

Deck of Changes: Las Vegas

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.

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

All characters are over the age of consent.

Be aware that the game sometimes uses antiquated language that may not be politically correct.

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!

Thanks for reading!

This wasn't my first time in Las Vegas, but it was my first time alone in Vegas. In the past, I had always gone with friends or family for a wedding, or a birthday, or a bachelor party; this time I was there for more professional reasons. I would be finishing grad school in a couple months, and this weekend there was going to be a conference with a lot of recruiters, and our school had strongly suggested that going would be good for our future careers.

I decided to arrive a day early so that I could enjoy the city, but I was a little nervous about being here on my own. My flight had landed; I had checked into my room, and I was wandering around the second floor of the Luxor when I bumped into Celina.

Celina and I were in the same class; we weren't friends, but we knew each other fairly well, having taken numerous courses together and even been part of the same study group or partnered up for a lab project on occasion. She was also cute. She wasn't gorgeous by most standards, but she was exactly my type.

She was in her early thirties with pale and lightly freckled skin, dark eyes, and straight black hair. Her features were pretty and somewhat unique; she was obviously biracial, but it was impossible to tell from her looks whether she was part Asian, Hispanic, Native American, Pacific Islander, or perhaps all of them at once.

She was short, needing to stand on her toes to reach five feet, and with a curvy figure. I wouldn't quite call her chubby, but she was close to it. She had large, pill shaped breasts, which I estimated were probably a healthy D cup; although they seemed even bigger on her short frame. She had a slight potbelly, which stuck out nearly as far as her breasts, with broad hips, chubby thighs, and a cute bubble butt which she was embarrassed about but which I knew the other girls envied.

She never dressed to show off her figure, and even in Vegas that trend continued. She was currently wearing modest boots, faux leather pants, and a dark blue t-shirt with the logo of some band I didn't recognize stretched tight across her bosom. No jewelry, and if she was wearing any makeup it was subtle enough that I couldn't tell. Her dark hair was pulled back in a casual ponytail.

Now, I know what you are thinking. No, she wasn't my ex or my secret crush or anything like that. We were both single, and she was nice enough, didn't seem crazy and was more than smart enough to have a conversation with, but I had never shown any romantic inclination towards her. Mostly it was that I was still broken up over my last relationship, but also because I was just plain shy around women and didn't want to make our classes weird.

So I had never asked her out. In hindsight I probably should have. It certainly would have made the small talk on the casino floor less awkward.

Celina was, obviously, there for the same reason I was. Still, it was extremely lucky that we had run into one another. At least, that is what I thought at the time; now I am not so sure. She had never been in a real casino before, and was looking forward to giving it a try, but was also anxious. I told her that I was an expert at Blackjack, a bit of an exaggeration, and offered to teach her how to play. She looked pensive for a moment, but then agreed.

I offered to buy her a drink, but was then informed that they were free. Oops.

We then went looking for a table. I made sure to let Celina lead the way, mostly so that I could see what those leather pants were doing for her behind.

It wasn't easy. The casino was packed, and it seemed that the only blackjack tables which had open seats were those with a twenty dollar minimum bet or more. We weren't wealthy, few grad-students are, and I was hoping to find a five or ten dollar table so that we could actually play for a bit before running out of money. But it wasn't happening; I was starting to get frustrated and afraid that Celina was just going to tell me to forget the whole idea.

Then, I looked through a glass pane into a side room; dimly lit and with a large card table in the center. It looked like a high rollers room, or maybe a baccarat table, but it had the standard six deck auto-shuffler set up and the outlines of cards printed upon the felt. I stepped inside, and Celina followed.

The dealer was a middle aged woman with lots of curly red hair spilling down her back. Her uniform didn't match any of the others, it was a frilly dress that almost seemed like something out of the old west, but I didn't really think anything of it at the time. I asked her what the table minimum was, and she told me that there was none.

Celina and I sat down next to one another, neither really knowing what to say. The dealer pulled out a single deck of cards and began to shuffle by hand, and I realized what was going on. This was one of those "old timey" side games made to take advantage of people who think they can count cards, where they only use one deck but also don't pay out extra on blackjack and let the dealer hit on a soft seventeen.

We pulled out our wallets, and I considered covering for Celina, but I thought that might be coming on too strong. The dealer looked at them and said:

"First hand is free, as long as you agree to keep what you win. That ok?"

Celina looked at me apprehensively, and honestly I was just as baffled as she was, but I didn't let it show, and I decided to simply push on ahead, heedless of the consequences. I nodded, and told Celina to just say yes, which she trustingly did.

Having agreed, the dealer asked which of us wanted to play first. I pointed to Celina and said "Ladies first," in a voice that I hoped was smooth rather than creepy.

"But, I don't know what to do..." She asked.

"Don't worry, it's simple, and I'll help."

The dealer pulled the top card from the deck. It was larger than most playing cards, and well worn, with an unfamiliar design on its back.

The front was like no card I had ever seen; it vaguely resembled a tarot card, but not quite. The design was like an eighteenth century woodcut, depicting an image of a woman sitting in a dark room, her back to a seaside window, looking anxiously at a man sleeping in the bed before her and the long knife which lay on the nightstand. *The Blade*, it read.

I had no idea what this meant. This obviously wasn't Blackjack, and I didn't know what it was. I was steeling myself to admit as much, to apologize to the dealer and call the whole thing off, when I was distracted by a curious clicking sound coming from the table to my left.

I saw Celina eagerly tapping at the leather band around the table with bright red nails that must have been several inches long. They were obviously fake, and I was amazed that I hadn't noticed them yet, but I just chalked it up to nerves and my usual oblivious nature.

"Woah," I said.

"What?" Celina asked, impatiently.

"Nothing, I just noticed your nails."

"Oh, you like them?" She asked as she held them up to the light for me to see.

"Yeah."

"Thanks. They took me years to grow, but I think it was worth it."

I nodded. I was pretty sure she was teasing me, but I played along. There's no way I wouldn't have noticed those talons at some point in the last three years, and they would have made lab-work awfully difficult for her. Hell, just putting on a rubber glove would be all but impossible.

As I was pondering this, the dealer had grown impatient and handed Celina the next card. This one depicted a Viking shield maiden, perhaps a Valkyrie, wearing stereotypical opera garb and offering a large stein of foaming ale to the viewer. It was titled *The Horns of Heidrun*.

I still no idea what it meant or how the game was going. The dealer seemed not to notice, and again I was distracted, this time by Celina trying to subtly adjust her clothes. I looked down and saw a pair of prominent nipples pressing into the fabric of her shirt; so erect that they seemed almost the size of campfire marshmallows. I realized that this must be the first time I had seen her without a bra, and gave a silent thank you to whoever had decided to spend the electricity required to keep the casino at sixty-five degrees despite it being April in Nevada.

The dealer waited for Celina to meet her eyes, and then dealt the next card. It was labelled *The Sailors* and showed a man on the deck of an old fashioned clipper ship, staring in

horror at something just out of sight in the waves below. Celina squirmed slightly in her seat, but didn't say anything.

The next card showed a group of birds with the heads and breasts of beautiful women, perched atop a cliff face and staring down with hungry eyes as an ancient trireme hurtled towards the jagged rocks below. *The Siren*.

"This game is weird," Celina said, in a high pitched voice. "Yeah, it is," I said noncommittally.

"Am I ahead?" She asked, continuing her falsetto.

"Looks like," I responded.

"So, what do I do?" She continued in her forced baby-doll voice.

"Just, tell the dealer when you don't want any more cards."

"That's easy!" Celina squeaked.

"Told you."

"But, you'll tell me when, right?" She asked, her voice never lowering to its normal register. I don't know why she was trying to sound like bimbo, but I hoped it was her way of flirting, and I rather liked it.

I looked her in the eyes and nodded, stealing another peek at her straining nipples as I did.

"More?" the dealer asked. Celina squeaked an affirmative and tapped the table with her elongated nails.

The dealer flipped her card, which showed a golden chalice full of blood red wine labelled *Ambrosia*.

Nothing happened for a moment, but then I noticed two dark circles beginning to form on the front of Celina's shirt. They continued to spread; the dark stains moving downward over the curve of her stomach, until it was impossible not to see what was happening. I tried not to stare, but I just couldn't help myself. She of course noticed me looking, and immediately followed my gaze to the milk leaking down the front of her shirt.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry," she said, her voice so high pitched it bordered on painful. She pulled the sodden fabric away from her chest, and then did her best to squeeze the moisture from it, smoothed it out, and then gasped at the sensation when it once again stuck to her rock-hard nipples.

Her cheeks turned bright red, and she continued in a slightly more normal tone “Sorry. I normally pump my breasts before I leave the house, but today with the trip and all I just forgot. I’m so embarrassed.”

“It’s ok,” I stuttered, pretty embarrassed myself, “I didn’t even know you were expecting,” I said, trying to hide the note of disappointment in my voice.

“Oh, I’m not,” Celina chirped, “the doctors gave me some pills after I hurt my back a few years ago, and one of the side effects was lactation.”

That was weird, but I remembered hearing about similar things in my physiology class. Rare, but not unheard of, and I remembered Celina having to leave class in the past for chiropractic appointments; so it all made sense. Not a lot of sense, and even then I knew something weird was going on, but I was nervous and trying to act confident, and so I was in full rationalization mode. There was no rationalizing what happened next.

The dealer ignored Celina, quietly and professionally, wiped a few drops of milk from the table and moved the cards away protectively, then, once she had our attention, waved away Celina’s apology and added another card to the pile. It showed ancient ruins, with a bottom-heavy Greek vase sitting on a pedestal, a number of long white feathers resting about its base. *The Amphora.*

What happened next was impossible to miss; indeed I will remember it vividly for the rest of my life. Celina adjusted her clothes again, and then rose to her feet, bouncing slightly as she pulled her pants up. There was a sharp crack; which a second later I realized came from her pelvis, and I watched her hips surge outward between one blink and the next, each seeming to be suddenly wider by the width of her palm.

As I tried to understand what I was seeing, Celina’s butt began to expand before my eyes. Slowly but surely, her cheeks grew both larger and rounder, like underinflated volleyballs hooked up to a bicycle pump. Celina didn’t really seem to notice, aside from plucking at what must have been a serious wedgie.

Her rear grew larger and shapelier, her already prodigious booty soon surpassing anything you would see in the mainstream media and reaching the size you would typically only find on augmented Instagram models, but from the way it jiggled as she bounced I could tell that it was all natural. Or, at least, all flesh, nothing about this was natural.

Finally the growth stopped, leaving the diminutive brunette looking like someone had stuffed a pair of squat pumpkins down the back of her pants when she wasn't looking. She seemed to finally get comfortable; her pants must have somehow changed to accommodate her new curves, and sat back down. Awkwardly at first, as if she wasn't used to the sensation, but she soon seemed to get comfortable, although she appeared to be resting several inches higher in the chair than before.

Celina might be comfortable, but I wasn't. As soon as the shock, and arousal, faded from the front of my mind, I started to stand, and barked at the dealer, demanding to know what was going on here.

"Calm down," she commanded, and I acquiesced. I settled in my chair, and asked what was happening; feeling suddenly very protective of the woman sitting next to me.

"Don't you like what is happening?" She asked.

I stuttered.

"Do you want to stop?"

I didn't, I really didn't. But I knew it wasn't right. So I turned to Celina.

"Are you ok?"

"Yeah. Do I have enough cards?" She asked in her high voice

"Are you feeling ok about what's happening?"

"The game? Its fine," she responded giggling slightly as if going along with a joke she didn't understand.

"To keep going," I clarified.

"Yes," she said, starting to get a little irritated. It was dawning on me that she was totally oblivious to what was happening to her, but I wanted to see what came next.

"Continue," I told the dealer as I shook my head in resignation.

The next card was called *The Matron* and it showed a voluptuous woman surrounded by young children, many of whom sat cradled on her lap or rested their head on her prodigious chest.

The reaction was immediate and familiar. Celina's breasts swelled, slowly and subtly, in time with her breathing so that they rose with her chest as she inhaled but declined to fall with it as she exhaled. They kept their shape, growing both longer and broader as she filled out. As

her bosom slid down her torso, her shirt was pulled up, exposing the swell of her belly and the indentation of her navel.

She bit her lip and moaned at the sensation of the moist cotton being dragged against her sensitive nipples; she was obviously trying to keep quiet, but a high pitched whine of pleasure escaped her lips nonetheless.

When the growth had finished, her tits had more than doubled in size. Each resembled a football, resting upon her belly and proudly extending a good four inches beyond it.

Her nipples had grown slightly, but not quite so much as the rest of her breasts, leaving her monstrous teats looking almost proportional to the well stacked chest upon which they rode.

Both the dealer and I stared at her, smiling softly at her obvious pleasure. Celina's eyes fluttered closed, and after a moment I gently nudged her shoulder and told her we were waiting. "Sorry," she squeaked. "Hit me!"

The next card showed a wizened philosopher, perhaps Socrates himself, teaching a group of bright young pupils in the town square; while a beautiful young girl ignored him, staring at her reflection in a nearby pond and daydreaming. *The Empty Book* was written upon the card, although no book was visible on its face.

Again, nothing seemed to happen at first, although I started to suspect what it did as the game went on. In hindsight, it seems that this card turned Celina into an airhead. A stereotypical dumb blonde trapped in a brunette's body. She wasn't stupid, not exactly, but she didn't act like a prospective PhD in biochemistry either. Mostly it was just a short attention span that made her forgetful and easily distracted, and a habit of saying the first thing that came to her mind without thinking it through. I found it adorable, if sometimes irritating, but I am getting ahead of myself.

Anyway, the next card to be dealt was *Homogeny*, and it depicted a group of identical young women, all fashionable dressed, with long blonde hair, slender figures, and flawless features; like human Barbie dolls on a shelf.

The changes which this brought about in Celina were subtle, but the end result was the most drastic yet. Her face slowly resulted itself, growing more slender and taking on a perfect oval shape. Her nose shrank slightly and the tip rounded, her eyes took on an exaggerated almond shape that further obscured her ethnic background. Her eyebrows grew thinner, while her lashes lengthened. Her complexion cleared, the small blemishes across her cheeks and forehead disappeared, as did the slight scarring left over from teenage acne.

The most drastic change was her mouth; her already feminine lips filled out until they were extremely full and shapely, the top and bottom lips each perfectly proportioned to complement the other.

All in all, Celina's face was now the ideal of perfect feminine beauty.

"Nice!" I said out loud.

"Did I do good?" Celina asked, smiling up at me as I nodded.

She took another card, which showed a veiled woman standing in the cemetery by moonlight, her face obscured by shadows. *The Mourner*.

Suddenly, Celina's expression darkened and her face took on an edgy look as makeup was smeared across her features with an invisible brush. Heavy eyeliner, thick mascara, dark red lipstick, and a pallid foundation that left her with skin like living ivory.

Her clothes slowly morphed; her blue t-shirt darkened to black and the logo of the band into her t-shirt changed into that of a different group, something edgier that I had also never heard of. Her neckline dropped lower and lower, and her sleeves shrank, turning her shirt first into a tank top and then into some sort of lacy black bodice which simultaneously cinched her waist and thrust her tits up and outward, presenting a long inviting line of pale cleavage that jiggled with every breath.

Likewise, Celina's pants shrank, inching their way up her legs and showing more and more of her thick thighs with every second, until they finally they were little more than a leather thong; so tight you could clearly see the outline of her pubic mound when she parted her legs. I had little doubt that they left her ass almost completely exposed, and the view from behind when she stood up would be undoubtably breathtaking.

It didn't last long though; black fishnet stocking materialized on her bare legs, and soon they were joined by a short frilly skirt, which flared outwards and was wrapped in gauzy black lace.

Finally, her sensible shoes changed into a pair of heavy leather boots, with platform soles, six inch spiked heels, and shiny silver buckles running almost all the way up to her knees.

Her new look was amazing, a style that I would come to learn was called "Gothic Lolita", and I thought it was sexy as hell, but it didn't really fit with the Celina I knew. It certainly would have made her stand out in the lab, like a real life Abby Sciuto.

"Keep going!" I urged her.

Celina didn't have a clue what was going on, but she picked up on the fact that she was doing good and smiled enthusiastically, hitting the table.

The next card showed a man slaving away at an easel, a naked woman standing before him with a look of abject boredom on her face. It was, not surprisingly, called *The Artist*.

Nothing happened at first, then Celina gave a small startled gasp.

"What's the matter?" I asked

"I can be such a ditz sometimes," she squealed in annoyance as she dug through her purse and pulled out an expensive looking phone in a glittery case, "I can't believe I forgot to check in with my followers!" She straightened her hair, pursed her lips, held out her phone, and took a half dozen selfies. Then she selected the best one, and uploaded it to her Instagram before typing an accompanying caption, quite a feat given her nails, which said "In Vegas! More later! Kisses!"

She then proceeded to open her Twitter, Facebook, Onlyfans, and several other apps I had never heard of before the dealer cleared her throat. Celina didn't hear her, so I leaned over and asked her if she could do that later. We had a game to get back to.

"Huh?" She sighed. Then she looked up from her phone, took in her surroundings, and remembered where she was.

"Oh. Sorry. Next card?"

It was a picture of a pale woman with blazing green eyes, who looked not all that different from Celina. "Envy," the dealer intoned flatly, "the next card's value is doubled."

Said card showed a lonely tower in an isolated forest. A saddled horse grazed at the tower's base, but nobody else was around. *The Prisoner*.

Suddenly, Celina's hair began to grow rapidly, bursting out of the plain ponytail that tried to hold it back. It became thick and lustrous, her silky black locks sliding down across her shoulders and over the back of her chair, descended past her waist, and didn't stop until it was pooling on the floor behind her; I imagined that it was now as long as she was tall. It was gorgeous.

"Keep going?" She asked.

"Of course!"

The dealer turned over another card and laid it before Celina. It depicted a sprawling marketplace, tables loaded down with vibrantly colored produce, although most of the fruit was strange and of a species unknown to me. *The Market*.

Celina's breasts began to expand again, although not nearly so dramatically this time. Instead, they rode higher on her chest, sticking out further and expanding, taking on a pronounced melon shape. When they were finished, each of the grad student's breasts was nearly as large as her head, and to me they looked quite a bit like those that had once belonged to the legendary Pandora Peaks. Her thick nipples stood out clearly, roughly the size and shape of wine corks.

Celina saw me looking at her lustfully, and asked if that was good.

"Very good," I responded, to which she smiled and let out an exaggerated "Yay!" as she playfully drummed upon her new cleavage with the palms of her hands, which started her bouncing again.

The dealer took the motion as her cue to draw another card. This one showed a girl in a school uniform being followed by a group of strange old men, lust obvious in their eyes. The letters written upon it spelled out *The Maiden*.

The effect on Celina was subtle, and it was hard to put my finger on any one change. As best as I could tell, her face grew more delicate, and the small wrinkles around her eyes and mouth faded away. Her cheeks became slightly fuller, and the freckles upon them and across the bridge of her nose and forehead grew more prominent even as those on her shoulders and chest faded somewhat. Her breasts grew visibly firmer and higher, while all across her body skin tightened and flesh grew toned.

When the process was finished, she looked dramatically younger, like she was a teenager again. And, like a teenager, she had better things to do.

"Are we almost done? This game's boring." She said in an exaggerated singsong voice.

"Almost."

Celina sighed and checked her phone, as she absent mindedly tapped on the table's felt surface.

The next card depicted a man walking through the desert, straining under the weight of a bulging sack of coins. "Greed," the dealer said. "The next card is worth ten times the normal amount."

That got her attention again, and Celina and I both watched intently as the next card was dealt. It was called *Cupid's Arrow*, and the illustration was of a young man kneeling at the feet of an indifferent woman, suicidal desperation filling his eyes.

Suddenly, Celina was clutching my arm, her long nails digging painfully into flesh. She looked up at me, her eyes large and shinning, and then she moved closer, pressing her body against mine. She placed my hand over her engorged nipples and sighed as I reflexively grasped it, then leaned close, resting her forehead against my shoulder while gently running her lips over my bicep and leaving a trail of shallow butterfly kisses in her wake.

I awkwardly moved my right hand over to her and timidly ran my fingers through her luxurious mane of midnight hair.

The dealer didn't wait for Celina to look up, and instead dealt the final card unbidden. It depicted a scene out of the Iliad, with a golden apple being presented to the fairest of the Greek goddesses. It read only *The Apple*.

The dealer looked me in the eyes and told me that it looks like I won.

"I didn't realize I was playing."

She shrugged indifferently, and gestured toward Celina.

"Choose her prize."

A whirlwind of ideas blew through my head. I could turn her back to normal. I could make her the prettiest girl in the world. I could give her true love. I could give her perfect health. I could make her smart again, maybe even smarter than before. I could make her rich. All good ideas, but instead, I decided to go for bust.

"I want Celina to have the biggest boobs in the world which, despite their size, never sag or hurt her back."

The dealer nodded, and a moment later Celina's breasts began to expand, until my lap was completely filled with soft, quivering, slightly freckled flesh. She moaned in pleasure, and rubbed against me, and for a moment I thought Celina was going to mount me right there, when the dealer interrupted.

"Games over."

Once again, I felt compelled to obey. I helped Celina to her feet, not an easy task with breasts that had to weigh close to fifty pounds each, and she tottered toward the door; still

lacking the muscle memory to walk in such high heels, especially with her new center of gravity. She steadied herself by clinging tightly to me for balance.

Celina and I walked back out onto the main casino floor, her cleavage preceding her by a good two feet. Her breasts were now roughly the size and shape of large picnic watermelons, each capped with an areola like a poker chip and with thick nipples like ripe strawberries.

Her top had again expanded to accommodate her new figure, but it was all but impossible to support such a chest; flesh spilled out on all sides, and the thin straps which ran from the hem up to her shoulders was held taut, resting several inches above her flesh like the chains used to raise a drawbridge.

Each step set her boobs jiggling, and made my heart flutter. I decided now was the time to make my move.

“So, I was thinking, you want to get dinner and maybe catch a show? Then afterwards, I was thinking, if you brought your swimsuit, you could come up and we could try out the hot tub, supposedly they have saunas in every room here.”

“I have a better idea,” Celina said in her girlish voice, and then she did her best to whisper in my ear, although she was still a good six inches too short. “Why don’t we go up to your room **now**, and then you can fuck me in the ass.”

I was stunned by the forwardness of her offer, and I glanced around nervously, as if afraid to be too eager. I looked at the glass behind us, and saw only an empty room, the dealer and her strange deck were gone. Oddly enough, the only thing I could think about was whether or not I should have tipped her.

Suddenly, I was hit with an odd sensation; I realized I had two very different and very distinct memories of Celina.

In one, she was a cute, if not quite gorgeous, girl whom I had gone to school with for the past three years and always found an excuse not to ask out on a date, until a chance meeting in Las Vegas led to the crazy adventure you just read.

In the other one, I had never seen her before today. I had come to the Luxor alone, and as I wandered around looking for something to do, I had seen a crowd gathering around one of the side rooms. At the center was a young multiracial girl in goth attire, sexy as all hell and showing about a mile of cleavage. As far as I could tell, she was some sort of Instagram model doing a

meet and greet, and as I conspicuously moved around the crowd trying to get a better look at her, our eyes locked and she waved me over.

I nervously walked up, and she motioned for me to come around to her side of the table and sit next to her. I obliged. She immediately grasped my hand under the table, and told me that her name was Salina, with a S and a heart above the i. I was my usual self, nervous and tongue tied around strangers, but she did enough talking for both of us, her high-pitched voice cutting through the murmur of the crowd. As the afternoon went on, she moved closer and closer to me, and paid less and less attention to the adoring fans who came seeking her autograph or a picture with her. By the end, she was actually sitting in my lap, resting her head on my shoulder and staring daggers at any woman who so much looked in my direction.

After the event, she clung to me, refusing to let me out of her reach, and walked alongside me. We got some odds looks, a guy in his thirties with a girl who appeared to be about half his age, but this was Vegas, where such things were not out of the ordinary.

As we discussed our plans for the evening, my memories again converged, with the previous reality seeming hazy, like a well remembered dream.

Just then, Salina looked me in the eye and in a girlish voice said “I just had a crazy idea.”

“Huh?” I asked.

“Well, seeing as we are already in Las Vegas, why don’t we get married? That way we can be together forever, until we are both dead.”

I was taken aback. Then, for the second time that day, I found myself in a situation where I had no idea what I was about to get into, but still decided to push on heedless of the consequences.

Cards Used:

The Blade:	Subject's nails grow long and colorful.
The Horns of Heidrun:	Subject's nipples grow longer and become extremely sensitive.
The Sailors:	Subject gains an anal sex fetish.
The Siren:	Subject's voice becomes exceptionally youthful and high pitched.
Ambrosia:	Subject begins to lactate profusely.
The Amphora:	Subject's butt double in size and becomes significantly shapelier.
The Empty Book:	Subject's personality is changed to bimbo.
The Matron:	Subject's breasts double in size.
Homogeny:	One of the subject's features changes to match their society's ideal of beauty.
The Mourner:	Subject's style is changed to goth.
The Artist:	Subject's profession is changed to pinup model.
Envy:	The next card's effects occur with double the usual intensity.
The Prisoner:	Subject's hair doubles in length.
The Market:	Subject's breasts take on an exaggerated melon shape.
The Maiden:	Subject's age is regressed to their late teens.
Greed:	The effect of the next card is extreme.
Cupid's Arrow:	Subject becomes romantically infatuated with their opponent or partner.
The Apple:	Choose any one change for your opponent or partner.