

Deck of Change: Hollywood

By Nightshade

Author's Note:

This story is a writeup of a playtest session of a transformation based card game I am working on, so the narrative and the style of the transformations might be a bit more random than you are used to. Still, I think it flows pretty well. Please leave feedback, and if you liked it enough to want more, or have a suggestion for who should draw from the deck next, please let me know!

Obviously contains adult fetish material and sexual situations, proceed at your own risk.

Thanks for reading!

Prologue

Sarah was beginning to grow increasingly frustrated with the California lifestyle. It was a feeling that had been growing in her mind for a few months, but had come to a head in the last half hour.

She had moved out to Los Angeles after graduating college, doing her post graduate work at a high priced Southern California medical school. As the years dragged on, she became increasingly bored with the work, and had decided to pursue a career in acting. Still, it was a competitive field and she had little success despite her good looks; mostly a few small roles in B movies and student films. As graduation drew nearer, she found herself contemplating simply giving up and moving back home; she knew that she couldn't possibly pursue acting at the same time as a medical internship, there just weren't enough hours in the day. Besides, her parents wouldn't continue to pay for her expensive LA rent if she chose to forego her medical career and spend her days as a wannabee actress.

Today, all that tension had come to a head. She had gotten a text from her agent telling her that he had managed to get her a last minute audition, and Sarah had quickly gotten ready and rushed to the address, which, as far as she could tell, didn't exist. Her phone sent her to a building that just wasn't there. She confirmed the address, and then spent the next hour searching, growing more and more frustrated as she went in circles. About half an hour ago she had had enough, and decided that if this role didn't pan out for her, she was done with Hollywood, and would be leaving California as soon as she graduated.

Eventually she decided to park her car and try and find the place on foot. And that was how she found herself walking down a narrow alleyway between the buildings that her phone said should be on either side of the casting agency. She rounded a corner and saw an unmarked door with a short woman standing outside of it.

"You here for the audition?" Sarah asked.

“Yes,” the other woman nodded.

“Me too,” Sarah responded as she stuck out her hand and introduced herself.

“Mary,” said the shorter woman as she took her hand. Sarah’s heart sank; she knew that if this was her competition, one of them would be sorely disappointed.

Both were pretty girls, with fair skin and dark hair, but that was where the similarities ended.

Sarah was tall and athletic, nearly six feet in height, although she always listed her height as 5’10, as she had quickly learned that anything taller was too threatening for a woman. She had a slender figure, with toned muscles, broad shoulders, and narrow hips. She had a square jaw, her dark hair was cut short, and her eyes were a pale blue. She was slender, with perky B-cup breasts, and the only real fat on her body was her thick thighs and cute heart shaped ass. She was dressed in a violet tank top and dark grey leggings, with black leather ankle boots.

Mary, on the other hand, had an oval shaped face with full lips and dark green eyes; she wore heavy glasses and her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. She was short and curvy, a few pounds away from pudgy, with a round bubble butt and a pair of full C-cup breasts that looked even larger on her tiny body. She was almost five years younger than Sarah, and was dressed in a baggy pink sweatshirt, faded blue jeans, and a pair of old gray sneakers.

Mary had come to California to attend film school, with the hope of one day becoming a famous director, but after receiving a lot of praise narrating her own student projects, she had decided to give acting a try, mostly to get her name out there, but the fame or the money that could come along with it didn’t hurt either.

“This the place?” Sarah asked, and Mary responded “I think so.” Sarah opened the door and held it open for Mary to enter first.

They were smiling at one another as they headed inside, but both women had made the conscious decision not to like one another, as they might soon find themselves in direct competition for the same part.

The Shuffle

This was not your typical casting office. It was a small dark room, lit only by a single lamp which hung like a spotlight above a large round table in its center. The room's edges were cluttered, but in the gloom it was impossible to tell by what.

A woman sat on the far side of the table. She was pale and thin, middle aged with a motherly look about her. Her orange hair was pulled back tight, her eyes were rimmed with smoky makeup, and she was dressed in a modest and somehow antiquated black dress.

She gestured for the young actresses to take a seat and welcomed them in a soft voice. Sarah and Mary, too stunned to protest, sat down across from one another, Mary on the woman's right and Sarah to her left.

"We're here for an audition. Is this the right place?" Sarah asked.

"Yes and no," the woman replied, "It's not an audition per se, but you will be taking on a new role, and you may well win the fame and fortune you desire. Or maybe not. Regardless, you are exactly where you are supposed to be."

The girls were puzzled, but this wasn't the most unusual thing they had seen in LA, so they played along. Suddenly, the woman was shuffling a deck of oversized playing cards, their backs yellowed with age and covered in a strange swirling design reminiscent of yin and yang patterns.

"Oh," Sarah said, "Are you a fortune teller?"

"Something like that," the redhead said quietly as a small smile crossed her thin lips.

"We need to go then," Mary cut in, "We have an audition soon, and we still don't know where it is."

"This won't take long" the dealer said, in a soothing voice. "Oh," Mary exhaled and settled down in the low backed leather chair.

"Before we start, I must tell you that this is not a standard deck. A normal tarot deck can only tell your future, and to be honest, most of them can't even do that. This one will actually change your fate, in both direction, and there are absolutely no returns. Once a card is drawn, it cannot be undone. Do you agree?"

"I guess..." Sarah said hesitantly.

"Sure..." Mary said mockingly.

A strange sensation filled the room, and then settled upon the two young women who sat across from one another.

Suddenly, Sarah squeaked as she felt a sharp pain in her ears. She brought her hands up to the sides of her head, but the pain was gone as quickly as it had arrived. When she pulled her hands away, she saw a half dozen small metal rings in them, which she quickly recognized as the

earrings she had been wearing. She ran a finger along the outer edge of her ear, and found only smooth flesh.

“What the...?”

The dealer dismissed her concern and stated matter-of-factly “The Deck wants a blank canvas to work with. It heals you before the game, and then if it decides it likes you pierced, pierced you will be forevermore.”

Before either of her guests could fully process what she meant or how this was happening, she finished her shuffle and laid the deck upon the table in front of her. Then, she flipped the top card over in front of Sarah.

“The game begins.”

Round One

The card showed a drawing in the style of a nineteenth century woodcut, although painted in vibrant colors. It depicted a very young woman of indeterminate ethnicity and with a mouth full of predatory fangs. She was looking down in horror at a golden basin filled with a liquid that was too red to be wine. Across the bottom of the card was written the words *The Vampyre*.

“A very special card to begin with. This card does almost nothing on its own, but instead will steal whatever fate the deck decides to bless your opponent with.”

Mary looked up at Sarah, and briefly noticed that the woman’s canine teeth seemed especially long and sharp, but her musing was interrupted by the dealer turning to her and flipping over another card and laying it down on the table.

It depicted an image of an impossibly tall man, so large that his head was lost in the clouds, and his back foot disappeared over the horizon. He was boldly striding forward, heedless of the agrarian countryside that he trampled beneath his immense feet. *The Colossus*.

Nothing happened for a moment, and then Mary noticed that her point of view was dropping as the room seemed to stretch about her. As she saw the other women looking down at her, she realized that she was shrinking.

At the same time, Sarah was growing larger by an equal amount. Her clothes grew tight on her expanding frame as she looked down upon the table.

The change stopped quickly, and the effect was not too terribly severe, but both women felt panic rise in their hearts. Their new perspectives made them feel like freaks, and in unison they wondered why the cards couldn’t have been drawn the other way around! If Mary had stolen some of Sarah’s height, they would both be normal. Now, the already tall girl was nearly six and a half feet, while the shorter woman would need high heels to reach five, and maybe not even then.

They both panicked, and their minds were filled with a rush of thoughts, the two most prominent among them being “This is impossible,” and “I have to get away!”

But before their panic addled bodies could rise from the table, their new reality seeped into their minds. It was subtle and insidious, but still forceful. They both grew calm as their memories adjusted, giving them an entire lifetime to get used to their new heights.

Sarah could remember years of being teased at school for being taller than any of the boys in her school, and then of moving to Hollywood and being told again and again that there were no parts for women her size. Mary remembered endless short jokes, of not being taken seriously, of boys literally picking her up, and of her friends treating her like a living doll.

This was their new normal.

Round Two

The next card to be drawn showed a brightly wrapped box left anonymously on a doorstep of a rundown house in the middle the night. *Generosity* it read.

“Another special card,” the dealer said flatly. “Whatever card I draw next will apply to both of you equally. And without missing a beat, she did so.

The card showed a group of old men, gazing lustfully at a very young girl who walked innocently down the street in front of them, dressed in an archaic school uniform. *The Maiden*.

Suddenly, both Mary and Sarah felt a rush of vitality as the last ten years of their lives were washed away.

Sarah’s skin grew tauter and the care lines on her face faded away. Her slender physique filled out slightly with baby fat, and her cheek and collar bones faded from view. When it was done, she looked like a girl who had just graduated high school, the picture of vibrant youth and health.

The change was more dramatic on Mary, who had been younger to start with. Her oval face narrowed, and youthful freckles appeared across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. Her figure slimmed slightly, and she felt a curious tingle as the stubble on her legs and armpits vanished, and then a more intense one between her legs as her dark bush of pubic hair was replaced with a thin fuzz, and her ponytail divided into a pair of schoolgirl pigtails. Whereas Sarah looked like she had just graduated high school, Mary looked like she had yet to start it.

Sarah’s mind reworked itself. Memories of college and med school faded away like mist. In her mind, she had come to California at the end of her senior year, and convinced her parents to pay for her to try and break into acting before starting her pre-med courses the following year.

For Mary, the change involved the loss of many pivotal moments in her life. Graduating from high school and college, her first job, her acceptance to film school, learning to drive, her first serious boyfriend, and even leaving her parents house to live alone for the first time. In her new reality, she was on summer vacation to Disneyland with her parents and had snuck away while touring Hollywood.

Round Three

“This next draw will determine your style,” the dealer intoned, as if reading from a script. She flipped two cards and set one down in front of each of them.

Sarah’s card showed an image of the Santa Cruz beach boardwalk as it had been a hundred years ago, an old fashioned wooden carnival built along the sea, with happy people in old fashioned swimwear playing in the surf in front of it. Text looped around the base of the card, reading *I Wish They All Could be California Girls.*”

“What a weird deck,” Sarah mused aloud, “nineteenth century art, an image from the early twentieth, and a song lyric from the sixties.”

The dealer said something about the card changing itself over time, but Sarah wasn’t really listening anymore, her whole life was too busy being overwritten, and conflicting memories fighting for a place in her mind. When it was over, all she ever remembered was growing up here in Southern California, born and raised. Hoping since childhood to be an actress or a doctor, like her heroes on TV.

She looked down again, “Oh, I get it. Like the Katy Parry song. Cool!” She said in an exaggerated Valley Girl accent that would be her only manner of speaking from now on, that would see people treating her like a reject from the set of *Clueless* wherever she went.

At the same time, Mary’s card showed a gloomy woman sitting in a corner, dark shadows covering her face like a veil. *The Mourner*, it read.

Suddenly, her entire ensemble changed. Her makeup grew dark and exaggerated, black circles of eyeliner forming around her eyes, like a young girl without much experience in makeup trying to look oh so very Goth, and her skin grew pale as her foundation changed to match.

Her pink sweater changed into a black corset with silver studs, which left her shoulders bare and her pale breasts sticking out proudly. Her pants changed into a voluminous black skirt, and her sneakers into a pair of black leather platform boots.

Mary felt her glasses vanish, and when her vision refocused a moment later she saw her arms were now ghostly pale. When she saw Sarah’s eyes widen in surprise, she pulled a compact out of her purse to evaluate the damage. When she saw her racoon eyes looking back at her, she immediately tried to wipe some of the excess makeup away, but it was no use.

“Changes *cannot* be returned.” The dealer admonished.

“So I’m stuck this way?” Mary pouted.

“Afraid so,” said the dealer.

“This game’s dumb,” the tiny Goth said in a soft sulky voice that would become her normal way of speaking, and she slouched back in her chair, her pale face now barely visible above the lip of the table.

Mary hated this game. She hated this whole stupid trip. She had thought it was fun to get away from hick-town, but she hadn't counted on the sun, or the noise, or being forced to spend so much time with her family. It was their fault she had snuck away, and it was their fault she was being forced to play this stupid game and being transformed into somebody else.

Round Four

“And, as the last round determined your new style, the next cards will tell of your background,” she said in the same monotone voice, and flipped another pair.

Sarah’s card showed a redheaded woman sitting on a grassy hillside, looking forlornly out over the sea. It read *The Luck of the Irish*.

Sarah didn’t notice as small patches of orange-brown freckles appeared on every exposed portion of her already fair skin, or when her eyes changed from the grey blue of the morning sky to a brilliant emerald green. Nor did she notice as her dark hair was changed into a cheap dye job, with her red roots clearly visible beneath.

Mary noticed all of this, but was far too busy reacting to her own changes to say anything. Her card depicted a group of Spanish conquistadors emerging from the trees to gaze in wonder at a young woman swimming nude in a clear pool, her beautiful brown skin standing in sharp contrast to their own pallid features, and her long black hair floating about her like a silky cloud. It read *Native Born*.

Mary suddenly felt her facial features swimming, as her eyes took on a beautiful almond shape and her cheekbones became more prominent. Her hair straightened and took on a glossy black sheen. She assumed that her skin had also taken on a coppery shade, but beneath the thick alabaster foundation that she always wore, it would be impossible to tell.

Her head swam as she remembered growing up on Cherokee tribal land in North Carolina, but fought it away. Her parents weren’t Indians, they were white trash. Weren’t they? She tried to clear her head, but couldn’t, and sank deeper into her pout.

Round Five

Sarah was eager to draw again. She wasn't sure how the game worked, but judging by the look on Mary's face, she was winning, and that was good enough for her. The dealer turned over the next card and revealed a mannequin sitting in the window of an abandoned store. It was draped in expensive and utterly fashionable clothes, and though it was obviously the work of a master craftsman, there was something off-putting about its beautiful but not quite human face. The card read *The Doll*.

Suddenly, Sarah's entire person changed. Her tank top and leggings were gone, replaced by an expensive dress with a flowing violet pattern that darkened as it reached the bottom of her short skirt. Her black leather boots grew fancier and morphed into the product of an expensive designer that charged nearly a thousand dollars a pair.

Her face became far prettier and more feminine, but there was something oddly artificial about it. Her makeup grew nearly as thick as Mary's, though it was obviously applied with far greater skill. Her glossy pink lips swelled up with collagen until they were bigger and fuller than Mary's, but with an unnaturally puffy pout to them.

All of the hair below Sarah's neck disappeared, as if the victim of dozens of sessions beneath the beautician's laser. Then her nails transformed into a pair of long red press-ons, and her eye lashes became long and dark with luxurious extensions that she would never again be able to remove. Her short hair morphed into a three hundred dollar cut, and the cheap dye job was replaced by a jet-black coif; flawless but far too dark to be natural.

The most dramatic change was her chest, which ballooned outwards into a perfect pair of double D-cups that were so round and sat so high on her chest that they were obviously fake. Sarah stared down at them in confusion, and brought her hands up and cupped them, gripping tight enough for her to feel the silicone implants within squishing beneath her fingertips.

"Where did these come from?" She wondered, and then she remembered. Her daddy had bought them for her when she thirteen and hadn't been developing as fast as some of the other girls in her class. She still thought they were the nicest thing anyone had ever gotten her, and she smiled happily at the way they bounced when she let them go. Her dad had paid top dollar for them, to leave her without scars and to retain that natural jiggle, and they were worth every penny.

Sarah thought back over her childhood, about how competitive she had been with the other girls, and how she always had to have the best. She always wore the most expensive clothes, the most expensive shoes, and most makeup, always had to have the latest style. She didn't have many close friends, but everyone at school had always described the tall girl in the same way: fashionably fake.

Sarah had always been obsessed with cosmetic surgery, and had had dozens of procedures done in the last few months to give her the perfect features. If her dreams of acting didn't pan out, she planned to go to medical school and become a cosmetic surgeon herself, helping other girls to stay in LA and live that perfect Hollywood lifestyle.

Mary's changes were less far reaching, but far more noticeable at a glance. Her card showed a mature woman with small children looking up at her, sitting on her lap or napping with their head's resting on her generous breasts. *The Matron*.

Mary's chest began to inflate. Her corset adjusted itself, but could barely keep up. When the growth finally finished, her tits stretched in front of her, roughly the size and shape of gallon milk jugs, and almost as pale. They were obscenely large on her petite frame, and Mary grunted in annoyance and attempted to cross her arms across her chest in displeasure, but found that she was no longer able to do so, and would instead settle for folding them in her lap below the table.

Sarah looked across the table at Mary, and saw that her white face had been joined by an obscene amount of pale cleavage, and was instantly jealous. But she calmed herself to think that the younger girl's melon shaped breasts would likely sag down past her navel if she ever took off that corset, unlike her own heavenly spheres.

Round Six

Sarah's card showed a young woman climbing out the window of her parent's house, and it read *The Virgin*.

Sarah felt an intense squeezing sensation in her groin, as her genitals grew somewhat smaller and neater, and her hymen reknit itself. But it didn't stop there, and the tightening increased.

Memories of boyfriends, sex, and even her first kiss disappeared from her mind. She was now almost entirely asexual. She had no interest in men whatsoever, and though she still appreciated the beauty of the female form, it was only in the way that an artist appreciates their work, nothing more.

Even masturbation was lost to her. Her vagina was too tight for even a single finger to penetrate, and the one time that she had tried to experimentally push a pencil eraser up there, her attempt had been met with intense pain. Her doctor had said it was vaginal contractions, the worst she had ever seen, and she gave Sarah the options for treatment, but the young woman had ignored them, having never had an orgasm, she couldn't see what she was missing.

Mary's card showed the picture of a young woman handing a knife to an older man and looking up at him with pleading eyes, it read *The Siren*.

When nothing happened, Mary asked aloud "What did that do?" but her question was its own answer; her voice had grown high pitched and taken on a soft and gentle tone. "Whatever," she muttered, the musical sound barely above a whisper.

Round Seven

In the seventh round, the *Generosity* card made another appearance, although this time the image showed the same scene in the morning light, the box open, the crooked house's occupants horrified by whatever was inside, although it was mercifully hidden from the viewer by the angle of the illustration.

"We know what that means," the dealer said, trying to feign enthusiasm as she flipped another card. It showed an old fashioned Greek vase sitting in a dilapidated temple, with several long white feathers resting near its base. It had a long neck and a thick lower portion, and it read *The Amphora*.

Both women immediately felt the flesh of their legs sliding across the leather seats they rested on. Their hips were growing significantly wider, Sarah's narrow hips and Mary's thicker set expanded evenly, until both girls had pelvises that were broader than their shoulders, but that was not the end.

Both girls felt themselves rising upwards as their butt-cheeks began to inflate like balloons, growing significantly larger and rounder.

At first, Sarah was alarmed about what this change would do to her figure. Then she realized that it was the twenty-first century and that big butts were in. She then recalled being disappointed in her own natural behind, and going in for injection after injection, and wasn't satisfied until her butt was bigger and shapelier than any of the Kardashians. It was a beautiful sight to behold, but the huge round behind was obviously fake on the slender white girl, which was exactly how Sarah liked it.

Mary's butt was of a more natural shape, but no less big and round. As the swelling stopped and she felt herself about to panic, the only thought that entered the brunette's mind was relief that she hadn't worn jeans today. But then, a stranger thought entered her mind, she had the distinct memory of putting on pants this morning. She was confused.

As she thought about her pants, her mind began to wonder, to memories of growing up and being teased for her bubble butt, even more than her height. When she had hit puberty, she had taken on an obscenely pear shaped figure, and it seemed every snack she ate went directly to her ass. She had long since given up the idea of ever finding pants that fit, and thought her curvy body might look good now, she was resigned to the knowledge that she would have the lower body of a morbidly obese woman by the time she was in her thirties.

She breathed in slowly, and tried to wrap herself in her Gothiness like a shroud. She didn't care what she looked like, she was smart and artistic. She wasn't shallow and fake like the silicone swollen bitch who sat across from her. Mary smirked mockingly at Sarah, and Sarah glared back.

Round Eight

This time, Sarah's card showed an ancient theater mask, long neglected, its once bright colors faded by the sun. It read *The Ivory Mask*.

Sarah suddenly felt her face freeze. Her glare grew slack, and transformed into the worst case of resting bitch face Mary had ever seen. Sarah tried to move her face, but found it paralyzed, even blinking was an effort. She ran her fingers over her puffy lips and designer nose, and found that everything was still there, just frozen. "Like, oh my god, what happened?" she managed to squeak, and though she was able to move her lips, her expression never changed.

Mary's card showed a woman in 1920's garb seated at a table, cigarette in hand, a strange smile on her face. An odd bulge under the tablecloth revealed that she was not alone. The card read *The Poet's Tongue*.

Mary suddenly felt a tightness in her mouth, and had trouble breathing, and when she opened wide to gasp for air, her tongue rolled down her chin. She mumbled something, but nobody could make out what it was.

Again, their pasts changed slowly, and their memories with them. Sarah reassured herself, rationalizing that facial paralysis was an expected side effect of Botox. The doctor had told her to wait between injections, but she hadn't listened. She knew the risks, but if it was a choice between expressions and looking young forever, it was an easy choice. Soon, she was as impassive on the inside about the whole affair as she was on the outside.

Mary remembered always having an exceptionally long tongue, and doing tricks for her friends in elementary school, licking the tip of her nose or the point of her chin, or tying and untying knots with her tongue. She had trouble speaking as a kid, but she had mostly gotten it under control. She still had a slight lisp, which grew more pronounced when she was excited, but with her soft gentle voice most people thought it was terribly cute on the tiny girl. And, like most things, people thinking her cute made her even mopeyer.

Round Nine

Sarah's ninth card showed a young ballerina pirouetting on a stage before a judgmental audience. *The Dancer* it read.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang as Sarah's knees thumped against the underside of the table. She had always been freakishly tall, but proportionately so. Now, her body was shifting, her swanlike neck and lengthy torso shrank slightly, as her legs began to grow longer and shapelier. When it was finished, her legs were over sixty percent of her six feet five inches, leaving her looking like something out of an anime or an early nineties comic book.

She felt her thighs press together in her chair as they took on an even fuller and more feminine shape, and she felt the heels on her expensive boots grow longer and longer.

Again, her history changed. She remembered insisting on wearing nothing but high heels from a very young age; even though everyone tried to tell her that it was a terrible look for such a naturally tall girl. But she didn't care.

As she got older and more practiced in heels, she found it harder and harder to walk without them, and when she had tried to go barefoot the first night after her breast augmentation she had practically toppled over. Thinking back now, she realized she must have chronically contracted the tendons in her legs, with a brief and unconnected memory of a college anatomy class that flitted into her head and then burst like a deep sea fish rising towards the light.

Whatever the reason, it was heels for her from then on. The higher the better, and screw anyone who judged her for it. She even had high-heeled slippers for going to the bathroom in the night.

Mary's card showed a man cruelly beating his prisoner with a bullwhip. The victim smiled softly through the pain, as if he alone realized who was truly in control here. *The Martyr*.

Mary braced herself for another unwelcome change, but when none came she asked "What does that do?"

"You'll find out when you're older," the dealer said as she smiled dismissively.

"Bitsch..." Mary muttered.

Round Ten

Generosity again. This time the owners of the crooked house had wrapped the box back up and regifted it to one of their neighbors. The follow-up card once again showed the buxom visage of *The Matron*, and her accompanying brood.

“We already had that one,” Mary pouted.

The dealer shrugged, “It’s a very common card.”

Both girls knew what was coming next. Mary looked down in horror as her breasts expanded, and cut painfully into the side of the heavy oaken tabletop. She straightened up, and readjusted them in her rapidly expanding corset, so that they rested atop the table. The dealer quickly grabbed Mary’s cards and moved them to a new position where they were not at risk of being enveloped. When the process was finished, Mary’s breasts lay atop the table, extending nearly two feet from her torso, barely contained by her bustier and looking like a pair of pale watermelons.

Sarah, on the other hand, giggled, and remarked about how totally awesome this was. Her breasts swelled like perfect spheres, larger and larger, until they were each bigger than her head, easily the size of basketballs, nearly as round, and with just as much bounce.

Sarah loved her perfect boobies. She had been naturally well endowed as a child, but that wasn’t enough for her. She had gotten her first pair of implants in middle school, and had steadily upsized every year. She only waited long enough between surgeries to ensure that she wouldn’t have any scarring.

Sarah wasn’t satisfied though, and wouldn’t be until she had the biggest pair in the whole world.

Mary hated her boobs. They made her look like a freak. The only good thing she could say about them was that they took some attention away from her butt. She thought they might already be the biggest in the world, at least proportionally if not in absolute terms, and was currently paralyzed in dread at the thought of getting undressed tonight, when she would feel them slap against her thighs and she would see just how far below her crotch they hung when unsupported.

Round Eleven

Sarah was smiling on the inside at Mary's discomfort, and was so eager to proceed that she almost drew her own card, but before her long nails could touch the ancient paper the dealer smacked them away. Sarah's eyes smoldered at the older woman, but her face showed no expression as she patiently waited to be handed her next card.

When it was finally dealt, it showed an inhumanly slender woman, with violet skin and long pointed ears, being chased through a rocky wilderness, being careful not to spill a drop from the goblet of wine she held close to her small chest. *The Maenad* it said, although the name meant nothing to Sarah. Mary vaguely got the reference, and began to imagine ways it might mess Sarah up even further.

The only outward change was a slight alteration to the shape of Sarah's ears as they grew slightly longer and more pointed. Nothing quite inhuman or worth more than a second look, but Mary thought she looked like she was getting ready to cosplay as Mr. Spock's slutty sister. Sarah didn't even notice. Instead her mind was preoccupied by a strange tightness in her chest. It felt kind of like when she had just upsized her implants, the alien feeling of growth and stretching skin, and she poked at her chest tentatively, although aside from some slightly jiggling there was no immediate effect.

Mary's changes were, again immediately apparent. Her card showed a woman in roman finery, wearing a white folded toga and with her hair done up in gold and jewels. She was sitting alone in front of a great feast, a table straining under the weight of all the various delicacies it held. The woman's eyes burned with an unnatural lust, and the card read *Gluttony*.

Mary's arms and shoulders immediately grew thicker, the top of her corset cutting painfully into her pale flesh. Her stomach began to swell, and her corset tried to shift to accommodate it, but it was already strained far past the point than it had ever been tailored to accommodate, and it burst. Mary was pushed away from the table and momentarily revealed a large and almost perfectly round pot-belly before it was covered by her unsupported breasts, breasts which now completely filled her lap and, as they themselves swelled, inched towards her knees.

As before, her hips and butt got the worst of it, and even her pale, youthful skin began to give way to cellulite as the fleshy spheres of her backside began to fill her chair, threatening to leave her stuck in place. The growth stopped with her meaty thighs, leaving them almost as big as Sarah's but without the musculature required to keep their shape.

She figured that in the last thirty seconds she had gained at least twenty five pounds. Not a huge amount, but on such a tiny young girl it seemed like a ton.

Mary tried to cover her sudden nudity, but there simply wasn't enough fabric remaining in her busted corset and shredded skirt, and every movement sent her whole body to jiggling. She lowered her head on the table in defeat, and Sarah felt a brief pang of sympathy for her, before stealing herself and forcing her to remember that they were competing, even if she couldn't quite remember how or for what.

When she tried, she suddenly remembered what the sensation in her breasts was. During puberty, when most of the other girls were getting their first periods, she had instead begun to lactate. But, it wasn't milk, no. It was something like a potent red wine, intoxicating and almost as delicious as it was addictive. She didn't know how it happened or why, and she didn't care. All she knew is that it made her very popular at parties, and that was what really mattered.

Round Twelve

Sarah's thoughts were interrupted by the dealer placing the next card in front of her. It was an image of a powerful woman standing on an ancient battlefield, wearing nothing save the blood of her enemies. It read *The Amazon*.

Like Mary before her, Sarah suddenly felt growth all over her body, an uncomfortable tightness as her clothes struggled to adjust to her new physique. Unlike Mary's transfiguration though, Sarah's new weight came in the form of pure muscle. Her already toned muscles bulged outwards, until they were clearly visible at all times, giving her the physique of a practiced fitness model.

Her stomach grew flat and smooth, and her arms and shoulders took on a broad and ruggedly powerful look, and her already shapely legs bulged with muscle, and her massive thighs felt like they could press a thousand pounds, or snap the neck of anyone who dared to put their head between them.

The transformation was, all in all, not too extreme compared to her other changes. She had the bulk and definition of someone who spent a few hours in the gym every day, but had just enough padding on her frame to ensure that she was still sleek and feminine, rather than the bulging and overly veiny muscles that one would see on a competition bodybuilder or steroid junky.

Mary didn't want to draw a card. She was trying to get her head straight. It didn't feel right, none of it. She knew this was wrong. She couldn't remember ever being anything else, but she knew that she hadn't always been this strange amalgam of Wednesday Addams and a Paleolithic fertility idol.

But the dealer was insistent. Her voice was equal parts stern and gentle, like the mother Mary wasn't sure whether or not she ever had. "It's almost over."

Mary looked up, her dark green eyes swimming and threatening to burst into tears, and she nodded. The dealer revealed the picture of a large white cow, her udder bulging beneath her, her dark and oddly human eyes looking expectantly at the viewer. *Io* it read.

"Fuck..." Mary moaned. She knew what was coming next. Her nipples suddenly grew larger and more sensitive, and took on a soft bubblegum pink color that made them stand out against her pallid skin. Each was now thicker than her thumb and nearly twice as long, looking more like obscene cow teats than human nipples.

But, Mary knew that it wouldn't end there, and a moment later there was an uncomfortable tightness in her breasts. Milk, of course there was milk. She could barely even reach her nipples anymore, how the hell was she supposed to milk herself?

"It could be worse," the dealer sighed, "you could have gotten her brother Minos."

Round Thirteen

Sarah was enjoying the look of discomfort on Mary's face, and watched with pleasure as she squirmed in her seat. "Like, come on, hit me." She said.

The dealer obliged, revealing a card which showed a pretty girl sitting with her back to an intense discussion taking place at some ancient Athenian university, but she merely smiled placidly and played with her long blonde hair while she stared off into space. *The Empty Book*.

Suddenly, Sarah's head went funny. She found it hard to pay attention to anything, and found herself looking off into space, dreaming of makeup and thinking about what surgery to get next. In an instant, her plans to go to medical school disappeared. She had barely been able to pass high school, her high marks in P.E barely buoying up her grades, and even that would probably have been insufficient without help from her rich father and the teachers who were mesmerized by the girl's stunning looks and horny boys who were eager to do her homework for her.

No, she would be an actress, or maybe a model. Nothing else would do.

Mary smiled as she watched the intelligence drain out of Sarah's eyes, replaced with the vapid look of a stereotypical blonde bimbo right out of a bad eighties sitcom. Mary may be stuck in this strange body, but at least she was still herself. She could still live out her dreams of directing sexy music videos for up and coming Goth bands.

The dealer turned over another card, which revealed a corpulent robber baron with his hand stuck firmly in a jar. It read *Greed*.

"Oh no," the dealer said, showing the first genuine concern she had all day.

"What?" Mary asked nervously, trying her best to look cool.

"Well, the *Greed* card copies your opponent's most recent change..."

Mary's heart began to drop, just as her breasts had when her corset had given out moments before. And then the dealer continued.

"... three times over."

"No!" Mary wailed petulantly, but it was too late. As before, her reality rewrote itself and her memories grew fuzzy, but this time they didn't refocus. Instead, Mary was left perpetually confused and scared.

What just happened? Who was she? Why was she naked? What was she doing in this strange place? When did she get here? What were the pictures on the table? Why did her tits hurt? Who was the big scary lady sitting across from her, and why was she always glaring? Mary did her best to sink back in her chair and hug her breasts to her, hiding her face in her pillowy cleavage as she began to cry.

Round Fourteen

“Sarah, its time for you to draw” the dealer said, trying to get the airheaded valley girl’s attention.

“Draw what?” She said, puzzled.

“A card.”

“Ok, but like, I don’t have a pen,” Sarah intoned patronizingly.

“Just take a card,” the dealer sighed

“Ok, Geeze. Why didn’t you just, like, say so?”

Sarah took the card that the mean old lady offered her and looked at the pretty picture, of a seventeenth century clipper ship on the high seas. One sailor looked overboard, panicked by something he saw in the water. It read *The Sodomites*.

Sarah tried several times to read the card, but couldn’t quite manage. Eventually she said “Soda Might? Is that like, a protein drink or something?”

“Not quite,” the dealer responded. She was actually kind of curious, it was the first time she had ever seen that card drawn after *The Virgin* and she wondered how they would interact.

“Mary?” The dealer said.

“Huh?” The young girl tentatively looked up from her own milky cleavage, tears streaming down her makeup covered face.

“It’s your turn to draw.”

“What?” Mary asked softly. She couldn’t remember who the redheaded lady was or what she wanted from her.

“Take a card.”

“Uh....” Mary moaned softly, trying to figure out what was expected of her.

“Here.” The dealer said, forcing a card into her hand.

It showed a woman eagerly biting into a pomegranate, its juices staining her skin red, and flowing over her sensuous lips. Mary liked the colors, but couldn’t figure out what was going on in the picture, let alone read the words *Aphrodite’s Kiss* that adorned the bottom.

Mary stared blankly at the card, and then her face began to feel funny. Her lips started to swell and swell, until they had more than doubled in size. They didn’t stop until they were huge, bigger than Angelina Jolie or any other woman in Hollywood, even bigger than Sarah’s collagen filled porn-star lips, but they were so shapely and perfect that they were obviously real.

Her mouth dominated the lower half of her face, like the wax lips you could buy at some candy stores, and they were every bit as red.

She ran her newly elongated tongue over them, and then gasped and shuddered in pleasure. They were so sensitive.

For her part, Sarah sat staring blankly for a moment, before she noticed what a good time Mary seemed to be having. She started to feel jealous, and then began to squirm uneasily in her seat. She felt, empty, somehow, and oh so horny.

Her thoughts drifted back a few years, when she would feel this way all the time. She couldn't masturbate normally, her stupid 'giney was broken, so she had to get creative. She would sneak phallic objects from around the house, and try sticking them up her butt. She had had her first orgasm one night when, alone at home and wound up, she had taken one of her mother's nice candles off the dinner table and gingerly inserted it all the way into her anus. It had been wonderful, and shortly thereafter she had begun to secretly buy a vast collection of vibrators and butt-plugs of various shapes and sizes.

She glanced longingly at her purse. She knew there was an expensive glass dildo inside, one of her favorites. If she had known this game was going to take so long, she would have snuck it up her butt before leaving the house this morning so she could bounce on it a bit when she started to get bored, like now. But it was too late for that. She didn't see a bathroom, and she didn't think she could do it under the table without being noticed, so she just hoped the game would be over soon.

It would be.

Final Round

The dealer was glad the game was almost over. She felt bad for the both the girls, and was tired of fighting to get their attention. She caught Sarah's gaze as the young actress looked up from her purse and back to the table, and she drew her final card.

It depicted a pale woman sitting regally on a throne made of ice. *The Snow Queen*.

"Like Elsa?" Sarah asked. "Yes, like Elsa," the dealer nodded, though she had no idea what the young woman was referring to.

Suddenly, a chill went through Sarah's body. Her fair skin grew even paler, and became perpetually cool to the touch. Her shot glass sized nipples stiffened in the cold, and she doubted they would ever thaw. She wished she had brought a coat, but then she realized it would do her no good, clothes were just for looks, not for keeping warm.

Mary took her last card from the strange lady. It showed the picture of an exasperated mother dog, curled protectively around a litter of newborn pups. *The Loyal Hound* it read.

Mary giggled softly and smiled "Cute puppy!" She put the card down and immediately forgot about it. Then, a change washed over her, she felt so vulnerable, and so affectionate. She needed to touch someone, and to be touched, right now. She looked up, saw Sarah, and then did her best to leap from her chair and launch herself into Sarah's lap, fiercely wrapping her arms around the giant woman and holding on as if for dear life.

Sarah started in alarm, and tried to push the smaller girl away, but when she felt the warmth emanating from her, she softened slightly. She couldn't remember why she was mad at Mary in the first place, and so she stroked the frightened Goth's hair, and then adjusted her seat so that Mary could lay her head between Sarah's magnificent breasts. A moment later, Mary's head was completely engulfed by Sarah's cleavage, protected from every sensation except the cool touch of her smooth skin and the soothing sound of her heartbeat.

They sat that way for a few moments, before she got bored and looked around. She saw the dealer staring at them softly, her face a mixture of tenderness and pity. The deck was nowhere to be seen, and the tabletop was bare.

"Are we, like, done here or something?" Sarah asked.

"I think so."

"Good. I think I like, had somewhere to be?" Sarah asked, trying to remember why she came here in the first place.

Sarah pushed away from the table and stood to her full height, towering above the other two women, the difference made even more extreme by the heels she wore, boots that wouldn't be out of place at an S&M club.

Mary clung to her waist, and upon seeing her, the dealer said "One more thing."

"Mary, do you know how to get home?"

The small brunette looked up at her uncertainly. She wasn't even sure if Mary was her name. After a moment she shook her head, and in her small, soft, gentle voice she said "No."

"Do you remember where you live?"

"No." She genuinely didn't. Her past was all a blur.

"Do you know where your parents are?"

"No."

"Do you know who your parents are?"

"Huh?"

"Do you know who you are?"

"No..." she squeaked. She couldn't remember anything before this room, and she began to cry again, and she turned her face upwards, pressing it into the side of one of Sarah's perfect breasts.

"What a ditz," Sarah said absentmindedly as she stroked the crying girl's pigtails and then pulled out her phone and promptly forgot all about Mary and the fateful game that had made them into the women they now were.

"Indeed," the dealer said, "But I think there's only one thing we can do about it now."

Epilogue

Sarah's career as an actress wasn't much to speak of; there wasn't much call for someone with her... unusual... physique. Besides, what good was an actress who couldn't move her face and whose ability to remember her lines was fleeting at best? Still, she had been in a few soft core fetish movies, as well as playing lesbian vampires or barbarian queens in low budget genre flicks whose main selling points were excessive gore and nudity. Her agent told her that she might break into the big times if the Red Sonja movie ever got off the ground, but not to hold her breath.

Still, she loved the California life! Who had time for acting anyway? Her days were packed with going to the gym, sunbathing (not that it did any good), endless appointments with hair dressers, manicurists, beauticians, and cosmetic surgeons, and of course lots and lots of shopping. Her nights were filled with endless partying at every club in L.A.

She spent money freely, and her credit card bills never seemed to come due. Any worries she might have, including lingering memories of her previous life, quickly vanished from her mind, leaving her head blissfully empty once again. She hoped life would stay like this forever, and who knew, maybe thanks to the magical tarot deck, it would.

Mary was basically Sarah's pet. She couldn't really remember anything about her previous life, and trying to do so just made her feel even gloomier than usual. She spent her days moping around their expensive condo, and waiting for Sarah to get home.

Sarah had tried to teach her to do housework, but she wasn't able to remember her tasks, heck, most days she couldn't even remember how to dress herself, and the large closet full of edgy black garments went unused as she spent her days in the nude.

Still, it wasn't a bad life, and her biggest concern was that Sarah would forget to milk her when she got home, which the vapid girl frequently did. And, unless she was having a good day, Mary lacked the vocabulary to really express her need to be expressed.

She spent her nights as close to Sarah as possible, taking every opportunity to be close to her, even following her into the shower or the hot tub when she would allow it. They weren't lovers per se, Sarah had no interest in sex, and Mary no longer had any conception of it. She just knew that she loved to be close to Sarah, and that if the tall girl would let her, she would lick and kiss her all over. She especially loved liking Sarah's nipples, she didn't know why but they made her feel good, her thoughts even fuzzier than usual.

Mary's favorite thing in the world was when she was bad and Sarah spanked her prodigious bottom, for unbeknownst to either girl that was now the only way Mary could achieve orgasm. It was so good that Mary might have been bad on purpose, that is if she was still smart enough to connect cause and effect.

And so Mary's simple life was complete, and she would end each day snuggled up against Sarah in their shared bed. Sarah, for her part, treated Mary like a living stuffed animal, cuddling up against her soft and curvy body for what little warmth it could provide.

And, as for the mysterious woman and her deck of cards, well, they moved on from Hollywood, and where they would end up next and whose life they would transform when they got there? Well, that's a tale for another day.