

Mini-Story: Gambling with a Witch (Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Priya is an ultra-stylish witch, one who loves to gamble, and infuses her magic into the game. If you can beat her, you get what you want. If you don't . . . your transformation is on whatever card you draw! Not even she can predict the outcome.

Gambling with a Witch

Priya of Aces *adored* Las Vegas. It was the city of lights and style, entertainment and razzle-dazzle, and more than a little sin. She had spent too long away, she decided, even if it was necessary coven business with Tila the Wandering Witch and Morgan Lafaye, her two sister witches. But here, the gorgeous dark-skinned Indian-American really found herself at home, wearing a daring purple dress that showed off her lithe beauty and dark hair, not to mention the excessive amount of jewellery that showed her massive success. And, of course, she could indulge once more in her magic specialty; *luck*-based magic.

Every witch had their specialty. Her coven-sister Morgan was fantastic at diabolical curses and karmic hexes, while Tila was all about potion remedies and helpful scrolls. Priya, on the other hand, was all about the *cards*. Magic based on luck, on wit, on guile. Magic that was wild, to the point where not even she could fully control it. Some won big, others lost majorly, and many found themselves transformed beyond their wildest dreams and nightmares. But she made no decisions; she was simply the carddealer. She was the House, and as anyone can tell you, the House always wins, just like she always got her excitement.

“Okay, boys,” she taunted the three men at her table. “Are you ready to play?”

They each nodded. This was her own haunt, a little illegal joint she ran where those who heard about Priya of Aces could try their luck against her, just for the sheer chance of a major win. Running clockwise from her card-dealing position, the first man was a handsome white guy named Parker, a hedge fund manager with a coke habit and what she suspected were *major* debts he was trying to recoup.

“C’mon, c’mon, let’s deal already!” he said in an agitated manner. “I wanna buy my next Lexus!”

Next up was a man with a broken hand and a busted nose, and a nervous twitch that made his moustache wrinkle. Priya knew how this town worked. There was still mob activity in Las Vegas, and someone had clearly caught this guy counting cards or somesuch.

“You can do this, Harry,” he told himself. “You can do this. You gotta do this, and then you’re home free.”

Priya smirked. She loved the danger of it. The third man, on the other hand, was a fifty-something fellow named Oscar with a gruff beard and dark skin like hers. African-American by his features though, not Indian. He gave her a wink, and she couldn't make much of this man; he wore coveralls and had a real blue collar manner.

"Let's play these cards," he said. "Keen to see how good or bad things go!"

It was blackjack, naturally. Priya loved *all* kinds of games. She'd infuse her magic in *Hungry Hungry Hippos* if she ever got the chance, but games like poker, backgammon, and the like were always her favourite. But blackjack had a special place in her heart. She played out the cards, and the game began. Each man had brought ten thousand dollars to the table; this was the price she'd set for going up against her and maybe winning big. The game was simple: one single round. Nothing extended. Whoever got the best hand won the potluck of futures, though Lady Luck could be fickle with that, while the rest lost out. She, of course, was immune, being the House, from any ill magic treatment.

"Don't forget," she said as each player inspected their cards. "One of those will hold your pot luck winnings in it, if you play it right!"

Parker put his chips in. Harry did so too. Oscar followed. Ten thousand dollars each was what they technically represented, but in truth it really represented their choice to go all in. You only played one game with Priya. Only a few had dared to go another round with her, and those were the players most esteemed in her sharp mind.

The standard procedure followed. Parker knocked twice on the table, taking two additional cards and looking quite happy with himself. The incredibly nervous Harry took a single hit, but when he held up the newest card, tears began to fall from his cheeks, and he sagged upon the table. "Oh God, I'm out. I went over."

Oscar stayed his hand and did not ask for a hit, which intrigued her. The man, despite his friendly nature, seemed to have nerves of steel; he was expressionless, and not even she could read him. How good were his cards? She gazed again at her hidden card: a Jack to her face up King. She suspected she had this.

Parker laid his out first. To her amusement, the man was deeply impressed with his own nineteen. "Beat that, bitch!" he exclaimed.

Harry had already gone over, and showed that he now had a twenty-three in total. He wept into his hands. "They're gonna kill me!"

Oscar, however, simply shrugged and turned the cards over. Priya blinked in astonishment. The man had only a three and a four.

"You - you understand how this game works, right?"

But he just scratched his grey hair idly, a look of amusement on his face. "Truth be told, I'm a dyin' man, young miss. Cancer in my stomach. So I figure . . . why not just let Lady Luck decide?"

Priya was taken aback. She'd never seen that kind of behaviour before, and her normally ultra-cool and in-control demeanour was shattered, leaving her momentarily stuttering.

"W-w-what? Nevermind! Sorry. I . . . what?"

Oscar chuckled. "It's okay, I'll find time to regret it later, I'm sure. But I never was good at winning these things, so why not enjoy flipping the script and taking what comes my way?"

Priya blinked a few more times, then turned to Parker. She grinned, then revealed her twenty. The man swore.

"You bitch! You cheated! There's no way that-"

She wagged a finger in his direction, then gestured for him to look at his card. It was shifting and changing, and even she wasn't sure what transformation was connected to it this time. To her utter joy, it showed a beautiful catgirl with sleek silver fur holding up a tray of glasses for casino customers.

"How appropriate!" she uttered. "It seems you'll still get to hang with a gambling crowd, Parker."

The man swore, trying to lunge across the table at her, but he fell onto it instead, moaning and then *meowing* as fur grew from his skin and his clothing changed to a sexy tuxedo dress that displayed a great deal of furry cleavage. His ears migrated to the top of his head, and his face formed whiskers and a cute cat nose. The man hissed in shock, flailing about in response to the growing claws on his hands, not to mention the widening of his hips.

"I should have won! I should have - MEOW!"

A tail erupted from his backside at the same time as his manhood withdrew. Just a moment later, a very attractive catgirl in a sexy casino dealer outfit was standing there, her tail swishing behind her. She clawed at her face.

"Meow!?"

"That's the spirit!" Priya declared. She waved a hand, and the gorgeous anthro was whisked away to a nearby casino to start serving drinks and dealing cards. "Now it's your turn, Harry."

The man gulped, clearly terrified. His card shifted, and he groaned in despair. On it was displayed a beautiful mermaid, her tail a shimmering pink, her hair the same colour.

"Well, I've seen worse," Priya said. "And at least her hands aren't busted up."

"But - I don't want to be a mermaid! I want lots of money so I can pay off the mob!"

"Sorry hun, bad luck of the draw!"

And then he too was changing. The man flopped out of his seat, horrified at his clothes melting away until only a seashell bra remained, one that cupped his growing

breasts and pushed them up. His hair grew out, becoming long and luscious and bright pink, and his eyebrows turned the same colour. Harry squealed as his face shifted, taking on the appearance of an ethereally beautiful woman. His waist pinched in, his stomach turned flat. Priya stood to see over the table, and Oscar looked on with interest as well while the man shifted and changed. His voice rose at the very moment *she* became female, but then her tail extended, growing shiny pink scales along its length and a large fin at the end. The final result was a devastatingly attractive siren.

“Please, turn me back! Just one more round! *If you give me one more round then I will give you some sound!*”

She had begun singing, and she placed her hand over her mouth in shock even as she tried and failed to get her mermaid body back in her seat.

“Intriguing, a full siren,” Priya noted. “I’m not sure you’ll be able to pay off the mob’s debts in the standard way, Harriet.”

The mermaid trembled, trying to cover her mostly nude form on the ground. “What am I supposed to do? *My mermaid form is just too newwww!*”

Priya smirked. “Well, you can pay them off another way. An aquatic entertainment at the Lakeview Casino will help you recoup those costs. A singer like you might even make some serious cash.”

The mermaid squeaked again, but it was already too late; Priya clapped her hands together and the new fantasy beauty was whisked away to serve as the latest entertainment on the Las Vegas strip. Finally, she turned to Oscar and raised an eyebrow.

“Time to see your luck fold out,” she noted. The card shimmered, and for just a moment she saw what it was: a pony. A little show pony to go along with some circus act or magician’s stunt. Appropriate given the cards he’d played, and yet . . . a sympathy rose up within her for the strange old man. She waved her fingers subtly under the table, and the card shimmered again. It revealed a gorgeous dark-skinned woman sitting atop a pile of money, cheering excitedly over her good fortune and massive winnings. She looked up at Oscar, and if the man realised what she had just done out of sympathy, he didn’t show it. He had a true poker face.

“Well, I’ll be,” he said. “Me as a woman.”

“A rich woman,” she noted. “Are you ready?”

Oscar adjusted himself in his seat. “I thought I lost out?”

“A lot of people would claim that losing their gender - especially for a man - is losing out. If you disagree . . . ?”

He put up his hands. “Nope, nope. Work your magic! I’ll be most appreciative.”

Unlike the others, he didn’t fight the change, nor writhe on the spot or complain. He murmured a little, moaning slightly as his form shrank, his skin cleared up, and the clock

rewound upon his age. Oscar's lips became fuller, his hair became a stylish afro, and his dark brown skin looked as beautiful as Priya's within less than a minute.

"This is q-uite something!" he gasped, voice now womanly. His hips stretched, his bosom rose to a lovely Double-D cup, larger than Priya's own, and a green cocktail dress stretched over the new woman's figure. Finally, the changes finished, and she took a moment to look over herself.

"Wowee. Talk about a new start, huh?"

With that, a large bag full of one hundred dollar notes suddenly manifested on the table before him.

"A new start indeed," Priya said. "Go on, you'd better get out of here, Olive. You never know when your luck turns bad here on the Strip."

With that, Olive stood and bowed, still getting used to her new body. She took the bag of cash and held out a hand, kissing it gently, which touched Priya with its old-fashioned sensibility. "Thank you," the former man said, though whether she knew her last-second change or not she was still unsure of. She left with her hips swaying with natural grace, humming an old tune from before Priya's time.

"I can't believe I just did that," Priya noted to herself. "I'm starting to get soft for every sob story like Tila. Ah well, I guess sometimes the House lets one slip by."

The End