

SEX IN THE CARDS: ALL DECKED OUT

By Dan Standing

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You Are Cordlessly Invited...

Normally she wouldn't have given the seemingly random spam text message a second look;

*CONGRATULATIONS! In exchange for helping us test a new game, you've been offered free room and board at **The Oasis**, Las Vegas' newest hotel and casino! Show this message to the front desk to begin your stay tonight!*

But today wasn't normal. Today she was...

...on the run from her *legitimate business* bosses.

...looking to scope out a new mark to take bids on.

...trying to keep up an image, but unable to afford it.

...just desperate to sleep in a real bed.

One by one the four lucky winners checked in at the front desk with the strange pair of women who appeared to be the general managers. As far as anyone could see the pair were pleasant and normal, if not demonstrating a few strange postures and speaking ticks. But they got everyone checked in to The Oasis quickly and efficiently, with few questions.

The Straight Shooter

The first to arrive was Cindi.

Cindi was just an inch short of six feet tall, but the thick soles of her combat boots made up the difference. As she entered the lobby she instinctively scanned it for places that could provide cover - for her or the woman who had likely been sent after her - and Cindi was not pleased. The hotel-casino was a mish-mash of styles, from Ancient Greek to Egyptian to Mayan, with ruins and statues spread all around. Everything was backlit with flashing lights and strobes.

But it was unlikely that anyone knew that the black-clad woman was here - not yet, at least - so she gripped tightly the handle of her long carrying case and checked in. Arriving in her room Cindi found it acceptable, with a large bed in the center, a bathroom off from the entryway, and tables and overstuffed chairs. She locked every knob and bolt on the door, and leaned the small ironing board in the coat closet near the hinges.

Cindi immediately placed the large carrying case on the bed and closed all the blinds. She took a breath - and smelled the light dinge of three-days-on-the-run-in-the-same-outfit emanating from herself. Feeling like she could finally take a moment for some self care she unzipped the tight-fitting black top, undid her boots, and removed them along with her black lycra pants. She stood for a moment and stretched, wearing only a pair of black cotton briefs and her sports bra. She then went into the bathroom.

Stripping off her underwear, Cindi examined herself in the mirror. She hadn't gotten shot or otherwise injured making her escape from the failed mission, but nonetheless traced the two bullet scars on her lower abdomen. Should would never *not* linger on them, as Cindi had received the reminders of old wounds five years ago, the moment she'd gained the trust of her now *former* bosses.

The Rose had nearly taken her down that day. It was likely that this same woman would now try to end her life more intentionally.

Cindi wasn't going to let that happen, having done all she could to avoid being followed. And she certainly wasn't going to be tracked by her smell. Cindi stepped into the shower and let the warm water wash over her C-cup breasts, down her slightly flat ass, and dribble along her athletic legs. She washed out the brown dye that had hidden the light red hair she kept in a pixie cut. She lathered her pale skin, the result of literally living in the shadows, and dried off without any distraction.

With a towel wrapped around her tall form - which barely covered both her breasts and her crotch at the same time - Cindi stepped out of the bathroom and went to the case on the bed. Opening it revealed a layer of clothing and magazines, but all of that was fake. She tossed it

aside to reveal the sniper rifle glinting underneath. She'd clean it later, for now she needed to check what was underneath it - a small pistol and the concealed thigh holster.

There were only four bullets for it. Finding more would be too risky. Cindi would have to make them count.

However, at the moment she had nothing to hide the holster under. When things went south Cindi had needed to get out, and get out fast. And she only had time to grab one traveling case.

Cindi was happy with her choice, but now that she considered she'd have to actually attend whatever event it was she'd volunteered for - or else risk suspicion and a possible visit to her room by hotel staff when she didn't uphold her end of the bargain - she realized she did indeed need to find another outfit for the evening.

As Cindi thought over her options she noticed a piece of paper and an orange envelope on a table nearby. Cindi didn't recall seeing that earlier. Instantly she was on alert and looked to the door - everything was still locked and latched from the inside, and the ironing board hadn't moved.

It wasn't like the cautious assassin to overlook a detail like this, but she shook her head and told herself the error was from exhaustion. Even so, as she went over to the table and picked up the papers, Cindi's every move was with prejudged purpose, her body tense and ready to pounce at the first sign of trouble.

*Hello, and thanks for agreeing to test out our new game here at **The Oasis!***

Please join us in Conference Room 2B at 8pm promptly this evening!

Until then, feel free to explore our hotel, casino, restaurant, and other facilities! Your key card gets you three complimentary visits to our buffet per day! Your closet has been stocked with some items from our local fashion designers if you would like to dress up for the night! Please enjoy and return the items at the end of your stay!

Some pre-game prep!

*If you would like to enjoy a special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following; **you must bare your navel!***

You will also find an Orange Envelope with this note. Inside is a card that will establish either a limitation or a bonus to your gaming experience. Please bring it with you. You may open it when you arrive at 8pm tonight, or earlier if you would like to get an early understanding of its effects. The choice is yours!

I hope you enjoy your stay,

Lady R

Cindi placed down the letter and picked at the corners of the orange envelope. Limitation? Bonus? What did that mean?

Cindi did not have patience for games, and she dropped the envelope on the table. What she *did* need was new clothes. She went to the closet wardrobe across from the bed and opened it, finding a variety of dresses and other outfits hung up. She picked through them, and pulled out a long red silk dress that in any other circumstance Cindi absolutely would have worn.

But one sentence in the note had stuck with her; for a starting bonus she had to bare her navel. Cindi tried to push away the thought, and reminded herself that she wasn't here for games, that she had more serious concerns.

But...a win of any kind would feel very good right now. And if that meant getting a bonus at the start of the game...or being able to make use of the labyrinthian facilities longer...

Cindi put back the red dress and searched a little more. Soon she found a two-piece lace bare midriff dress, which consisted of a short-sleeved top and a short sexy skirt. It had been a long time since Cindi had showed this much skin.

Maybe it was time to change things up a bit. Be a little...unpredictable.

An Eye For Trouble

The next to arrive was a woman known as Akari. Like Cindi, the five-foot-five woman also scoped out the lobby to The Oasis as she entered. Her reasons *also* wouldn't be considered normal, but certainly not the life-or-death kind that Cindi had. No, Akari was looking for weaknesses of a different kind; decor not properly fastened, windows that could be climbed through, security cameras with insecure wiring.

Akari collected any information she could on a business practically out of habit now, even if she wasn't going to offer up her services for bidding. Said services were not intended to be used by the places she was researching. Instead, it was for competitors who would appreciate if 'accidents' could befall their business rivals. When Akari saw the alert on her phone from The Oasis, she figured it was as good an excuse as any to do some research.

Checked in, Akari immediately began examining her room. The furniture, the piping, the wiring. It all appeared to have been done with quality, but even quality could be sabotaged. Walking around and examining the space Akari noticed the orange envelope and picked it up first, popping open the flap and pulling out a playing card with a solid orange back.

Holding it up Akari read the block text;

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

"What *have* I gotten myself into?" Akari smiled. The thrill of casing a new prospect had always been something of a turn on, and the petite woman wasn't surprised to feel her lower lips warm up. She squirmed in her body deliciously. This was going to be a *fun* place to disassemble.

She needed to see more of it. But Akari wanted to know more about what she was getting into and picked up the note to see if there was some context for the perverted little card she'd received. It read identically to Cindi's - although of course Akari didn't know that - except for one line;

*If you would like to enjoy a special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following; **you must wear the knee-high latex heels in your wardrobe!***

"Interesting...a dress code," Akari mused to herself. She had arrived in a business jacket, knee-length pencil skirt, blouse, and modest heels. She went over to the wardrobe and opened it, finding inside the items she presumed it was referring to. Picking them up she found that the heels must have been at least five inches high! The latex was thin yet stiff enough to keep the long height of the boots upright - and very shiny.

“Kinky...” Akari grinned. Her pussy was really warm now. This was going to be quite the adventure. She’d brought the perfect dress to have it in.

Akari stripped down, pausing to slowly remove her panties. They were actually damp, something the young woman had only experienced once before. She put a hand to her slit and could feel how moist and hot it was. She giggled, feeling like she was eighteen again and fantasizing about undermining a big strong male CEO’s power.

Inside the shower Akari lathered over her scant A cups, which the padding of her dress would pump up to look like bulging Bs. She ran her fingers across her nice ass which the tight dress would perfectly show off. She touched up her slim legs with her razor, as well as the heart-shaped bush she always kept neatly trimmed.

One never knew what it would take to get behind a locked door. Sometimes you needed to let someone push you up against it.

Out of the shower Akari found that no matter how many times she ran the towel across her pussy it would immediately moisten. Granted, she was feeling *very* horny, but she’d never before stepped out of a shower and so quickly smelled like she needed to get back in. She’d heard of some hotels and amusement parks playing with the oxygen levels in their vents to manipulate how guests felt. She wondered if The Oasis was doing something similar, perhaps with pheromones.

A mechanism pumping chemicals into the air system could be very interesting to screw with.

Akari had intended to wear a black thong beneath the red v-neck backless club dress she picked out. But given how wet she was feeling between the legs, and how saucy that card indicated the evening’s trial game may be, Akari decided to do without them. She slipped the dress on over her head, wiggling her body as she shimmied into the material.

As she did so, Akari’s thighs bumped and squeezed, further inflaming her nether lips. She pulled the hem over her rump and adjusted her tits in the built-in push-up, and then did her hair and make-up - ignoring the burning need in her loins.

Finished in the bathroom, Akari padded over to the end of the bed where she’d unceremoniously dropped the heels. Not wanting to create a wet spot on the back of her dress, she hiked the hem up over her round rear and sat bare-ass on the comforter. She picked up the heels and squirmed into the latex, finding that they were easier to pull on than Akari was expecting. In short order the shiny black material was snapped into place right up to her knee.

The latex was so tight around her feet that Akari could see the contours of her toes, as if they had been vacuum-sealed.

Akari stood up and wobbled for a moment atop the absurd heels. It wasn't her first time in shoes like this, but it always took a moment to adjust. Finding her center of gravity the sexy saboteur took a few confident steps before stopping when she spotted herself in the mirror - her dress was still pulled up, her pussy glistening wetly in the light. Akari shook her head in disbelief that she could forget about something like this and pulled the hem down to its proper place, just under where the curve of her ass met her thighs.

There was time before Akari would have to be at the assigned conference room for the game, so she grabbed her purse and headed for the door. Before she reached it Akari gritted her teeth and took a deep breath. Her womanhood was *really* juicy right now, and so...needy. Akari was afraid she could start dripping down her legs!

Thinking fast she grabbed a few washrags from the bathroom and shoved them in her purse, and Akari finally left the room to look around the hotel for its weaknesses.

Fine And Online

Cassidy was the third player to arrive, and she walked into the lobby fully expecting everyone to know who she was. Much to her dissatisfaction - and concern - no one appeared to notice her. That didn't stop Cassidy from doing a duck-face pucker into her phone and posting a new image to her feed, captioned; *i am arrived @ oasis! Lkng fwd 2 exclusive invited stay! #nofilter*

As she rolled her suitcase across the lobby tiles a few eyes did swing Cassidy's way, most likely because of the strappy black heels, black microskirt, and low hanging loose sleeveless top. It was obvious that her big D breasts were natural as they bounced around atop the shelf bra. Cassidy's tits threatened to leap out of her top, and a nipple had slipped into view here and there.

But the look and the teasing was Cassidy's intent. It was how she'd planned most of her life, ever since becoming the youngest professional cheerleader for the Texas national football team at seventeen.

And then, the day after her eighteenth birthday, that video of her and the quarterback having sex "leaked." The controversy over whether or not she'd been of age at the time ruined his career. Even though she *had* turned eighteen by then, Cassidy allowed the mystery to linger and the media furor catapulted her into semi-national attention.

For three years the busty blonde had managed to make a career out of social media influencing and guesting in various reality television series. But her star had begun to fall, and Cassidy sunk much of her remaining money into producing a last-ditch television vanity project - which the network had just cancelled, shelving the remaining eleven unaired episodes.

Following that announcement Cassidy had lost fifty-seven followers from her feed.

It was *devastating*.

Cassidy needed a win right now, and a free stay in a swanky hotel was a good start.

Checked in and actually happy with her room Cassidy pushed her suitcase towards the closet and flopped onto the bed, hee breasts wobbling atop her ribs and rolling out of her top towards her armpits. Cassidy took out her phone, leaned up a little to roll her tits back into her shirt, arranged her hair around her like cascading wave beneath her, and put a hand to her right breast so it looked like she *might* be playing with her nipple. Cassidy held up the phone and took another selfie; *njoying a moment 2 myself in this fbls rm! #wokeuplikethis*

That done Cassidy sat up and did tweak her nipple, smiling and wiggling her upper body, hummy at the sway of her boobs. She loved free stuff, it was actually a turn on to think her looks

and body could have gotten her all this, and for the moment she let herself enjoy the fortuitousness of the offer that had been texted to her.

Wondering what the participating in the test game entailed, it was then that Cassidy saw the note and orange envelope on the nearby table. Picking it up, the note it read the same as her competitors' did, save for one line;

*If you would like to enjoy a special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following; **the bunny tail thong in your dresser drawer!***

Cassidy laughed and slid open the nearby drawer. Inside was indeed a white string thong, with a fluffy white rabbit's tail stitched to the rear of the elastic. She held it up, quite amused.

It wasn't the kinkiest thing she'd been asked to wear to an event. And it wouldn't even be all that noticeable in the outfit she planned.

Curious about what was in the envelope, Cassidy opened it and read the text;

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

"Huh..." Cassidy muttered. That one was a little crassly blunt for her. She dropped the card on the table with the note, picked up her phone, and went to the bathroom. Inside she slid open the shower door, pulled one side of her top down over her shoulder, and took a very flirty selfie, captioned; *going 2 get clean...or dirty? ;) #metime*

Putting the phone aside Cassidy stripped down and got in the stall. She wanted relax in the spray of hot water, and with a slow and gradual pace lathered up her full tits, which overflowed her palms. Moving downwards she traced the few lines of her abs that Cassidy still retained from her actual cheerleading days. Beyond that was her ass, nicely firm and round but nowhere near as impressive as her chest.

Cassidy was about to start on her long and toned legs when she felt some heat bloom between them. Her pussy was tingling, and before Cassidy could fully understand what was happening she was opening her mouth wide and moaning while her muscles locked up in orgasm.

As the unexpected crash of pleasure faded away Cassidy spit out the shower water that had sprayed into her opened mouth. She gasped, leaning against the tile in her afterglow as she tried to understand what had happened.

Her tits weren't sensitive enough to bring her to climax like that, and she hadn't gotten anywhere near her pussy with her own hands yet.

Why had she so suddenly...?

Confused, but not yet concerned, by what had just gripped her Cassidy quickly finished in the shower, carefully washing away the little sheen of her self-made wetness. She wrapped herself in a towel, her five-foot-seven-form covered nicely by it. Out of the bathroom she opened her suitcase and retrieved her white pump sneakers and the cheerleader outfit she'd had commission; the screen printed crop top reading TEXAS. The matching pleated skirt, striped headband, wristbands, and socks were all *just* legally different from her old Texas team outfit that she could wear it whenever she liked.

Tonight seemed like a good time to break out the hits.

Cassidy slipped on the bunny tail thong and wiggled it over her ass. She took a moment to pet the little cotton fluff tail and laughed. In swift order the rest of her outfit was on, the pleated skirt ending an inch above the bottom curve of her ass, and the crop top designed to squeeze her breasts up and out of the low cut. The back of her skirt was only very slightly tented over the cotton fluff, barely raised any further up the crack of her rear than normal.

Make-up and hair done, Cassidy examined herself in the mirror. She pulled out her phone and snapped a pic of her reflection, adding with it to her feed; *ready 4 the BIG GAME!!! #ready2go*

Happy with her look Cassidy bounded out of the room and into the hallway, deciding that she'd find some salad for dinner. She'd gotten a few steps towards the elevator when another tingle gripped her loins. Cassidy stopped and groaned, bending over and squeezing her thighs together. The hem of her skirt rose up, revealing most of her ass. Cassidy's body shivered as another phantom orgasm washed over her. Needing some sort of physical input she grabbed a breast through the material of her top, and bit her lip to keep from crying out any louder than she already had. One hand shot to the wall to steady herself.

Cassidy's legs were weak and she struggled to stand up as her afterglow released control of her muscles back to her. The faux-cheerleader could smell her post-cum musk, and could feel how the thong had become sticky with her fluids. She held her head as she finally stood straight, and heard a giggle down the hall from her.

Swinging her head towards the sound Cassidy didn't even know which room's door it was she had heard close. Who had seen her crumple up like that? Had they taken a picture of her? Did they know who she was? Had they *tagged* her?

Stumbling towards the elevator Cassidy quickly got out her phone and checked her feed. If she had been identified no one had posted anything yet. She closed her eyes and let out a long sigh of relief, but was startled by the *ding* of the elevator. Getting on, Cassidy examined herself

in the shiny metal walls. She adjusted her top, fixed her hair, and admired the sexy sheen of sweat which had broken out across so much of her visible skin. That all looked quite acceptable.

Another deep breath and Cassidy put her mind in motion - what was causing these random orgasms? *Were* they random? Maybe it had something to do with that card.

When she got to the lobby Cassidy was going to demand some answers.

Green Party

Long before Cassidy had ridden back down the elevator - and shortly after the big bosomed blonde had arrived - the final contestant had grunted her way into the lobby of The Oasis.

Happy to be inside, Daphne removed her sunglasses and swung her enormous backpack off her shoulders and onto the floor. It thudded atop the tile with an accompanying cloud of dust that would be expected from the weight of a bag holding enough supplies to hike from one side of the country to the other - because it was. The exhausted brown-haired woman had started in Santa Maria, California, and had hiked around 400 miles by now over the course of a week.

Having just graduated college with a degree in Environmental Studies, Daphne had thought it would be a character - and career - building boost to hike across the country, studying humanities effects on the land as she went.

Daphne had *seen* a lot of interesting places on her travels so far, but what she had *learned* was that it was possible for all of her body to hurt all of the time. Couches, hostels, and sometimes her single-person tent had given her long-traveled body no ability to recover at all along her trek. When she got a text message saying she could stay in a five-star hotel for free her body practically forced her to RSVP.

The casino probably wasn't very green - an irony given that it was called The Oasis, Daphne thought - but at the moment it was indeed a literal oasis for her muscles and bones. Checked in and stepping into her room Daphne again dropped her bag - followed by her clothes. More dust from the road shook from Daphne's hair and her silver tank top as she lifted and pulled it off, her B-cup breasts bouncing free. A clear line of caked dirt across her bust marked where her skin had and hadn't been exposed to the air of the road.

Terrified of spreading her dust cloud onto any of the clean, fancy furniture, Daphne immediately went into the bathroom, massaging her sore chest as she went. She sat on the toilet and tore off her hiking boots and socks, tossing them out of the room. Daphne paused to massage the calluses that were forming on her poor feet. She let out a long sigh - it was good to have those boots off. The cold tile actually felt soothing against her sore and sweaty toes.

Telling herself she had to move on with things, Daphne undid the buttons and zipper of her shorts and pushed them and her panties down to her ankles in one swift motion. She flexed her thick ass and thighs as she kicked the clothing over to where she had tossed the boots.

Daphne could feel the thick layer of dirt across her body. She didn't even want to touch and feel her own skin as she held out her arms and stepped into the shower. Daphne turned on the

water full blast and didn't even care that the first few moments were ice cold - they were wet, and she could feel the caked grime flowing from her form.

As the water turned warm Daphne rotated in the spray, finally unwrapping one of the hotel-provided soap bars and lathering herself up. Her generous hips and full ass, compared to her sore B cup breasts, gave her a short and slight pear shape that she'd always been comfortable with. She only now remembered that her brown locks were pulled back in a ponytail, and she undid it so she could rinse out her hair.

If it was possible for one person to use up the hot water in a state-of-the-art Las Vegas hotel Daphne probably could have done it, but as she washed off the third lather of soap she reminded herself that saving water saved the whales. She reluctantly shut off the valve, grabbed one towel for her hair and another for her body, and took one last deep breath of the wonderful warm wet air of the bathroom before going out into the main part of her hotel room. The chill of the temperature controlled room cause Daphne's nips to go hard even under the towel.

As she rubbed dry her hair Daphne wandered over to the window that gave her a great view of Las Vegas. The young graduate didn't really know anything about the city - only that what happened here stayed here. She didn't know if she was looking at the strip, an old or new part of the city, or how much more there was that she couldn't see.

But the lights were pretty and the architecture was amazing and it was all horrible for the environment and the animals who actually needed darkness at night time.

Daphne was torn.

Deciding she didn't want to literally face her indecision Daphne turned around and spotted the note and orange envelope on the table. She read through the note, which read the same as the other three that had been found earlier that evening, save for one line;

*If you would like to enjoy a special starting bonus for tonight's game round, please dress according to the following; **paint your finger and toe nails gold with the polish in your dresser drawer!***

Daphne tapped the invite in her hands for a moment. Painting herself gold seemed awfully gaudy.

On the other hand, if she didn't get that game bonus and it meant an early loss, she could find herself back on the road quite quickly. Daphne didn't like that idea - or, more specifically, her muscles ached just at the possibility of a quick exit. She'd been without comfort for too long, and there was so much of it here.

And she hadn't even tried the bed yet!

Daphne found the polish and flopped into a chair, sighing contentedly at how the overstuffed cushions cradled her. She deftly polished all ten nails, wiggling them and giggling at the golden garishness of it all.

Once the polish had dried Daphne got up and opened the wardrobe. As she browsed through one over-the-top design after another a little of the zeal that had driven her to take up environmental studies returned; where was the material sourced from? Had the workers who mass produced the outfits been paid fairly? What non-profits did the income from sales benefit?

Daphne looked down at the gold glinting from her fingers. It would be easy to let herself get lost in this superficial world. She wanted to take a break and enjoy it, not be taken by it. She closed the doors on the clothing and went over to her bag. Out of it she pulled a simple grey tank top and brown shorts - although these were much shorter than the knee-length ones she'd worn while hiking.

Both towels were draped up so they would dry for reuse later, and Daphne pulled on the tanktop. She'd foregone a bra - her tits were still tender from being in her sports bra for so long, and this was Vegas! Being a little nippy under her top was probably the *least* salacious thing in a fifty mile radius! And the cold air had certainly provided her with a pair of very stiff headlight.

Daphne did put on some panties under her shorts, whose hems stopped just a few inches beyond her impressive ass. She did her hair and some simple make-up, then went back to her bag.

There was no way she was going to put her feet back in those boots, especially not with her toenails painted for the first time in a month. Daphne fished out a simple pair of foam sandals with a soft fabric thong that slipped between her toes. She wiggled her little digits happily, and was interrupted by the grumble of her stomach.

Daphne was about to leave for the buffet when she remembered about the mysterious orange envelope. She picked it up and walked out of the room to the elevator. As the bell rang and the doors opened Daphne pulled out the orange-backed playing card and read it to herself;

Sweet Release: Your breasts will constantly produce honey.

"Better than bothering the bees for it I guess..." Daphne muttered, returning the card to the envelope and pocketing it. Daphne heard another gurgle from her body, and put a hand to her stomach - not realizing it had actually come from deep within her boobs.

Getting On With It

Cindi smiled as she locked the last piece of her sniper rifle into place. She'd taken it apart, cleaned it, and put everything back together in record time. The whole process had been very comforting, and had been helpful towards calming her mind. For Cindi, it was a meditative process, like a tea ceremony.

She put the weapon back in its case, replaced the magazines and old clothes over it, and locked it shut. The hotel bed had a solid base meaning Cindi could not hide the case underneath it, so she had to make do with propping it up in the closet. She walked back over to the bed, where the pistol and its thigh holster lay.

Turning towards the mirror Cindi pulled the holster up her left leg. Because the hem of the skirt was so short her had to shift it a little higher than normal, which squeezed her leg slightly uncomfortably. With the holster in place and the pistol slipped in Cindi grimaced. She looked fine - *fine*, even, despite her scars being visible in the midriff-baring outfit - but the discomfort made her wonder if she really needed to put up with the pinching. It was unlikely that anyone had yet figured out where she was.

No, that sort of thinking, *that* kind of unpredictability, was the kind that would get her killed.

Checking the time Cindi saw that 8pm was quickly approaching. She'd have time to grab something quickly from the buffet if she moved fast. Heading to the door Cindi snapped her fingers and turned around - she'd almost forgotten about the envelope. She grabbed it off the table and went out to the elevator lobby.

Tapping the call button with one hand, Cindi popped open the envelope with the other. The elevator dinged, and the dangerous woman read the orange-backed card as she stepped on.

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.

Cindi scowled at the gross little statement. She crumpled up the envelope and slipped the card into her top. She took a deep breath and sighed, but her body instantly went on the defensive when a elevator stopped. This wasn't the ground floor.

The doors opened and a thin woman dressed in a slutty two-piece toga costume was standing on the other side. She was adjusting her outfit with one hand which also held a small waitressing tray. The other free hand was patting at her short brunette hair. It was clear that she'd styled her little waves and set them with product that morning, and *some* recent activity had just tussled them about.

The woman blushed as she stepped onto the elevator, and Cindi could smell a muskiness follow her. She had on black blocky heels that clonked on the hard floor of the lift. Cindi's new companion continued to fidget with herself as the doors dinged close. It had become clear that she was some sort of employee of the hotel/casino, and her scant outfit was a themed uniform. A name tag was now visible among the toga top's folds that read MAXI.

"A guest asked to have a boxed lunch brought up to her room," the woman offered up awkwardly all on her own. There was a pause and then she brought a hand up to her face to suppress a giggle, like she'd just found something funny. Then she sniffed her hand and quickly threw it behind her back.

"It is good to know that there is room service."

Cindi spoke only so that she could, hopefully, conclude the awkwardness and discourage the woman from further engaging her.

It didn't work.

"So what brings you to The Oasis?" the Maxi asked, turning more in Cindi's direction, "Bachelorette party? Convention? Bad break up? Or..." The woman gave Cindi's outfit a look up and down and then she winked at her, "...maybe a professional companion?"

Cindi raised an eyebrow. What was taking this elevator so long?

"It's okay, this is Vegas!" the server exclaimed gleefully, throwing her arms up into the air, "Anything goes here!"

A long sigh eased out of the assassin.

"Yeah, I'm a professional...*companion*."

A little tingle gave Cindi goosebumps all across her skin, and she found her eyes drawn to Maxi in a way the straight woman hadn't found herself examining a woman like before. The server was of slight build, gentle slopes just the lightest evidence of breasts beneath her fetish-fuel uniform. Cindi now noticed that Maxi's nips were hard, difficult to notice under the draping of the fabric across her chest.

A trim stomach was visible beneath the top, just the slightest yummy curve beneath Maxi's belly button. Her hips flared out slightly within the toga's lower cloth, and a tight tiny rear did little to push out the fabric beyond the small of Maxi's back. Her legs were short but slim, and nicely shaped by the heels.

Cindi found her eyes travelling back up to Maxi's chest, searching for her stiff nubs. The hardened killer found herself wondering how they'd taste, how they'd feel between her lips, how

sensitive they were, if it would take Maxi long to cum from being suckled, what the petite woman's face would look like shuddering with-

DING!

The stop of the elevator took Cindi's eyes to the control panel to check what floor they were on, and when she saw it was 1 she looked back to Maxi. The server was blushing and smiling, not only well aware of the check-out she was getting but unquestionably into it.

"I'm on call through 2 am, sweetie," Maxi smiled as she strutted through the opening elevator doors, "All you need to do is call and order a boxed dinner."

Cindi was so enraptured by Maxi's little ass and then confused about what had just happened to her that she almost let the door close her in. She jumped out of the elevator and landed amidst the din of the casino's first floor. Cindi was actually sweating lightly, her body flushed. She managed to push the vision of Maxi's enraptured face out of her mind for a moment, focusing on where to find the buffet.

Between that lovely waitress' legs...

Again Cindi had to shake away this impulse to pleasure a woman. She'd never found herself interested in the fairer sex before. She pushed away the need even further and went to find some actual food to sate her stomach. But she couldn't banish the desire to nibble Maxi's nipples entirely from the recesses of her mind.

Across the casino Akari was wobbling atop her latex boots. It wasn't from the height of the heel, but the heat of her hooch. She'd been making her way through the poker and blackjack tables trying to find points of attack, but she'd been so distracted by her horniness that Akari had made no useful observations.

She hadn't even yet noticed that she was grinding the corner of a handrail against her panty-less groin.

Aghast, Akari stepped back when she realized what she was doing. A quick glance at her dress confirmed her copious dampness hadn't stained through the material - yet.

Checking her phone Akari saw that game time was approaching. Deciding she should eat something before the game she went to the buffet. She swiped her key card and picked up some light things, some slices of cheese, sliced turkey breast, and an apple and a banana.

Akari picked a booth and, making sure no one could see, pulled up the rear hem of her dress as she sat down and placed a few unfolded paper napkins over her lap. Her bare ass stuck to the vinyl cushion as she settled in, and Akari was immediately glad that she'd pulled her dress

away. The moment she'd sunk into the seat she could feel her juices dripping down and collecting along her thigh.

Akari rapped her left-hand fingers on the table as she shoved her quick dinner into her mouth. She was normally so particular about how she ate, but the buzzing between her thighs...it had her off balance. She had to do something about it.

Finished with the meat and cheese she reached for the banana, and as Akari was about to peel it she stopped. Her hands explored the girth and curve of it, lingering on the corners between its sides. She *couldn't*. It was so beneath her, such a joke. But...if she could get her focus back...

The vinyl creaked as Akari started to get out of the booth, her intent to take her nature born toy to the restroom. But as her inflamed labia dragged across the stiff surface of the seat Akari's body was taken with sexual heat and she found herself plopping back down on her ass. Her breathing was ragged.

She needed relief *now*.

Akaria gathered up her napkins and tried to subtly bring the banana beneath the table. She shoved it under the paper cover and pushed the brown nub of the tropical fruit against her dribbling lower lips. Akari sucked in through her teeth as she carefully slipped the banana inside of her pussy, trying to hold herself open as much as she could - the last thing she needed to so was crush this thing within her.

"Oh...oh..." quietly bubbled out of Akari as she filled her weeping canal. Her free hand gripped the table and the muscles of her belly and some across her body made small contractions as she began to slide the makeshift dildo in and out of herself. She clenched the stem husk tightly, and as she took more and more of its length with each stroke Akari pushed out one knuckle to drive against her red hot clit.

She wasn't yet a dozen pumps in when Akari felt the orgasm getting close. It was going to be big, and the sultry saboteur jammed the apple into her mouth so that she wouldn't scream out amidst the other buffet patrons.

But that didn't keep Akari's body from spasming and jumping as the orgasm washed over her. Her eyes shut tight and her hands locked up, and Akari's clenching pussy started to crush the banana. Fortunately, without her grip to keep it in place, she pushed the fruit from her loins before it could burst, landing with a wet splat on the floor between Akari's heels.

After another second of twitching Akari finally started to come down. Her eyes fluttered open and she was taking deep breaths. She looked around and found that the few people who

seemed to be suspicious of what she was doing didn't really care, moving on with their casino activities. Akari took a moment to collect herself before standing, using the paper napkins to dry herself off as quickly as possible.

Inching out of the booth she pushed the hem of her dress back down and fully stood up. Akari took stock of herself. Her pussy was *still* wet and horny, but her mind was clearer. For the moment she was ready to play the game whose starting time was nearly upon her, and Akari decided to head towards Conference Room 2B.

Cassidy was incensed.

While the managers at the front desk had acted sympathetic to her complaints and desire to know more about what she was there for, the odd pair had offered no answers beyond stock responses, "That is above us, we just arrange for the rooms. You'll have to ask the representative in Conference Room 2B when the time comes."

Cassidy wasn't accustomed to having practically no leverage over an establishment to get her way. She was staying there for free on their dime. She'd signed a Non-Disclosure Agreement when she checked in - it wasn't worth posting about and risking getting sued. The irritated woman was also aware that she was dressed in a revealing cheerleader costume with her tits pushed up - not the best outfit for a "take me seriously" rant.

But what had actually gotten Cassidy to step away from the front desk - or more precisely, *wobble* - was when she felt yet another phantom orgasm begin to take hold of her. She could feel herself blush and start to sweat, her breathing ragged as she excused herself and walked slightly bow-legged into the dollar slots floor.

Her teeth gritted tightly, Cassidy stumbled onto the first stool she could find. Her pussy was twitching beyond her control. Cassidy wanted so badly to grab one of her tits or shove her hand down her skirt to give herself some tactile feedback paired with the empty orgasm bubbling up within her, but she could not risk appearing so lewd in such a public space.

Instead the heaving woman gripped the pull-arm of the slot machine. The casino had long gone digital and the arm was pure aesthetic and affixed upward. Cassidy's fingers squeezed and carressed the knob at the top of the arm as she leaned forward and braced herself by the SPIN buttons with her other hand. The phaux-cheerleader spread her legs and tried to grind her drooling pussy against the pleather of the stool, but the surface was too flat. Her bunny tail panties provided no help.

Cassidy could not resist pulsing her body forward a few times, rolling her back as the boil of bliss bubbled over her.

“Yes...yes...fuck...yes...” hissed out of her.

Deep breaths followed as Cassidy’s orgasm-wracked muscles finally relaxed, and she released her tight and sore grips on the slot machine. She slowly leaned back, her eyes closed. She let out another breath and brought up her hands to pull back the hair she could feel had shifted out of place.

“What did you win?”

Cassidy’s eyes popped open and she looked towards the source of the voice. It was a pleasant looking old woman who had peered around from the other side of the line of machines. Cassidy realized she must have been voicing her reaction to the unexpected pleasure louder than she had thought.

“Oh, uh, nothing. I just...misread the symbols,” Cassidy sputtered.

“Oh. Okay.” The woman replied, disappointment in her voice. As her face vanished back behind the slot machine Cassidy felt some rage building up. How dare she be dismissed like that? Cassidy nearly began cursing out how she’d just “won” and orgasm out of nowhere. But she caught herself, and pulled back her anger. She checked her phone. Cassidy didn’t have time to pick a fight over...whatever it was that had really gotten her tiled up.

She had just enough time to grab a snack and get to the conference room.

Peeling herself off the stool Cassidy made her way to the buffet. She grabbed a pre-made fruit salad and got in line to swipe her keycard. As she stood there she wondered if anyone could smell her sex juices wicked through the white underwear she’d worn for the game. She could feel the little rabbit tale pushed against her ass thanks to the weight of the skirt.

And then Cassidy felt her pussy start to quiver again - another orgasm coming on. The wobbly woman grabbed at the tray shelf along the check-out line to steady her knocking knees. She squeezed her thighs as tight as she could, and tried to keep her eyes open so she would not be left behind in the line.

She sucked in her lips and bit at them, letting out only a tiny “*Mmm...*” as her body resonated from another ghostly ‘gasm. She could see her push-up breasts shaking and threatening to pop out of her top as Cassidy did all she could to keep from screaming out. Once again, regardless of her public situation, Cassidy couldn’t touch herself or do anything to really enjoy the sensation crashing over her.

The person ahead of her stepped forward and Cassidy teetered awkwardly after them, her thighs still locked together as she came. She released her lips and gave into the deep breaths her lungs desperately needed. She blinked rapidly and slowly took larger and larger steps towards the cashier, one hand limping dragging along the tray shelf. The other had almost crushed the thin plastic fruit container.

In a fog Cassidy swiped her room key and walked away from the buffet. Only after about twelve paces had she fully recovered. Her skin was a deep red, the “cheerleader” completely humiliated, thinking that there was no way she’d just kept her onset orgasm hidden in front of so many people.

Her sexuality may have been on display for many years to advance her career, but Cassidy had arranged all of that carefully on her own terms and calculated it to best advance her desires. These uncontrolled orgasms had no one she could blame them on or could plan for.

As Cassidy marched towards Conference Room 2B, her skin still warm from shame, she ripped off the top of the fruit salad and realized she’d forgotten a fork. Petrified by the thought of going *back* into the buffet, and completely at the end of her patience, Cassidy shoveled the fruit chunks into her mouth by hand as she stomped onwards, juices dribbling through her fingers and over her chin...and, unrelatedly, down her thighs.

Nothing unusual had befallen Daphne between leaving her room and arriving at the buffet. She barely noticed that she had to peer just a *little* further beyond her breasts as she piled lettuce and olives and tomatoes and other salad fixings onto her tray. For a brief moment Daphne was aware that her nipples were *so* much harder and pointier than usual, but she chalked that up to the slightly brisk temperature of the casino - even though her breasts felt quite warm.

Walking from the cashier to an empty table Daphne still did not notice how her tits had gotten slightly heavier, and that their bra-less bounce was not as pronounced. It was only after Daphne had seated herself and eaten a few fork-fulls of her meal when her hand brushed the side of her right breast and she thought, *That’s odd, I don’t normally bump my boobs when I eat.*

Now aware that something was off, the other odd sensations became more apparent to Daphne. She put down her fork and leaned back in her chair, trying to recall how far forward her tits had stuck out when she left her room. She bounced a little in her seat and felt the extra weight pull at her back now, but only after significantly shifting her body.

Curiosity about what was happening overwhelmed Daphne’s concern about being seen by those around her. She brought up her hands and gave her chest a little squeeze from either side. Daphne let out a mew as she felt something pleasantly expel from her nipples. She could see the material stretched over her hard nubs darken slightly.

Instantly *very* aware of where she was, Daphne passed her left arm across her chest to hide the moisture spots. She swiftly jammed the rest of the salad into her mouth, and quickly walked to the bathroom. She could feel her tightening tits pulling and shifting in unfamiliar ways behind her arm as she went. Daphne's moist nipples tapped her arm now and then, and the splotched material stuck hold briefly before being knocked away with each bounce of her step.

Inside the bathroom Daphne waited a moment for another woman to leave before she rushed to a sink with a mirror over it and pulled up her shirt. Her nipples were practically glued to the peeling material, being tugged upwards before releasing with a little snap of stretched skin.

Daphne's mouth was a agape. Her tits were much rounder than they'd been before, and clearly a few centimeters fuller...of something. With her shirt pulled up Daphne again squeezed her chest and was again rewarded with a *very* pleasant sensation. She saw the tips of her nipples dilate, and big, warm drops of golden goo oozed from them.

Her hands shaking, Daphne wiped the thick dollops from her nips and brought each sticky hand to her nose.

It smelled like...honey.

And with a trepidatious lick Daphne confirmed that it also tasted like honey.

The sweets-filled woman wanted to...*milk?*...out more of it, as she could feel her tits swiftly refilling what she'd just squeezed free. But as she went to wash off her hands Daphne heard the bathroom door open and she quickly grabbed her shirt and pulled it back down over her exposed breasts. In the process the honey still on her fingers smeared across it, and the material now stuck to her ribs. A drunken bridal party had burst in.

Daphne knew she needed to leave. She threw an arm over her nipples and pushed her way out of the partying women and back into hallway that had led her to the women's room. Once outside the door Daphne tried to lick the rest of the stickiness off her hands, but had to wipe the stubborn remainder of it off onto her shorts. For a moment she thought about how gross she must look, with her shirt stained all over with dark splotches - two of which were directly centered over her still-hard nips.

This was exactly the reaction the orange card had spoken of. Daphne didn't want to believe there was causation, but this was *very* convincing correlation. Determined to find out some answers she made her way to Conference Room 2B.

Why I've Called You All Here

Cindi was the first to arrive at Conference Room 2B. Despite all the fuss that had been about it, the room was absolutely unremarkable. Plain white walls with posters for the casino's shows and events framed every few feet surrounded large metal tables and stacked chairs. There were no windows, which Cindi was thankful for.

By the door a fair simple folded felt sign was placed, with white plastic letters pushed into it;

THANKS FOR COMING, PLEASE TAKE A SEAT AND PUT DOWN ORANGE CARD

An E was lying on the floor by the base of the sign's stand. Cindi left it there.

The assassin first paced the room to check for any blind spots she hadn't noticed from the doorway, and confirmed that the room was simply four walls and door. It meant The Rose could not sneak up on her - but it also meant that there was nowhere else for Cindi to go if confronted.

Satisfied with her scan of the room Cindi turned her attention towards a square table that had been placed in the center of the space. Four chairs - framed by metal rodding with thick fabric and padding stretched across the seat and back - were the only ones not in a stack. They were placed at each side of the table.

Cindi pulled out the chair facing the doorway and sat down. She took a deep breath and sighed. With nothing more to do her mind wandered, and imagined pulling up Maxi's shirt so that Cindi could wrap her lips around those tasty nubs and-

The sound of footsteps from the hallway snapped Cindi out of her daydream. She fidgeted in the chair, squeezing her thighs against her wetted lower lips. The assassin straightened her back and watched for the approaching person.

Daphne's entrance betrayed how self-conscious she was about her shirt. Both arms were up and across her chest, but not pulled against her. Daphne had discovered that her breasts had become so full, tight, and tender with honey that even pushing down against her nipples caused more honey to expel - like pushing down on a soap dispenser.

The sweet-filled rack had gained another couple centimeters in girth since Daphne had left the buffet. The environmentalist figured she had probably shifted up from a B to a C cup, and was thankful she didn't have to deal with the discomfort of an ill-fitting bra. But at this point her shirt was beginning to get tight around her gooey bosom.

Cindi gave an analytical scan over Daphne's skin-tight tank top, form-hugging brown shorts, and sandals. It was unlikely that woman was hiding anything in her ponytail. Cindi was at

first concerned that Daphne was hiding something behind her arms, but realized she was trying to obscure some sort of stain.

“Did you spill something on your top?” Cindi could not keep herself from trying to confirm her suspicion.

“Uh, yes, I guess. Yes,” Daphne replied awkwardly. Out of habit she extended a hand as she introduced herself, shifting the crooked arm to maintain the coverage of her shirt, “My name’s Daphne. And you are...?”

“Cindi.” The assassin took Daphne’s hand, and they both instantly felt the stickiness of Daphne’s palm. Daphne yanked it back, embarrassed, and shoved it under an armpit.

“Sorry, got some honey on myself...from my salad.”

Cindi wiped her hand on the back of her chair.

“Don’t worry, it doesn’t bother me,” Cindi lied. Having her hands clean and predictable when she handled any potential weapon was important.

A tingle flushed over Cindi once again, and suddenly she felt her eyes go to Daphne’s obscured chest. She really wanted the woman to move her hands away, so Cindi could get a better look at what appeared to be some *very* hard nipples.

“I’m glad to hear that,” Daphne sighed and she sat down. She’d picked the chair directly across from Cindi, which blocked her view of the door.

But it did put those delightfully round tits directly into easy view.

Cindi heard Daphne slip off her sandals under the table, and sighed at the idea of someone going barefoot in a public conference room.

“So, what do you do when you’re *not* testing mysterious games for a free room in Vegas?” Daphne asked, trying to grin casually. She was blushing a little. Partially just from being embarrassed about the look of her blotched top.

But she did fancy the ladies as well as lads, and a strong-but-silent type in a revealing skirt and top with a nice set of breasts had her feeling warm in all sorts of places. Daphne wanted to know more about this woman would be spending an unknown amount of time with.

Cindi, on the other hand, was trying to push out of her heads just such thoughts. Annoyed that she’d once again opened up the potential for small talk, Cindi responded with the most boring sounding thing she could think of.

“I’m a career business analyst. I’m out here for the convention.”

A much stronger tingle washed over Cindi.

Cindi

Mob assassin

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

Height: 5’11”

Cup Size: C

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

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

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: normal

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!

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

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

Costume Theme: Playboy bunny

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

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.

Costume Theme: Golden Girl

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