

GAMBLER'S GAMBIT

JUNE REQUEST STORY

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"Ninjutsu Blackjack? Is this like strip poker?" Two ninja sat around a small table. The first was Naruto Uzumaki, up and coming Ninja of the Leaf and hokage wannabe. The second was Jiraiya, Sannin and the owner of the fair shack they were competing in. The old man had seemingly had a 'great idea' and had sat the two down with a deck of cards, but Naruto himself hadn't been sure of what to make of it.

"Hm... Kind of. You know what the rules for Blackjack are, Naruto?" Lighting a second torch, the man turned his attention back to his student. Honestly it just had been a game to pass to time, but he could really have some fun with this if he played his cards right. Literally.

"Is this the one where if you get over 21 you win?" This was quite the fundamental misunderstanding about the game, one that could have been easily fixed with a good-natured reminder.

"Exactly." But... Jiraiya wasn't feeling good-natured that night. The last he'd had a good look at a woman was a long time ago now, and his old, thirsty ass wanted a drink. **"Basically, the deck we'll be playing with will be a special one. Every time you win, they're cast with a ninjutsu that will gradually change you into something else. It's pretty harmless in the end, the effects only last a few days."** He was being oddly vague, but only because he knew Naruto wouldn't question it much more deeply than that.

In fact the two of them were cut from the same cloth. Naruto was having the exact same idea. *I'm gonna turn him into a hot chick!* **"Alright deal! Now you should... deal."** The two had already taken their seats across the table from one another in

the dimly lit room, both perverts looking to make prey out of their opponent. But it wasn't an even game, not at all. Jiraiya had left the boy's fundamental misunderstanding of the rules clouded for personal game. Even if they weren't in mutual understanding of the rules, the cards enforced them.

"22! Aha! I win!" The boy shouted on the first hand, earning a smirk from his opponent. But how did the payoff work exactly, the boy wondered. Was it as simple as imagining it? He supposed the first change would have to be a simple one, getting rid of the more unsightly bits to make the rest of the changes more pleasant... was the same thought Jiraiya had.

Naruto suddenly keeled over in his chair, eyes popping wide out of his head as hands shot to his crotch. A sudden pain had erupted, no, *withdrawn* there and he felt an unusual absence in his loins. That was of course because his dick had jumped in, leaving fresh pussy lips with gently cut pubes atop them. Pubes that were a less intense blonde than the hair atop his head. **"What the hell!? I won though, right!?"**

"Huh, that's weird." Jiraiya straight lied, stroking his chin. **"Maybe something was wrong with one of the cards. I'll look at it a little later. For the time being let's see how things keep panning out."**

The pain subsided, Naruto looked dejected a moment. At least the changes were temporary, and he was used to having no dick thanks to his Oiroke no Jutsu. **"Fine."** Another few cards were drawn and Naruto sat at... 28. **"I win again!"** But did he *really* win again? No, not by a long shot.

There was no pain that accompanied the next change, but rather a tingling that felt like a gentle massage across Naruto's face. The whisker-like markings upon his cheeks were the first to be sacrificed to new form as skin became fairer and the general shape of his face became more angular. Yet while his skin was becoming fairer, lighter in tone, it was hard to completely see that age had begun to beset his features. Signs of forming crow's feet around the corners of his eyes grew noticeable as skin smoothed, bright baby blues become rich with brown and orange tones.

Lip quivered a moment as it settled into a much more plumper shape even as the boy was talking. **"Huh? Is it doing something to me again?"** Even as he spoke however his voice grew largely more feminine, his goofy and lovable tone making way for an unintentionally more serious manner of speech. Nostrils flared a moment before they too regressed, brows arching thinner above his eyes just in time for the Strength of a Hundred Seal to appear in the center of his forehead. He was undoubtedly looking more and more like the current Hokage of Konohagakure, Tsunade.

But changes were meant to take his entire head, and blonde hair that peaked over his headband begun to grow not only longer but finer as well. Hairs thinned in size yet grew in number as they began to part naturally around the boy's forehead. In the

back, spikes became a way of the past as all flattened to better suit his new facial structure while leaving rounder ears exposed on either side of his head. His body of hair grew thicker, heavier, but at the same time neck muscles adjusted to accommodate this weight even as it parted into a pair of tails behind him.

Jiraiya admired his handiwork for a moment, before realizing Naruto hadn't entirely noticed yet. **"What? No, you're normal. I mean... GAH! My balls!"** Some fancy theatrics were intended to throw the boy off the scent, and fortunately for him while Naruto was intelligent when he wanted to be, that wasn't always the case.

"Hm... Okay. Hit me." Tsunade's sweet voice resounded from the boy's fat lips, which turned into a frown. This was all seeming very fishy somehow. Another set of cards brought him way over 21, up to 30, and Naruto declared his victory yet again.

Yet of course it was *still* Jiraiya's victory, and in this case the same tingling from before hit his lower body. From his waist down he began to feel... *bloated?* It was merely a misconception born from how his body began to strain against his own clothing. He shuffled in his seat as an uncomfortable *POP* rung out from his hips, which strained against the hem of his orange pants and ultimately popped the button off, sending it ricocheting off the table between them with a *CLACK*.

There was a noticeable gap between his legs now, pussy alone for only a brief moment before the skin around each leg began to crawl as if tiny insects were walking all over them. This was merely fat adding volume to the limbs as thighs ballooned against the orange, straining them to the point that minor tears began to take shape across the integrity of the lower garments. This was accentuated even further as his ass swelled and pants slid downward with insufficient size to accommodate larger, firmer cheeks. Ass crack was ultimately *hardly* hidden as it muffin-ed over the receding pant and boxer line.

But neither his legs nor his ass swelled solely with fat. Beneath the jiggliness of it all were muscles that had grown larger and more accomplished, a set that would readily serve the Hokage of Konohagakure and the bearer of the Strength of a Hundred Seal. Not even Naruto's feet were spared, and as bones cracked and toes crunched inward footwear barely rested on each surface properly.

It was very fortunate that a long time ago, Jiraiya had altered the perceptive ability of the jutsu imbued in the cards. The more the victim was affected the less they'd be bothered by it, a trait he added after realizing most people would notice and walk away after a few changes had taken place. Though it had bitten him in the ass once or twice as well. **"How're ya feeling, Naruto? Want to keep at it?"** He asked idly, knowing the answer. He could perceive the boy's womanly thighs popping out over either side of the chair, but the boy himself hadn't seemed to notice.

"I'm fine!" Came the quick response. **"But why aren't you changing? I've won like 4 times now!"**

“Dunno. Maybe the cards aren’t working right. Anyways, next hand?” It would be the final set played between Naruto and Jiraiya, since only the boy’s torso remained unchanged. Naruto, intent on winning, kept calling until he had an impressive 40 on the table. Impressive because of how badly he’d actually *lost*.

The changes were prompt this time as tingling overcame hands, arms, stomach, and chest. Shoulders crunched painfully inwards, bringing the ninja to wince a little before pretty eyes fluttered open once more. Fingers? They grew longer and just subtly bonier as nails at the end of each finger lengthened into a manicure. Arm hair was removed as change crept up either arm, muscles firming to better suit his new form while also sporting a feminine sponginess to their design.

Stomach clipped inwards to help lay the basis for a new hourglass figure as the arch of Naruto’s back became more slanted to better ramp out to the big butt cheeks behind him. The tone of his tummy changed, navel less prominent against a feminine six pack, but of course the dramatic of changes would be told around his bosom.

It began as an itchy feeling around his nipples as they hardened dramatically, their diameter expanding as skin darkened across his areola. Nearly a pair of coins in size, they were suddenly forced outward as fat began to self produce beneath them, expanding outward to form a base that would quickly balloon against the material of his jacket and begin to force his zipper downward. In fact, the larger they grew, the quicker the zipper was forced to move downward. A-cups, B-cups, mounds of flesh shimmering from sweat grew visible beneath the space the zipper allowed, their growth on accentuated by Naruto’s heavy breathing. The zipper receded as low as his navel before it was all down, a pair of F-cups (*at least*) heaving atop his torso and eclipsing his stomach below.

Jiraiya could only whistle while admiring this goddess in the disheveled clothing of his protege. Naruto had, of course, seemed very confused about all of this for a moment. Yet... clarity suddenly took his eyes. *Her* eyes. Tsunade’s personality and memory set in, an unplanned side effect. She glanced down at her body. All seemed to be as it was supposed to, but the clothes...

“Did you really turn poor Naruto into me? Or I suppose I’m still Naruto technically.” It was confusing, but she recognized the cards being played. She crossed arms beneath her breasts, their huge forms jiggling upwards as a grin played across her lips. **“I’m not sure what you were planning to do, but *my* deal now. I’m sure you have no objections if you lose? You’ll make a cute Sakura.”**

Shit.