

What Happens in Reno

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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Candi's first impression of Reno was that it was just a town with lights stuck on it. A poor man's Las Vegas, complete with the casinos and streetwalkers but somehow even more tacky and fake. Still, the glitz seemed oddly glamorous to her eyes and she had promised herself she would stay positive. She'd wanted to be a showgirl in Vegas but oddly enough, even with her double G breasts filled with silicone and a butt men would die to slap she had struggled getting work. Contrary to her belief, Vegas strip clubs did actually have standards and you needed more than just a nice pair of tits to get up on stage.

The first time she'd auditioned she had jumped up onto the pole, tried to do a simple spin and fallen straight onto her fat ass. So she decided a change of scenery was in order; if she wasn't good enough for Vegas maybe she could be good enough for Reno. One good thing that came out of her IQ being practically sliced in half was that it was pretty hard to overthink things like she used to. It was pretty hard to think at all really.

So with a spring in her step and a song in her heart she'd left Vegas and decided to make the most of things in Reno. Almost seven hours on a bus had come close to breaking her though; only a few weeks ago she'd been a successful businessman in his forties with plenty of money and a Lexus to drive. Now she wasn't sure she could drive any car safely with the attention span of a gnat and her money was long gone, locked away in the bank account of Lomand Richard, who no longer existed. So dirty public transport it was.

Still, despite the ache in her spine Candi smiled as she hopped off the bus and took in the city. She had a good feeling about this place. So good in fact she decided to treat herself to some food at the little hotel on the corner. She didn't have much money left in her wallet; her only income since her transformation had come from a few paid quickies behind the strip club that refused to hire her.

With a smile of blissful ignorance Candi walked into the bottom floor of the hotel which was set up as both a casino and restaurant. It wasn't as big as a Vegas casino of course but it was still something. She could at least get something to eat.

The witch who'd cursed her to be this way had expected her to be miserable. She supposed most men would be but ever since becoming Candi she found herself thinking more positively. Yes, she was pretty dumb and broke now but she was also hot as fuck and young again. A college aged bimbo who was too dumb for school but who cares? She'd been there and done that, this new life was a chance to have a little fun!

A short Asian woman who's work blouse was struggling to contain her cleavage walked over with a pad and spoke with a thick accent.

“What want? Coffee?”

“Oooh Um? I haven't decided yet!”

Candi looked the woman in the eye and gasped as something passed between them. It was like a bolt of lightning, a strange jolt that brought understanding with it.

“You like me...” The woman whispered, followed by something in a language Candi didn't understand.

“You were a man too!” She cried, making several other patrons of the diner give her dirty looks.

But the woman just nodded feverishly before half starting her sentence several times.

“I...English taken, replaced Chinese uh...meet here one hour?”

Candi couldn't explain how she knew, but she did; this woman was like her, a man who had been transformed into a woman.

“Wow you must have really pissed off the witch if she made you so dumb you can't talk.” She said wide eyed and the Asian woman scoffed.

“Not...not dumb, no English, Wǒ juédé nǐ shì nàgè yǒudiǎn shǎ de rén..”

Candi blinked.

“Sorry I don’t speak...that.”

She felt her cheeks colour; she wasn't sure what language the woman was speaking but she didn't want to offend her by guessing wrong. She sat in the diner, waiting for the woman's shift to end and watching as she flirted with male customers that walked in. For somebody who didn't speak English she didn't have a problem getting men's attention, then again, they probably weren't listening to her words.

Just before the hour was up Candi watched as a man slipped what had to be a room card for the hotel into the woman's cleavage and she smiled, whispering something before going out back to remove her apron. Candi bounced on her toes, enjoying the way she could feel her new curves jiggle with the movement while waiting until her new friend came out.

“Omigosh I'm so sorry, I forgot to introduce myself.” Candi gushed as soon as her new friend came out the door, “I'm Candi, well...I'm Candi now. What's your name? How did you get like this? Did you do something wrong? I did I-oh, sorry, am I talking too fast?”

The Asian woman blinked in confusion and giggled a little, looping her arm through Candi's and dragging her over to a quieter, more secluded part of the casino floor away from the restaurant. After checking to make sure nobody was listening the woman spoke.

“Speak slow. My name Ming, old name Thomas Smith. I liked Chinese girl. Witch saw, say I rude, turn me into this. You too?”

Candi nodded.

“I was at this strip show in Vegas right? And I asked the girl for a lap dance and she said I had to pay her a hundred bucks! I was like, no way, a whore ain't worth that much and she was like, all offended and I was trying to explain that working on a pole isn't that hard and this witch shows up and is all like-”

“And curse, got it.” Ming cut Candi off, “I think I understand.”

“But I didn't even get to the best bit! So my butt starts swelling and suddenly I'm all young again and I've got these rock'n fake boobs so I decide, why not go out and prove her wrong huh? Well I couldn't 'cause it turns out pole dancing is actually real hard.”

Ming nodded.

“I think me same, look, I have to go, man waiting.” She flashed the card. “I have friend, like us, she working in the hotel a few blocks from here. Tomorrow we meet?”

Candi couldn't believe her luck! Not one but two other transformed women to be friends with; she was worried she would have to spend her whole new life never having anybody believe her if she chose to tell. She nodded again but then had another thought as Ming flashed the keycard.

“Are you going to go have sex with that guy?”

Ming's cheeks turned pink and she nodded.

“Cheaper than rent, men like Asian girls, think they are all subservient and sweet. I play along, I get free room.”

“That's soooooo smart ugh, I haven't done a guy yet but I've given a few blow jobs. It was actually pretty fun but actually having sex is kinda scary y'know?”

“Sex good, woman feels better.” Ming grinned, “Now, I go. See you tomorrow?”

“Yeah sure, uh, do you know of any place hiring? Sleeping with a new guy every night for a room sounds sort of exhausting. No offence.”

Ming screwed up her face and then sighed, shaking her head as if she couldn't be bothered being angry.

“Some offence, Tip Top Club have dancers, go.”

Candi gave her new friend an impromptu hug.

“Thanks, Ming! You're the best and I just know we're gonna be good friends now!”

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Ming's mind was reeling; she couldn't believe it, what were the odds another person who had been transformed would walk into her little hotel restaurant? Candi wasn't the first to be fair but her meeting with the other cursed victim had been...different. She didn't have time to reminisce on that now though, she had work to do if she wanted a bed for the night.

It had been months since she went from Mike to Ming; the first few had been spent in abject denial and confusion. There was something oddly terrifying about realising you no longer understood the language you'd spoken your entire life. Not only had she gone from a white guy to a Chinese woman without any ID; but she'd lost his ability to understand English. The witch had at least been merciful enough to give her a new language in return, but Mandarin didn't do her a whole lot of good in the middle of Vegas.

She'd had no choice but to find the sort of work that didn't ask questions; which meant a lot of waitressing. Of course, it was hard to earn tips when you couldn't sweet talk the clientele or understand what they wanted half the time. So she'd had to start getting more inventive in order to survive. Plus, getting a place to rent without any ID probably wouldn't have gone over well; a foreign woman with no legal papers trying to get property was a one way ticket to deportation.

Ming grumbled, she was American born and bred and now she had to slum it up with Asian fetishists in order to survive. It would suck if she didn't love sex so much. That almost made things worse; how much she enjoyed sex. The first time she'd managed to get into a man's room for the night she had grit her teeth and prepared to power through the experience and ended up losing herself in it instead.

Ever since she'd made it her habit, spend the day working tables as best she could with as much of her body shown off as possible, get a room key, have a few rounds of pleasure and then repeat. She'd spent most of her life as a guy with a thing for Asian girls, she knew exactly what to do to bring in the fellas. Too bad the ladies in Vegas were so territorial, or she might have been able to score some of the high rollers there instead of having to come to Reno to make ends meet.

She took a moment to neaten herself up, letting down her jet black hair and shuffling the push up bra so that her boobs were practically spilling out. She swiped the card and opened the room, glad to find it empty; she loved having a little time to herself before she was forced to entertain.

She enjoyed a quick room service meal on her hosts dime and had just enough time to position herself, sitting demurely at the end of the bed as he walked in. She blinked her dark eyes at him and made her face shift to a soft, excited smile; as if this was the greatest moment in her humble little life.

"I been waiting."

“Well wait no more, darling.” The man removed his necktie and swaggered over to the bed.

He was slightly drunk but that didn't seem to stop him going half hard in his trousers. Ming's mouth watered and her pussy burned with excitement; she hoped this guy was as good in bed as the last.

She stood up and slowly began to undress, wiggling her hips and letting her hair fall over her face seductively as the man took her place on the bed. She strip teases for him, wiggling out of her skirt and lifting off the rest of her clothes until all that was left was the bra.

“Keep it on.” He ordered as she reached to unhook it. “They look...so good.”

Ming couldn't help but smirk a little; he was right. With practised movements she crawled into the man's lap and unzipped his fly, stroking her soft fingers over his length. He didn't even question the condom she stretched over him, a necessary precaution given how she was forced to live now.

There was a power dynamic at play here, her almost totally naked while he was basically fully clothed. It gave him the illusion of control when really, Ming knew she was the one in the driver's seat.

When she had first realised just how much power was in a woman's wink and walk she'd almost gotten drunk on it. A few looks and she had a meal and a bed provided for her every night; it was intoxicating. As was the feeling of slowly lowering herself down on this man's cock.

No matter how many times she did this, Ming could never quite prepare herself for the unique feeling of being penetrated. She could feel her walls stretch open, burning pleasantly before being replaced with pure pleasure and a primal sense of gratification. It was good, it was so fucking good. She didn't even care that she was putting on a show moaning. If anything it egged her partner on.

“That accent, even when you're not talking it's so fucking hot.” He groaned as he started to buck up into her.

“Oh, yes, yes mister yes!” She cried, deliberately making her accent even thicker. “More, oh yes, more cock, more!”

He was grunting now, gripping Ming's hips tightly as he bucked deep into her and slammed the head of his cock against her G spot. Ming could feel the now familiar tightening sensation in her core as orgasm approached. Each thrust was a tease that brought her closer and she leaned backwards so that her breasts were thrust into the man's face; where he began to motorboat them.

They were so loud; like animals, but she didn't care as finally the ecstasy went white hot inside her and she shuddered as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her. She could tell the man was cumming too and she milked him for all he was worth before finally they collapsed back into the bed.

"Wow...this town is amazing." He sighed. "Best trip ever."

Ming giggled; Reno was something else, that was for sure.

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The Tip Top Club was one of those strip joints that didn't give a fuck how sleazy it looked. It was almost a cliché really; the blacked out windows, the pink neon sign complete with the silhouette of a woman popping her leg up and down; they even had the words 'Girls! Girls! Girls!' painted across one of the blank windows.

Candi's eyes lit up; it was perfect.

She pushed her way inside and found a surprisingly clean looking club; purple stages, shining silver poles and a bar lined with a rainbow of liqueurs. Idly she wondered if drinking on the job was allowed. A man in a pinstripe vest with sharp facial air walked up to her with a wide smile.

"Can I help you? Don't often see ladies in here, you swing for the other team?"

"Oh no, I wanna dance." Candi grinned eagerly. "I'm sort of down on my luck and I need a job..."

She turned from side to side, balancing on the toes of her heels and puffing up her chest.

"Well, you're clearly talented." The man said, eyeing her cleavage. "But can you dance?"

“Oh yes, I know I’m not the best yet but I have been practising.”

“Practising?”

Candi nodded furiously.

“On every pole I could find, traffic poles, lights, street lamps you name in! I actually got booted off Hollywood boulevard for that last one but where else is a girl supposed to practise pole dancing if a club won't let her?”

The man scoffed, then laughed out loud before throwing an arm around Candi’s shoulders.

“Girl, you’re eager. I like that. I’m Danny and you are...?”

“Candi. With an I.”

“Candi with an eye.” He blew a chef’s kiss. “Beautiful. Tell you what girl, audition, right here and now, centre stage. If the patrons like what they see, I’ll give you a shot.”

A public performance, oh that was exciting! Nerve-wracking but exciting. Back when she was a man she’d loved watching strip club girls dance, she could see all the moves in her mind's eye, if only she could get her own body to copy the moves. Danny jumped up onto the centre stage just as another girl in a golden bikini finished up.

“Gents, got something special for you tonight, a down on her luck girl with a heart of gold is here looking for work, shall we give her an audition together?”

The crowd cheered and Candi blushed as they all turned to look at her.

“Should I go change or...?”

“Just strip down to your underwear and get up there!” Danny called, jumping down off the stage. “Can’t be shy in this line of work sweetheart.”

Oh duh, of course. Candi put on her best, most winning smile and slowly shimmied her way out of her skirt, struggling to get her shirt off over her enormous fake tits. The men were

already hooting and hollering and the sound of their adoration egged her on. She did her best strut toward the walkway and climbed up on stage.

It was surprisingly difficult to do and she was forced to lift one leg up at a time, pulling her panties to the side and baring her pussy for just a moment; a moment was all it took for the men to go absolutely wild though. A thrill went through her; back in her old life she never got to be so naughty. Just visiting a strip club had been the height of her letting her hair down. Now she could be as filthy as she liked; and she really liked it.

Candi grabbed the slightly slick pole tightly and pulled herself toward it, sliding the silver between her tits as she began doing squats in time with the music, twerking her ass like giving herself a tit job with the pole. She could feel the bass thrumming through her and for the first time in her life, female or otherwise, she felt a profound sense of right.

This is what she was meant to do. Maybe what she had always been destined for.

With one quick movement she turned around and pressed the pole into the cleft of her ass as much as her panties would allow before wiggling out of them entirely. She turned and twisted, dancing to the beat all while using the pole as her tool. She may not have been able to perform the acrobatic tricks of other strippers yet but she was putting on a damn good show despite it.

The crowd was cheering, men offering her cash which she stuffed into her cleavage. Candi's cheeks hurt from the wideness of her smile; this was Heaven and if the impressed look on Danny's face was anything to go by; soon she'd be getting paid to do it.

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"Ming!" Candi called out, running up to the other woman and giving her a tight hug. "I got a job, thank soooo much!"

"Ah! Can't...breathe!" Ming gasped.

"Oh sorry!" Candi let her go with a giggle.

"Ow, how much...fake in those? So hard." Ming complained, rubbing at her own chest that had been crushed under Candi's fake tits.

"Oh, I dunno, great aren't they?" She shrugged and Ming rolled her eyes.

“Like weapons. Careful no crush man to death at work.”

“I will take that as a complement!” Cadi beamed, “Now, where is your other friend, you know...”

She leaned in close clearly thinking she was being discreet when in reality she was anything but.

“The one like us.”

“She performing, we go see. Then talk.”

“Ooooh yay! Does she strip like me? Or is she a show girl? Oh that’s soooo cool!”

She'd slept most of the day away so the city was just coming to life in the twilight. The neon lights flickered overhead, casting a kaleidoscope of colours on the pavement below.

Candi bounced on her toes happily and Ming shook her head in disbelief before offering Candi an arm which she took. It felt lovely to walk arm in arm with another woman without getting looks. If two men did that everybody would assume they were partners but girls got to be as physically affectionate as they pleased in public. It was such a welcome change.

Ming said a few words Candi didn't understand before screwing up her forehead in concentration; clearly trying to find the right words.

“Why you so...happy? No miss man life?”

“Hmmm...” Candi stuck a finger to her cheek as they walked, sticking out her tongue as she tried to think of the right way to explain. “I guess I do but, I ain't gonna turn back so I figure...why worry? ‘Sides, being all slutty is kinda fun and I have trouble focusing on more than one thing at once, so it's easy to distract myse-oh wow look at that!”

The hotel in front of them looked like it was right off the Vegas strip; it was all ocean themed, with blue walls and fake pearls and bubbles decorating the sides. There was even a little waterfall running off the side by the door glittering under the intense afternoon sun.

“It's so pretty!” Candi breathed and Mings smiled.

"Friend works here, in theatre at back. Come."

Candi adjusted the strap of her purse as she made her way through the bustling crowds in the lobby.

"Where is your friend?" Candi asked and Ming nodded towards a show theatre where plenty of people were funnelling.

"Her show starting, push up boobs and smile, man will let us in free."

Candi did as she was told and was titillated to discover Ming was right. The man barely looked at her face at all, focusing all his attention on the two melons in front of him. Ming was so smart, she had so much to learn about how to use her sexuality to get what she wanted.

"Being a girl is so fun!" She giggled.

The air inside the theatre was thick with excitement. They found her seat near the front and settled in, her eyes eagerly scanning the stage. The lights dimmed, and a hush fell over the audience as the curtains parted.

A gasp escaped Candi's lips as she beheld the spectacle before her. In the centre of the stage, a giant tank shimmered under the spotlight, its surface rippling with the gentle movements of water. And within it, a woman adorned in a shimmering mermaid tail gilded gracefully through the water, her every movement fluid and mesmerising. The scales were bright, light blue while her hair was a fair orange; she looked like something out of a fantasy film.

Candi watched in awe as the mermaid performed a series of breathtaking tricks, twirling and somersaulting through the water with effortless grace, all the while showing off her impressive chest that was barely contained by her seashell bra. Seriously, they were even bigger than hers and *that* was saying something. The audience erupted into applause, their cheers echoing through the theatre.

But it was when the mermaid surfaced and began to sing that Candi felt her breath catch in her throat. The melody was hauntingly beautiful, a wordless song that seemed to speak to something deep within her soul. The music swirled around her, wrapping her in its embrace as she listened, transfixed. At one point the mermaid's blue eyes fixed upon her and that same jolt of connection passed through them both. The song faltered just for a moment before the mermaid continued but Candi lost her breath. *This* was Ming's friend.

When the show was over Ming showed her to the side entrance of the stage and they snuck back behind the curtain. The woman was dragging herself up onto the platform near the top of the tank with some difficulty before hopping onto what looked like a skateboard to wheel herself to a small dressing room.

“You know, you don’t need to keep the costume such a secret.” One of the stage hands snickered.

“It’s my life’s work.” The mermaid replied lamely, not sounding like she remotely cared.

She looked up and saw Ming and Candi and grinned, waving them into the tiny dressing room and closing the door. Candi couldn't stand it a second more.

“Oh. My. GAWD, girl!” She cried, “That was like, the most amazing thing I’ve ever seen. I am so jealous, that song had me all light headed it was so good.”

“Thanks, I’m Miranda, but most people call me Mirage.” She held out a hand. “I see you too fell afoul of that witch in Vegas?”

“Felt afoul?”

“You pissed her off.”

“Oh, yeah.” Candi shrugged. “But I am so jealous, she didn’t give me an amazing voice of sewing skills. How did you make that it’s so pretty!”

Mirage grimaced, “I didn’t make it.”

“Huh?”

“Is real.” Ming explained. “Witch turn man into mermaid.”

Candi’s jaw dropped.

“Whaaaaaaaat!?! That’s so cool!”

Both the other women flinched at the high pitch of her voice.

“Not really.” Mirage rolled her eyes, “I have to live in that tank most of the time because being out of water is a pain in the back.”

“How?”

“Literally.”

Candi blinked and Mirage raised an eyebrow before cupping her enormous breasts and realisation hit.

“Oh! Literally, gotcha.”

Now that they were up close Candi could take in all the little details others must have assumed were make up. The tinge of blue on Mirage’s ears, the silver line of scales that framed her face and the small, almost insatiable gills on her neck.

“Still, we’re glad to meet you.” Mirage smiled, “The more of us there are to help the easier life is going to get. I’ve been teaching Ming English and she helps me get things without having to be out of my tank. It’ll be nice to have another set of legs around, if not brains.”

The slight insult went straight over Candi’s head; she was focused on the first part.

“I do have a great pair of legs, don’t I?” She giggled. “They got me a job last night, maybe we could all pool our money and get a place together, with a pool for you!”

“That would take a long time-”

“Or a lot of cocks.’ Candi mused, “But I could do it, I’m already pretty damn good at blowing dudes and I am pretty eager to see what sex is like, if I get really good at it I can charge a few hundred...maybe I can make thousands a night!”

“You’re...very chipper about this, don’t you miss being a man?” Mirage asked and Candi shook her head.

“I don't know about you, but the witch was really pissy with me. I don't think she'd change me back for anything, so I decided I was gonna just go for it. She gave me the body of a total slut so why not give it and go and turns out, it's *really* fun.”

“I think I finally understand that saying ignorance is bliss...” Mirage muttered, “too dumb to be unhappy...”

“Yeah, she said something about lowering my IQ but I feel fine so I don't think it's a big deal.”

“Not for you anyway.” Mirage smiled. “What do you think, Ming?”

“I think is good idea.”

“Ooooh and I can help ya with your English as well!”

Ming's smile wavered for a second.

“Maybe just Mirage teach.” She said politely. “You focus on making money.”

“That I can do!”

The three of them smiled and Candi sat down next to Mirage full of questions.

“Do you think it was the same witch who cursed us all?” She asked, “Mine was a lady with dark hair and purples eyes-”

“And a necklace with a diamond encrusted star?” Mirage added.

“And tattoo of a rose on her shoulder?” Mind asked.

Candi nodded.

“Looks like it was.” Mirage sighed. “Do you think you deserved it?”

Ming and Candi looked at each other and blushed before nodding.

“I was pretty rude.” Candi admitted, “aaaaaand pole dancing wasn't as easy as I thought it would be.”

“Learning English is diffi-dif....hard.” Ming groaned. “I say easy, rude and poof! Now I know.”

“Well I didn't deserve this!” Mirage crossed her arms in a huff, or at least tried to. Her chest was far too big to really allow it. “It's one thing to turn me into a woman but she could have at least kept me human! One minute I'm a handsome banker, the next I am being pushed into a pool and when I surface I'm this!”

Ming patted her shoulder sympathetically.

“We here for you now.”

“Yeah! We're gonna all be best buddies, after all, who else can really understand what's been like?”

Mirage pressed her lips into a thin line and nodded. Candi's heart went out to her, the poor thing was still in denial a bit it seemed. She hoped the mermaid would accept and learn to love her new life the way she had soon enough. If not, she would do everything she could to help her.

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Mirage waved goodbye to Ming and their newest companion and settled back into her tiny dressing room. She hated being out of her tank, her scales itched something awful when they got dry but she knew she'd have to stay here until everybody had gone home. The owner of the hotel and theatre had given her permission to live on premises so long as she kept a crowd coming. So once the area was deserted she wheeled herself back to the tank and struggled her way up the ladder.

It was hard, dragging her heavy tail up by just her arms but eventually she got to the top and fell into the cool water with a sigh of relief. Water flooded her gills and she took a deep breath, relaxing as the pressure was finally taken off her back now that her breasts were supported by the water.

She didn't know how to feel about Candi; she was certainly not the sharpest knife in the drawer, in fact, she might have been a spoon. But she was friendly enough and Ming seemed to like her. Mirage had never had friends before this, she'd always been a cold fish,

no pun intended. That's what the witch had called her right before making her into this...freak. Yes, she shouldn't have treated her dates quite so rudely but this fate was hardly a fair punishment.

Now though, it seemed she had no choice but to rely on these other men turned women. Ming at least had the air of familiarity about it. If there was one thing she understood it was deals; Ming got her things she needed, she taught Ming English. Cut and dry. But Candi seemed to want to be friends for no other reason than to be nice. It was an alien concept.

"There's my shining star!"

Mirage groaned but quickly fashioned her face into a complicit, thankful smile.

"Mr Bell, how nice of you to come! You know you don't have to watch all my shows."

"Oh but I do! Those crowds make me a proud man, you know, such a talented girl you are." He grinned, patting her mermaid tail knowingly.

Mr Bell was the asshole who owned The Pearl, and the only reason Mirage wasn't a shrivelled fish on the sidewalk. When she'd first changed, Mr. Bell had witnessed it and as luck would have it, was one of the few people who knew the tail wasn't just a costume. He'd offered her this job; performing three times a day, every day in exchange for the tank to live in. It wasn't exactly the best life, but she wasn't about to get a better offer.

"I was thinking dear, about some changes to the night show." He said casually, in that particular way sleazy men spoke that meant they were trying not to sound like a creep.

Mirage felt a stone begin to grow in her stomach.

"What sort of changes?"

"Well, perhaps we do an adults only version of your performance, no big changes really just...do it without the seashell bra."

Mirage grit her teeth.

"You want me to perform topless?"

“Yes!” Mr. Bell smiled. “I mean, look at those, this is Reno after all, we’ll double our money!”

“You mean you’ll double your money.” She muttered, “I don’t see a dime from these shows. You don’t pay me, remember?”

“I pay you in food and board.” Mr Bell argued, “You have a comfortable tank, a room and food from the hotel kitchen three times a day. What more could a mermaid like you need your own money for? If you need new clothes I can provide them as well! Besides...”

He leaned in close.

“It’s not like you have another option.”

Mirage grit her teeth, he was right and she hated it. If word got out that she was an actual mermaid, how long would it be before some secret government group descended upon her, ready to lock her up in some lab never to see the sub again. At least here, Mr. Bell had a point, she was comfortable enough. But the idea of performing topless like a cheap stripper was just so humiliating; the worst part was there was a small bit of her that wanted to do it.

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Candi had been working the pole for a week when she got her first proposition; a sleazy guy who stank of beer. She didn’t know what to do, she felt torn between the desire to really test this body out and her own nervousness. A tiny, almost subconscious part of her brain was still holding onto a shred of her masculinity.

“How do you do it, Ming?” She whined, “I wanna have sex so bad but my stupid leftover man brain isn’t letting me.”

“I was the same.” Ming shrugged.

They were in a hotel room Ming had acquired, a nice one too. Some high Reno roller who enjoyed being a big fish in a small pond had asked Ming to ‘stick around’ after their roll in the hay last night. It was the best deal, because they got to enjoy room service on his dime while he was off gambling.

“After a while, I realise sex too much fun. Life too short, y’know?”

“Hey! You used slang! Good for you, Ming!”

Ming beamed.

“Maybe you could teach me Chinese some time?”

“I no think so. Boobs for brains.”

Candi giggled, the insult didn’t sting at all, after all, she’d be an idiot to argue against it.

“And what good boobs they are!” She giggled, cupping them happily with a sigh.
“Now I understand why people call them money makers.”

She was making bank each night, so much so that she didn’t even care that the wage Danny paid her was pitiful.

“Soon we’ll have a house where Mirage can have a pool! I made almost a thousand dollars last night!”

“Still take long time.”

“Miiiiing, be more positive.”

The door clicked and a moment later a man walked in.

“Mister John! I no know you be back so soon!” Ming said flustered.

Candi furrowed her brow in confusion, why was Ming speaking so much worse now and making her accent thicker? Then she realise, this guy must have had a thing for Asian girls.

“Who is this?” He asked, “I didn’t give you permission to bring people up here.”

Candi’s mind raced (as much as it was able) and she got up quickly so that John could see her full figure.

“Ming invited me here ‘cause she thought you’d like to spice things up, like, you know?”

She wiggled her chest back and forth suggestively, her heart was pounding against the silicone in her chest. John looked her up and down and smiled, his posture relaxing as he walked in and began to inspect her like a piece of meat. Candi wasn't sure why but being treated so dismissively was such a turn on; it was like she was just an object for sex, not a person.

“Ming, you have excellent taste, I don't normally go for the blonde but this one is something else.”

“She like roleplay, virgin roleplay.” Ming added, “She pretend first time?”

Candi smiled widely, Ming was so smart! There was no way this man would believe them if they said she really was a virgin. But if it was just a game, then Candi would look like the best actress ever.

“Yeah, totes a virgin, I am a little nervous, mister. But you'll treat me right won't you?”

“Of course, sweetheart.” John replied smoothly, reaching out and stroking her hair. “And how much does your cherry cost?”

She thought for a moment.

“Five hundred, but you get both of us.”

John whistled, but reached for his wallet and counted out the money; probably his winnings.

“Steep price, but something tells me you're worth it.”

Candi couldn't believe she was doing this, it was so exciting, so naughty! She couldn't wait to finally be a bad, bad girl. She let John undress her, slowly peeling away the skimpy clothes until finally her bra dropped to the ground and her tits bounced free. They were round, too round and spherical to be natural but he didn't seem to mind. In fact, John

seemed to enjoy the bouncy, almost rubber feel beneath her skin as he squeezed them tighter and tighter. Finally, Candi couldn't stand it any more, it just felt too good.

"Ooooooh....Ooooooh yes, more."

"What lovely moans you have dear."

"Just wait, she get louder."

Ming appeared behind Candi, sandwiching her between the hot Asian and this new man. For a first time, this was pretty intense and Candi couldn't think straight. All she could concentrate on were the feelings of pleasure slowly building across her body. From John's hands on her nipples to Ming's hands on her shoulders.

Candi could feel her lower folds getting moist and that same reluctance began to build at the back of her skull before she pushed it away. She wasn't going to let the hang ups of her old life affect her new ones; she wanted this. The moment her hesitation faded, the pleasure came in full force, stark and overwhelming.

There were fingers slipping inside her panties, rubbing at her clit and coaxing out the most lovely sounds she'd ever heard. They were second only to Mirage's siren song and Candi couldn't believe they were coming from her own mouth.

The three of them explored one another, Candi let her hands roam wherever they wanted. She enjoyed the muscular feel of the man's back and pulled him closer to her. Then turned to play with Ming's breasts while he watched. Candi was in heaven; she wanted to touch every inch of skin.

When finally they all fell onto the bed she found herself on all fours, mouth positioned above Ming's pussy. She could see her friend shaking with anticipation as the man ordered her to lick. She obeyed, slowly beginning to eat Ming out while she made those wonderful lilting moans her accent made possible. Candi's face was bent down, her ass high in the air so that the man could admire and touch it before she felt the mattress dip; he was kneeling behind her.

A thrill passed over her as she felt something pressing against her hole; it was finally happening! With one strong movement he thrust in and began fucking her doggy style. She gasped and moaned, trying desperately to keep licking at Ming's clit; it was so hard to stay focused though when she could feel her inner walls stretching.

It was unlike anything she'd ever experienced and it egged her on. The pleasure built and so did her speed. She licked and sucked at Ming's pussy until the other woman was

positively howling with pleasure as she came. Still, Candi didn't stop, she was right on the edge and didn't plan on giving Ming a single drop of mercy until she'd been satisfied as well.

The man was thrusting fast and shallow now; clearly getting close himself. He grunted and groaned as Candi squeezed him tight inside her. She was so close...so close...! When she finally came it was the strongest orgasm she'd ever experienced; and it *just kept going*. Ming's hands were in her hair, forcing her to continue while the man fucked her through the orgasm. She moaned into Ming's pussy and felt her cum again; fuck this was so hot.

Finally, the man came as well and the three of them were sated. At least, temporarily. Candi shuddered; feeling all her muscles loosen and relax; she'd never felt more comfortable and at home in her own skin. That had blown all the sex she'd ever had as a man out of the water and she couldn't wait to try it again.

~

And try it again she did; it became the main topic of discussion at their little catch ups each night in Mirage's dressing room. Candi started giving private lap dances in the backroom of the Tip Top and earning bank from it. She waltz into the dressing room in the early hours each morning, bra stuffed with hundred dollar bills and her panties soaked.

"How can you be so proud of yourself?" Mirage asked, utterly confused. "Did you used to be a guy with some standards? How can you enjoy whoring yourself out so much?"

"Sex is fun." Candi replied, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. "Don't you enjoy the attention you get when you perform, all those eyes on you, desiring you...the jealousy of the small chested bitches in sitting there with their boyfriends knowing full well how much they want to bang you over them."

Candi squealed with excitement.

"It's so naughty! I love it!"

"My boss wants me to start doing topless shows." Mirage said, pressing her lips together, "I've managed to put it off the next few nights but he's getting insistent."

"That earn you good monies." Ming pointed out. "Ask for cut, then you do it. Business."

Mirage thought for a moment. It wasn't a bad idea, even if she had no idea what she'd use the money for.

"Save up, buy own tank." Ming added. "Then you make rules for performances."

That...was a very good idea. How had Mirage not thought of it herself.

"You're going to make sooo much money with those." Candi giggled, giving Mirage's tits a poke. "Trust me, oh! Can I come to your first topless performance? I want to see them!"

Mirage rolled her eyes, only Candi could say something so perverted with such innocence.

"Sure, why not." Mirage blushed, "It might actually be nice to have somebody there in the audience for support."

"She break her arms supporting those." Ming teased and Mirage couldn't help but giggle a little, hefting up her tits and nodding in agreement.

"Oh girl, you know I will support you twenty four seven! I am your cheerleader!" Candi beamed and Mirage felt affection blooming in her chest; was this what it was like to have friends?

~

Candi watched with bated breath from the side of the theatre as the curtains pulled back; it was Mirage's first adults only performance and as promised she was here to support. The truth was she was excited; she'd been curious what Mirage would look like with those massive milkers on display without the support of a bra.

The tank was revealed and the giant clam at the bottom opened to reveal mirage laying seductively against the soft lining with her long hair flowing all around her in the water. A hush fell over the room, you could hear a pin drop, and then Mirage rolled over. Her bare breasts were there for all to see and even Candi gasped. They were huge, round balls of perfection, tinged slightly pink by a full body blush.

Mirage began her usual routine of dancing and swimming through the water, occasionally surfacing to sing that enchanting music that had everybody on edge. Candi felt almost like she was being hypnotised watching those giant breasts move, especially when

Mirage surfaced properly and gravity took hold, showing the whole world just how full and heavy they were without any support.

Most enchanting of all, was Mirage's face. She started out shy and flushed with embarrassment but as the show went on and people began to cheer and holler Candi watched her expression shift. Mirage took on a look of confidence and joy she'd not seen on her face before. She was genuinely enjoying the attention, just like Candi knew she would. She cheered and for a second Mirage's eyes locked with hers and she smiled before twirling in a graceful circle and taking a low bow as the show ended. Candi dashed backstage, absolutely squealing with delight.

"Guuuuurl you were so cool!"

"It was actually quite fun." Mirage admitted. "Once I got over the shame."

"You have nothing to be ashamed of." Candi replied, eyes darting to that full chest with some jealousy. "Is the guy gonna pay you?"

Mirage nodded.

"Maybe I could save up enough to get myself some legs one day."

The two of them laughed at the absurdity just as the owner himself burst backstage.

"I'm already sold out for tomorrow night! Mirage, you're a wonder!" He beamed, "Just keep it up!"

Candi smiled as he disappeared again, probably to count his cash for the night.

"She sure is-Oh! I am so sorry girl, I gotta get back to the club, I have a special guy waiting for one of my...personal performances."

Mirage's smile faltered for a moment and Candi pouted.

"Don't worry hun, I'll be back with a cash stuffed bra in no time!"

"...sure."

~

Mirage laid in the giant clam shell at the bottom of her tank. She had started using it as her bed since it was more comfortable than the soaked sand that lined it. She huffed jealousy; Ming and Candi had talked at length about their threesome as well as their other escapades and her body burned with envy. Oh people loved mermaids, she had no shortage of admirers but they all thought she was a woman in a costume.

She never guessed what that topless performance would awaken in her. Candi had been right, being the centre of attention and desire had been intoxicating. Her whole body had burned with arousal through the entire show and then when Candi had announced she was going off to enjoy a little action it had made her heart ache with jealousy. Both her and Ming got to have multiple men a night and all she had was their gaze. It wasn't nearly enough, she yearned to be touched.

How would they react if she moved those scales at her front away to reveal the pussy she now possessed. Could she get pregnant as a mermaid? If she did, would she lay eggs like a fish? She had no idea. But Mirage couldn't help but be curious.

With a sigh she rolled onto her back and flicked her tail idly; curiosity and boredom were an awful combination. A knocking sound made her jolt and Mirage realised somebody was standing at the edge of her tank. The maintenance man, Enrico, and his mouth was agape.

"How are you staying under for so long?" He asked.

Oh what the hell. Mirage flicked her tail and with a few strong movements she was at the top of the tank, looking down at him.

"I'm real."

"A real mermaid?" Enrico gaped, "No way..."

He looked enchanted, as well as a few other things with the small bulge in his pants was any indication. With a wry smile she dove beneath the water, twirling and dancing for his amusement while easily breathing through the gills on her neck. She even took a few deep breaths to prove it, letting her enormous chest rise and fall before returning to the surface.

"Wow...why are you performing in Reno of all places?" He asked, sounding bewildered.

“I was...made here. Hard to go far when you don't have legs.”

“That must be lonely.”

“I have some friends.” Mirage shrugged.

For a moment Enrico shuffled awkwardly before looking up at her again. His eyes darted slightly and Mirage realised she was leaning her tits against the glass of the tank; it brought a smirk to her face. Enrico seemed like a sweetheart; trying not to look but unable to help himself.

“Would you like another friend?” He offered meekly; Mirage smiled and nodded.

~

Candi hummed to herself happily as she skipped into the theatre; it was late and she'd just finished another wonderful night of dancing. After that first personal appointment she'd earned herself another three. Her skimpy clothing was stuffed to the brim with money, ready to join their nest egg. Mirage had been put in charge of taking care of it, since she had the most stable residence. Candi was mostly bouncing between Ming's hotel rooms and sleeping at the club. A quickie with Danny was far cheaper than any rent in the area.

She pushed open the side door and walked into the gloom of the theatre. As the door closed behind her, Candi's ears pricked and she realised she could hear the most...enchancing sound. Almost as if she were under some spell she moved forward till she reached the side stage. Mirage's tank was there, bathing the room in a diffused blue light, and sitting on the little island at the top was Mirage; singing.

A man was nearby, wearing a janitor's outfit. He was listening to Mirage singing with a look of rapture on his face; he was so spellbound by her performance he didn't even realise he was hard. Candi could see his boner from her position in the wings and it instantly had her horny again. It seemed Mirage felt the same because she was topless, slowly swimming over to where the man was sitting so that he could reach out and touch.

“Are you sure it's okay?” He asked, sounding stupefied.

“Oh yes, I am a woman in many ways, the important ones.” Mirage whispered as she slowly undid his fly and helped him kick off his pants. “Want to find out?”

“Oh yes.” He groaned.

Candi watched and gave a soft moan as Mirage pulled the man into the water with her. Some of the scales at her front melted away to reveal the distinctive shape of a pussy. She floated on her back, pulling the man into her and slowly undulating her tail up and down.

“Ooooh you f-feel just like a woman...better even.” the man moaned and Mirage sighed happily.

“Yes...” She sighed, seemingly to herself. “Oh yes, thrust into me...”

Candi watched and continued to moan softly watching the mermaid and man fuck in the water. Without thinking her own fingers began to creep lower; the tights she had on were all that stood between them and her aching lips. They were barely a barrier at all.

Mirage and her man would dive beneath the waves, still fucking, coming up enough for the man to gasp in a new breath before they continued their underwater dance. Candi furiously fingered herself as she watched; Mirage’s face was one of rapture, her tail was starting to twitch and spasm as it undulated and Candi knew she was getting close.

The pair crested the water once more and the man groaned, shuddered atop the mermaid’s body as he came. Mirage opened her mouth and let out the most beautiful wail Candi had ever heard. It was sensual but also melodic; the sound was what pushed Candi over the edge herself.

She stood there in the wings watching as Mirage delivered her lover to the edge of the tank where he sheepishly got out. They whispered briefly to one another before the man turned to leave. Candi didn't quite have enough time to remove her hands from her tights before he spotted her in the wings and turned bright red. Some people might have been embarrassed about being caught masturbating but not Candi; not even if she'd been getting off on her friend and her guest.

“I won't tell.” Candi giggled, “Don't worry.”

The man opened and closed his mouth a few times as if trying to come up with a good explanation before opting to just walk past her in silence. Candi gave him a lopsided smile; some people were such prudes honestly! If she'd fucked a mermaid she would be telling *everybody!*

“Mirage!”

The mermaid was floating on her back, eyes closed, she looked so content. Candi could still see cum smeared across some of her front scales.

“Candi? What are you doing here?”

“I brought money but who cares, I didn't know you could have sex too!”

“Me either.” Mirage blushed. “It was so damn good though.”

“I know right?” Candi giggled, hoisting herself up on the edge of the tank. “You know, it gives me an idea.”

“Yeah?”

“Instead of saving up to buy a house we should buy a club or hotel!” Candi grinned, “We can make ourselves the star attractions! You can sing, I can dance, Ming can serve the drinks and food; then we can all be on offer for the highest bidders each night! How fun would it be! We'd make soooooo much money.”

Mirage looked like she was about to disagree but then paused for a moment and nodded slowly.

“It would make things...interesting.” She admitted. “Our own hotel...A place with an outdoor pool?”

“Yeah! Where you can swim around all you like, maybe we can get a moat or something.”

Mirage snorted and giggled.

“Oh Candi, I wish I could have your optimism. Do you have any idea what that would cost? It's a nice little pipe dream but that's it.”

“We can do it!” Candi insisted, grabbing both Mirage's hands in her own. “We can, I swear!”

Mirage's eyes seemed to sparkle for a moment, her cynical attitude was being challenged and she couldn't help but get caught up in it, just a little.

"What are you two talking about?" Ming called, Candi almost jumped out of her skin.

"Ming! You scared the crap out of me!" She squeaked. "Mirage and I were just talking about our hotel!"

"Hotel?"

"The one we're going to buy one day, apparently." Mirage sighed, Candi could tell she was attempting to sound cynical but the mermaid couldn't keep the hopeful edge out of her voice.

Candi bounced down to talk Ming through the details of her dream; she knew Mirage was still on the fence but somehow she knew this was their destiny. They were going to be the best thing Reno had ever seen! She could just feel it.

~

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.

~

“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.”

~

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!