

SEX IN THE CARDS: ALL DECKED OUT

PART II

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Search for *** to begin at newest section.

CHAPTERS

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

[A Night Fulfilled](#)

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 someone 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 outload.

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 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 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.

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:

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.

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.

- Lightly crushing on hotel employee Maxi with breast fascination

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:

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:

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