

SEX IN THE CARDS

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GETTING STARTED

All four women had arrived at roughly the same time. As each of them entered the rather drab lobby of the unremarkable brownstone they eyed up the others, wondering if they had any more insight into what they had been asked here for than themselves.

Casaea, by chance, had arrived first. She had already hung her fur coat on a hook, revealing the little black dress that clung to her flattish ass but whose hem stopped high up on her nicely toned legs. The front of the dress was lightly ruffled with a deep plunge that revealed her pushed-up cleavage. Dark blonde wavy hair cascaded down around her shoulders and framed a light pink pout and eyes shaded purple.

Brini shifted her black ponytail from one shoulder to the other, the end of it nearly reach the crest of her full grapefruits. Green string criss-crossed over her impressive chest, holding together the tight green dress that eagerly accentuated both her bust and round ass. Her make-up had been done similarly to Casaea's, but her lips were a little more purple.

Holly threw back her light brown hair, revealing the bright red lipstick that matched her dress made of little more than frills and straps. Her breasts, roughly the same size as Casaea's, were tugged up quite a bit by the tight shoulder straps. The back of the dress was pulled up her athletic thighs by the impressive bump of her ass.

Deanna was the slightest of all of the women, her shiny black dress holding tight to her boyish body from her neck down to her thighs. The rubber sheen was only slightly darker than the brunette locks that brushed beside her just-visible bust line. She was also a little shorter than the others, and her dark make-up made it clear she wasn't interested in small talk.

Every woman eyed the others, out of suspicion and jealousy. None were younger than twenty or older than thirty, all perched on some sort of sexy heel and all thin and beautiful in their own. That didn't stop them from finding aspects of the others they were desirous of. That combined with the circumstances of their gathering had tensions high.

"So, we all here to see the same woman?" Brini finally asked, looking around to see how each of the others would react.

"I'm here to see a woman, might not be the same..." Deanna replied dryly.

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

“I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m perfect...” Cassea laughed, letting a hand linger on her fur coat before she walked over to where all four had loosely gathered, “But I believe that if a powerful woman offers you a good time you should probably take it.”

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

Before Cassea could respond their host arrived.

“Good evening, ladies...”

All four spun around towards the voice. What they saw standing in the doorway to the other room was a woman who was alien and alluring all at the same time. She was lounging against the door frame, her body impossibly long and lithe and each unreal curve accentuated by the straight line of wood she held her body against. She wore...not clothes, but fabric – no, some sort of silky latex. It wrapped around her hips and nethers, but hugged her so tightly each visitor could easily make out plump define lower lips and an eager nub pushing up through them.

The material didn’t even attempt to cover the breasts of their host, instead it wrapped around them and added to the sense of impracticality. Watermelon-sized zeppelins reached out in defiance of gravity, with thumb-sized nipples that looked to be painted in the svelt silver. The same material was wrapped around the woman’s legs from the thighs down, and the toes of her silver feet were visible amidst the exaggerated ballet heel that extended down like a spike.

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

The filter was gripped by the most unusual part of the woman – a long, prehensile tail that stretched out from behind her bubbled ass and had a penchant for using an occasional undulation to stroke her silver nipples or pussy.

All four were transfixed by the vision before them, and finally the woman stepped away from the door frame and introduced herself.

“I am Lady Reduxia, and I will be your host for tonight’s game,” Reduxia’s voice was practically a warm purr. Her absolute confidence and comfort in herself began to thaw the frozen women, who introduced themselves.

“I know who you each are, but I am glad you each know the others now,” Reduxia smiled, taking a long drag on her cigarette. She puffed out a cloud that hovered for a moment in the shape of a blossomed pussy before it faded away. She took a few long slow sensual steps into the room, her impossibly sexy shoes making small clicks on the marble floor. She paced the room, weaving in and out of her guests.

“I invited each of you here to help me test a new game, to see if it is ready for general release into my little dimension. Oh, and yes, I am a hyper-dimensional being who owns what you would consider reality. Normally you’d all be freaking out seeing a woman with a tail, but you’re comfortable with me because deep down you know I am just as much a part of your existence as breathing and eating...”

Reduxia walked back to her doorway. Deanna, Holly, Brini, and Cassea exchanged glances, each realizing how they had been non-reacting and acknowledging what Reduxia had said as a given truth.

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

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

With Reduxia’s presence removed the discomfort and suspicion of each other returned to the four in the lobby. Each gave each other a sideways glance.

“Well, I don’t give a shit about what any of you think...” Holly proclaimed, shimmying her thong out from under her dress. It slid down her legs and her red high heels kicked it away. She strutted towards the door, Cassea shouting after her, “You’re not the only one with balls, bitch!” as she dropped her panties down over her heeled bootlets.

Brini and Deanna looked to each other, turned their eyes away as they each reached and gyrated, and left their underwear behind.

Each woman was surprised by the next room. Somehow they hadn’t seen from the lobby that it was done up like a sensual harem love nest. Silk curtains hung all around them, oversized cushions and pillows covered the floor from wall to wall.

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

Lady Reduxia was standing behind a glass table. She had traded in her tablet for a handful of playing cards, some of which she had placed face-down in four spots. She motioned for her guests to join her, and each stood behind a set of cards. Each had three blue cards, two yellow cards, and one red card. Reduxia held orange cards in her hands.

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

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

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

“I’m straight,” Cassea blurted, quite without any control of her statement. Her hand shot to her mouth to indicate her surprise at the statement.

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

“Straight,” said Holly.

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

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

Brini grabbed first, and when she flipped it over she saw BISEXUAL written on it. She furrowed her eyebrows at it before putting it facedown without further thought.

Deanna’s hand made it to Reduxia’s next, pulling a card which read NYMPHOMANIAC. Immediately Deanna felt a warmth rush between her legs. She almost staggered as her knees went loose for a moment. Deanna resisted moaning as her pussy began to heat up and flush with moisture, and she managed to do little more than bite her lip. As she put the card down her hands gripped the table for support. Her pussy had never been so...not just horny, but *needy* before. She wondered how long it would take before anyone could smell her unclad pussy.

Holly pulled next, and hers read LUST FOR PLAYERS. She raised an eyebrow, and as she placed it down she turned towards Cassea as her opponent reach for a card. Holly’s eyes couldn’t help but follow the smooth skin of Cassea’s arm all the way to her shoulder, then down the plunge of the black dress to Cassea’s breasts. Holly’s eyes lingered on the curves of tit flesh for a

moment before she realized what she was doing and looked away – turning towards Brini. Holly caught sight of Brini’s breasts, tied so tightly behind those strings, begging for a little tug to release them, their nipples popping free and available for her lips to – Holly shook the thoughts away and stared down at the card she just placed on the glass.

“The fuck?”

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

“Oh...OH!” Cassea continued to exclaim. She backed away from the table and stared down at herself. Something was definitely happening to her pussy. Cassea could feel her clit pushing out and lengthening, while what had once been a deep canyon was pushing out of her and becoming a long shaft. It was tenting her dress, and in panic Cassea pulled the black fabric up. Everyone could see her pussy changing and growing, the phallus forming from her folds. No balls seemed to be developing, but in only a few moments a rigid five-inch cock and replaced Cassea’s pussy.

“Is that...is that permanent?” Cassea gasped. She was afraid to touch it. She could feel it ache for something warm and wet around it like she had previously ached for something stiff and thick inside her. She didn’t want to validate the sensation with her fingers.

“Any number of things could happen between now and when the game ends, including reversing that,” Reduxia replied. Her tablet had reappeared and she was making little finger motions over it. Cassea nearly cursed at her host for not paying more mind to the fact that *she had just grown a cock* but stopped herself when she remembered what Reduxia had offered.

Cascea cleared her throat, let her dressed drape over her hard-on, and retook her spot at the table. Deana realized she had been drooling and wiped some saliva from her lips – she could do nothing about the sensation of drooling down her thigh.

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

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

ROUND 1

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

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

Focus she told herself, looking at the cards. She tried to understand them. Her Yellow cards read “Blue is enlarged by YOUR CHOICE” and “Blue is tattooed with YOUR CHOICE.” Her Blue cards were BREASTS, PUSSY, and LEGS. Thinking for a minute she realized that she’d want to try and make the others as distracted as *she* was. But who to play them on... Deanna had a small build, maybe growing something big between *her* legs would level the playing field.

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

“Hmmm, that sounds fun and all, but I’m going to play this Red ‘I take one card and replace with...’ card and swap out PUSSY for my BREASTS card,” Deanna smiled, taking the PUSSY card into her hand and placing down the BREASTS card. She practically threw the Red card at Cassea, who glared at her. Cassea looked to her own Red card, which read “...and also your nipples.” Before Cassea could think more about that her thoughts were interrupted by a moan from Deanna.

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

“Fuck...fuck...” Deanna gasped as she felt the warm flesh expanding out atop her ribs. Supple fat was pumping into her little tits, the material of her dress pushing against and spreading out what was being added. The sensation, combined with the fire already betwixt her legs, was too much. Deanna could feel her nipples drilling into her palms through her dress, and she needed to touch them and feel the changes to her bust. She struggled and partially unzipped her dress, pulling her arms through and letting the rubbery material hang down around her waist.

“Oh yeah...” Deanna groaned, her fingers now around her free growing fuck pillows. While her tits had once been barely noticeable they were now pushing apart her fingers. Deanna took a few moments to knead her new flesh, flooding her pussy, but then she

remembered where she was. With great effort she pulled her hands away, apple-sized orbs of flesh bouncing and hanging heavy from her ribs.

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

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

“Are you done?” she snapped at Cassea.

“Uh, yeah, your turn...”

Brini looked at her cards. MOUTH, PUSSY, NIPPLES stared at her in Blue, while Yellows read “Blue becomes Hornier” and “Blue is Duplicated.” Brini didn’t really know what the second Yellow meant, but the other was quite clear. And she wanted to try something unique.

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

“What the phuck doesth phat mean?”

As Holly had spoke it had become clear what that meant. She’d suddenly begun producing much more saliva, some of it dripping down her lips before she could swallow it. And her mouth felt...empty. She needed to fill it with something. Out of curiosity she pushed a finger in between her lips. The empty sensation sated a little – it was the difference between putting a finger in her horny pussy and how it felt to have a real dick in there.

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

“Your turn.”

Holly blinked a few times and focused on her cards, using the back of her hand to wipe away another strand of saliva.

MOUTH, ASS, and GENITALS were her Blue choices, while “Blue becomes black latex” and “Blue enlarges by YOUR CHOICE” were the Yellows. As her eyes once again glanced through the glass table at Cassea’s new toy a naughty thought entered Holly’s mind.

“Okay, let’sth try thiff Cassea, your dick is going to be twicfe as big, twicfe as black, and twicfe as latex!” Holly proclaimed, dribbles of saliva splashing to the table as she slammed down all three cards.

“The fuck? You can play three cards?” Cassea exclaimed.

“I guess sfo. You get another point, sfo...”

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

“What?!”

The changes began to act on the women simultaneously.

Casseea looked down as the tent of her dress began to push out further. She pulled up the fabric and stared at the bulbous head of her already impressive dick. It was stretching and expanding, and unlike the last time there was now a sound...like two balloons rubbing together.

She backed away as her cock stretched towards the table, five inches becomes six, six becoming seven. As it grew Casseea watched the pink fleshy color get darker and darker, and soon it was a deep dark black with an unnatural sheen. It only took a few moments for Casseea’s once manageable meat stick to engorge out to a ten-inch rubber dildo. Its girth pushed her thighs apart, and Casseea had to adjust her stance for its weight. Despite the additional heft it barely drooped, hanging out in front of the woman like a flag pole.

Holly wanted to be staring at her work on Casseea, but her attention was drawn to her chest. She could feel the changes happening to her nipples, and unmistakable sensation of growth and expansion. There were two intense nubs pushing out against the red fabric of her dress. She could watch them getting bigger, trying to drill further and further through the material. It felt pleasant at first, but as the material reach the limits of its stretching the expansion began to push backwards into her tit flesh.

“Phuck...ow...” Holly hissed. Reacting to the pain she pushed aside the cups of her dress and pulled out each breast. Her hardening nips sprung out as they passed the hem of the material, practically making *SPROING!* sounds. Holly was just in time to watch them finish turning from her previous pink into the deep black latex she had described. They were about an inch long and still growing, nearly a centimeter wide. Holly stared at them with wide eyes.

She wanted to suck on them *real* bad...no! She just wanted something in her mouth. She looked over to Casseea’s enormous rubber cock. Holly wasn’t sure if she could fit the head in her mouth! She returned her attention to her own rubber accessories. The changes had mostly stopped. She ran a finger around the rubber rim of her areola, feeling the soft flesh of her breast transition to the tougher latex. Her stomach twitched from the sensation. She pulled her finger away before daring to caress the more than inch long length of her teats.

“Well, if you ladies are done...”

Deanna’s statement had come out very breathy, but heavy with intensely controlled desire. Her eyes were switching back and forth between Casseea’s enormous endowment and Holly’s big thick nipples. Deanna could feel a trail of her juices down to her ankle. Her own breasts, hanging bare in the air, sported two very hard nipples. But it was her turn and she tried to concentrate.

Looking at her remaining cards Deanna had arranged the Blue HAIR, LEGS, and recently acquired PUSSY ones up front. Behind them were “Blue 1 switches with Blue 2” and “Blue becomes more sexually sensitive by YOUR CHOICE.”

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

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

“I don’t know, it’s the best that I had and-”

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

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

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

Casseea was the first to step back. She turned away from the others and stared down at the monster standing long and proud from between her legs. With each step he bounced and swung, threatening to pull Casseea forward onto the floor...or into someone? Its permanent stiffness was not just for looks. Casseea could feel the desire trapped in it, a need for release. She placed a hand on it and tried to push it down between her thighs but had to stifle a gasp – the contact had not helped that urge.

Also not helping the urge was the hem of her dress brushing its base. Casseea gather up the material and tied it off to the side, laughing to herself how it looked like what some country whore would do with a long blouse.

Holly had walked away from the table amongst the cushions and sheets to look for something small she could use to dab at her mouth. She was trying to swallow as much saliva as possible, which was not causing her to get a stomach ache, thankfully. With each step she watched her unhindered breasts do their normal little jiggle, except for her nipples. The latex kept them somewhat still, sticking out pert and in need of attention in the same Casseea’s latex dick needed it.

Spotting a small silk scarf Holly bent over to pick it up and a dollop of saliva fell right onto her right nip. Her body shuddered at the moment of impact, and without thinking Holly sent her hand to wipe it off. Her fingers, slick with the spittle, brushed the one-and-a-half inch length of rubber and Holly could not hold in her moan. Her loins flushed as lighting went from nip to clit.

Holly quickly pulled her hand away. She took a few deep breaths. She dabbed the moisture away from her lips, resisting the urge to suck on her finger. She dared not do anything more to excite herself – who knew what more could happen to her if she lost her concentration – so she left the remaining dab of saliva to dry on her tit.

Brini hadn’t taken two steps before she realized what the changes to her legs meant. The fabric of her dress from her thighs to just over her knees had shift as she moved her legs, and Brini had nearly buckled over. There had been no changes to her feet or ass, but any touch to her thighs or calves...Brini didn’t know if she could go another round with every shift of her stance like a warm breath on her pussy.

Looking around Brini considered the fact that one woman had a giant dildo growing from her crotch, and two others had their breasts hanging free. For the first time she noticed the shimmer dripping down

Deanna's leg. Brini figured she wouldn't be in bad company if she had to roll of her dress. Her stomach and pussy twitched with each inch of material she pulled up, until it had come up over her hips. That seemed to be the sweet spot, but as she rolled the hem to keep in place Brini was very aware that half her ass and all of her pussy was showing.

She'd have to deal with it.

Deanna was the only one who hadn't stepped away from the table. She was afraid of her thighs squeezing her pussy, that any extra teasing would push her beyond the ability to control herself. It was bad enough her tits were hanging out on display, like a sign saying, "I want it!" It was worse that she could see that big black cock bouncing between those lady legs, and the ass and pussy that had just been put on display. And those big rubbery nips that-

Deanna's train of thought was mercifully distracted when she noticed that the arrangement of cards on the table had changed. Everything was tidied, used cards were gone, and Deanna had more cards in front of her.

Picking up her new hand Deanna saw that a second PUSSY card had been added to her hand, as well as one Yellow card which read, "Grows a donkey tail." She also had a new Red card, "If you then me."

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

ROUND 2

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

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

"Deanna, your nipples are going to be pussies."

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

The other players had been intensely watching Deanna's flesh warp. First Deanna's tips had started to shift upwards along the curve of her newly expanded bust. At first the areola hadn't changed at all, just the nips shifting up towards the top of the slightly bumpy circles and dragging the dark colored flesh with them slightly as they finished their nearly two-inch migration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The other women started laughing as Cassea’s nose continued to grow, quickly starting to droop and head towards her breasts. It grew about a foot and stopped. Cassea had been afraid she’d get a full-sized trunk, but it appeared that being “like” an elephant’s nose meant that her new proboscis was somewhat scaled to her face. While the spot where her trunk grew from her face had certainly become a bit bulbous, it tapered down into a ribbed grey snake of flesh down to where her flared nostrils hung between her chin and her clavicle.

At the tip of her new trunk Cassea’ could feel a little nub. She flexed it. Although all the many muscles were new her impulse to move it wasn’t much different than the command to wiggle her human nose. The little nub bent and moved, not quite as flexible as a finger, more like a toe. In mere moments Cassea was swinging her trunk around, able to lift it up and curl it back so she could see into her nostrils – which blasted her eyes with warm air and she blinked and shook her head in surprise, letting thr trunk fall limp down her face.

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

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

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

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

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

"It'f mean enough that my mouth deperately needs a cock in it, oh, baby I don't need like, ya know, thiff as well!" Holly muttered. Then her eyes went wider. "Oh, wow, that waf an oophy! Gah!"

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

Deanna tried to concentrate on what she needed to do. She fidgeted with the cards and looked at the remaining unchanged women in this round – well, *physically* unchanged – Holly and Brini. Deanna's eyes kept jumping to Holly's black rubbery nipples, jutting out from the ends of her delicious jiggly breasts. As she continued to test her newest speech adjustment Holly was drooling on her tits, more so than she'd been doing so before. Watching the woman wipe away her slick spittle from her bouncy breasts, lines of saliva stretching from her skin, Deanna just wanted to jump her, to throw her down and use her like a...

An idea sprang to Deanna's mind.

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

Holly didn't hear her at first, instead trying to force herself to speak what she was trying to say, sending rivulets of drool down her lips, "I def want thif to ftop fo I can have room for a big hot cock! Oh no!" It wasn't until Cassea snapped her fingers in front of Holly's face that she focused on what was going on. "Oh, man did fomeone play cards on me?"

"I'm turning you bubblegum pink."

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

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

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

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

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

"I look...I look..." Holly gasped, still staring down at herself.

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

"Fuck!" Holly muttered. This was nothing like what she had just done to Cassea, but how it had changed the look of her entire body was still shocking to her. "I *am*, like, totally a fex doll now, and I need one of you in my mouff!" She slapped her hands over her lips, sending a little spray of drool out around her.

Cascea was certainly enjoying watching the woman who had just planted an elephant's trunk on her face panic over having her skin color changed. She was especially smiling at Holly's panic in the voice Cassea had just gifted Holly with. But she now had to concentrate on her turn.

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

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

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

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

"Oh, thank you, honey," Brini replied with the same mock sweetness, thumbing a card from her own set, "But I think I'd rather see that fully reflected." Brini placed down a Red card literally labeled "Fully Reflected" atop the pair Cassea had placed down and gave them a double pat herself.

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

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

What had once been succulent handfuls sitting nicely perky and proud and well spaced on her chest were growing into slightly droopy sackss that were banging into each other. Cassea felt the tingling of her nipples as they puckered and split into four teats. Her areola were lost in the changing colors and texture of her skin, now thicker and tougher, while her elongating nipples migrated out from each other on each udder.

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

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

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

“Well, that is round two!”

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

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

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

Brini did not pause for one moment. She was instantly on her way towards the door, adjusting her gait and clothes to make herself publicly presentable while trying to rub her legs as little as possible. As she went Holly watched her intensely. She looked over to Deanna and Cassea for a moment, and then swiftly pulled the top of her dress up over her nipples. They jutted out like railroad spikes, the attention causing both her lips to drool. She had to find some relief, and as much as she was lusting for her three competitors they were that – *competitors*. She couldn’t risk helping any of them relieve their own needs and bring more attention to the game.

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

There was no question that Cassea was stuck inside the room until she could do something about her new additions. The material she'd worn to the game would never cover her rubber cock or her cow udders, and she wasn't going to try and wrap something around her trunk.

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

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

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

There was no delay in Deanna trying to get Cassea's quivering cock into her drooling pussy, her small size meant she actually had to stand up over the reclined Cassea in order to lower herself down. Both women let out a gasp as Deanna tightly enveloped Cassea's black dildo. Cassea was surprised Deanna could even fit the monster rod between her legs – and so was Deanna. It was only the incredible amount of nympho-powered lubricant that was keeping the woman from being split in half.

Although both women had been mostly silent as Deanna slid Cassea's length inside of her, once she was tightly filled both began groans of "Fuck!" and "Yes!" Cassea's trunk was making small tooting sounds in between gasps, but it was a miracle she was able to breathe at all. She was weighed down by her udders, which had spread out over her chest and into her armpits, and wasn't able to do much. Thankfully Deanna was more than eager to bounce herself up and down, grabbing her tits and rubbing the lady juices flowing from them over herself and her lover.

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

"Fuck, what? Fuck!" Cassea cried out as she tried to understand the pleasant warm wet tightness that had engulfed two of her enormous new nipples. The sensation was wonderful, eliciting a loud bray from her trunk, and after a moment Cassea didn't question it. Deanna didn't reply, she simply threw back her head and let her mind get lost in the pleasure of filling up each of her pussies. They continued to bounce and fuck each other like that with abandon, both somehow just short of cumming just yet.

Outside Holly had lost sight of Brini. The dirty blonde wasn't certain if she wanted to plot with her or fuck her, but the decision was out of her hands now. Holly *could* have turned around and gone back inside, but she felt more drool drip from her mouth and splatter onto her pink skin. She had practically turned into a walking fuck toy, and she knew if she didn't find some way of satisfying herself and getting back some of her concentration she may end up stuck this way at the end of the game.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh fuck, girly, you got a vacuum there...” the guy grunted. Holly's saliva was covering his shaft like thick oil, her tongue lapping at every inch it could find. It wasn't long before a burst of cream was hitting the back of Holly's throat, both people groaning from satisfaction – the idea that Holly would have ever *wanted* someone cumming in her mouth had been a far away thought until now.

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

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

“No...no...” Holly muttered, the first words she’d said since entering the bathroom, “That’s totally boguf to leaf me, like, needing more!”

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

Brini had walked as briskly and directly to her apartment as she could, her legs held wide apart as she took the steps up to her second floor apartment. The moment she was through the door she pulled the bottom of her dress up from the little part of her thighs they had been covering. She stopped and leaned backwards against the door, taking deep breaths to calm herself down.

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

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

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

Brini bit her lip as she glided the material over her calf. She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter, but this was mostly from errant knocks and rubbing from her fingers and the loose material against her skin – the hose already on her lower leg felt as if it *was* giving Brini the protection from her new sensitivity that she wanted.

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

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

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

“I thought you said you were going to an AA meeting?” The blonde’s voice was low and rough, but sexual all at the same time despite Destiny’s attempt to strike an accusatory tone.

“We’re...on a break,” Brini thought quickly, “...and it’s cold so I figured I’d come put on pantyhose real quickly.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh fuck!” she exclaimed, grabbing some toilet paper with one hand and trying to dab off as much of the goo from her body as she could, “I’m wate!” Holly struggled to stand up on the slick tiled floor, some of the slipperiness from her own juices, and she staggered towards the door. She grabbed the torn fabric of her dress and gathered it upwards, covering rubber nips more with her hands than with any of the red material.

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

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

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

“Doy, I know, take a chill pill,” Holly responded, her valley girl tone nowhere as near as conciliatory as she meant to be.

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

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

“I COULD make it a set of six...”

With that the pink woman stopped objecting. She let her hands fall from her chest, the tattered fabric falling away with them and exposing the black caps to her pastel mounds. She looked around at the cards for a moment, then grabbed three from in front of Deanna.

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

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

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

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

A shifting sensation between her legs drew Holly’s attention below. Her dress was mostly useless now and she pushed it down to her ankles so she could see what was happening. She could feel something stiff forming in the upper and lower portions of her pussy, another mass was moving, and she was dripping more and more. Her labia got puffier and puffier, stretching outward and becoming thin at the left and right edges.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A muffle of disapproval came from Brini's tits, but before she could get caught in another loop of pleasure the brunette untangled herself and slipped from Destiny and the couch.

"I guess I should let you go back..." Destiny sighed, "I'm proud of you for trying to kick it."

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

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

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

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

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

But anger from the feeling of betrayal?

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

Brini had become very aware of how late she was, and was swinging her legs as fast as she could. Running would have shaved off some seconds, but falling down from an overpowering orgasm wouldn't have helped her time. But eventually she was back at the table in Reduxia's lounge. She was so focused on getting back, and so out of breath, that she didn't even notice the change to Holly's face.

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

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

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

"Hey!" Holly's voice came up from beneath the table, "I totally hab do-"

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

"Oh fuck...oh totes fuck..." muttered from down below as womanly fluids dribbled down Holly's chin.

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

She'd pulled LEGS and BLUE CARDS IS DUPLICATED.

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

As soon as each foot had fanned out to ten toes Brini could feel a pressure as a new foot began to push out from her existing ones. It was as if new legs were trying to twist off from her existing ones, and in only a matter of moments they had. Brini could feel her asshole shift and tuck under her as two new legs spun into existence on her. As her hips grew to incorporate them Brini's butt cheeks were absorbed by her new thighs. Brini's torso shifted back slightly atop hips that now held four legs in the shape of a square like a table, two facing forward and the other two facing back. Her anus hung in the center of all of them.

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

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

"What have I-"

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

In the lobby area Destiny was unable to see the room leading back to where the game was being played. She was trying to be quiet as she looked around and tried to figure out where her girlfriend had vanished to, and had passed the mystically obfuscated gateway a few times. She was testing bricks for false wall release buttons when Reduxia made herself known by clearing her voice.

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

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

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

"I'm afraid if you want to see Brini you'll have to join the game, and if you want to join the game you'll have to catch up by choosing...two."

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

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

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

Pretty much anyone would have done a double-take.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But she had to concentrate. Pink fingers picked up her cards and she looked at them. The sense of her mouth humming “Hmmm...” from between her legs was so strange. She had one new Blue Card, BREASTS, and had gained a Yellow BLUE CARD SHRINKS BY _____ - well *that* one didn’t sound very fun.

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

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

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

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

“If me, then you!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Here, for Holly..."

The Blue read "Nose" and the Red instructed "Like a clown's."

The pressure on Holly's face was immediate, and it slowly brought her out of the pleasure stupor she'd fallen prey to as she'd massaged her expanding breasts. Her eyes went wide as she saw the tip of her pink nose begin to deepen in color. As it did so it began to grow, pushing outward and becoming much rounder in shape.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Tut tut my dear, you're lucky I didn't hear any of that or I may have turned you into a card and let you play that way..." Reduxia's look of disapproval turned to one of inspiration as she turned and spoke quietly into her tail, "Note to self, make a card that transforms one player into a card that is later played, the played player deciding what happens..."

Turning back to Destiny Reduxia took a moment to clear her throat, "A simple nod 'yes' or 'no' to indicate if you are staying will suffice."

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

"Very well. Once those orange cards finishing taking effect Cassea my complete her turn."

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

"How could you like to me about this?"

"Uh, Destiny..."

"How did you even end up here?"

"Hun..."

"Don't 'hun' me you-"

“Check your ears!”

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

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

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

Who was gone.

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

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

Destiny wasn’t paying attention. Her jeans were painfully tight now and she couldn’t give two shits about who was watching her undo the button and zipper on her pants and push everything down to her thighs in one go. As she did so two things became visible; her expanding ass and the coarse hairs that were starting to grow over it, and the short tail that popped loose.

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

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

“Shh...quiet...do I have a tail?”

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

Had her mouth not been agape, Destiny may have felt one other change going on unrelated to the donkey parts. Slowly her tongue itself had been changing. Although she was retaining the musculature and self control of the soft flesh, it was no longer quite the same shape. It became rounder, the base tucking in a tad while the length to the tip filled out to roughly the same inch-and-a-half width.

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

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

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

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

Before the fire lit in her groin and buttole.

The card had said Horny Jackass, and that's now what she was. Her long ears perked up for a moment before lowering slowly as the erotic warmth boiled up in Destiny's belly. She closed her eyes and hummed as her pussy – still human between pink fleshy thighs – began to moisten.

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

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

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

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

Casaea felt it was her turn.

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

Destiny instantly felt her feet rise up – well, her heels, specifically. She grabbed the table for balance as she was practically pushed forward. She felt her shoes shift and tighten around her skin. Destiny heaved herself backwards and looked down at what was happening to her. She watched as shiny black leather spread up a few inches beyond her ankle and before it stopped encroaching her legs. It formed a ridge of material that was sealed tight around her leg, so tightly she doubted she could have pushed a pin between her skin and the leather.

There was a faint creaking sound as her feet continued to be stretched until she was perched forward on the tip of her toes. She could not relax any muscles within the boots as the material was tightly gripping every centimeter of her foot up to and including her ankles. Her leg now ran straight from just below her knee to where her toes were finally pushed out.

Destiny gripped the table tightly once more as material began to form under her toes, pushing her upwards another two inches. A glance down confirmed that resin hooves were forming at the bottom of her kinky boots, the lower quarter of her foot dipping inside them. With her feet locked in place a few

decorative strings and straps formed on the surface of the material, but it was all for show – nothing could remove the horseplay fetish trappings from her feet.

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

“You think that's funny?” Brini hissed, slapping down her selection. “Let's see if that rubber cock of yours is also amused when your *genitals* get a *mind of their own!*”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unaccustomed to having her body defy her so literally Cassee reached down to grab her cock, but her udders made that a challenge. As her hand finally got into range her ornery appendage tucked back between her thighs and nuzzled its head into the crack of her ass. It seemed to like it there, and began to push itself in and out of the soft rear embrace that it could reach.

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

“Oh...fuuuck...” Cassea growled, the orgasm washing over her and the transformed woman bending at the knees, squeezing her thighs together as she was overwhelmed. A fire hose of cum shot from her latex length, firing out behind her butt and splattering onto the floor. Cassea couldn't move for a moment, her muscles locked tight. After a few deep breaths she was finally able to straighten out, pushing herself up thanks to the weight of her udders. She releases her thighs and her rubber dick did something it hadn't done since she'd acquired it – hung limply down towards the floor.

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

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

“What?” Destiny turned to Brini for confirmation.

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

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

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

Placing the two cards down onto the table all eyes turned to Brini's breasts. At the end of her indomitable Ds her brown nipples crinkled, puffed up just a little larger, and shifted from fleshy nubs to hard yellow metal.

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

“That's the end of Round 3...” Reduxia's voice flitted through the air, although she did not appear herself, “I'd like to keep the game moving, so we are going right into the first turn of Round 4. Deanna, if you'd be so kind as to take a look at your cards...”

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

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

Thinking a moment Deanna looked out at the other four women and a curiosity struck her. A curiosity she could easily discover the outcome of with just two little cards.

“I’m choosing Cassea for the Player listed, and I’m playing this on Brini. I can’t help but wonder if this would give you four big golden teats at the end of your brand new udders...” Deanna smiled, placing down her BREASTS card and the new Yellow one. Brini flashed a smile and quickly threw down one of her own.

Red: “If me, then you.”

“And I guess we’ll see if you get eight pussies on yours.”

Deanna stared down, eyes wide in shock. She would get...how could...Deanna was only *barely* dealing with three nympho-powered pussies she already had, but if this did what she thought it would do Deanna would have more than twice that!

“Oh...” Brini groaned, leaning forward and grabbing the table as all four of her knees went weak. Destiny put a hand gently to her back and leaned in to see what was happening. Destiney’s eyes went wide as she watched her girlfriend’s golden-tipped breasts begin to bulge forward. Fat was gurgling up atop Brini’s ribs with great speed, growing out her boobs and jutting her nipples outwards at an even higher angle. This was partially because the metal that made up her areola was not as flexible as the skin that was stretching out around it.

Deanna was experience a similar alteration. Her tits were rolling outward and down her ribs. The growth was happening in pulses, a centimeter at a time in quick succession. Deanna had considered her boobs heavy after the last round, but that was nothing compared to the bowling balls of pink flesh that were engulfing her upper body.

As Destiny and Brini watched the four-legged woman’s chest continue to grow a light ringing sound started. It was quite unpleasant, like the ringing of the ears after a loud noise, and both women scrunched up their eyes in light pain. Brini was also reacting to a sense of great pressure within her nipples, as if something was pulling at them, trying to shatter them an – CLANG!

Like a large metal school bell calling in class each of Brini’s nipples suddenly cracked into four golden nubs. They slowly shifted across the expanse of her tits, and Brini gasped again as she felt their metal forms growing. They weren’t becoming like the teats of a cow, but we reforming their human nipple shape and areola skirt – just getting bigger as they did so. It wasn’t long before Brini was cradling in both her arms two udders the size of her head, with four golden nipples just short of being the size of soda cans topping each of them.

There was no clang or other noisy announcement of Deanna’s ongoing changes. As her breasts continued to balloon out there was just a soft wet shluck as the drooling slits on her tits split into four

needy holes. All eight pussies formed two arrangements of four on each of Deanna's enormous bazongas, but instead of two rows of two as Brini's golden teats had arranged themselves Deanna's drooling dens had settle in a one-two-one diamond arrangement.

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

Deanna could not believe what had happened. Her curiosity was certainly sated, but the new empty need that eight pussies were pumping through her...she couldn't handle it anymore. She grabbed the ends of her breasts and mashed her tiny hands at all eight pussies. Pints of clear pussy juice poured out over Deanna's hands, spurting out onto the table. The other players cried out and grabbed their cards and Deanna cried out for her own reasons.

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

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

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

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

It was when her hands again failed to resume their play upon her breasts that Deanna looked to the side of herself and realized that her hands were not all that had vanished. Both of her arms were gone, leaving nothing but smooth skin over her shoulders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Destiny, meanwhile, could feel the alterations happening atop her head. She’d always been proud of her hair and its naturally curliness, and the idea of it straightening out into rigid rods was especially upsetting. As she stood there Brini watched Destiny’s curls begin to snake around on her head, bunches about a quarter-inch thick forming.

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

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

Cassee hadn’t looked at Destiny’s changes at all the entire time. Instead she was staring down at the card, eyes wide and mouth agape behind her trunk. Everyone had been paying attention to Destiny, and as she looked to Cassee everyone else did as well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey, did you...?”

“Fuck Udders didn’t say Fuck Udders, Fuck Udders said...oh God!” the newly minted Fuck Udders exclaimed, slipping her hands under her trunk and grabbing her mouth.

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

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

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

“Sorry, Fuck Udders, but that’s the way...oh, I actually meant to call you Fuck Udders but it came out – oh! I guess we’re all forced to call you Fuck Udders now,” Brini exclaimed, through her own hand to her own mouth as she felt words come out that weren’t what she had intended. It was very unsettling.

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

After shifting through her hand for a few moments Brini realized she wanted to use a pair she’d had since the last round. She looked over to Deana. The poor nympho’s slight body had already looked overwhelmed back when her breasts had only been F cups. The udders alone would have been a perfectly absurd addition to her slim form, each shaking and wobbling atop her chest. But now, with no arms framing them, Brini realized that that between her head and the two enormous jugs Deanna looked more like a sexualized three leaf clover.

Deanna wasn’t paying anyone any mind. She had enough sense of what was going on to not leave the table, but had her eyes closed and was still trying to swing her udders into each other to stimulate her pussies. Under the table her legs hadn’t stopped their little dance, her thighs desperate to elicit some satisfaction from her original pussy. Without a mouth only quiet *Mmmm* sounds could be heard now and then – somehow the sense of frustration was still clear upon them.

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

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

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

And suddenly Deanna dropped down below the edge of the table.

The other players started to rush to see if she had fallen, but it was quickly clear that Deana had used her new abilities to lower herself swiftly to the floor. From there she had rolled onto the small of her back. Her legs at the hip joints had rotated practically one hundred and eighty degrees. Deanna's feet had bypassed the slit between her thighs and instead had gone straight to where the most vag could be found, her udders. Both feet were pressed tightly within the center of the diamond of pussies.

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

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

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

Destiny had gained "Asshole" in addition to her "Arms" and "Face" Blue Cards, and "Blue Card becomes like a monkey" was new in addition to her "Blue Card is removed" Red card selection. Destiny thought for a moment. Both of the women were pretty well changed by now, Destiny didn't think she wanted to remove anything from their altered bodies. Looking over to the pink skinned Holly Destiny decided that *she* wanted to try something.

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

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

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

What was changing was their thickness, as Holly's once lithe appendages thickened and became at once both nubbier and longer. Her thumb remained roughly where it was at the base of her palm, becoming slightly longer and adding more mass. Holly rotates her hands around and wiggled her fingers, watching the skin toughen and wrinkle around them.

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

As it began to appear that the changes were running their course Holly started to run her hands up and down her new arms as an itching broke out. It was quickly apparent that thick hairs were growing from her shoulders and over the back of her stretched hands. But these hairs were not at all dark, but had the same pink color as her skin. After only another minute or two Holly stretched out her new completed appendages.

Thick pink fur sprung up from her skin just where neck became shoulder, and grew down each thickened arm. Around the elbow the fur grew thicker into point tufts, but as it continued down over her palms it became thinner until it vanished. Her hands were clearly the stretched-yet-stubby grippers of something like a chimpanzee. Holly flexed them and could feel the increased strength she had gained. She wanted to use it to reach across the table and choke the grin off Destiny's face, but she held that desire in check.

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