

# Deck of Changes: High School

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!*

I get what you are saying. You are asking how a dorky guy like me ended up with a girl like Erin, right? Well, I can tell you the story, but you won't believe it. Or, maybe you will, it probably makes as much sense as any other explanation I could come up with. Still, just bear with me.

Now, let me tell you about what Erin was like back then. She was tall, athletic, and beautiful. Short black hair, intense green eyes, and pale skin. With thin lips, a strong chin, and a small upturned nose; a figure that was just slightly on the curvy side, a nice heart shaped butt and perky C cup breasts. She could have been part of the popular and athletic crowd, but she wasn't one for team sports or social climbing, and never really fit in with any of the cliques at school.

Her style was her own. She was kind of a goth, with dark clothes and bold eclectic makeup and jewelry. I suppose now the kids have all sorts of names for different alternative styles, but back then the closest analogy I could give was Fairuza Balk's character in *The Water Boy* or Clea Duvall in *The Faculty*.

Anyway, I thought she was perfect, and I had been becoming increasingly obsessed with her all year. I had tried to make conversation a couple of times, but it was tough, our social circles barely overlapped, and the few times I got up the courage to talk to her I was only met with an icy glare. I never even got close enough to be put into the so called friend zone, or

politely turned down and told she had other plans or was seeing someone; Erin was far too blunt for that.

My friends were baffled at why I was interested in someone whom they considered a total bitch, and many couldn't even see why I found her attractive. But I found her stubborn independence to be the hottest thing ever.

We only shared a couple of classes together, and neither gave me the opportunity to interact with her directly. The only one of importance to this story was sixth period art.

We were supposed to go on a field trip to an art museum in the city, but I wasn't allowed to go because I had too many absences. So I went to my classes as normal that day, and when sixth period rolled around I was told to head to the art room and study.

I was overjoyed when I saw that the room wasn't empty, Erin was sitting in her assigned seat as normal. Apparently she had gotten in trouble and wasn't allowed to go on the field trip either, although I never have heard the full story of exactly what she did.

I thought this was my big chance, and so I walked over to sit next to her. When she looked up at me with her usual resting bitch face, I kept on walking and took my usual seat on the far side of the room.

Once there, I did the same thing I normally did in art class; try and stare at Erin without her noticing, and doodling pictures of her in my sketchbook and writing her name in the margins of my notebook. I told you, I was obsessed.

Some time later, I was shocked to hear her voice behind me.

"Come."

I jumped and quickly fumbled to cover up what I was working on, only to turn and see that Erin couldn't care less. She was already walking to the back of the room, and I followed after her like a loyal puppy.

She stopped in front of the supply cabinet.

"Help me up," she said, gesturing to the top shelf, clearly looking to grab some art supplies to pass the time.

I immediately went to put my hands around her waist, and she stepped back with a slight look of disgust and pointed to the ground.

I immediately got down on my knees, and she stood on my back. The weight of her shoes digging into my shoulders was more than a little painful, but I still thought it was the most wonderful sensation of my life.

Erin dug around for a bit, she was clearly looking for something at the back of the top shelf and not having much luck. Then, there was a sudden crash as she knocked something to the ground and then stepped down without a word.

I looked over and saw her picking up a number of cards which had fallen from the shelf and spilled across the floor. They looked a bit like Tarot cards, beat up and with a Discordian pattern printed on their backs.

A single card had fallen face up, and it depicted a boldly painted woodcut style drawing of a scene from Norse mythology. I didn't get a good look at it, but I saw the name Heidrun; the magical goat whom the gods milked to produce a never ending supply of mead in Valhalla.

Erin gathered the other cards into a deck and picked it up, walking over to the far corner of the room while looking over the top card. She entered the back area of the large room which was a gallery where student's works were hung for the benefit of visiting parents. She sat down on one of several old easy chairs and laid the cards on a low round table which rested in front of her.

After a moment's hesitation, I followed and sat down across the table from her. She didn't seem to notice me, and was instead fixated on the cards, which I presumed were forgotten project of some especially gifted student who had long since graduated and moved on. As usual, I was more interested in Erin than the cards, and it didn't take me long to notice that her nipples were erect, very erect. They were the size and shape of sewing thimbles, and refused to be held back by her bra or the thin material of the black tank top she wore.

As I stared in amazement, she flipped over the next card of the deck. It showed an attractive woman wearing clown makeup and grinning at the onlookers with a broad smile that was equal parts seductive and terrifying, like some sort of "Slutty Pennywise" Halloween costume. Hand drawn letters across the base of the card identified it as *The Harlequin*.

It was then that I noticed how much makeup Erin was wearing. As I said earlier, she often wore bold styles out of a combination of inexperience and simply not caring what other people thought, but this was excessive even for her. Heavy mascara coated her lashes and black eye shadow blanketed her lids. Her eyeliner was so thick and dark it gave her a serious case of

racoon eyes, and flared out into exaggerated wings at the corners. Her nails, both finger and toe, were long and well-manicured, and painted a bright blood red color that perfectly matched her lipstick.

Still looking for a way to break the silence, I said “I love your makeup.”

Erin just glared at me for a second, and then rolled her eyes and drew another card.

This one depicted a young girl with cherubic features and long curly blonde hair. She was holding a candle and dressed in long brilliantly white robes. This one was labelled *The Innocent*.

When I looked up again, Erin had changed.

Gone was her black tank top and red tennis skirt. In its place was a schoolgirl’s uniform. Now our school didn’t have a uniform, not that Erin would have gone along with the dress code if they had, but I couldn’t imagine any school having a uniform like this. It was like some sort of adult roleplay version of a Catholic schoolgirl outfit that one would buy at a fetish shop.

The pleated skirt was exceptionally short, probably not even long enough to cover her butt cheeks, and I could clearly see her black panties as she sat across from me. Likewise, the hem of her skirt was so low I could clearly see her bellybutton, the soft curve of her stomach, and the protrusions of her hip bones above it. The white fabric of her top was equally skimpy, covering less than some sports bras, the bottom of her ribcage clearly visible below it, her arms and shoulders almost completely bare, and the front was tied together in such a way as to push her perky breasts together into showing as much cleavage as was possible for her modest size without exposing one of her engorged nipples.

Her hair was still cut short in the front, but the back had lengthened somewhat, and was now tied up in a pair of full pigtails to complete the look.

I obviously knew something was up. She couldn’t have changed that quickly, even if she had wanted to for some reason, but I was too nervous to say anything, paralyzed with a combination of fear and anticipation. Instead I focused on trying to look like I wasn’t staring, and I am sure I looked even dumber than usual to Erin, who was herself either unaware of the change in her attire or just being unusually nonchalant even by her standards.

She drew again. This card showed someone hiding under an old fashioned poster bed beneath a large open window, the curtains blowing in the wind and lightning crackling through the clouds which blanketed the stormy sky. *Rolling Thunder* it said.

This time, I watched Erin change, and it wasn't just her outfit. Her body slowly thickened and grew plumper as a thin layer of fat spread across her frame. It worked its way down, getting more intense as it went until she had an extremely bottom heavy physique.

Erin's face hardly changed at all. Her toned shoulders and biceps thickened a bit and lost some definition, not much, but enough that the straps which held her top in place sunk slightly into her swelling flesh. Her breasts swelled slightly, but not a lot. I estimated they were very full C-cups, maybe even a small D if you were being generous.

Her ribcage disappeared, and her stomach softened a little, bulging out into a small gut which hung over her waistband slightly. But, below her waist, the transformation was insane. Her hips broadened, more and more until they very nearly touched both arms of her chair. Her thighs likewise thickened to an extreme degree, her panties swiftly disappeared from view. They were so thick that they pressed against each other, annihilating any thought of a thigh gap, and no matter how she adjusted her position there wasn't room in the chair to part them if she had tried.

The growth then tapered off, putting a little more flesh on her muscular calves. This change was wild, and my mind was filled with lust; imagining how nice Erin's butt must look like now, as well as fantasies about all the various ways I could die happy with my head lodged between those ungodly thighs.

Erin didn't lose focus, and soon she was flipping the next card. She seemed bewitched by the images they displayed. Now that I think back on it, I might have been bewitched too. I mean, I was enjoying what was happening, and have always had an open mind about the paranormal, but I should have been panicking about dealing with an actual cursed deck. Maybe I was just a stupid lovesick teenager who didn't have the common sense to realize the terrible risk it posed to the girl of my dreams.

The next card was *The Dancer*, and it showed a slender young woman in a ballerina's outfit, standing on stage before a judgmental audience and looking down at herself in horror. It was hard to tell with the art style, but the girl on the card looked like an exaggerated version of Erin herself.

Erin's legs changed again. This time growing longer rather than thicker, and the muscles on her calves reshaped themselves as if they were used to walking in heels. I imagined that her thigh muscles likewise changed, but it was impossible to tell as they were concealed by a thick blanket of flesh. Her shoes changed from simple sandals to shiny black leather boots, knee high

and with immense spiked heels, they wouldn't have looked out of place on a professional dominatrix.

Erin was already a tall girl, and though it was hard to tell with her seated, I imagined that even out of heels she was now the tallest in school, certainly taller than I was, probably over six feet.

The next card was labelled *The Siren*, and it depicted those mythical bird women luring a group of Greek sailors to their doom.

There was no immediate effect, and Erin drew again. The next card was of a short woman with a pale face and glowing green eyes that read *Envy*.

Again, no effect, and I grew impatient.

"Any idea what those last two were?" I asked. It was probably the longest sentence I had ever actually said to her.

"Quiet. I'm trying to concentrate," Erin murmured in response. Her voice was soft and high pitched, barely above a whisper, but with a threatening venom behind it. She now spoke with a soft and excessively sibilant voice that was the epitome of a petulant teenager. The sound of it gave me tingles, and I would come to learn that this was would be her new natural way of speaking.

The next card was the best yet; *The Matron*, an image of a curvaceous woman reading to a large group of adoring children.

Erin began to grow again, but this time the change was located entirely within her breasts. The swelled outwards, slowly and invitingly, gently pulled down by the weight. They remained firm and perky, but lost some of their shape, taking on more of a mature teardrop. When they finished, I estimated each was over a gallon in volume, maybe an L cup? Their lower edge rested just a finger's width above her belly button, and they jiggled with each breath. Her nipples hung slightly lower, but still jutted straight forward, each bigger than the last joint of her thumb and almost perfectly proportional to her new chest. It was beautiful, the most perfect breasts imaginable, and I was in heaven. At least, I would have been if her shirt hadn't expanded with them, keeping her rosy pink areola tantalizingly just out of view.

As usual, Erin was oblivious to it all, but she did stop to adjust her top slightly, hoisting her boobs up and then letting them fall, creating a beautiful wave of motion.

I watched her lean over and flip the next card. It showed a slender woman holding a knife and laying upon a stone slab, silhouetted against an impossible large moon. *Kisses of the Moon* it read.

The effect was subtle, but enchanting. Erin's skin became extremely smooth and pale, like living alabaster, white as milk and almost as cold. The small moles on her cheeks and shoulders vanished, as did the blemishes that plague all high school students. The feint tan lines that followed the shape of her old tank top faded away, leaving her uniformly pale from head to toe.

Next up was *Aphrodite's Kiss*, a card which showed a woman smearing her large sensual lips with fresh blood.

Erin's lips were probably her weakest feature, shapely, but still a bit on the thin side. That was no longer a problem for her, as the card caused her lips to become incredibly full. Not quite huge, to the point where they looked fake or comical, but very big, larger than Angelina Jolie or pretty much any other white girl in Hollywood. They kept their shape though, with a nice cupid's bow on top and a smooth round line on the bottom, always parted just slightly to show a hint of the sharp white teeth behind, a stark contrast to the bright red lipstick she would now wear for the rest of her life. I wanted to kiss her forever.

The next card depicted a pretty young woman staring at her reflection while Plato lectured to a group of students in ancient Athens. *The Empty Book*.

It did nothing at first. I would come to find out that this was the bimbo card. I honestly have no idea how smart Erin was before, we never really talked in depth. After this card she was definitely on the dumb side, but she hides it well; she rarely speaks, and when she does it is with such confidence that it is impossible not to assume she knows exactly what she is talking about. The card certainly made her more vain though, and proud fiercely of her own body, but then again, if you looked like her you would have to be crazy not to.

If anything, the card also made her more stubborn than before, and she doubled down on drawing cards, as if she was intent to win a game that only she knew she was playing.

She revealed *The Heavenly Spheres*, and showed an ornate orrery which depicted the solar system in great detail, far better than could have been known in the period the deck was made to look like it was from, as well as several bodies which I didn't recognize, including a second star lurking at the far edge of the solar system.

Erin's breasts were already perfect by any definition of the word, the most beautiful that could be hoped for, but at this point we were leaving reality behind and entering the world of pure fantasy. They grew again, but this time they took on a much firmer and rounder shape, rising as they expanded. It was a quick process, but when it was finished her boobs were almost perfectly spherical. Each was bigger than her head, stretching her top almost to the breaking point, her titanic nipples now almost exactly at their center point. They still stopped just above her navel, but now they rose almost to her collarbone and stuck out so far to the side they would obscure her biceps when her arms were lowered and be clearly visible from the back when her arms were raised. They were like overlarge basketballs, except no basketball had ever bounced as much as these boobs.

The next card showed The Apple of Discord from Greek mythology, one of the same symbols that could be seen on the backs of the cards which remained in the deck.

I had always had something of a freckle fetish, and was usually attracted to gingers, which Erin most certainly was not, her green eyes alone betraying her Irish heritage. But *The Apple* seized onto my subconscious desires, and suddenly a dusting of light orangish-brown freckles became clearly visible across the bridge of Erin's nose and her cheeks, and then across the tops of her bountiful breasts, all along her shoulders and down the backs of her arms, and even a few upon the broad wings of her hips.

She didn't notice, and since drawing *The Empty Book*, she didn't really notice me noticing either. Which was good, because I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

An image of a beautiful woman adorned the next card. She was standing on a darkened stage and performing a seductive dance, but strings like those of a marionette were attached to her arms and legs and ascended into the shadows above. *The Burlesque*.

Erin's arms and shoulders grew slightly larger and better defined, her muscles once again visible when she moved. Supple muscles stood out on her taut calves, and even her massive thighs seemed to tighten up just a bit. Her waist also narrowed slightly, and her small belly firmed, although it was still just chubby enough to hide her ribs or the shape of her abdominal muscles. I didn't understand what brought about these changes at first, at least not until I realized that the cards were retroactive.



The next card she drew showed a man throwing himself at the feet of an indifferent woman. Judging by the look on his face he was madly in love, and desperate to the point lunacy. I knew the feeling well. The card was labelled *Cupid's Arrow*.

Suddenly, the spell over Erin seemed to break and she looked me in the eyes. "I'm bored," she purred, and then she stood up in one graceful motion and strode across the room on her long legs, her breasts bouncing along with the rhythm of her movement. I took this opportunity to get a good long look at her backside, and I wasn't disappointed.

Her skirt was so short it would have struggled to cover a normal girl's behind; with Erin's figure it didn't stand a chance, leaving the entire lower half of her ass exposed. It was amazingly large and full, with a size that you wouldn't normally see except on a chubby middle aged woman who had left herself go after having a few kids, but it was still taut and shapely, spreading out from her narrow waist in an exaggerated upside down heart. Round and shapely, but not so much that there was any doubt that it was real, her natural projection only enhanced by her towering heels. Her flesh was tight and flawless, with only the barest hint of cellulite.

I also took a moment to appreciate the definition of her back muscles; it must be a lot of work carrying breasts like hers around and it really showed.

She walked over to the teachers desk and turned on the radio, bending over slightly and giving me an even better view as she played with the dials until she found a station that played bouncy club music. She then turned around and walked slowly back towards me, slowly and swinging her hips in time with the music, her massive thighs rolling past one another with each step.

Erin walked directly towards me, using her shin to nudge aside the table on which the enchanted cards sat, then she stood above me, her hands on her broad hips, looking down on me with an indecipherable expression as she gently chewed on her full lower lip. Then she leaned over, giving me an amazing view down her top, looked me dead in the eye, and shoved me roughly back into my chair.

She lowered her knee onto the cushion between my legs, less than an inch from my balls, and then rested her full weight on it for a second before swinging her other leg around and straddling my lap. She put her hands on my shoulders and then locked them behind my neck,

swaying in time with the music and slowly leaning forward, bringing her chest closer to my face inch by agonizing inch.

I brought my hand up and gingerly rested it upon her thigh. Immediately she slapped it away and hissed

“Don’t touch me.” She fixed her eyes on me with her usual glare, but one corner of her mouth turned up in a slight smirk.

She leaned back, reached up, and untied her top, letting her massive breasts swing free. The flawless white globes filled my vision, perfectly round and symmetrical, marred only by her areola, each perfectly circular and the color of freshly chewed bubblegum, her big nipples finally freed from their cloth prison and growing even longer in the cool air. She tossed her shirt into the corner and then moved in.

She leaned closer again, still wobbling in time to the music until she finally made contact. The full weight of her breasts slapping against my cheeks was actually a little painful, but I didn’t care. She moved back and forth, her hard nipples drawing little trails across my face, and brushing the sensitive skin of my lips. Eventually she was so close that my head was completely between her breasts, and when that happened she leaned into me, wrapped her forearms around the back of my head and pressed me tightly into her. For one brief moment the only sensation was the smooth touch of her cool flesh and the sound of her heartbeat as my head was completely engulfed in her cleavage and for the first time in my life, I was at peace.

Then she pulled away, keeping her hands clasped behind my neck, looked me dead in the eye, and brought her face close to mine. She drew nearer and nearer, never breaking eye contact, until I could feel her breath on my face and her voluptuous lips were only a fraction of an inch from mine. She stopped, holding there as the song on the radio came to an end, and then she just waited. After a moment, I decided to go for it, and moved to kiss her.

With practiced speed, Erin turned her head aside, allowing my lips to move past her. Then she turned toward me and whispered directly in my ear. “Not yet,” before biting my earlobe, and not entirely gently either.

Then Erin pulled away from me and stood up. She turned away from me, as if she was about to leave, but instead she backed towards me, swinging her hips in time with the music, and then hooking her thumbs into her waistband. She gradually began to pull down her skirt, along with the black G-string beneath it. Once the fabric was bunched up beneath the swell of her buttocks, she bent over, pulled it down as far as she could, and gracefully stepped out of her skirt, giving me a close up and unobstructed view of her glorious ass, shaking in my face. For a brief second I was even able to catch a brief glimpse of her vulva, small and tight, and obscured by large puffy labia, which were themselves waxed smooth.

Once she was fully nude, Erin dropped roughly onto my lap, and began grinding her butt into my crotch. I gingerly put my hands on her hips, holding her steady, but she grabbed them away, digging her nails into my palms. But rather than slap them away, this time she guided my hands to her chest, and placed her stiff nipples between my fingers. She quietly sighed with pleasure and then began kneading the flesh beneath in slow concentric circles.

I am not ashamed to say that with the girl whom I had fantasized about every free moment for the last three months sitting on my lap, her huge womanly butt griding into my crotch, and my hands filled with the most amazing tits imaginable, that I, an eighteen year old virgin, came in my pants almost instantly. Erin either didn't notice, or just didn't care, because she continued until the song was over.

Then we sat for a moment in silence, Erin still on my lap, and I broke the silence with the first stupid question that came to my head.

"Where did you learn to dance like that?"

"Hmm?" Erin responded, her voice as soft and seductive as ever. "Oh. I've been dancing at a club in the city since I was old enough to pass for eighteen. Its a better workout than gymnastics, and I can to perform for people who actually appreciate my curves. Besides, the money is a whole lot better. Speaking of which, that will be twenty bucks."

I wasn't sure if she was joking or not. Still, I reached into my pants pocket and handed her all the money in my wallet. She took it without a word and stuffed it down her boot. Man, it was like middle school all over again.

Seemingly bored with me, she leaned over and drew another card from the deck, holding it up so that I could see it over her shoulder. This one showed a chalice full of red liquid and was called *Ambrosia*. She tossed it nonchalantly onto the table, and nothing happened at first. Then, droplets of white liquid began to leak from her nipples.

“When did this start?” I asked.

“Shut up!” She responded, her voice cracking slightly as a hint of embarrassment crept in.

She half turned and then, when I went to ask what she was doing, Erin jammed a sodden nipple into my mouth. I didn’t ask any more questions, instead I licked the turgid nub clean and then proceeded to suck the delicious nectar from her breast. She closed her eyes in pleasure, and I could tell that she was enjoying the experience almost as much as I was.

Once her left tit was drained, Erin proceeded in inviting me to do the same to her right, and from the way I felt her muscles suddenly tense beneath me, I think that she also climaxed from the experience.

Once she was dry, she pulled away from me and glowered as she drew another card. *Greed*, with the image of a corpulent man with his hand stuck in a jar. No tangible effect.

Then, she drew what would turn out to be her final card of the evening; another copy of *The Matron*. I smiled as I knew what was to come.

Her breasts started growing again. She leaned back against me, and I felt the full weight of them press us back into the chair cushions. I felt her back and shoulders tighten, and her muscles once again bulged, but it was a losing battle. By the time she was done growing, her breasts had to weight almost as much as the rest of her, and it was a miracle she could walk at all, let alone dance.

They were miraculous. No longer quite spherical, as they flattened a bit under their own weight, and rode a little lower on her chest. Still, they completely covered her torso from the front, hanging down to her waist, and I estimated that each was close to two feet in diameter; now roughly the size and shape of large beach balls.

We lay there for a moment, she seemed to be trying to find the energy to lean forward to take another card. I took the opportunity to stroke the soft, pliant flesh of her right breast, and then began to play with her nipple, now longer than my thumb and twice as thick, set in the center of an areola the size of a tea saucer.

She tensed for a moment, and then relaxed into me, she even reached down and held my left hand. I gingerly began to kiss the freckles on her shoulder.

And that was when the rest of the class came back. It was quite a scandal, finding twenty students seeing Erin lying naked on a boy's lap, but apparently the deck had changed everyone's memory of her, so her new form didn't take anyone by surprise, and apparently this wasn't the first time she had gotten naked in public.

Still, that was the end of that. As the teacher tried to get the class to look away, Erin just giggled at everyone's discomfort and basked in the attention as she picked her clothes up off the floor and got dressed. I walked over and helped her to her feet, and as I did so, I got up my courage and asked her if she would like to go to the Winter Ball with me.

"No," She replied flatly.

I walked away, dejected, and then watched as she was escorted from the room by an angry teacher. There were too many emotions for me to really work out anything at that moment, and instead I just kind of paced nervously and tried to blend into the background.

But, before I left, I made sure to grab the Deck of Changes from the table before someone else noticed it, shoving it into my backpack in the same container where I kept my deck of Magic: The Gathering cards.

What? Did I ever use them again? Well, yeah, of course, a couple of times. But that's a whole different story. Let me finish here, I am almost done.

Anyway, I spent that weekend a nervous wreck. Not knowing what had happened, or what would happen between Erin and I. Would things just go back to normal? Only with her even more beautiful and impossible to get out of my mind?

Things got worse on Monday morning when I saw she wasn't in class. I spent the whole day not paying attention in school, and then during sixth period art class I got a text. It was from Erin, and all it said was "Come over."

I ducked out early, looked up Erin's address in the school directory, and drove over to her parent's house. I didn't see anyone around when I got there, so I nervously parked my car on the street and walked up to ring the doorbell.

There was no answer, and I was about to leave, when I got another text from Erin. "Come on. I'm upstairs." The door was unlocked.

It took me a moment to find her bedroom. It was a small room in an otherwise expensive house, with white walls and a brown tile floor with messy piles of clothes everywhere. No TV or computer, just dressers and a very large vanity with an ornate mirror on top. It was joined by a full body mirror on the closet door. Erin obviously spent a lot of time looking at herself.

Erin's twin bed was pressed against the far wall beneath an open window, and she was lying on it, bathed in early afternoon sun. She was on her knees, resting her head and arms on her breasts like a pair of beanbag chairs while she played with her phone. She was totally naked, with her magnificent butt thrust proudly into the air.

She didn't look up as I entered the room.

"Where have you been? You all right?"

"Fine. After what happened Friday my parents told me I wasn't allowed to go to school until I started wearing 'real clothes,' and I told them fine. So I am just going to stay here wearing nothing at all until they give in."

"Oh, cool. I brought your homework from first period," I said.

"Don't care."

"So why did you call me?"

"Bored. And cold." She said, drawing out the last word as she struggled into a seated position and patted the mattress beside her.

As I walked over, I asked if her parents knew I was here, to which Erin replied “They don’t even know you exist. We ‘re going to keep it that way.”

I sat down next to her, and spent the next few minutes trying not to stare too hard at her naked body and awkwardly tried to make conversation. Eventually she put her finger to my lips and shushed me, asking “If I say you can be my boyfriend, will you stop trying so hard?”

I nodded.

“Good,” she said.

We relaxed, and lay down next to one another. I spent the next hour silently spooning her, fondling her gargantuan breasts and, more importantly, holding them tight so they didn’t spill out over the edge of her narrow mattress and send her tumbling to the floor.

Then, out of the blue, Erin asked “Are you gonn fuck me or not?”

“What?” was all I could think to say.

“You’ve been poking me in the butt for the past hour. I’m starting to wonder when you are going to take the hint and stick it in.”

“Oh, um, ok,” I answered, too surprised to be eager. “Do you want me to go down on you first?”

“No,” she said as she began to climb atop me in the reverse cowgirl position, “but you can kiss my ass if you’d like.”

**Cards Used:**

Horns of Heidrun:	Subject's nipples grow larger and become exceptionally sensitive.
The Harlequin:	Subject always wears excessively heavy makeup.
The Innocent:	Subject's style is changed to schoolgirl.
Rolling Thunder:	Subject's weight increases by ~20% and they take on a pear-shaped figure.
The Siren:	Subject's voice becomes both more youthful and higher pitched.
The Dancer:	Subject's legs become longer and better suited to talking in high heels.
Envy:	The effect of the next card is doubled in intensity.
The Matron:	Subject's breasts double in size.
Kisses of the Moon:	Subject's skin becomes significantly paler and free of flaws.
Aphrodite's Kiss:	Subject's lips become much fuller and more sensitive.
The Empty Book:	Subject's personality is changed to bimbo.
Heavenly Spheres:	Subject's breasts become much rounder and bouncier.
The Apple:	Subject changes to meet their opponent or partner's desires.
The Burlesque:	Subject's profession changed to stripper.
Cupid's Arrow:	Subject becomes romantically infatuated with their opponent or partner.
Ambrosia:	Subject begins lactating profusely.
Greed:	The next card's effects are extreme.