

What Happens in Reno - Part 3

Commissioned Anonymously

By TheSpiralledEye

Thanks to a witch, three men find themselves in new female bodies trying to make it in Reno. Each of them use their own unique sexual wiles to survive in the city and form a new sisterhood together.

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Ming sat at the end of the hotel room bed, brushing her long hair with a comb that she strongly suspected belonged to her last lover's wife. No man carried a little toiletry kit patterned with flowers in his suitcase. She felt a little guilty but at the end of the day, it wasn't her job to police other people's husbands; and this man had been great in bed and paid her handsomely. The only downside (aside from him almost certainly being married) was that he was talking her ears off.

"It's a man's game of course, but not everybody can master it in the way I have."

How he could talk about poker for so long was beyond her.

"Oh, you master then? I very lucky." She said, breaking her English more and doing her best to sound deeply impressed.

It worked because he puffed up his chest and continued.

"The high rollers don't even use money half the time, I hear the game tonight has a whole building up for grabs, deed and everything!"

Ming's ears pricked; a building?

"What building?" She asked slyly.

"Some run down old joint a few blocks off the main street. Used to be an apartment block or something."

An apartment block...that meant rooms already separated out. Large ones too. Ming's mind immediately went to Candi's little hotel pipe dream; she'd discounted it of course, there was no way they could ever afford to run a hotel. But if they won the building in a game...at the very least they'd have a permanent roof over their heads while they saved up enough to renovate.

"How did you get into such big game?" She asked.

"Oh an invitation!" Her man grinned, flashing a small piece of paper from his suit pocket. "I won big enough at the tables in Vegas that I got invited."

Ming studied the ticket as carefully as she could; memorising every detail. With her best impression of a starstruck idiot (Mostly inspired by Candi honestly), she grabbed for it.

"Wow, so amazing, you so smart, mister." She muttered, memorising the details, the date, the font, before handing it back. "I so impressed."

"Yes, well." The man blushed before continuing to bluster on about his many achievements.

Ming wasn't listening though, she was focused on that ticket. It was simply enough to coax him back into bed for another round 'on the house', he didn't even notice when Ming slipped the ticket from his pocket into her bra. When they finished up she wished him good luck at the game and smirked as she walked down the hall; she'd left him so ravished it would be hours before he noticed the golden ticket was missing and she'd be long gone.

The ticket felt like treasure hidden between her breasts; a way out. If they owned the hotel, maybe she could get around the document issue. Maybe even earn enough to quietly get some forged without too many questions being asked, or being forced into some lowlifes pocket. She'd even have a private place, a safe one, to conduct her work. A tiny kernel of hope formed in her chest and she raced toward the theatre.

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"A high stakes poker game?" Mirage raised an eyebrow, "even if you have the ticket, how are you going to actually win?"

The three of them were gathered in the cramped room behind Mirage's tank with their heads bowed low together. The idea of attending the match and winning intrigued all three of the new women but the reality was a bit more harsh.

"I bet I can get in on some fellas' arms and help!" Candi beamed.

"Yes to the first but I am sorry honey but you've not really got a head for card counting." Mirage smiled and Candi pouted. "I can play but obviously getting me there is impossible."

She flicked her tail for emphasis and watched and the water dripped from her fin. Ever since she'd started sleeping with Enrico her mermaid form had started to grow on her; still, what she wouldn't give to be able to just walk across the street when she felt like it.

"Here, lemme help!" Candi offered, grabbing a towel from the corner and mopping up the puddle and along Mirage's tail.

"I get us in." Ming explained, "I can forge more tickets, then Candi can distract the other men playing with her...unique talents."

"She does have two pretty impressive...talents." Mirage snickered. "I could help too, distract them with my siren song. If only I could get the-agh!"

There was a sudden strange pull around his tail; it felt like muscles were pulling and stretching just like when he'd first transformed and all of a sudden his beautiful mermaid's tail was gone. In its place, two shapely, beautiful legs with a pussy nestled right between them like a normal woman. The only difference being a small line of glittering scales trailing down from the edges of his hips to his inner thighs.

"Wooooooooow!!" Candi cried, "You have legs again!"

"How...?" Mirage breathed, running her hands along the soft skin; they felt beautiful.

Ming circled around with her eyes focused and narrowed before a look of realisation passed over her.

"Mirage...have you ever dried off since your change?" She asked.

Mirage felt her cheeks starting to heat up.

“...No.”

Even Candi raised an eyebrow and humiliation flooded the mermaid; all this time, if she wanted to be human she just had to be dry?

“It’s hard being out of the water with these!” She argued, pressing a finger to her breasts, “I just...how was I supposed to know?”

Candi jumped to her feet and grabbed a glass of water nearby and emptied it over Mirage without warning. That same strange stretching feeling started and Mirage felt her legs slam together, morphing back into the tail she knew so well.

“...well I’ll be damned.”

“Yay!! Now you can come to the poker game and win us our hotel!” Candi grinned. “This is going to be so much fun!”

Mirage felt a genuine smile form across her face; they might actually do this! She clapped her hands together and focused.

“Alright, we need to do this perfectly; Ming, make another ticket and brush up on your Poker skills. Candi, I need you to dress as slutty as you can while not being so naked they’ll turn you away, then go find another person attending the game and seduce the crap out of them, got it?”

“Yes, ma’am!” Candi gave her a mock salute. “For the greater good I shall ride some cock!”

The three of them burst into giggles. The air was filled with excitement as they got ready; there was a lot to prepare. Cnaid came back a few hours later dressed in enough cloth to cover about one quarter of a person and carrying something in a bag.

“Here, I got this for you.” She smiled, “to wear to the game.”

Mirage reached inside and her eyes went wide; it was a cocktail dress. Silky and red with a low cut heart shaped neckline. It looked like something out of a classic Hollywood film.

“I had some fun with the doorman at the hotel where they are hosting the game.” Candi said. “Apparently there is a jazz singer performing up there while the game is happening. I just rang her and said it was off so now...maybe nobody will say no when you offer to sing in her stead.”

Mirage gave Candi a crooked smile.

“You cheeky little thing. Maybe you’re not so dumb after all.”

“I learn from the best! I’m like, totally a spy now. It’s kinda fun.”

And there went any illusion of Candi having more than two brain cells. Ming and Candi gave her some privacy as she dried off once more; sighing in relief as her legs reappeared. For the first time in months, Mirage stood up and it felt incredible. With a girlish giggle she began to prance across the room, not even caring that she was naked and her giant tits were bouncing around like beach balls. She could stand again!

She turned back to the dress Candi had bought her and carefully slipped into it. The fabric was so soft and luxurious she felt like a queen. Her scales were still showing, as was the coloured tinge to her skin but if anything that just made her look more exotic. She stepped out of her dressing room and Candi gave another excited squeal.

“Girl I cannot, you just-ah! You look so good! What a rockin’ rack! Holy shit.”

Mirage giggled; maybe living like this for the rest of her life wasn't going to be so bad. In fact, she was starting to suspect it was going to be a lot of fun.

“Alright girls, let’s go get ourselves a hotel.”

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It was fun seducing men, Candi had gotten pretty good at it since she started working the Reno scene but even she had to admit she was nervous. Catching the eye of the right man, one going to the poker game, was just the first part. She had to make him like her enough to bring her with him.

Luckily, one of the players was arrogant enough to brag about it to her and she slowly began to wind him around her finger. A lingering touch to the front of his pants then a private lap dance that ended with her riding his cock so slowly that he was begging to cum by the end. He was so addled by her skills that when she coyly suggested they spend the whole night together, he agreed without hesitation.

“I do have that game to attend.” He said as he zipped up his fly and offered her an arm. “But I am sure nobody will mind having something pretty to look at while we play.”

“I can be your good luck charm, sugar.” Candi lied smoothly, she was so proud of herself.

She walked arm in arm with him down the street till they reached the hotel and it took all her self control not to wave excitedly at Ming when they passed in the lobby. She looked spectacular in her tight pencil skirt and blouse. She looked like a fancy madame or spy! Candi had to wonder who she slept with to get her hands on clothes like that.

Her man led her into the elevator and she watched with growing anticipation as the numbers climbed all the way up to the top floor. Candi couldn't hold back a gasp as she stepped off the elevator and into the private room. She'd expected something fancy and large, like a ballroom or something. Instead the room was small, but every inch of it oozed class and sophistication. Lacquered wood, plush carpet, the mahogany poker table right in the middle.

“Wow, this is like, the opposite of everything outside!”

Her date shushed her.

“Maybe stay quiet, darling.”

“Arm candy should be seen, not heard.” She nodded seriously; she needed to keep him happy a little longer after all.

She could see Mirage in the corner, setting up a tall microphone to quietly sing while the high rollers played. Ming was there in the fancy suit dress they'd pinched from a dry cleaner. It was hard for Candi to tear her eyes away; she looked like one of those Bond girls from the movies.

The players all greeted one another and sat down to play, a few of them gave Candi dirty looks.

“I didn't realise we were bringing dates.” One said snootily. “You know she can't help you cheat.”

“Oh no! I would never.” Candi shook her head quickly, “I'm just here to see my man win.”

She pressed herself up against him, nuzzling like a cat so that he could feel her breasts against his side and the rest of the table could get a good look. She could see them all trying hard not to look at her; distraction in place. Nobody even thought to question who Ming was; they were off to a good start.

As the cards were dealt and the tension in the air thickened, Candi played her part flawlessly. Her laughter rang out, her touch lingered just a fraction longer than necessary, and her flirtatious banter echoed amidst the clinking of glasses and murmurs of the players. With every flutter of her eyelashes and every coy smile, Candi worked to divert the attention of the other players away from her friend's calculated moves.

Still, things were tense, Ming was decent at Poker but she was no high roller. With Candi helping to distract everybody else she was pulling ahead but they needed more help. Just as things were beginning to slip the dealer placed down the treasure they'd been waiting for. The deed to the building only a few blocks away; free real estate. It was so close to being theirs. All Ming had to do was win one last hand...

For a split second Candi's eyes met with Mirage across the room, an unspoken message. Mirage started her new song just as the hand was being dealt and the energy in the room shifted. Her alluring siren's song seemed to infect everybody in the room, even Candi. Relaxation and awe washed over them all as the game got played. Between her body and Mirage's song the men at the table were a mess.

“I believe I win.” Ming smiled soft, plucking the deed and a huge amount of cash from the table.

The dealer blinked; he had been a million miles away thanks to Mirage.

“Wha-oh..yes, it seems you do.” He said dumbfounded.

It took all of Candi's self control not to jump for joy right then and there. The rest of the night went agonisingly slow; even the quickie in the hallways after it was done. Delicious as the man's cock was, all Candi wanted to do was run back to the theatre to meet the others. When she did, she flung open the door and squealed from pure excitement; her bubbly attitude was infectious because the others squealed along with her.

The three of them hugged, Ming even cried enough that she soaked Mirage's shoulder and sent her transforming back into a mermaid, dragging the other women to the floor with her in a heap, still laughing. They had it, they'd achieved their dream! There was plenty of work to do of course, getting everything converted and setting up the hotel proper but the first big step had been taken.

"And with all the money I won as well, we won't have to sleep with men to get by."
Ming pointed out, only for them all to fall into peels of laughter; as if they'd ever give that up!