her finger's lingered a moment on the smooth fleshy nobs, and then Cindi let her fingertips glide down the sides of Rhea's body to her hips.

White panties hugged Rhea's toned ass, and Cindi could clearly see through the cotton to the drooling cleft that had soaked through the no-frills underwear. She gripped the band and slowly peeled them away, Rhea shivering as cool air chilled her damp labia as it was gradually bared.

Cindi next turned her attention to the wrapped cotton strips holding back Rhea's breasts. Cindi knew that The Rose would have gotten them reduced long ago to better her hand-to-hand combat, but generous breasts were too useful for seduction missions. It appeared The Rose had not expected to need tits for this mission.

Slowly Cindi began to unwind the bandage, both women practically shaking in anticipation. Cindi worried how her would-be murderer could have breathed under such tight bondage. As cotton ceased being unrolled from over cotton and now started to show flesh, Cindi gently massaged the skin that was temporarily imprinted with the material's pattern. Rhea unconsciously leaned her body into each contact.

Finally the end came near, and Rhea's impressive breasts fell out of their loosening confines. Impression lines criss-crossed the generous orbs of fat, and Cindi hefted them in her hands. Titty flesh overflowed her fingers, and dark brown nipples - formerly flattened into their areola by the bindings - popped to attention. A pleasant burn from being released from such tight confinement radiated through Rhea's breasts.

Cindi could no longer resist her compulsions and took one of the formerly depressed nipples into her mouth.

"Oh, mistress..." Rhea cooed. She wanted to grab Cindi by the hair and push her further against her aching breast flesh, but lacking the ability to do so leaned her weight against Cindi's face. The suckling woman wrapped one hand around Rhea's ass and the other fondled the other breast.

Taken by her magically afflicted desires Cindi pushed herself backwards onto the bed, pulling the startled but giddy Rhea with her. The panties and velvet dress were kicked across the room as Rhea's feet, still strapped into her heels, kicked into the air.

Rolling around on the bed Cindi released Rhea's nipple and got up on her knees just long enough to remove her top. Cassidy's former breasts fell free, and Cindi looked down at the practically helpless and naked Rhea undulating in arousal on her back.

Fuck, this woman was hot.

Cindi dropped down onto her new courtesan and tasted her own juices on Rhea's lips. Cindi slipped a hand into Rhea's pussy, and the pair were a mess of intertwined legs. Mouths searched for any stiff or pillowy flesh they could find to suck or kiss. In short order Rhea had been orgasmed into exhaustion, and Cindi finally passed out even as her groin continued to spasm and spurt.

A few hours later Rhea woke up with an urge to pee. She looked over at her slumbering lover, Cindi's as slightly raised in the air as her bare butt cheeks jiggled from a particularly strong orgasm. Rhea smiled at how cute she looked.

Unable to push herself up from the bed Rhea carefully rolled across the covers and stretched a leg to the floor. She still had on her heels and Rhea realized she had no way of removing them on her own.

Carefully swinging the other leg off the bed Rhea straightened up and wobbled a moment, leaning her knees against the mattress to steady herself. Arms looked like they came in handy for balance, but Rhea couldn't exactly recall ever having them herself. She wondered how she'd gotten into the dress lying on the floor.

Taking cautious steps across the room Rhea winced as she heard her heels clack on the bathroom tile. Looking back it did not appear as if this had disturbed Cindi. Letting out a sigh of relief, Rhea turned it into a grumble of frustration as she saw the toilet seat was down.

She tried a few times to stand in front of the toilet and push the lid open with the point of her heel, but Rhea couldn't find the right balance. She took a moment to think, nibbling her lower lip as she did so. Turning to the sink Rhea figured the counter could support her weight. She pushed her lower abdomen against it until she teetered forward, freeing her left leg to swing to the side and push up the toilet's lid.

Swinging back down and clacking onto the tile Rhea smiled in victory. She sat and relieved herself with successful pride - until she was finished and realized she had no way of wiping.

Letting out another sigh, Rhea stood up and teetered on the counter again so she could close the toilet. Using a knee she pushed down the handle to flush.

Looking around the room for a solution Rhea saw a few fresh hand towels rolled up next to the sink. Rhea grabbed one in her mouth, put it on the closed toilet, and then lowered her pussy onto it. That dried her lower lips satisfactorily.

Happy with the results of her late night mission Rhea returned to the bed and pushed her breasts against Cindi's side before falling back asleep.

It had been hours since Akari had been screwed to the wall of the private room and she hadn't gotten any sleep. Instead she'd spent her evening initially jumping away from the happy ending spurts coming from the gentlemen brought to the back rooms of the club.

But no matter how much she jumped around the velvet canvas that also supplied the material she was made up of, eventually she found herself trapped between dripping splotches of man juice. She poked it with her finger and felt how warm and thick it was - she had to tug hard to pull her hand away from the sticky goop, unlike the trails of her own juices running along the material at hip height.

As the next guest was brought back to the room and told to aim for the "new interactive decor" Akari knew she had spent the last of her luck.

She wouldn't be the only one spent.

As the dancer unzipped her client's pants and released his rigid rod she spit on her palm and began to slide it up and down his shaft. It didn't take long before he climaxed and released.

A massive wad of cum splattered right atop Akari.

The warm mess soaked into the velvet, and Akari could feel it sticking heavily to her. She tried to pull herself left and right out from under it, but she wasn't strong enough to pull herself free. She wanted to scream a silent curse but thought better of it just in time - she didn't not need this stuff "in" her mouth.

Just as Akari began to believe things couldn't get any worse she felt a fuzziness fall across her. Looking down she saw the paint that made up her body starting to mix in with the cum.

She screamed, and felt the tip of her tongue mix with the spunk.

Cassidy enjoyed how the formerly-human bubbles jiggled atop her own jiggling assets as she strutted onto the stage. She was following a woman who'd dressed in a classic Vegas showgirl bedazzled corset and skirt, her act involving tassel pasties and ostrich feather fans. The crowd was still cheering and hooting for the prior performer as "Kick-Ass Cassidy, the Cheerleader Satyr" was announced.

There were some murmurs about Cassidy's legs as she took her place by the central pole, the spotlight on her. Looking into the darkness the former cheerleader could see throngs of casino guests at tables and booths and even standing at the stage.

She was going to give them a *real* show.

The beat dropped, just the one Cassidy had asked for - a techno update to a variety of 90s and 00s sports anthems. She grabbed the pole and swung herself backwards, one furry hooved leg flinging upwards. Her bubbles shook and swung, and the glitter sparkled. Cassidy had cobbled together in her head a number of old cheerleading routines she'd always thought were hot - a few she'd been told to keep off the field. She smiled smugly as she put them to use for the cretins blessed by her presence.

A few moves in and Cassidy realized she was barely getting any cash thrown on the stage. Looking out into the lights once more she saw that the crowd which had been teed up for her was no longer rapt with attention. A few were still watching, small piles of bills on the stage which Cassidy hadn't picked up yet - to do so would require to get close to *these* people.

Confused, Cassidy thought quickly and figured the low interest must be because she hadn't removed any bubbles yet. She stood with her back to the crowd, looked over her shoulder with a wink, and plinked off the little orb covering her left nipple. It floated up into the rafters over the stage.

And did not appear to elicit any reaction from the crowd. Not even when she turned around, breast fully bare.

In fact, Cassidy realized she hadn't felt any remote-triggered orgasms. Sure she must have gotten someone horny enough to rub one out in the bathrooms?

By now Cassidy had stopped dancing, standing dumbfounded at the center stage. Up until now the crowd had been dismissive, but as Cassidy stood staring out at the customers with a befuddled snarl on her face some finally started booing and demanding her to relieve the stage to the next dancer. Cassidy considered defying them, but then her music came to its conclusion.

Snatching up the cash that was on the stage with a snarl Cassidy spun around and stomped off as the next dancer was announced. As she passed her follow-up, a woman done up like a golden statue, Cassidy overheard her complain; “Way to suck the fun out of the room.”

“Excuse me, you bronze bitch?” Cassidy hissed, “Those people don’t know talent!”

“I’m gold, and they know when someone’s on stage for themselves and not the audience,” the woman curtly replied as she left to take her spotlight. Cassidy stared daggers after her before spinning around seeing that a few other dancers were also scoffing at her.

“Fuck you all!” the self-proclaimed satyr spat, and she trotted off out of sight.

Swiftly counting the wad of cash in her hands, Cassidy cursed again.

She’d barely made anything.

Of course, she could get back into the dance cue. Whatever power Reduxia wielded had let Cassidy demand a spot with no resistance.

But going back out and doing anything different would be the same as admitting she’d been in the wrong. That was unacceptable.

Which meant Cassidy was left with one other option to fulfill Reduxia’s demands...

As the door to Daphne’s room unlocked and swung open Maxi put her staff keycard away. Daphne was still happily snug in the larger woman’s cleavage.

“Thanks for helping me get back into my [room] clit!” Daphne exclaimed and shivered. Maxi looked down and smiled.

“Sure. Anything...more I can do for you?”

“Maybe a [bath] clit? I’m very dirty...” Daphne winked, trying to hold back the reaction to the attention on her pussies this time. She rubbed her hands over her arms and breasts to mime washing.

“I think the sink will work for you...” Maxi winked back.

As the water pouring from the faucet warmed Maxi gently helped Daphne out of her breasts and down onto the counter. Testing the temperature with her little hand, Daphne laughed at how the flow was like a waterfall to her now. She felt her golden metal fingernails react to the heat, and soon Maxi had it perfect.

Daphne slid down the porcelain sink like it was a waterpark slide, and laughed as her nude little form splashed. She rolled around in the water, feeling the honey in her four breasts slosh more and more as they were also warmed.

Maxi loomed overhead, leaning down and weaving her fingers together to rest her chin on them. She grinned as Daphne turned and looked up to her.

“I think I need someone to get me all soapy...” Daphne mewed. Maxi picked up the little bottle of complimentary body wash and squeezed some out onto two fingers. Daphne stood and held up her arms, putting the pussies under her armpits on display.

Although Maxi had attempted to put only a small amount on her fingers, the dollop of body wash was still very generous for Daphne’s scale. Maxi started by pressing her fingers into Daphne’s doubled chest, the soap squeezing into the crossed cleavages of Daphne’s tiny titties. It oozed through and beneath her breasts, and a small amount of honey was pushed out to mix with it.

From there Maxi began making little circles, rubbing over Daphne’s breasts and pit pussies as she moved to her back. Drips of soap and suds poured down the shrunken woman, pooling around her knees at the surface of the water. Maxi continued down to the little curve of Daphne’s ass, then shifted over her hips to the tiny snatch.

As the fingertip was wide as casaba melon passed over her groin Daphne pushed herself against it. She groaned as her pussy mashed against the slick pad of flesh, and Daphne hugged Maxi’s hand like a lover. Maxi’s fingers gently returned the embrace.

“Can we continue this on the [bed] clit?” Daphne moaned.

Maxi patted her little lover dry with a fresh washrag as she carried Daphne into the other room. The hotel employee’s latex french maid outfit squeaked and creaked as she climbed onto the bed and laid down on her back, placing Daphne between her wobbling breasts. The shrunken woman stood up, the washrag wrapped around her as if it was a full-sized towel, the larger stitches and fibers plumping out the folds.

“Thank you so much for [everything] clits, it’s time I did something for *you*,” Daphne shuddered, giving a wink and puckering her lips and the smiling Daphne. “Stay just like this.”

Daphne slid over the curve of Maxi’s left breast down to the sheets, her honey-filled half-dozen hooters bouncing upon each other as she landed. Her little feet took a few steps to acclimate to the sponginess of the sheets and mattress, but after a few jiggling stumbles Maxi was able to stabilize herself against the latex outfit. Carefully the tiny towel-dressed woman made her way along Maxi’s side, hips, and past her thighs.

Passing the hotel maid's knee Daphne decided she could now climb over Maxi's leg. Dropping the rag, Daphne lifted her own tiny leg over Maxi's shin. The wet pussy within her miniature crotch and her lower breasts dragged over Maxi's skin, leaving trails of their respective fluids. Plopping down over the other side on her little rump, Daphne stood and pushed up the latex ruffles of the french maid skirt.

A cave of musky wonders greeted Daphne's nose, warm earthy wafts washing over her. She could see that unlike the rest of Maxi's outfit her thong was black cotton. Were she bigger Daphne would have appreciated the look of a latex thong, but cotton would make her plan much easier. She guided herself between Maxi's twitching thighs and pushed her belly and lower breasts against the patch of cotton, so she could reach up over the larger woman's mons and grab the elastic band.

The look of the black material did not betray how much Maxi had soaked the cotton with her juices, but Daphne could feel the moisture stick to her skin as she pulled the band down over the reclining woman's glistening labia. Unable to slip the hem out from under Maxi's ass the thong fought to snap back, so Daphne ducked under one of the stretched leg holes and centered her back against the damp fabric, the folds of Maxi's slit blooming before her. The thong attempted to slingshot Daphne into the enormous pussy, but she had stable enough footing to brace against it.

Daphne's tiny hands scraped off some of Maxi's dribbling juices and the little lover covered her fingers and palms with it. She then began to trace and massage Maxi's engorged outer lips, squeezing and pinching as if she was one hand toying at the entrance of the maid's pleasure palace. Maxi moaned and shifted, but managed to stay still enough to not threaten crushing the tiny teaser between her legs.

Slowly Daphne shifted from the outer lips to the thinner inner pair, working her way further upwards and closer to Maxi's hooded button with each pass. More and more love juice dribbled out of Maxi, soaking into the sheets under her twitching ass. Finally Daphne shifted her fingers up to the apex of Maxi's slit, caressing her clit.

"Oh, fuck, Daphne, yes..." Maxi moaned. She'd been gripping the sheets hoping that would keep her still, but Maxi finally had to give in to other desires. She slipped her hands under the latex bodice, palming her breasts and pinching her stiff nipples.

Feeling the pressure of the thong's elastic across her shoulders, Daphne thought of another way she could thank her enormous companion. Carefully Daphne walked her little feet up the bottom of Maxi's butt cheeks, along her taint, and then beside either nether lips until she was straddling Maxie's dribbling depths.

Then she plunged her lower body into the shivering woman.

“OOOH! YES! What? What did you...mmm...” Maxi screamed before melting into the bliss of fullness. Daphne had sunk in just to her waist, labia rolling over her hips like the frills of a mermaid’s tail. Enveloped in Maxi’s tight, warm, slick pussy was like a hug and a sauna rolled into one. All six of Daphne’s nipples were painfully stiff from arousal and back-up honey, and she finally put a hand to one. She cooed, but was careful to make sure she didn’t get any of the sticky syrup inside Maxi, putting her other hand on the elastic of the thing.

There were still depths that Daphne could safely explore before feeling like she was getting her lower set of breasts too close. She twisted herself, wiggling her legs and sinking in further to her navel. It was now her little golden-topped toes felt the spongy ridge deep within Maxi, and Daphne’s feet massaged it.

Maxi’s chest tightened and her back curled, and she tried to speak but only guttural grunts rolled from her lips. Finally she could no longer resist what she’d been hovering upon for so many moments now. The lover between Maxi’s thighs thrust a hand into the musky layers surrounding her so she could flick her own button towards her own climax.

Daphne felt the gentle moist grip on her engulfed body tighten. The constriction was delightful and the tiny lover cried out with Maxi. As the larger woman came a rush of juices crashed against Daphne, uncorking her slightly from the pulsing pussy before spraying over her. Each woman was locked in bliss for a moment before their muscles relaxed and they each gave in to the whims of the materials cradling them.

Finally, as she realized she was close to passing out, Daphne carefully pulled herself out of Maxi’s slit. Slowly, step by step, she made her way back along the latex-clad body until she was once more resting atop Maxi’s sternum, resting back against a breast that had popped out of the bodice. Before Maxi’s afterglow took her into slumber she found the dry hand rag and laid it over her little lover, and the duo dozed peacefully and quite happily together.

Across the casino complex Cassidy cinched her furry legs around the third man she’d taken to the brothel’s second floor. His dick wasn’t nearly thick enough to fully satisfy her, the satyr cheerleader’s juices leaking out around it and matting her fur. But the guy was hard, enjoying Cassidy’s tits, and was paying.

Plus, Cassidy had another way of climaxing.

“Spank me!” she demanded. The guy grunted and gave her a weak tap to the ass, which barely did more for her than the undersized cock in her.

“Harder!” the amorous woman demanded. The guy took a few more swings, each with less care and more power than the last.

“Yes...” Cassidy gurgled.

Another Morning In Vegas

Cindi awoke suddenly, partially from another orgasmic crest and partially from the sunlight the opened curtains were casting down onto her eyes. She cursed and jumped from the bed, still nude and with dried juices crackling across her skin. Cindi reclosed the windows and instinctively shifted to the wall. Another orgasm shook her, although Cindi's breasts heaved as she settled her mind with deep calming breaths. She half expected tiny streams of lights to push through fresh bullet holes at any moment.

But no one was shooting at her.

Her mind recentered, Cindi realized that someone was missing. The Rose - *Rhea* - was not in the bed. Nor was she in the bedroom. Glancing across the room Cindi saw that the door was still locked from the inside. Gasping back another climax the assassin heard struggling in the bathroom.

Rhea was lucky that Cindi had recalled someone was *supposed* to be in the hotel room for her or else the armless woman could have ended up attacked. Instead Cindi simply followed the little grunting sounds and slowly opened the door.

The former assassin was standing in the middle of the bathtub, still completely nude. Her breasts wobbled and shook as she stood on one foot and attempted to turn on the tub's faucet with her other foot. Rhea's toes were stretched and crooked around the knob, doing her best to find purchase but unable to make any grip.

"And just what doOoOo you think you're doing, Rhea?" Cindi asked. It didn't occur to her that calling The Rose by the false name was technically a lie, adding another reinforcement to Cindi's sexual compulsion for her. The urge to take Rhea's nipples into her mouth rose a bit more in Cindi.

"You gave me such pleasure last night, mistress, I wanted to make sure you were greeted by a lovely morning! I wanted to have a nice hot soapy bath ready for you, but I'm afraid my current...*situation* is making that difficult."

"I see..." Cindi mused, looking at the fleshy Venus de Milo and cumming again. Lightly biting her lip Cindi stepped into the tub, wrapping her arms around the giggling Rhea as she brought down her leg to retain balance. "Well, perhaps it would be more fun if we showered together."

Cindi pushed her face against Rhea's neck, kissing along the line of her hair.

"I can help you...get behind your ears."

Rhea turned around to Cindi and their lips met while their nipples and breasts squished together. As their tongues danced and their chests tussled Cindi reached down and turned on the shower. The pair shivered and gasped until the warm water reached them, the giggles of young lovers bubbling from them both. It actually dampened another of Cindi's climaxes.

Outside the influence of the magical cards, each would have hated seeing what they were doing. But from within the influence of Reduxia's game Rhea and Cindi were giddily grinding against each other's slick flesh as Cindi poured body wash over them.

If orgasms were the basis for a good morning, it wouldn't be long for the pair to have a *great* morning.

The two dangerous women were not the only ones to start their day with kisses and cumming. Maxi had awoken to find Daphne curled up on her chest, and smothered her awake with smooches. The size-disparate pair found themselves just as handsy with each other as Cindi and Rhea, but there were no magical compulsions there.

After showering clamped between Maxi's breasts Daphne voiced her concern about Akari. Not that she had any regrets for how they had left the painted woman - only that Daphne worried what may happen if she - the reason Akari had left the game room the prior night - didn't make sure she was also the reason Akari returned.

Maxi's shift didn't start until later in the day, so the pair enjoyed each other getting washed, then Maxi squeezed herself into some of Daphne's hiking clothes. Once again the hotel employee's squeezed bosom made a great carrying pocket for the shrunken woman.

The pair swung by the breakfast buffet, using Daphne's keycard credits to easily satisfy them both. A single grape was about the size of Daphne's head, and quite filling. Maxi got coffee and pancakes, and Daphne squeezed out some of her honey to the pair's mutual glee.

Their bellies full, Maxi and Daphne made their way through The Oasis's complex and snuck back to the room where they'd affixed Akari.

Although they were prepared with a screwdriver to take her off the wall, neither was prepared for what they saw captured in the frame.

The whole thing was covered in spunk. It was caked over the canvas and paint, thick drips dried like stalactites along the bottom.

Through the drying top layer of man splodge neither conspirator could see what was recognizably the image of the woman they'd left screwed the night before. A halo of Akari colors shaped more like a potato rested behind the male cum.

Maxi and Daphne were aghast, terrified that what they'd done could possibly have been the equivalent of killing Akari.

Then the potato of color shifted from one side of the painting to the other, and the duo screamed.

The troubled pair were not the only ones yelling. On the other side of The Oasis Cassidy had just performed quite a lot of sex. But the shouting came from performing some math. A pile of crumpled cash sat before her, but the bills were too small to add up to what she needed. Reduxia's ultimatum echoed through her head again;

I'm going to give you until the next round starts tomorrow to humble yourself to the point you can earn from either; oh, let's say...what you won with your first dishonest lawsuit.

Cassidy's blood ran cold. Why did she think she could possibly earn that many zeros in one night? How drunk on hubris had she been?

The frustrated satyr punched at the bills, her frustration sending them across the mattress and onto the floor. What the fuck was she going to do to make up such a difference of cash in...

in...

...in *god damn* Las Vegas! Cassidy laughed and fell onto the bed, now covering herself in the musky money. She was in the Quick Fortune Making Capital Of The World! She needed to get herself some chips, some hot dice, and she could turn the money she'd "humbled" herself to earn into more than enough to satisfy Reduxia's demands!

Cassidy could not hold back a maniacal cackle as she ripped a pillow out of its case and began stuffing it full of cash. In short order she'd be downstairs and-

No. Not downstairs. Not in Reduxia's own casino. Who knew what the limits of her magic were? Cassidy was incapable of thinking anyone else would do anything different from her own impulses; in this case make sure any games the former cheerleader played were rigged against her to ensure Reduxia would win the wager. She couldn't imagine any game at The Oasis would be fair to her - or as fair as the gambling got.

She'd go back to her room, find some sort of outfit she could actually leave the casino complex in, and use another casino to beat Reduxia with.

Cindi was shocked by how satisfying it felt to listen to Rhea's deep sleeping breaths atop her. The pair were naked in the bed, Rhea's armless form draped over Cindi, her head nestled between her armed lover's breasts. Cindi was casually caressing Rhea's hair, running her fingers down through it, along her neck, over her shoulder blades, and to the small of Rhea's back. It made the sleeping woman shiver delightfully, but not enough to wake her.

Another orgasmic shiver rang through Cindi. She bit her lip and threw her head back. The constant cumming wasn't so bad when she had Rhea in her arms, at least she could associate the contact with the pleasure. It was when Cindi came by herself that the orgasms were more annoying than enjoyed.

As the most recent climax mildly waned Cindi brought her head back down to gaze upon Rhea, but as she did so she caught sight of an envelope on the table across the room. Another outfit challenge.

Cindi did not recall seeing the slip of paper there earlier. It bothered her that it was there now. Even though she'd just experienced the undeniable proof of magic existing, her brain still jumped to the conclusion that someone must have snuck into the room while she was distracted by carnal impulses. She was drastically losing her focus.

With great care Cindi slipped out from under Rhea and padded over to the table, half stepping a few paces as she came again. She ripped open the envelope and read it.

"Blah blah... 'advantage' ...blah blah... 'bracers in the dresser.'"

Cindi tossed the card aside and went to the dresser, leaning against it a moment through another climax before opening the top drawer. Laying amongst clothing she'd already sifted through were two golden bracers. The metal was highly detailed in a criss-cross pattern which included some rubies, sapphires, and diamonds in a wavy line that curled from one side of the metal to the other.

Flipping them over in her hands, Cindi found where the patterns were interrupted by a thin hinge that ran the full six-inch length of the metal, and the split where the bracers opened so Cindi could snap them on over her forearms.

"Look more like shackles to me..." Cindi muttered. The idea gave her pause, and for good reason. She grazed her belly with one hand, recalling how she could no longer cover it with

anything. It didn't take many leaps in logic to guess what may happen if she started the next game round with this on.

But, as she glanced over at the sleeping woman on the bed, Cindi was well aware of the advantages of taking the challenge. She slipped a bracer over each arm and clamped them shut. The metal was tight around her skin, nearly pinching it, and the weight wasn't inhibiting but she could feel the additional mass as she flexed her arms - then bent over panting as another orgasm gripped her.

"Mistress...?"

Rhea had started to rouse in the bed. Without arms all she could do was shift her legs and grind her breasts into the sheets, her succulent ass bobbing upwards. Cindi looked over and saw the glistening pussy peeking out from between the shimmying thighs.

It looked delicious.

Deciding to keep on the bracers for now Cindi leapt into the bed, right atop the rumpious rump that was teasing her.

"Oh [shit] clit, oh [shit] clit, oh fuck..."

"Don't panic, maybe this isn't so bad..."

Daphne and Maxi had just returned to Daphne's room, the framed Akari "potato" in hand. Maxi placed Daphne on the bed and propped the painting of the opponent player against the pillows. The blurry painted figure had been stumbling about on the canvas - or, that was how the motions had been interpreted by the guilt-ridden pair. Now the Akari cum blob settled itself in the center of the canvas.

If Daphne squinted it was like looking at a person through a dense fog. She carefully walked over the soft bedding to the painting. Some of the semen on the frame itself had dried, but that which had clung to the canvas still glistened and oozed.

Daphne was a little smaller than the blurred figure on the velvet, and even if they'd been the same size the frame would have put Akari an inch higher.

"She's clearly alive."

“Yeah...right...” Daphne muttered, examining the shifting shape. A thin part moved aside, and based on the motions - and that this was Akari - Daphne got the feeling the blur was giving her the middle finger.

“I don’t think there’s anything we can do, at this point we can probably only make things worse. If we bring her back to your game tonight maybe Reduxia can fix her?” Maxi offered.

“I guess,” Daphne replied with a little sigh, and motioned to a door across the room, “Until then let’s put her in the [closet] pussy and enjoy the [day] pussy!”

“I like that plan,” Maxi grinned, and in short order Akari found herself stuffed into the small dark room not much bigger than the one she’d been screwed onto through the night.

But at least she was alone in this one, and she plopped her cum-painted little ass on the lower limit of the velvet canvas to wait out the time.

Cassidy had once more donned a toga to strut out of The Oasis onto the Vegas Strip. Her cartoon breasts bounced and *bwoomped* beneath the fabric, her hooves clonking solidly on the pavement. She ran her free hand through her hair, taking in the gaudy grandeur of the greedy city. The other hand clutched tightly the pillowcase of cash. She looked up and down the street, past tourists scurrying from one sight to the next, feather-adorned woman passing out cards advertising various shows, and any number of barkers trying to get the next sucker.

Glancing up and down the road before her, Cassidy could see four or five casinos, including one directly across the street from The Oasis. That one was a little too close for Cassidy’s liking, so she mentally flipped a coin and sacheyed to the left. She grinned at the looks she was getting, but nearly all were fleeting.

This was Vegas, afterall. A bosom-bouncing satyr woman was certainly a sight to behold, but the city always offered something new waiting to be seen. A few “Ooo”s and “woah”s were cast Cassidy’s way, but she quickly became irritated that she wasn’t more of a attention-suck on a street populated with nothing but gimmicks and amazements.

A block later and Cassidy spied across the street a huge Roman-inspured building with “The Populi Circum” plastered across it. Cassidy couldn’t help but feel drawn to it thanks to how she’d embraced her satyr look and impulses. She clopped across the street and burst with purpose and passion into the lobby of The Populi Circum.

And no one really paid Cassidy any mind.

Huffing in frustration she marched to an exchange window and badgered the poor girl behind it into accepting even the most tattered of the bills. Growling at a much less impressive pile of chips than she'd hoped for, Cassidy hunted down the blackjack tables. She yanked out a stool and sat her furry ass down - then struggled for a moment to find a position where she could see her cards over her 'toonish tits. Eventually she settled on angling herself and handling her cards nearly exclusively with her left hand.

After twenty or so deals Cassidy's pile of chips was roughly where she'd started, something she should have been thankful for in the bigger gambling picture. As other players came and went Cassidy cursed and fumed under her breath as her winnings were not adding up as quickly as she knew she needed them to.

Another ten or so deals later and someone new had taken the stool beside Cassidy's back. Had she been winning more liberally Cassidy would have been all big smiles and show, looking to everyone around her for their recognition of her prowess. But, upset with her progress, she had her head low and stared daggers only at her cards and the dealer.

Which meant she failed to notice that the woman seated next to her had long black-striped knee-high stockings running up from 6-inch black heels. The woman's black ruffled skirt barely came to her mid-thigh. A black bustier was mostly covered by a red velvet jacket decorated with golden buttons, white piping up the lapels, and golden frills atop each shoulder. Soft breasts bulged up from the apparel like loaves of bread. A white choker was adorned with a tiny black bowtie, and a similarly petite tophat was clipped atop amber waves.

A few more deals played on and Cassidy gritted her teeth as she busted over and over now. Her fingers ground into the felt of the table, nearly ripping it.

"If you're unhappy with how this game's going, I could offer an even better bet," the woman beside Cassidy spoke up, leaning into the satyr's ear.

"I'm doing just fine on my own, thanks," Cassidy rebuffed.

"Honestly, I just wanted to find some way to make you an offer you may find interesting."

"You can take..." Cassidy's bitter retort trailed off as she reminded herself she shouldn't scoff at any options. She finally turned and looked the woman up and down. "Why are you dressed like a fucking circus ringmaster?"

"Because I'm The Populi Circum's Ring Dominatrix, Mistress Redd," she replied with a very predatory grin. Mistress Redd softened her smile a little as she offered a hand, "Pleased to make your acquaintance, miss..."

“Cassidy.” She carefully moved an arm over her animated assets to briefly grip the offered hand, “What’s your pitch?”

“Well, I sense you’re in need of a windfall. I see people like that all the time here. What I don’t see that often are people like *you*,” Mistress Redd emphasized her words by motioning to Cassidy’s legs, “I put on a very special midnight show here and I’d be willing to pay you handsomely to appear in it...maybe have a little fun in it.”

“Even without these legs you ain’t seen anyone like me,” Cassidy scowled, “And that’s intriguing and all, but I guarantee you can’t afford me. So don’t waste my time.”

“Eh, don’t be so sure...” Mistress Redd grinned, tapping a finger on the chips before her. It was now Cassidy noticed the pile resting before the circus woman. It wasn’t quite enough to put Cassidy where she needed to be, but it was damn close. “I’ve been around these games for a while.”

Cassidy’s heart raced as she nearly drooled - from multiple places - at the sight.

“You have *more* of my attention. But that’s not all that I need before I agree to anything.”

“Well, why don’t we step over to the roulette tables and we’ll make a little wager over a wager, eh?” Mistress Redd grinned, collecting her chips and rising from the table. She motioned for Cassidy to follow, and the former cheerleader grumbled as she did so. She was angry that her lusty eyes snapped right to the pert ruffled-topped ass that the ringmistress swung back and forth with each heeled step.

Mistress Redd stopped about ten feet from the entrance to the roulette games and smiled at Cassidy.

“Let’s start with this idea. I see you’ve got...a nice amount of chips there. Maybe I don’t know your situation, but I can guess that between us you probably need just one good win at roulette to put you where you need to be for whatever reason you need to be there. I’ve got a good faith offer for you. Go up to any of those roulette tables, put whatever you want on whatever you want, and if in one game you can come back and show me you’ve won *something* I’ll hand you these chips and say good day to you.”

Cassidy squinted her eyes and pulled one corner of her mouth into a suspicious scowl.

“And if I lose?”

“Come backstage with me and I’ll pay you upfront what you need, so long as you’re back here for our one a.m. show.”

This was too good to be true. Was it a trick being played by Reduxia? If not Reduxia's doing, did this woman somehow have control of every roulette table, even if she didn't know what Cassidy was playing? It looked win-win for what she needed, but it couldn't be.

But how many offers like this was Cassidy going to get before she had to be back at that damn card game?

"Fine. But you stay here."

"As you like it, sweetie," Mistress Redd grinned, and she moved even farther back to sit on a circular velvet bench.

A velvet bench Cassidy soon found herself returning to, a few chips fewer than when she'd left. The cheerleader-turned-satyr had tried to pick a table well out of view. Tried to pick a relatively safe bet of Black. And had wagered as little as she could.

The ball hadn't even landed on something dramatic or absurd like 00. It was simply Red 23. A droll, basic loss.

It actually burned Cassidy even more than if it had been something more unlikely, or if she'd lost on a number bet.

"I'm very excited we'll be working together. I think you'll find my other performers eager to meet you."

Cassidy sighed as Mistress Redd led her across the casino floor and through some personnel hallways into the greenroom of The Populi Circum's theatre. The room was empty, but Cassidy could hear voices through the changing room doors.

"To prove I'm not yanking you around let me go to my office and get you the rest of the chips you need to cash out up front," Mistress Redd grinned, and as she crossed to a door with a fogged-glass window she called out alongside a few hand claps, "Ladies, we have a new performer joining us tonight!"

Cassidy's cheeks burned at the presumption she'd actually *be* back after getting the cash she needed. She wasn't going to waste her time with some idiot willing to hand her money with no guarantee. As she stared daggers at Mistress Redd's closed door she heard a changing room open and the sound of four bare feet padding out.

"So, what do you bring to the show - oh, nevermind, I see."

Cassidy snapped her head towards the voice and glared at a woman with dark brown skin, curly hair, and a generous pair of breasts.

And another generous pair of breasts under those.

But that wasn't the extra set of parts that Cassidy gasped at as she took in the nude woman before her.

It was the extension of the woman's ass leading to a second set of human legs that caught Cassidy's attention.

What kind of show *was* this?

The former cheerleader could not keep from staring. The womantaur crossed her arms between her upper and lower breasts and sighed, rolling her eyes and making her frustration obvious.

"Like you're any better off."

The statement actually caused Cassidy to blush. How dare this woman presume how she felt about the changes to *her* body?

"I've picked up a number of *improvements*," the 'satyr' responded, slapping her ass and sucking in air from the pleasure of it.

"Heh, well, I promise you haven't lived until you'd had a dick in yer front *and* rear twats," the womantaur replied, lifting up each of her left legs and leaning on a nearby table and chair to make both of her pussies more visible.

"You come off as someone the guys are fighting over each other to-"

"Now now now, no fighting, please. I prefer my performers to find ways to connect through their...uniqueness," Mistress Redd interrupted as she returned from her office. She had a small bag, and the muffled clatter of casino chips could be heard within it. The womantaur stepped her raised legs back down to the floor, but kept staring daggers at Cassidy.

"I don't trust this one," the four-legged woman growled.

"You don't trust *anyone*, Lila," Mistress Redd sighed, eliciting a grunt of agreement from her cohort while handing the bag over to Cassidy. The former cheerleader could not hold back a toothy grin of victory. But Mistress Redd wasn't done speaking. "I, on the other hand, trust once it has been earned. So to help germinate some comradery between the two of you, Lila, I'd like you to accompany Cassidy back to her hotel so she can resolve her money issue - and then return for the performance she's promised."

A cold pang shot through Cassidy. So Mistress Redd did have some accountability planned. She locked eyes with Lila the womantaur, who looked as excited about this as Cassidy was.

“What? No, Redd, c’mon, the *twins* are in town and-”

“I’m sure they’ve got the stamina to wait a little while,” Mistress Redd responded, her voice stern. This was all it took for Lila to relent with a sigh.

“I’ll get dressed...”

“I can certainly go cash these on my own...” Cassidy smiled sweetly, attempting to back out the way she came. But Mistress Redd was swift and positioned herself between Cassidy and the only door the former cheerleader knew led *out*.

“You’ll find Lila is a quick change. And with so much money on you I wouldn’t want to risk leaving you alone and at risk with it.”

Again Mistress Redd’s tone was stern. Cassidy could sense no particular power in the woman’s words like Lady Reduxia had.

Mistress Redd simply seemed like the kind of person you could not predict if you acted against her wishes.

Moments later Lila returned from the dressing room she’d slinked into. Her rear legs were wrapped in black butt-crack yoga pants. A black skirt hung around her forward T-shaped waist, the hem low enough to cover her groin. A pair of purple strapless sports bras covered her double pair of breasts. Wedged sneakers adorned all four feet.

“Let’s get this done with...*friend*,” Lila muttered through gritted teeth.

“Sure...*pal*...” Cassidy replied in kind.

“Oh, get over yourselves and do what you need to do,” Mistress Redd sighed, waving the pair away as she went back to her office.

Lila led the way to cash in the chips. Neither said a word to each other. Instead Cassidy clopped along behind the womantaur, and despite her best efforts could not keep from staring at the rear ass directly in front of her. The combination of being permanently bent at the hips, while also being curved from the heeled shoes, *and* possessing an alluring sway enraptured Cassidy’s attention.

And she hated that she kept finding herself wanting to bite the lycra clad ass.

Lila's large breasts, even when held in the pair of bras, still hung slightly beyond either side of the woman's upper body. Whenever Cassidy pulled her eyes from the beautiful butt before her she found herself watching the quad of titties bouncing atop each other.

She had to get away from this woman.

That was not an easy thing to do, however. After cashing in the chips and offering to "lead" the way back to The Oasis, Cassidy did what she could to lose Lila in the crowd - sometimes subtly, sometimes more overtly. Just like herself, the Vegas crowd didn't appear to be especially enraptured by Lila's unusual form. Each time Cassidy thought maybe she'd given the woman the slip, Lila was soon behind Cassidy once again.

"Keep that up and I'll make sure Mistress Redd knows you broke her trust," Lila growled as she again appeared at Cassidy's side through the street crowd.

"I'm simply...interested in seeing what you can do with that *extra-credit* body of yours..." Cassidy smiled.

"More than you can do with your furry form," Lila spat.

"Were you born like that or did someone, or something..." Cassidy realized she didn't quite know how to ask if Lila had been another "volunteer" for Lady Reduxia, "...do that to you?"

"What, like plastic surgery? Why and how the fuck would some doctor *add* another pair of legs and tits to me?" Lila shouted, clearly upset by the question.

"Wow, yeesh, okay, so you were born like that?"

"Yeah, I was fucking born like this!"

Cassidy wondered if that was true, or if once this game was finished she'd leave The Oasis thinking somehow she'd been born with the body she'd been warped into the last few days.

"So why don't you get it all removed?" Cassidy asked.

"Why don't you go fuck yourself, this is my body," Lila hissed, throwing a hand to her forward hip and making her strut all the more dramatic and prideful.

Cassidy hated that her eyes once more traced the many curvy lines of Lila.

Then a deliciously naughty thought popped into her head. This woman was supposed to keep an eye on her until after the game round, right?

Well, what *would* Reduxia think of an uninvited guest?

Cassidy (BR/Daphne)

Purple: **You are locked in an endless orgasm. Play on Cindi.**

A vagina will form on/in/under Blue Card. Arms. On Daphne.

Red from Daphne: *Just Ducky! Player's mouth and nose are replaced by a fleshy duck's bill.*

Daphne (BR/Cassidy)

Purple: **Framed: After round, and until next round, player is a living image inside a picture frame. Used on Akari.**

Illustrated Erotic. Eyes. On Cassidy.

Akari

Cindi

Cassidy

cheerleader/failed reality star

Outfit: Sexy Cheerleader Costume (Screen Printed Crop Top, Matching Pleated Skirt, Striped Headband, Matching Socks & Wristbands)

Height: 5'7"

Cup Size: D

Ass: Round

Legs: long and toned

Hair: Blonde

Relationship: single

Sexuality: bi

Nose:

Genitals: normal

Details:

Points: R1: 3

Cards in Effect:

Purple: The Floor is Lava: While any part of you contacts the floor you feel phantom hands spanking you.

Permanent: R1: *From The Knees Down you'll become a Goat*

Cards in Hand:

Purple:

Blue:

Snake

Legs

Yellow: *Blue Card tastes like FRUIT of CHOICE.*

Red: *The player to the Receiver's RIGHT is affected instead.*

Orange Card: Cum From Afar: When someone orgasms while thinking of you, you will also orgasm.

Costume Theme: Playbunny

Day 1: You must wear the bunny tail to start with an advantage (panties now soaked in her juices)

Bunny tail is now real and part of her, and thong material has turned into rabbit hair

Cindi

Mob assassin

Outfit: two-piece lace bare midriff dress outfit short-sleeved sexy dress skirt

Height: 5'11"

Cup Size: volleyball sized cartoon breasts

Ass: flat

Legs: athletic

Hair: Red, short pixie

Relationship: single

Sexuality: straight

Nose:

Skin: Pale

Genitals: normal

Details: two bullet scars on her lower abdomen

Points: R1: 2

Cards In Hand:

Purple: Totally 'Armless: Any arms you have no longer exist.

Who am I? Forget your identity, accept what Player tells you as fact.

Blue: *Clitoris*

Lips

Yellow: *Blue Card replaces common nouns when speaking and feels the intended word when mentioned*

Red: *From the waist up Sender's upper body is turned 180 degrees.*

Orange Card: No Faking It: If you are untruthful with someone you will desire to pleasure them sexually. The depth or number of lies increases the desire.

Purple Card: Back to back orgasms.

-

Costume Theme: Genie

Day 1: You must bare your navel to start with an advantage

Can no longer wear clothing that covers her abdomen

Akari

Corporate espionage

Outfit: Red V Neck Twisted Open Back Sexy Club Dress

Height: 5'5"

Cup Size: A

Ass: nice

Legs: slim

Hair: black

Relationship: single

Sexuality: gay

Nose:

Genitals:

Details:

Cards in Effect:

Purple:

Cards in Hand:

Purple: *You shrink to 12 inches in height after the current round.*

Blue: *Eyes*

Arms

Breasts

Yellow: *Blue Card becomes bedazzled.*

Blue Cards swaps with player next in turn order.

Red: *Sender grows a dick for a tail.*

Orange Card: Always On: your pussy is the horniest and wettest it has ever been.

Costume Theme: Latex Doll

Day 1: you must wear the knee-high latex heels in your wardrobe!

Boots are now permanently fused to her legs

Daphne

Environmental Activist

Dress: Silver tank top, stretchy brown shorts, foam sandals with a soft fabric thong. Top now sticky with honey.

Height: 5'3"

Cup Size: B

Ass: Juicy

Legs: thicc

Hair: brown, ponytail

Relationship: single

Sexuality: bi

Nose:

Genitals: normal

Orange Card: Sweet Release: Your breasts will constantly produce honey.

Details:

Cards in Effect:

Purple: Chesty Intent: Your hands must constantly massage your breasts.

Cards in Hand:

Purple: Framed: the player will spend a day in a special kind of bondage - trapped as a living image inside a picture frame hanging on the wall. Certain passers by will notice her movements and struggles to leave her 2D prison cell inside the painting, others won't notice or will refuse to notice. A small number will even attempt to interact and touch sensitive parts on the surface, causing strange and unfamiliar feelings of arousal. Orgasms will be denied. Used on Cassidy.

Blue: *Hair*
Eyes
Nipples

Yellow: *Blue Card grows grapes that cause orgasms when picked and eaten*
BC is flattened into a living 2D anime style image. Complex optical illusions allow for continued interaction in 3D space

Red:

Costume Theme: Golden Girl

Day 1: You must paint your nails gold to start with an advantage

Nails are now real gold and cannot be covered