

SEX IN THE CARDS: ALL DECKED OUT

PART II

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CHAPTERS

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

[A Night Fulfilled](#)

[A Quiet Morning](#)

[A Sweet Start To The Day](#)

[Down For Another Round](#)

A Good Morning For A Deadly Woman

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuuuuuuck..."

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

But;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Night Fulfilled

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was time to leave before she did.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Phoebe wasn't part of the current game.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Quiet Morning

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or she could even do it just for fun.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

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

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

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

A Sweet Start To The Day

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

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

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

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

"Cindi?"

There was no answer.

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

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

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

Cold water.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daphne's heart fluttered.

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

Down For Another Round

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“All night?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I hope you are enjoying your stay,

Lady R

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

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

"Sure, what can I do?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'd like that."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Alright, bitches. Let’s do this.”

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

Free Will.

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

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

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

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

Cassidy was next to arrive for Round 2, strutting with her head held high and savoring the ripples that ran through her body with each phantom spank. Akari and Daphne had taken their

old chairs for no reason besides habit and Cassidy did the same. She was actually sad to feel the little tingle over her rump that indicated that her spankings were done...but then a new sensation fell over her ass. Cassidy took a sharp breath as her butt started to feel more sexually sensitive.

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

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

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

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

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

The moment Cindi sat down she felt a pinch around both of her arms. Raising her hands up so she could see around her enormous bosom lightly bouncing atop the table Cindi confirmed that the seam where the bracers had closed had fused as if it had never been separate. The

pinching had come from the bracers shrinking around her flesh to the point that there was no space to push even a paperclip between metal and skin. The bracers were now, without question, permanently affixed to Cindi's arms just above the wrists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mmm...mmmm..."

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

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

But one decision was already made.

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

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

Cassidy (BR/Daphne)

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

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

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

Daphne (BR/Cassidy)

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

Blue Card grows grapes that cause orgasms when picked and eaten. Hair. On Cassidy.

Akari

Cindi

Cassidy

cheerleader/failed reality star

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

Height: 5'7"

Cup Size: D

Ass: Round

Legs: long and toned

Hair: Blonde

Relationship: single

Sexuality: bi

Nose:

Genitals: normal

Details:

Points: R1: 3

Cards in Effect:

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

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

Cards in Hand:

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

Blue: *Arms*

Snake

Legs

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

A vagina will form on/in/under Blue Card.

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

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

Costume Theme: Playbunny

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

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

Cindi

Mob assassin

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

Height: 5'11''

Cup Size: volleyball sized cartoon breasts

Ass: flat

Legs: athletic

Hair: Red, short pixie

Relationship: single

Sexuality: straight

Nose:

Skin: Pale

Genitals: normal

Details: two bullet scars on her lower abdomen

Points: R1: 2

Cards In Hand:

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

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

Blue: *Clitoris*

Lips

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

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

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

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Costume Theme: Genie

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

Can no longer wear clothing that covers her abdomen

Akari

Corporate espionage

Outfit: Red V Neck Twisted Open Back Sexy Club Dress

Height: 5'5''

Cup Size: A

Ass: nice

Legs: slim

Hair: black

Relationship: single

Sexuality: gay

Nose:

Genitals: golden and held open

Details:

Cards in Effect:

Purple: Ventriloquist: You speak from your crotch

Cards in Hand:

Purple:

Blue: *Eyes*

Arms

Yellow: *Blue Card becomes bedazzled.*

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

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

Costume Theme: Latex Doll

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

Boots are now permanently fused to her legs

Daphne

Environmental Activist

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

Height: 5'3''

Cup Size: B

Ass: Juicy

Legs: thicc

Hair: brown, ponytail

Relationship: single

Sexuality: bi

Nose:

Genitals: normal

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

Details:

Cards in Effect:

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

Cards in Hand:

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

Blue: *Hair*

Eyes

Yellow: *Blue Card grows grapes that cause orgasms when picked and eaten*

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

Costume Theme: Golden Girl

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

Nails are now real gold and cannot be covered