

# Bad Hand

By Fox Face

Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

*Darrell is on his last legs. His debts are mounting, but his addiction to high-stakes card games is something he just can't quit, even though most venues have banned him. Thankfully, he's been given directions to a new underground gambling establishment called The Bad Hand. But this game is unlike any other. The stakes aren't the money you put down, but instead far more 'physical' assets.*

## Bad Hand, Part 1

This had to be the place. Darrell checked the note he'd been slipped after getting banned from the only remaining casino in town.

*34 Decker St., Down the stairs beneath the smiling gargoyle. Knock 3 times and say that 'Frank sent me.'*

Darrell shrugged. If it was a hoax, it was a hoax, but he'd been banned from every other table in the state he owed so much money, and his addiction needed to be fed. Darrell didn't need to gamble; he had a well-paying but boring office job in finance, and he'd been happily married for five years; though the happy part was likely because his wife had never found out about his 'habit.' He was a little shorter than average, but had a bulky body with impressive strength, a respectable goatee, and short dark brown hair.

"Just one win is all I need, then I'll quit," he muttered, and he stepped down the stairs towards the heavy green metal door. He followed the instructions to the letter.

"Who sent you?" came a burly voice from the other side, the door slit opening to reveal two dark eyes.

"Frank sent me," Darrell replied.

The door slid open, revealing a tall, dark-skinned bouncer in a professional suit.

"Come on in," he said with a welcoming smile, gesturing down the hall, "and welcome to The Bad Hand."

Darrell entered, still a little wary. The hallway was lit by a single globe, and the understreet structure didn't look too sanitary. A red door with the same title - *The Bad Hand* - was at the other end.

“What are you waiting for?” the man asked. “The next game is about to start. You’re just in time; the stakes are meant to be juicy. We have Lady Carlyle visiting. Things are always exciting with her.”

Darrell turned, astonished. He’d heard of Lady Carlyle. She was a beautiful but reclusive woman who was one of the most accomplished poker players in the world. Darrell gave the man a nod of thanks and moved ahead, opening the door on the other side of the hallway.

The room on the other side of the door was a stark contrast to the dingy hallway that led to it. Perfume and fine cigar scents filled the air, greeting his nostrils, as did a slight red tinge to the old fashion lights that hung overhead. The room looked like an old-fashioned speakeasy; there was a fine mahogany bar with white-dressed server pouring vintage whiskey, a relaxing lounge area with warm leather sofas. The carpet was fine, red and intricately patterned, and oil paintings hung on the walls, artist’s depictions of what looked to be previous winners, judging from what he could tell of the year dates and names, though none of them appeared to be smiling. And of course, dominating the centre of the room was a table for eight individuals, most seats currently filled, an ominous deck sitting at the table’s centre. The people sitting at it were a strange mix; some looked rich, others as hounded by debts as him, and some others were odd, buried beneath trench coats or wearing overly tight and revealing clothing.

“Welcome to *The Bad Hand*, Darrell Pipson,” came a thin, reedy voice. The man turned and recognised the one who had slipped him the note in the first place. He was a very short man wearing a tweed suit and a beanie; a strange combination. “My name is Christopher. I’m sure you recognise some of these other players, but some are simply new to our club, like yourself.”

“So, this place was real after all,” Darrell marvelled.

“Indeed, it is real, more real than you can imagine. The wagers here are bigger, more impressive, more . . . unexpected, than elsewhere. We figured you would want to pursue such a course.”

Darrell frowned. “But, there is money involved, right?”

The man shook his head. “We do not gamble money, no.”

“Then forget it! I’ve got debts to pay, and those are the stakes I play.”

He turned to leave, but then Christopher said something very interesting: “The club is prepared to pay your entire debt. Debts, plural, if only you will pay. You will not even have to win. Consider it a first-time welcome.”

The offer nearly stumbled him, but he rebounded. He knew what a gambler’s trap was, even if he’d long fallen into it. “How can you prove this? I’d want guarantees.”

It was then that Lady Carlyle stood. She was a gorgeous woman with raven-dark hair, a substantial bosom hidden beneath her elegant blue dress, and she was surprisingly tall.

“I shall pay your debts right now, Mr Pipson, if only you will sit with us. Lukas, bring me my computer and I shall arrange the transfers.”

Darrell just about fainted when her manservant went and did exactly that. Just twenty minutes later, he was seated at the table alongside the other players, eager to play, and yet oddly nervous about what kind of game this was, where money was no object.

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There were six players including Darrell. One had left, an ordinary-looking man who couldn't cut it. The other five were as follows:

- Mr Wiggins. A rich older man with silver hair and an expensive business suit. He was the source of the cigar smell.
- Mr Newt. An appropriate name; this was the man who fidgeted beneath a trenchcoat, his face barely visible beneath his fedora.
- Mrs Carlyle. The wealthy gambler with beautiful looks and elegant curves, and an icy intelligence. Her skin was porcelain white, and flawless.
- Miss Hope. A young dark-skinned woman in her early twenties with long dyed-blond hair. She had a buxom and curvy figure, and said 'like' a lot. Darrell got the impression she was probably a stripper or something.
- Mr Hopkins. A pudgy man in his mid-forties who sweated nervously, and seemed to be also down on his luck.

And of course, there was Darrell. In his thirties, with thick brown hair and goatee, he cut a fine figure, but his suit was a cheap brown two-piece with an ill-fitting green tie. Still, the table didn't seem to object to his presence, or that of the others.

“So, ah, what's the stakes?” he asked.

Christopher smiled. He was the one that ran the games, the dealer and overseer of the rules. He took the empty seat at the head of the table and began to explain.

“The game is Texas Hold'em, the vintage classic. No alterations to the base rules.”

Darrell looked around the table. “What, that's it? We're just playing poker?”

Lady Carlyle smiled. The trench-coated Newt chuckled softly beneath his coat. Miss Hope just gave a sour expression, shaking her head sadly.

“Not at all!” Christopher continued happily. “For it is the stakes that are most interesting. We do not bet something as base as *money* or *assets* at *The Bad Hand*. Well, we do bet assets in fact, but not as you know them. We do not care for luxury yachts or the

latest Mercedes Benz. We care for *essence*, mental and physical, of the body and mind. We bet traits; a body part here, a pinch of age there, a submissive trait here, a skill there. The only thing we're not allowed to gamble on is our gambling talent, though addiction are always on the table."

Darrell couldn't help but cough a little awkwardly. "I'm sorry, this all sounds a little . . . supernatural. Fake."

Christopher just smiled. "You will see, Mr Pipson. For now, you have already signed the contract to play. And you may yet win. So please, take a seat.

He did so, seated opposite Lady Carlyle and between the coated Newt and sweating Hopkins.

"Very well, everyone, time to deal out. And remember, the stakes are higher than they've ever been. Winner gets to distribute their earnings to themselves and others as they see fit. Weakest hand is allocated what's left. Got it?"

He dealt the cards carefully and professionally. Each took theirs, glancing briefly. There was a tense air in the room, especially for the young Miss Hope and pudgy Hopkins, but Lady Carlyle and the bespoke silver-haired Wiggins were not just calm, but seemingly excited. Darrell recognised that look all too well; they were chasing the thrill of risk, as he had many times. The covered-up Newt was impossible to read beyond his eyes, which were full of fierce concentration.

Darrell lifted his cards, and saw that he had two Aces. An excellent start. Too good, really. It was the kind of hand you wanted later, when things got tense.

"Okay everyone, what are your bids?"

Lady Carlyle spoke first. "A soft bid to start. My lovely ankles, to whoever wants them."

"My taste in fine cigars," Wiggins said. "A soft bet, as you say, my lady."

"Um, my dancing ability, I guess?" Hope said. "Is that how this works?"

"It is," Newt muffled. "I'll go physical. A pair of my breasts."

Darrell squinted. Was Newt female? The voice sounded more male.

"Um, I guess my fat? Is that how this works?"

"It is," Christopher said. "You can wager parts of yourself that you like or don't like, but keep in mind if you *only* do the latter, it may make you a target for other winners to target you with their worst traits also."

The nervous man nodded. Finally, it was Darrell's turn.

"Look, this all feels a bit hocus pocus to me, but fine. I wager my goatee."

There was a series of rolled eyes. "Weak!"

"Fine, fine! I'll wager my hair as well, how about that?"

He put forward a red chip, ostensibly meant to represent his wager, as the others had all done, and the game proceeded. The community cards were laid out, and to Darrell's glee, an Ace was laid out. That made three Aces, a damn strong winning hand. He masked his glee behind a stoic expression, as the others also considered their cards.

One by one, the various figures folded, until only Lady Carlyle and he remained.

"You're doing rather well, Darrell. I'm glad to see that paying your debts wasn't for nothing."

She placed down her cards, matching another at the table. Three Queens. Impressive, but it wasn't three Aces. Darrell revealed his hand, and the Lady simply smiled. Well done, well done. The blessings and boons are yours to distribute."

Darrell looked to Christopher, who explained. "Simply state which you would like to have, which you would like others to have. Miss Hope, poor thing, had the weakest hand, so she *must* be the recipient of at least one non-preferred trait."

The gambler nodded. This was all total malarkey, but hell, his debts were paid, so he decided to go through with it.

"Okay, fine then. I'll take the love of fine cigars from Mr Wiggins - I think I'd like to feel a bit more refined."

"Damn," the man muttered. "I really do love a good cigar."

"And I'll take Miss Hope's dancing ability. I don't think I'll use it, but why the hell not?"

Hope gave a little gurgle in her throat.

"As for fat, well, I don't want that, and Miss Hope is the loser, so she can take that instead."

Tears brimmed in her eyes. Darrell felt a little cruel, but it was all make believe, right?

"As compensation, she can have Lady Carlyle's lovely ankles."

Christopher butted in at that moment. "I'm afraid that the weakest hand cannot gain *any* beneficial trait."

Darrell just shrugged. "Fine, since this is all sorts of weird, I'll take the lovely ankles, and the pair of breasts as well." He gave a silly grin to the astonished players. "What? They're good features, aren't they?"

"Can you confirm your choices?" Christopher asked.

"I confirm them. That's how this is played, right? What, do I get to wear a costume or something." He laughed, but it died away from the tension of the table as the others looked at him. Newt laughed, and it was definitely a low, masculine laugh.

"It seems he doesn't believe us. Perhaps, Mr Pipson, this will show you the folly of what you have done."

Slowly, Mr Newt undid the buttons of his trenchcoat, and flung it open for all to see. Miss Hope gasped, Lady Carlyle and Mr Wiggins smiled, and Hopkins simply tittered

nervously. Darrell, though, sat transfixed. On Newt's form, impossibly, were two sets of sizable breasts, easily C-cups, the two pairs stacked atop one another. They were incredibly realistic looking, and even more for the way they rose and fell softly with each breath, contained within custom black bras. They perched atop a rounded mound that could only be a pregnant belly, and yet as Newt shifted, Darrell was astonished to see the man - or woman - had a raging erection in his or her pants. His skin was slightly sweaty from the strain of it all.

"I was the loser of the last game," Newt said. "One of the biggest losers of all time, in fact. Big enough they let me come back just for amusement."

Lady Carlyle smiled. "Well, it was wonderful to give away my unwanted pregnancy. Not to mention lose some of my breasts - I like my smaller size a lot more now."

"And one of the players last time had a raging sex addiction," Newt said, smiling sheepishly at Darrell, "so I ended up with that. I'm always horny. You wouldn't believe the fetishes some people have for a figure like mine that I've had to fulfil."

He pulled up his arms to demonstrate: all *four* of them. The other two were softer skinned, lithe like a woman's, and had also been hidden in the folds of Newt's coat.

"So you see, this is real?"

Darrell flung to his feet, and moved to escape this horror show, but the large bouncer from before was blocking the door.

"You signed a contract!" Christopher called, "you have to play, good man! Besides, the changes are about to begin! I can feel the magic on the cards."

And with that, Darrell felt a strange trembling across his body, as did many of the others. Mr Wiggins spat out his cigar, looking disgusted, and annoyed at his disgust. Lady Calyle rubbed her ankles beneath the desk, complaining that they had lost their lovely shape, and had become, in her words, "crude and mannish." Hope whimpered, clutching her head.

"Oh God, it was the only gig I had left. I know it was stripping, but it paid my bills!"

Hopkins, meanwhile, was utterly joyful as his fat dissipated from his form, leaving him much slimmer, albeit still an awkward-looking fellow. Hope burst into tears as her voluptuous young body experienced the same in reverse; she clutched her stomach beneath her tight shirt as it expanded, her entire body softening as extra jiggles of fat were added to it. It left her as a certainly plus-sized woman in far-too tight clothing, her large breasts now a consequence of her pudginess rather than fortunate genetics. She at least looked better than Hopkins had, with a bit of shape still to her. A little slimmer and she could be a plus-sized model, perhaps.

Darrell was overcome as the knowledge of how to strip and entertain men with his body flooded his mind. It was wrong, it was repulsive, and moreover it was clearly meant for

a female mind, leaving him with the expert knowledge of how to press his cleavage together, despite the fact that he had none.

A pressure building in his chest would soon rectify that.

“Oh God! Oh God it’s real. Oh shit, I’m really growing breasts.”

“Thank you for - ahhh - that,” Newt stammered, as his additional breasts melted away. “That’s one pair down. A few more changes to go.”

Darrell cringed as his nipples expanded, lengthening and becoming larger, pink-topped nipples surrounded by a wide areola. He massaged his chest through his suit, trying to push the growth back down, but slowly and surely the tissue filled in, fat and milk ducts forming behind the skin, expanding their size. They continued to expand, him groaning from the experience, until finally he had a real, genuine pair of breasts. They were ample C-cups, but they felt much bigger on his chest, particularly unsupported. His new feminine nipples rubbed against his shirt, making him salivate from the sensation.

“Oh - ngggh - God! What the actual f-fuck!”

“Told you it was all real,” Wiggins said, passing the cigar box over. “Don’t smoke them all at once. I aim to win back that sense of taste as the stakes get higher. And get something else back as well.”

He looked to Lady Carlyle, who simply smirked.

“This - this is crazy! What the hell is my wife gonna say?”

“She may like them,” Hopkins said sheepishly. His recent weight loss was making him a little more jovial.

“Like them? She’s more likely to bring the house down. I’ve got bigger boobs than my own wife!”

The rest looked at him. Clearly three had already played before, but Hope and Hopkins seemed new. Obviously, they were given to believing in the reality of the supernatural more readily though.

“You have to keep playing now,” Newt said. “That’s how it works. You want to get rid of your breasts, but you also have to offer up something beneficial. That’s how I lost big.”

“Yes,” Christopher added. “You’re actually in a good position Darrell. The game still has four hours, and you’ve achieved some good victories. Moreover, since you offered something beneficial to yourself as collateral last round - your hair - now you can offer something negative instead: your recently acquired breasts. You can still do this.”

Darrell cradled his soft breasts. They felt heavier than he thought they might; he’d always loved a girl with big, soft tits, but now he was a little sympathetic as to how much strain they could put on a woman’s back. He slowly sat back down, reeling from the unexpected change.

“Okay, so I keep playing, I can better myself, get new skills and parts I like, while getting rid of things I don’t like. That’s right?”

“That’s the rules,” Hope said sadly.

“So . . . how do you knock out players?”

“That’s easy,” Newt said, “because I was on the receiving end of being knocked out. You withdraw when you have nothing left the other players want. It happens, trust me. When the stakes get high, you can throw in additional bets, and it gets dicey from there.”

Darrell considered this. So if he played aggressively, he could get rid of the boobs, get rid of the stripping talent - though that was a minor concern. He smirked. He could get a better liver; his was weaker from so much alcohol. Hell, he could get a bigger dick, or more muscles: certainly beneath his boobs and belly, Newt actually looked quite fit. He could even get knowledge on how to please a woman, preferably from Mrs Carlyle, and good business sense from Wiggins. And maybe, he could even buy attraction from the Lady or Miss Hope too - the latter only if she lost the fat - and make them available to him. Sarah wouldn’t have to know, it could just be a brief fling. And besides, he might be able to make himself taller too, or give himself a better reputation, and that would impress his wife enough.

Slowly, Darrell considered the possibilities before him, all the ways he could lose out - he could end up fat, pregnant, female, or hairless. He could have his intelligence lowered, or his will given to another. Christopher and the rest had been right. This was a high stakes game, in its biggest and best sense.

Newt extended something Darrell’s way, breaking his train of thought.

“Here, put this on.” It was a black lacy bra. “It will help with the support.”

“Don’t worry about us seeing, there’s no mores about that here,” Wiggins said. “Not when everything is up for grabs. Besides, I’d like to take a look at your youth and strength. I’d like to take some of that, I think.”

Darrell awkwardly removed his suit jacket and to, and with Hope’s help, affixed the bra to his chest. His new breasts settled comfortably into the cups; a feeling he never imagined he’d experienced. Then, he put his shirt back on, leaving the top buttons undone for comfort, but left the jacket on the seat. Maybe it would unnerve the others.

“Okay,” he said, sitting upright and looking at the players. “I think I get how this works now, and I’ve got a good idea of what I want to get, and what I want to give away. “Let’s keep playing.”

Christopher dealt out the cards, and each of the players made their next bets.

**To Be Continued . . .**

## Bad Hand, Part 2

The game continued, the stakes higher than Darrell could have foreseen. His next hand was a pair of queens, but nothing matched the cards upon the table, and he was forced to fold when Miss Carlyle and Mr Wiggins upped the stakes. He was forced to watch, fascinated, as Wiggins took ten years of Hopkin's youth, leaving the latter now older than the former. Hopkins whimpered as years were added to his life, wrinkles forming more heavily around his brow, all the more evident now that he had lost his wait. Miss Hope, on the other hand, lost her pair of full lips. Mr Wiggins didn't want them, though.

"And given that Mr Hopkins has already lost out greatly, and Miss Carlyle already has an impressively full pair of her own, I rather think our new member Darrell can take them - wouldn't be fair to change Newt too much further, eh?"

Darrell cringed as he felt his lips puff up. Miss Hope was very beautiful, and she possessed the full, gorgeous lips of her African ancestry. And now they were on Darrell's face. A mirror was passed around - apparently a tradition - and he gasped as he saw them. They already felt strange on his face, large and oddly sensitive, but they looked completely out of place!

"We can make a deal," Miss Hope said, but New raised a hand. Four of them, in fact.

"Any deals will cause the game to be forfeited, and your greatest asset taken from you," they recited, no doubt from the rules.

Hope gulped. She'd already gained a significant amount of weight, but she still had much of her figure, even though her lips were now thin and reedy. Darrell examined his own body. His breasts were full and lifted by the bra, feeling strange on his form. He didn't want to be stuck with them. But what was his greatest 'asset'?

Well, there could only be one for a man, couldn't there? And he didn't intend to lose *that*. No siree.

"Not giving up?" Miss Carlyle teased.

"Never," he said.

"Good, then let's continue. What shall we wager?"

Wiggins put forth his business acumen; evidently he was already rich enough to wage it. Miss Carlyle offered up her perfect breasts - she was intent on raising the stakes yet higher. Hopkins had little left to offer: he was forced to offer up his manhood. Miss Hope placed her 'beautiful blackness' on the line.

The cards were dealt, and the game continued.

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Things were not going well for Darrell, or for the other new players. Miss Wiggins - he'd managed to lose out on a hand and end up with Newt's vagina, apparently - was dominating, and seemed not even remotely put up by suddenly having a feminine opening between her legs. Miss Carlyle, on the other hand, was not far behind, though she had ended up a lot more submissive and less confident after losing out to a surprise hand from Hopkins. Hope continued to dismay; she had lost her gorgeous blonde-dyed hair, of which Darrell had become the unfortunate recipient. Hopkins was nearly destitute; his penis now belonged to Newt. He had also received Carlyle and Hopkin's sex drive both, causing him to squirm and shudder as the game continued. His dick continually became rock hard at the sight of the wealthy woman, and he couldn't help but stroke himself under the table, licking his full lips as he did so.

"Please, stop that," Hope said. Her voice was more masculine now, another gift from Hopkins assigned by Wiggins.

"I c-can't help myself," Darrell said, continuing to rub his manhood. He needed release. Having the power of three libidos combined was too much.

"Go on, dear fellow," Wiggins said in a slightly higher voice, "and enjoy a cigar while you do it. It isn't something we're unused to."

Darrell grabbed a cigar, letting the rich man-turned-woman light it. He puffed on it, sampling its excellent taste even as he grunted, orgasm approaching. Hopkins looked at him with astonished eyes as finally the pressure became too much.

"Ahhh - OOhhhhhhh!"

A powerful orgasm, more than he'd ever had by himself, washed over him. Large spurts of his seed splattered into his trousers, warm and sticky. He groaned, and Miss Carlyle clapped a little, though not as staunchly as she would have done before.

"Thank goodness, glad to be free of that libido. I can't believe I inherited so much from last game."

So that explained it. He had inherited not just two libidos, but one of them was already super-powered. How did Carlyle cope with it before?

"Lots of subtle touching," she said, as if knowing his thoughts. She blushed, still obviously unused to being more submissive.

It was Newt that spoke next. Their run had been neutral, though they had managed to gain a bit more masculinity from Hopkins, much to the latter's chagrin.

"What are we playing next?"

"My way with men," Carlyle said.

"My newly acquired youth," Wiggins said.

"My - my blackness," Hope whispered.

“Um, I think I only have my masculinity left. What’s left of it,” Hopkins said. He gestured to his form.

“My femininity,” Newt said.

“I’ll also wager these damn breasts again,” Darrell added. “I don’t want them. Hope can have them back.”

Hope looked hopeful at that, and the game continued. The hands were dealt, and it was clear from the straight flush accrued by Wiggins that he was the winner.

“Well, so long as I have this womanhood between my legs, why not go for something different? I think I shall take Miss Hope’s gorgeous dark skin.”

Hope gasped as her pigmentation instantly lightened, even as Wiggin’s skin and features became African in heritage. His nose broadened, his hair became curled and dark, and his lips thickened to form an enjoyable smile. For her part, Hope now appeared to be an ordinary white woman, her eyes blue, her remaining short hair a light brown, though her figure was still fat.

“No, no!”

“And I’ll take Newt’s femininity. Might as well go full woman, eh? Be a new experience. Carlyle dear, why don’t you take some more masculinity, ha. And to Darrell, our biggest loser of the round, I give you Carlyle’s way with men to go with that libido.”

Darrell felt new thoughts entering his head, and Hopkins groaned as the last of his masculinity left him. Carlyle, for his part, aged back, but now appeared to be a flat-chested black woman in her fifties, and not bad looking either.

Darrell looked around the room, and found himself oddly attracted to the posters of debonair men in their thirties, previous players. He became hard again, and his heightened libido demanded he satisfy the urge.

He was in deep.

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Hopkins was out. The feminised fellow had nothing left that any player wanted; he’d ended up with a vagina courtesy of Newt - the mysteriously freakish figure had more than one, apparently. The poor man had managed to lose weight, sure, but had also gained it back, courtesy of Newt again: Hopkin’s belly was no longer flat but a taut, distended dome belonging to a mid-second trimester belly. He was pregnant, and horrified at the prospect that birth was now on the horizon. Despite his flat chest, he otherwise looked like an androgynous woman now; all soft edges, and a womanly slit between his legs. He/she ran from the room.

“He might be back in a few years, once he’s ready,” mused Wiggins in a very female voice. Somehow, she was enjoying her new role.

Darrell was struggling. He was far more feminine than he wanted, already unable to keep the images of hot, hunky men out of his mind, though at least he didn’t feel the need to openly masturbate now that he’d spent his seed twice. Still, the occasional stroke was necessary. Miss Hope was becoming desperate; she clearly wanted her body back, but her beauty had been scattered among several participants. Newt, as ever, was mysterious, but slowly seemed to be spreading his feminine parts, becoming more and more masculine. He still had four arms, however, much to the revulsion of Darrell. The gambling addict brushed his long blonde hair from his face and smacked his big brown lips.

“I’ll wager my breasts,” he said.

“You can’t,” Newt correct. “You wagered them too many times - you can’t do it twice in a row. Give us something new.”

“Well, um, my gambling skill.”

“Please,” Carlyle said.

“My hair?”

“We like it on you,” Wiggins said, chuckling.

“My youth?”

None of them were takers. He needed to offer something they wanted.

“Fine, fine. My masculinity, is that fine?”

“My dear, we are at the big tables now,” Lady Carlyle mused. She was the least changed of everyone, though they all knew she now had a manhood between her legs and slightly more masculine frame.

Darrell sighed. He’d hoped it wouldn’t come to this. He was shaking a little, causing his breasts to jiggle softly as he spoke.

“F-fine, I wager my manhood. All of it. Masculinity and dick.”

“That’s more like it,” Newt said.

The others made their bets, and Darrell peaked at his cards. Three tens, there was hope yet! Hope folded; it was clear that her time at the table was numbered. Wiggins was next; he’d put his newly acquired blackness on the line. It was just between Lady Carlyle and him; she’d put forward both her penis and her hourglass shape; a punishment and blessing both. The stakes were naturally careening higher.

“Well, shall we raise the stakes higher?” she asked.

“What do you propose?” Darrell said.

“We have a special rule; when two are facing opposite one another, they can agree to have the folded parties offer up a negative of their own body, and each party still in play

can request a body part or feature from the folded parties if they win. It makes things more interesting, but both parties must agree.”

Darrell looked around the table.

“What would they offer?”

“What they wished, but only after we agreed.”

Darrell considered. “I’ll reject it for now. I think I have a strong hand, but I’m not willing to engage in that just yet.”

He cringed as soon as the cards were laid down. She had three nines to his three tens. He would have won big, but instead he simply was able to retain his penis. Darrell distributed the remaining wagers, breathing steadily in the aftermath of his first major victory. Unfortunately, there was nothing major he wanted. As the biggest loser once again, Miss Hope groaned and clutched the space between her legs as a new dick grew in, courtesy of Miss Carlyle. He gave Newt a vagina back, much to the mysterious player’s chagrin. And to Wiggins he gave soft, feminine skin from Hope.

“Well done lad,” Wiggins said. “We’re nearing the endgame now, I suspect. Let’s all raise the stakes, shall we?”

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“No, no, it’s not fair!” Hope whined. She - or rather *he* now - had lost out big time. He was now quite obviously a white man, with a little masculinity on his larger frame, and having inherited an interest in women from Wiggins. With his short hair, broader frame, and square jaw, no one could mistake him for a woman anymore. “Please, I have something else to offer!”

“I’m sorry, dear,” Wiggins said joyfully, “but you’re out of ‘cards’ to play. Best of luck in a few years now.

The former black female dancer was escorted from the room, now an overweight white man. Darrell felt sorry for her, and could only hope she could at least work the weight off. She - he - whatever, wasn’t half bad looking. Quite handsome really. It made him think of what it would be like to ride his big, strong cock.

He jolted from the thought as the group awaited the card play. Newt was on the verge of being out, but was in some ways a winner for losing; they’d become more definitely male, at least.

“I wager my arms,” he said, lifting his feminine pair. “I think it’s the last thing people could want. Carlyle cooed, clearly she was interested in another pair.

“I’ll wager my penis,” she said. “See if I can’t get rid of it.”

“My breasts,” Wiggins said.

“My breasts again,” Darrell said.

“Good, then let’s begin.

This particular round went longer, far longer. With two players out, the field was narrowing, and the available body parts and features too. Newt lost out, and ended up losing his extra arms, but gaining an additional penis, causing him to sigh.

“Still a freak.”

Darrell kept his breasts, and was largely unaffected. But now there were only three players left.

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Darrell’s heart raced. He was actually doing well again. Miss Carlyle was out; she had vacated the game having lost her womanly figure, her skill with men, some charisma, and her dark hair, which now sat atop Wiggins’s head. She had managed to regain her pussy, but no longer had anything any players wanted.

“Alas, this submissive nature of mine hasn’t helped,” she said. “But I’ll stay to watch the victor. Best of luck, Darrell.”

She grinned, but Darrell remained grim. His jaw was set firm. He still had a pair of damn tits, and had picked up some soft, feminine skin from Carlyle, making him feel even less of a man. His full lips and long blonde hair only made matters stranger, though not as strange as Wiggins, who was now an older black woman with four arms, courtesy of Newt.

“Well, the final round is here. The stakes will go high Darrell, are you ready?”

“Born ready,” he responded.

“I bet my breasts, and my manhood.”

“Very well, I bet these additional arms, and my dark skin.”

The cards were dealt, and Darrell had to stop himself from raising his eyebrows. Between the two cards turned up on the table and his own hand, he had a hot-damned *straight flush*. There was no way he could lose on that. Which meant he could bet high.

“You look confident Darrell,” Wiggins said, revealing nothing, “do you wish to up the stakes? Miss Carlyle is present. More can be wagered.”

Greed stirred in Darrell’s chest. The desire for more was present. He realised that with his debts forgiven, he could desire more, gain more, with his current hand.

“I do. That raising of the stakes that the Lady mentioned earlier, I would like to invoke it.”

Wiggins’s eyebrows raised. “Very well, let’s then! What additional wagers shall we make?”

“I want your riches,” he said. “And your knowledge. Your business knowledge.”

The man laughed.

"Then I think, having grown bored of womanhood already, I will ask for your manliness. Do you still wish to play?"

A bead of sweat trickled down Darrell's forehead. "Yes. Lady Carlyle, I would like you to submit your new submissiveness back on the table."

She breathed a sigh of relief. "Good, I can't stand it. Thank you."

"Well, this is quite the hand you have," Wiggins said. "I don't know whether to be terrified or invigorated. I've never had a game with such high stakes before."

"Me neither," Darrell said.

"Then let's go even higher. Let's finish the game entirely. If you win, you gain my wealth, my business acumen, my manliness. And I gain all your feminine aspects, including the way with men. But if I win, I get my love of cigars back, your manhood and masculinity, and you gain another pair of arms, my dark skin, my femininity, and the pussy between my legs. You also get this damned showiness that Miss Hope gave me earlier, which I think is part of the reason why I'm enjoying this so much.

Darrell remained cool. "Very well, I accept."

"Hmm, but it feels like some danger is missing. Let's say this; we each offer up our desire to ever gamble again. Not our skill - that is not allowed in the rules - but if either of us lose, we can never play this game again."

Another bead of sweat. But his hand was too good.

"I accept this too."

Wiggins laughed. "The stakes have never been higher! Very well, let's see our cards."

Darrell carefully laid down his set. "Straight flush," he said.

Wiggins gasped, and for just a moment, Darrell was overjoyed. But then he saw the gleam in the other man's eye, the hidden amusement, and a knife fell into his stomach. Wiggins lowered his cards, and Darrell didn't need to hear his voice to know what they were.

"A royal flush. I win."

Darrell barely had time to react before the changes came.

"No, no, please!"

"Sorry, but the cards just didn't go your way!"

He grunted as two fleshy protuberances began to jut from beneath his arms. It was another pair growing out, soft and feminine. Even as they expanded, his skin became further feminised, his form a perfect hourglass. His skin darkened, taking on a gorgeous brown pigmentation, and he felt the rest of his features change to accommodate his new race; his facial structure altered to become feminine, his cheekbones prominent. His hips spread even further apart, and his buttocks rounded out, becoming soft and rotund.

“Oh God - AAhhhn mmhmmm NNGHH!”

And with that, Darrell crossed the threshold into pure womanhood, his penis shifting and twisting and reducing to become a needy clitoris, the area between his thighs opening to form a vaginal passage. His gut turned, a uterus growing into place beneath his taut black stomach.

“Aaannhh!!!

She squirmed, touching herself. On her chest, a second pair of large brown breasts formed, pushing up her current pair. Both pairs swelled in size, becoming Double-Ds. They wobbled heavily upon her, large nipples stiffening in unwanted pleasure. Mental changes accompanied the physical. An innate need to show his - *her* - new body off consumed her, and the submissive desire to please others mingled with her insatiable horniness. Her four heavy breasts bobbed, nipples aching for attention, and her four arms shifted, kneading them.

“What am I supposed to do now?” she asked in an alluring, breathy voice.

Wiggins smirked, having regained much of his form. “Well, my dear, it appears you will need a new occupation, that’s for sure. Luckily for you, I own a casino on this very strip.” He leaned forward. “I think I have a perfect job for you. I’ll even pay you handsomely.”

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The crowd cheered as Daria danced. They had never seen anything like her. The brown-skinned beauty had a figure that made men drool and women envious, with her wide hips, itty bitty waist, and rounded ass. Her face too was gorgeous, with full lips and hungry eyes, her expression always one of sensual need. But what made Daria particularly unique was obvious; her four arms that moved sensually as she danced, and her four heavy breasts that jiggled heavily with each movement. True to her new nature, she was driven by a need to show off her form, wearing a skimpy dress that contoured her strange body up on stage.

“Hello girls and boys!” she called out, biting her lip briefly, feeling that flush of need. “I’m Darla Delight, and I’m here to dance for you this evening! I hope you enjoy the show, I’ll be there for the after party, and some of you might get lucky!”

The men cheered as she began to twirl around the centre stage pole, allowing her seductive body to turn each of them on. She was turned on as well, feeling the familiar flush of heat that she had become accustomed to over the last year. She literally couldn’t help it, and she knew she was stuck like this for life. She had seen the others fleetingly; Hopkins had given birth, and practically developed breasts of her own following all the hormonal flood of pregnancy, and Hope - well, the new man had lustily taken Daria more than once, the two

of them moaning together as they partook in a positions neither thought they would ever be in.

As for Wiggins and Carlyle, Daria knew that continued to play the game, but her shot was over. Now all she could do was play her best with it. She was going to be a sexy, lusty, four-armed and four-boobed dancer on the strip for years to come, and with her crazy high libido and ability to drive men wild with her sensual movements, she was also going to be spending much of her life treated like an exotic bimbo in desperate need of fucking from every man who shared a room with her. Her wife would have moved on by now, found a better man, and she'd never know that Darrell was now Daria, the most lusted after attraction on the strip.

She internally sighed as her large pairs of breasts jiggled, and the need to be penetrated grew once more. A man in the front row winked, and she couldn't help but hold all four of her breasts with her hands, and wink back as she squeezed them.

She continued to dance, already knowing what and *who* she'd be doing after. She couldn't help herself; it was all a consequence of a bad hand.

**The End**