

Poker Night

Spring break had arrived at Northride College: the lone point of interest in the otherwise run-of-the-mill rural North Carolina town. Beyond the boundaries of the reasonably well-maintained, almost scenic campus was an unremarkable assortment of gas stations, grocery stores, and the like. Conservatism abounded in this place with any folks who didn't fit the local mould treated with the greatest suspicion; some of the town's establishments even went so far as to post signs proclaiming their refusal to serve anthros, though such places were given a wide berth by those townspeople who weren't quite so hard-line.

During semester time the population teetered on the brink of five figures, justifying the presence of so many big chain stores that essentially formed a barrier between the college and the town proper; most students rarely ventured past the comfortable surroundings of Walmart, KFC, and Pizza Hut, some even spending their entire college career here without once seeing the real face of the place they temporarily called home.

At times like this, however, Northride was almost a ghost town: of the six thousand or so students who pumped money into the local economy and kept the streets bustling barely a hundred remained. The campus all but shut its doors during vacation periods, retaining just enough staff and facilities to keep those students not partying it up further south safe and comfortable.

The vast majority of those staying at the college during spring break did so reluctantly: unable to afford the journey home, unwanted by their families, or just with nowhere better to be. Their moods would not have been improved by the arrival of a storm on the very first day of their vacation which postponed the few activities either groups of students or the college had planned to keep them entertained. In fact, there was but one trio in the whole place who felt that they had something about which to smile.

Even as the wind howled through the deserted campus, driving the rain to lash horizontally against the windows and walls of dorm buildings and lecture theatres, a lone figure dashed along the winding sealed paths which cut through what had just a day prior lush green lawns, but which now were little more than greenish lakes of mud. Large sneaker-clad feet splashed through puddle after deep puddle, soaking their owner's pants to the knees and beyond. Whoever this was then suddenly veered left, leaped over the corner of one of the impromptu ponds, slipped a little on landing, finally stumbling into the shade of one of the dorm buildings.

"It's me," the figure's voice muttered into the intercom. There was a buzz and a click, and they slid inside.

A minute later, there was a knock on the door of room 202; it flew open after barely a second.

"Ari!" cried a short, blond guy in his early twenties, grinning up at the new arrival.

Ari swept his hood from his head and swept water droplets from his dark, sodden fringe. "Fuck me, it's raining hard as shit out there!" he said as he stepped inside, the door shutting behind him with a snap.

"You do look like you swam here," Craig, the blond, sniggered.

Ari gave his smaller friend a good-natured shove, clearing a path for him to make his way over to the table where the final member of the trio was laying out a card mat.

"Hey, Cam."

"Howdy," Campbell answered, smoothing the green surface out flat, "Y'all wanna get straight into it or d'you want a beer first?"

"I could totally go for a beer."

Campbell nodded, turning away to rummage in the fridge. "Have a seat."

Ari did just that, collapsing onto the faux-leather couch, accepting the bottle from Campbell as he sat down next to him.

"Where am I supposed to sit? On the floor?" Craig asked in mock indignation, standing by the couch with his slender arms crossed.

Campbell grinned. "Got two spacious laps here for ya," he said with a teasing lilt in his voice.

"Pfff," Craig scoffed, dragging a chair from the table and sitting on it back-to-front with his legs splayed wide, "They look like they're already occupied to me."

His roommate let out a single, loud laugh, slapping the fairly solid mass that occupied his midsection, then reached over to jiggle Ari's softer paunch.

Ari blushed and swatted the offending hand away: he didn't want to get *too* worked up.

The three of them lapsed into silence for a few seconds, each swigging down their beers at a leisurely pace.

"So, did you bring them?" Craig asked, breaking the hush.

"You think I'd have left without them?" Ari retorted, squeezing a hand into the pocket of his pants, "I mean, they're the whole point of tonight."

He pulled out first his phone in its serpent-covered case, then extracted what looked to be nothing more than a boxed deck of cards. He tossed them over to Craig who tipped them out into his free hand.

"Of *course*, the kings are lions," Craig commented as he leafed through the cards, "Dang, this cheetah chick's got one hell of a rack!"

"Can you only turn into what're on the cards?" Campbell asked, scratching at his thick, gingery beard.

Ari shook his head, gulping down a mouthful of beer before answering, "The guy in the store said you turn into whatever 'best suits you', whatever that means."

"Ten bucks says you both turn into bears," Craig said, setting the cards on the mat behind him, "I guess Ari would become whatever a gay bear is. A panda, I guess."

"And ten bucks says y'all be a fox," Campbell returned, adding with a wink, "So much gayer."

While Craig launched himself at Campbell in mock fury, Ari drained his bottle and shifted to the edge of the couch, ready to stand. "Shall we start, then?"

Campbell, who had been fending Craig off with one burly arm, seized his roomie around the chest as he got to his feet, carrying the kicking and struggling smaller man the few feet over to the table.

"Jerk," grumbled Craig as he straightened his glasses and sat down. The other two chair creaked as they bore the weight of his taller, heftier friends.

"So how will this work exactly?" Campbell asked Ari as the latter began shuffling the cards.

Ari shrugged, giving the deck a cut before dealing a hand of five to each of them. "Apparently the cards 'know' who's lost a round when we reveal. Magic shit, I guess."

Craig was eyeing the cards flying towards him in slight puzzlement. "This doesn't look like Hold 'Em to me."

"It's not," Ari said, squaring up the deck and setting it to one side, "You get five cards. You decide which you want to keep and change out the ones you don't want, starting from dealer's left. Then we reveal, best modified hand wins."

"Or worst hand loses in this case," Campbell amended, picking up the cards in front of him.

"Got it. What if it's a tie?"

Ari merely shrugged as he examined his hand.

Silence fell across the table for a minute. Campbell discarded one card and took a replacement, Craig doing likewise; Ari changed out three.

"I've got a good feeling about this one, boys," Craig said, grinning down at his cards.

"Two pair," Campbell declared, spreading his cards on the table.

"After you, big guy," Craig said, nodding across the table to Ari.

Raising his eyebrows, Ari laid down his own hand. "Pair of eights."

Grinning even broader, Craig tossed his cards face-up onto the table. "Diamond flush!" he crowed.

The moment he'd said that, Ari could feel an itching in both feet at the same time: it spread from his toes to his heels, then up over his ankles before stopping; it was like he someone had pulled a pair of old woollen socks over his feet. Barely had this sensation passed when he had the sensation of his toes squirming of their own accord, though from side to side rather than up and down, then a few of them seemed to go completely numb. Within just a couple of seconds both his shoes were feeling immensely cramped before they burst apart, unable to contain the pair of large, scaly, clawed three-toed appendages.

"Okay, not a panda," Craig said as all three of them peered beneath the table at Ari's new feet.

"Lizard? Dino?" Campbell suggested, gathering up the cards for the next round.

Ari shrugged, lifting one foot up and propping it on the opposite knee to examine it. "I guess we'll find out," he muttered, trailing a finger over the auburn scales.

Though his feet had been big before – requiring a size-thirteen more often than not – there was now no chance of fitting these monsters in any of his shoes. The tops of them were covered in an armour of flat scales which covered the skin he knew would be beneath perfectly, but his soles were skin alone: a pale yellow, thicker and tougher than when they were human, yet no less flexible.

From the ends of each toe protruded a talon: three inches long, an inch thick at the base, and ending in a deadly sharp point.

He was still curiously poking at his new longer, thicker, though less numerous toes when Campbell cleared his throat. Looking up, Ari saw his new hand waiting for him; he abandoned his feet for the time being.

Around the table they went again: Craig and Ari changed two, Campbell one.

"Eights and threes," Craig declared without the enthusiasm of the first round.

"Nada," was Ari's summation of his hand.

"Looks like we're gonna find out some more about Ari's true form," laughed Campbell as he revealed his pair of sixes.

Right on cue, that same itching from before spread all the way up Ari's legs. This time, it was accompanied by the feeling of his pants tightening and the sounds of stitching gradually coming undone.

"Uh-oh, he's hulking out!" Craig warned jokingly.

Though he didn't bust out of the garment, several holes had appeared along the seams which revealed jet black scales that glistened when the light from the ceiling lamp caught them.

"I'm definitely thinking lizard," said Campbell, glancing at Ari for permission before poking a finger through one of the holes to touch the hard, smooth surface of his new legs, "Weeeeeeeeeeeird!"

Ari only permitted the touching for a few seconds before pushing Campbell's hand away: normally someone prodding his bare thigh wouldn't have done anything for him, but for some reason this time his already over-tight pants had got a little tighter.

Campbell, clearly seeing nothing odd in this, stood up while Craig shuffled the cards and began dealing them out again. "More beer?" he asked, swigging down the last of his.

"I'll go," Ari said, pushing his chair back and rising too, "I want to test out me new f- heyyyyyyy..." A grin slowly spread across his face as he looked at his friend. "I'm as tall as you now." Having always been a couple of inches shorter than Campbell, Ari now found himself looking eye-to-eye with him. "Looks like lizard me's at least as big as human you."

Feeling quite smug about this turn of events, Ari strode to the fridge, his claws clattering on the tiled floor, returning in time for the next hand with three fresh bottles.

Around the table they went again, exchanging cards; all three of them looked hopeful that they held winning hands.

"Kings and twos," Ari began, tossing down his hand.

Campbell's confidence had faltered at the sight of his first piece of competition. "Pair of aces," he said, nevertheless sure he had enough to keep his humanity intact.

"Craig?" Ari asked when the smallest of the group neither did nor said anything for a few seconds.

But then... "Full house, boys!"

He spread out three tens and two queens, deserving of the smirk he wore as he looked over at Campbell.

"Looks like the luck of the Irish is with me tonight!"

"You're not Irish, Craig," Ari pointed out, cracking open his new beer.

"*Whatever*, Mister Pedantic."

While the other two bickered, it was Campbell's turn to start feeling strange things happening to his feet. His weren't itching as Ari's had: instead they felt as if they were becoming warmer on top as though the woollen socks with which he was being provided were newer and softer than Ari's, only with holes cut out where they would have covered his soles. Also unlike Ari, his toes didn't feel like they were rearranging themselves, though he was sure he could feel his toenails growing rapidly. One thing that *was* very like Ari's transformation was how his new feet erupted from his shoes.

"I have no idea what's going on there," Craig commented, nudging Campbell's nearest foot with one of his own.

His feet had remained more or less human in shape, but had grown significantly and were covered in short fur – a mixture of white and ginger – with each of his toes ending in a rock hard, dark grey 'nail' which covered the entirety of each toe-tip. When he lifted a foot to examine the sole, the only change evident from his human feet was that his skin had darkened slightly to a still pale reddish brown.

"It's like a minigame," Ari said as he shuffled up the cards, "Guessing what anthro we're turning into."

"Doesn't look like either of us are gonna be bears, though," Campbell said with a grin at Craig, dropping his foot when he'd had enough time to study it, "Ten bucks to us!"

"Yeah, well," Craig said defensively, picking up the hand Ari had dealt to him, "Maybe just wait to see if I sprout a fluffy red tail before you get too cocky."

The only person at the table who looked at all happy with their prospects for the next round was Campbell: he exchanged one card, struggling to maintain a poker face, while the other two ditched three from their hands looking disgruntled; their replacements made them look no more content.

"Two pair," Campbell said immediately, then sat back in his chair to wait for the verdict.

"Ace," Ari and Craig called out simultaneously.

A chuckle rippled around the table before Ari sought clarification, "Next best card?"

"King," Craig answered promptly.

"Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit." Ari tossed away his cards, feeling the now familiar itching starting up around his hips and the spaces in between.

Apart from what he knew to be scales spreading rapidly over his skin, Ari felt very little changing around his pelvic area at first; perhaps his butt was getting a bit more toned, but he was grasping at straws. The moment he thought he was all done and was passing the deck over to Campbell, things started to *really* change: the thing pressing out against the fabric of his underwear

was starting to shift, the surface rippling and morphing, all the while withdrawing into his body; just an inch or so below, the pair of orbs of which he had never really thought much, having already shed any hair they bore, were swelling rapidly.

“Ow ow ow!”

“What’s up?” the other two asked, slightly out of sync with one another.

Ari jumped to his feet, knocking his chair over in the process. “I-I’ll be right back!”

He made an ungainly dash on feet he was still unused to the bathroom, slamming the door behind him. The moment he had privacy, he tugged his tight, ripped pants down to his ankles, then did the same with his boxers; the garment, designed to fit closely to the skin of the wearer, was cutting into his much-enlarged testicles which had forced themselves out of the pouch his junk was supposed to reside to share the space his legs were already occupying.

Sighing with relief now that he wasn’t so constrained, he glanced at himself in the mirror. From the waist up he was himself: broad, muscular, and tanned, with dark eyes and hair, and a gut that sagged under gravity’s influence. Below that, however, he was reptilian to a fault: smooth, jet black scales covering most of his lower half but for the reddish-brown of his feet; his thighs looked at least as thick as they ever had done – though they still didn’t compare to Campbell’s thunderous pair – but the vague bulk they once sported had been replaced by defined, coiled muscle; between them hung, not a pair of grapes as had done before, but a swollen sack containing two heavy, orange-sized balls which swayed ponderously from side to side with every little movement; above them was no sign of a dick, instead a vertical slit extended up to the area shadowed by his belly.

“Y’all good?” Campbell asked as Ari emerged from the bathroom.

“Yeah. I just needed...a little more room,” Ari replied, surprising himself: he would never have been so brash as to allude to his junk so obviously before. The other two were regarding him with raised eyebrows as he resumed his seat, able to feel those two big fruits resting against his legs, contained in their basket.

The cards were ready to go once more. This time, after seeing he was up against a two-pair and a flush, Campbell didn’t even bother revealing his own hand: he chucked it onto the discard pile which he then shoved over to Craig while the changes to his legs began. The hair already adorning them was thickening, rolling up to his thighs from his ankles like a wave of short, soft fur. The muscles beneath, already the most notable part of his stocky frame, were swelling and bulging outwards; they didn’t just tear his pale blue jeans as Ari’s new legs had done to his pants, they obliterated them, bursting the seams all the way down their length, leaving him sat there in tattered denim.

“Veeeeeeeeeeery nice,” Ari commented, reaching out to stroke up the outside of Campbell’s nearest thigh, against the grain of his new fur; his friend’s legs lacked the definition his own now sported, but they were thicker by far. As his hand felt the mixture of softness and solid, raw power, his nether regions began to stir: something was poking out of the slit he’d noticed, touching the inner fabric of his pants.

Oddly, Campbell found that he didn’t mind Ari touching him like that, in fact it was quite pleasant: he liked it...he *liked* it.

“Sooooooooooooo, next hand?” Craig asked, trying to bring the other two back to Earth: the fact that Ari was being so overtly sexual and that Campbell wasn’t telling him to get a grip on himself was making the lone pure human at the table distinctly uncomfortable.

Campbell jumped, reminded of where he was. “Yeah! Your turn first, Ari.”

Ari removed his hand and looked down at his cards, though reluctantly: exploring his companions’ bodies held a far greater pull for him at that moment than continuing the game.

Ari, his eyes still regularly roving over the other two, kicked the round off with a straight, followed by a pair of tens for Campbell.

“Sorry, dude,” Craig said, laying down his pair of kings.

The mix of ginger and white fur flowed up and around Campbell’s hips the moment Craig had revealed his better hand, covering the pair of cheeks that were becoming bigger, rounder, firmer, bursting with strength. The fabric of his once loose-fitting boxers was being stretched taut from the front as well as the back: like Ari, Campbell’s endowment was reaping the benefits of the transformation, though not to the same degree it seemed.

All three of them were now looking at Campbell’s crotch, made very obvious by the obscene bulge in the front of his underwear; Ari’s eyes were alight with hunger, Campbell was notably pleased with the change too, but Craig was looking disdainful.

“Oh jeez. Go put some new pants on, dude,” he said, wrinkling his nose a little as he shuffled the cards.

“Don’t,” Ari countered, grabbing Campbell’s arm before adding in a whisper, “I’ll miss the view.”

Campbell laughed uncertainly but didn’t move as per Craig’s insistence.

Craig passed the cards across the table, ignoring the distinctly lewd sight next to him as much as Ari was leering at it who fumbled his dealing several times as a consequence of his lustful inattention.

“C’mon, dude, you can get your gay on later,” Craig admonished Ari, clicking his fingers under his nose to distracting him from his ogling.

Ari swatted the little hand away from his face irritably, though did drag his eyes away from Campbell’s groin at last. “Fine, whatever! Fuuuuuuck,” he muttered in frustration.

“Ace,” Campbell said to the room at large when everyone had finished exchanging their cards.

“Same,” added Craig.

Ari let out a sigh, grinning. “Thank the poker gods! Queen pair.”

The other two turned back to each other, laying out their hands to show their next best cards: Campbell had a king, Craig had nothing but a seven.

“Fucking finally!” Ari exclaimed, slightly exasperated, giving Craig a light kick with his taloned foot under the table, “I thought you were gonna stay boring and human forever.”

Indeed, Craig was finally starting his transformation journey. While the other two had both shredded their shoes with new, bigger feet, it was nothing like as dramatic as Craig's entry into the furry world: his feet exploded in size, sending fragments of Converse in all directions as a mixture of yellow, cream, and black fur rolled up to his ankles. His two smallest toes faded from existence while thick, dark pads formed on the balls of his feet, his heels, and his toes.

"Well, you ain't a fox," Campbell said with a small sigh, "Looks like we all lost our bets, huh?"

"Definitely a cat," Ari said, leaning down to lift up the foot Craig himself wasn't examining, "A leopard or something judging by the spots."

Craig grinned, looking up from poking the pad on his big toe. "I'm *totally* cool with that."

"They look like clown shoes on you, though," Campbell pointed out, starting to chuckle.

Ari was joining in with the jollity, making Craig scowl at the pair of them. "Never seen a guy your size need a size twelve before, shorty."

"Yeah, well," Craig mumbled, searching frantically for a comeback to the teasing, "maybe it's a sign of things to come, you thought about that?"

The laughter continued in spite of Craig's protestations, the pair still sniggering as they raised their new hands to their eyes.

"I'm totally fucked this time, guys," Ari grumbled after changing his cards.

"I ain't lookin' so flash either," Campbell agreed.

"I'm guessing no one's gonna beat two kings, huh?"

Craig had laid out his cards, both of the others shook their heads.

"Another ace," Campbell said, turning towards Ari.

"I'd love an ace," Ari snorted, revealing his paltry jack, "Told you I was fucked."

For a second or two he waited, nothing appearing to be happening. But then...

"Yah!" he yelped, jumping up from his seat again.

"What? Oh, holy..." Craig trailed off, staring at a spot just above the rounded rump outlined perfectly by Ari's over-tight pants.

From the base of Ari's spine was sprouting a tail, tiled with glistening black scales like much of the rest of his transformed body. Longer and longer it grew, becoming thicker by the second. It was a foot long and as broad as a drainpipe. Two feet long, three feet, four...

"Well, would ya look at this?"

Ari was grinning broadly as he looked over his shoulder at the extra limb he had just sprouted: six feet long and at least a foot thick at the base. What was more, it seemed to be completely prehensile: he demonstrated by curling it around his half-drunk beer bottle and lifting the vessel up to his lips to take a sip.

"I'm more than cool with this," he said as he tried to sit back down, only to find no room for his new tail.

"Looks like it's not all good news," Craig said, dampening Ari's excitement.

Ari shrugged, standing up again and spinning his chair around so he could straddle it as Craig had done earlier. "Fixed."

While Craig shuffled and dealt for yet another round, Ari's tail embarked on a stealth mission: edging slowly around from behind him, it crept beneath the table and, doing its best not to bump against either of the veritable tree trunks either side, stole its way up to rub across the bulge in Campbell's underwear.

"Hey!" Campbell yelped. He looked down to see what was touching him, turning red as he saw that long, black appendage pushing his junk upwards before letting it thud heavily onto the seat below.

"You uh...y'all prefer a stool?" he asked, jerking his chair backwards, away from Ari's attention. Standing up, he became uncomfortably aware that not only was he stiffening down below, he wasn't feeling all that averse to letting Ari continue.

Ari shrugged, withdrawing his tail. "Probably better than this, yeah."

As Campbell moved away to hunt for the barstools they had stashed in closet, Ari looked down at his own groin: it too was starting to show his arousal, though the bulge didn't look quite as he expected, nor did it feel right in his pants.

"Here," Campbell said shortly, setting down a stool next to Ari.

Ari stood, smirking slightly in anticipation of looking his once taller friend straight in the eye again. But then the smile faded from his face. "You tall bastard," he said with a slight grumble upon finding himself looking up at Campbell once more, but then added in an undertone, "You tall, sexy bastard." He winked and Campbell, blushing even more now, winked back.

The half-reptile took his new, tail-friendly seat and gathered up the cards Craig had dealt; the stool was rather higher than the chair had been which put his crotch on display, a crotch he was eager to give the other two a good view of with his legs spread wide.

"Jesus, Ari..."

Ari just smiled innocently back at Craig, placing two cards nonchalantly on the table and grabbing replacements from the deck; replacements that did little for the health of his hand.

"King," he said with a groan.

Campbell let out a short, slightly relieved chuckle. "I thought I was screwed with my ace."

"Saaaaaaaaaaaaame," Craig added, piling his own cards with the other two hands and the discard, pushing the lot across the table to Ari.

Ari, however, was otherwise engaged at that moment. Though his belly was starting to itch, a sensation which soon spread up to his chest and shoulders, then around to his back, he was far more intrigued by the other transformation taking place beneath his shirt: the gut to which he had become so accustomed was shrinking, his belly becoming flatter and flatter; his hips and waist were narrowing too while his chest and shoulders were broadening. When the changes ceased, he was left in a situation quite the reverse of that which he was used: his shirt hung loosely around his lower torso but was on the verge of bursting a few seams around the shoulders.

"I think in the trade they call that a 'swimmer's build," Craig said with a hint of envy in his tone, indicating for Ari to start shuffling the deck with a nod of his head.

"You like it?" Ari asked, making his pectorals bounce a couple of times as he reached for the cards.

Craig merely rolled his eyes, though Campbell seemed more than a little interested in this new leaner, more muscular Ari; something which Ari didn't fail to notice. As he shuffled and dealt out a fresh set of hands, he made quite sure to flex his chest and the abs he presumed he had some more.

"Get a grip, dude," Craig muttered, sliding his cards towards him.

Ari smirked. "I knew I'd turn the big guy someday." He gave Campbell's knee a squeeze, bringing a new redness to his friend's confused face.

Feeling more than a little flustered, Campbell hastily swapped out two cards; he had barely more than glanced at his hand, his brain whirring in a quite different direction at that moment. Craig waved the turn on to Ari, once again looking smugly down at his cards.

After Ari had mimicked Campbell's move, it was once more time for the big reveal.

"A-Ace, I guess..." Campbell said vaguely, his eyes immediately swivelling around to ogle Ari who responded by rubbing a still-human hand from his chest, over the six small hills he could feel beneath his shirt, and down to his commando crotch.

Doing his best to ignore this cringe-worthy sight, Craig laid out a flush of spades and flashed a grin of perfect pearly teeth around the table, only to find that his friends were far more interested in each other at that point.

Ari, it seemed, was paying just enough attention to reveal his pair of fours and to know who had drawn the short straw this time; both he and Craig immediately shifted their focus to the back of Campbell's pants, expecting the transformation sequence to follow the same pattern as it had for Ari.

Campbell had eyes only for Ari, however, eyes which were still scanning his friend from the trios of sharp, pointed claws protruding from the tips of his toes up to the pair of pectorals beautifully outlined by the tightness of his shirt; for that reason, his brain didn't register the sensation of his spine extending over the waistband of his jeans, covered in just the reddish colouration of half of the rest of his fur.

"Is that it?" Craig asked in disappointment.

"Huh?" Campbell mumbled stupidly, his mouth hanging slightly open as he shamelessly stared between Ari's legs.

Feeling increasingly exasperated, Craig raised his foot to prod Campbell's leg. "Your tail. It doesn't live up to expectations."

Jerked out of his lustful little world, Campbell twisted around in his chair to look down at the fluffy protrusion, barely a couple of inches long, peeking out from beneath the hem of his shirt.

"At least it ain't gonna get in the way like Ari's, right?" he said, fiddling with it in mild curiosity.

“Not as useful either, though,” Ari added, pushing the cards towards Campbell with his hands while his own tail sneaked beneath the table again to tickle his friend’s groin.

Campbell gasped and immediately abandoned his nubby little tail, but by the time he had turned back to face the table Ari was already withdrawing after receiving a kick from one of Craig’s clawed feet.

“You can at least wait until *after* the game,” Craig said, gathering the cards together into a neat stack and handing them firmly to Campbell, “Especially since I’m winning.”

If only so he could see what more changes would be wrought to Ari’s already highly alluring figure, Campbell shuffled quickly and dealt three new hands.

“Pair kings,” Craig said immediately after they’d all swapped cards, now intent on keeping the focus on the game so that ‘other things’ were prevented from happening.

Ari followed with, “Twos.”

“Sevens...” concluded Campbell, his eyes instantly swinging back to fix upon Ari whom he knew would be transforming again within seconds.

Sure enough, the itching began almost at once and this time everyone could watch it happen.

“Woah!” they all exclaimed almost in unison as the pitch-black scales seemed to flow down Ari’s arms, each one forming as an outline on his skin before rising into a three-dimensional object all within a split-second.

The moment they reached his wrists they stopped, as if they had hit an impenetrable and invisible wall. There followed the briefest of pauses in which all three of them started trying to accustom themselves to seeing Ari wearing what almost looked like plate mail sleeves, then the muscles they covered began to swell.

Though he already sported decent musculature, it was clearly insufficient for whatever kind of reptile into which he was turning: his forearms syphoned away what extra fat they contained before they became at least as thick with defined muscle that rippled as he flexed his fingers; the same process was going on in his upper arms, obscured by his shirt sleeves, but the effects became quite obvious as his biceps and triceps bloomed, pulling the fabric taut across their surface even in their relaxed state.

Grinning broadly, he flashed a look at Campbell, then drew his forearms up towards his shoulders, bunching his biceps into mounds the size of baseballs. Pushed beyond their designed capacities, his sleeves burst apart with a most satisfying ripping sound, leaving his arms all but bare.

“Now *that’s* what I’m talking about!” Ari cried in near euphoria, running his left hand over the muscles of his right arm, flexing each as his fingers passed over them.

“Damn...”

Ari looked up from his self-admiration to see Campbell goggling at his new and, in his opinion which Campbell appeared to share, very much improved arms. He gave his muscles another round of flexing, twisting them this way and that so that the yellowish light from the ceiling lamp glistened on the surface of his scales, highlighting the contours they enrobed.

Pleased as he was with both his new body and the attention it was garnering, Ari now found himself very keen to continue with the game. "Let's go, Craig," he insisted, sweeping the cards across to the least transformed of the three, "I want to see where all this is going."

Craig himself was quite impressed with Ari's physique, but the attention he gave it was purely platonic appreciation, of course. Likewise, he was interested in keeping the ball rolling with the game, however, if only to claim the victory which was becoming ever more assured by the decreasing humanity of the other two.

The cards received a thorough shuffling, complete with a riffle, then three pairs of eyes descended towards the five each had been dealt.

"You're not allowed to *try* to lose," Craig shot across the table at Ari who had just slid his entire hand towards the spot opposite Campbell they had been using as the discard pile all evening; scowling, Ari picked his cards up again, eventually exchanging just one.

"Ace and nine."

"Ace and queen."

"Double sixes."

For the first time throughout the whole game, the loser looked please to be such: Ari's face and split into an excited grin as he flung his cards away and stared expectantly at his hands.

The barriers around his wrists had lifted, his defeat giving the invisible tiler permission to continue. The colour of the scales transitioned smoothly and quickly from the jet of most of his body to the auburn already adorning his feet, sweeping up to the very tips of his fingers which had, along with the rest of his hands, grown noticeably. His nails narrowed and lengthened, becoming triangular with rounded bases and tips barely a millimetre wide. Turning his hands over he found that, like the soles of his feet, his palms had become a washed-out yellow but were otherwise more or less human still.

Ari held his hands up in front of him, turning them so that his palms alternately faced toward and away from him. "Man, I never thought I'd find hands sexy, but these grabbers are *hot*," he murmured to no one in particular, his eyes glittering slightly as he now gazed at the rest of his almost entirely transformed body.

"Let's see how good they are at handling cards," Craig said, shoving the deck across to him in a jumbled mess.

As it turned out, after a few drops while he was getting used to having longer fingers decorated with sliding plates, Ari's reptilian hands were plenty dextrous and had the cards shuffled and dealt in a jiffy. He lifted the five he'd given himself up to his eyes and smiled: though he *really* wanted to finish his transformation, which was surely just a loss or two away now, it was hard to pass up the prospect of a royal straight that his cards were presenting him. Unfortunately, the sole interloper he swapped out wasn't replaced by the jack he needed.

"Pair of jacks," Campbell announced; *so that's where they were*.

"Tens *and* fives," gloated Craig, he and Campbell eyeing Ari expectantly now.

Ari laid his cards out on the table, revealing that all he had to compete was a single ace. "Could have been something beautiful," he lamented, but then his face lit up as the itching started up at the base of his neck, "Gonna get something even better instead, though!"

The scales, black as ever, spread up to his head, covering his face, wiping away every trace of hair in an unstoppable tide of reptilification. For the briefest moment he sat there, simply looking like a bald man with a bizarre skin condition; then the biggest changes yet began. His head was flattening while his mouth and nose pushed outwards, as if someone had put him under a hydraulic press. Meanwhile, his neck was going through quite the opposite process: it was like it had been placed upon a rack and was being stretched longer and longer, curving elegantly backwards before arcing forward again to position his head back in its proper position. However, far from thinning from being extended, it was becoming increasingly thick, swelling with muscle until it was at least as wide as his head, straining the neck-hole of his t-shirt.

His eyes were narrowing and elongating, giving them a cunning, calculating appearance; his pupils were doing the opposite: becoming taller and thinner like those of a cat while the irises around them were shifting rapidly from dark brown to a poisonous green. His mouth and nose were now fused into a snout: his nostrils had spread further apart and become little more than a pair of small slits, while his mouth had widened and his lips thinned into a broad, permanent grin that exuded confidence.

Just when he seemed fully transformed, the final touch began to blossom from the back of his neck and head: they were spreading wider and wider, creating a thin membrane little more than an inch thick. The scales upon the back and edges were still the same pure black, but the inside faces of the unmistakable hood were the same reddish-brown of his hands and feet. It flared further and further from where it had originated, the outer curve of it reaching roughly the same width as his broad, toned shoulders once its formation was complete. At this point the fabric of his collar surrendered, bursting apart under the pressure being exerted by its owner's new cobra-like assets.

Now, where once had sat a moderately shy, gay, muscular but overweight human, was a serpent from whom emanated self-assurance and who oozed sexuality, his lean, toned body put his outfit under more stress than it had ever been designed for.

Silence filled the air, almost a full thirty seconds passing without the slightest sound coming from any of them: Craig and Campbell were staring in amazement and shock at what their friend had become, Ari was revelling in their reactions.

It was Campbell who broke the silence: "I guess it makes sense y'all'd be a snake," he said in a low voice, glancing over to the coffee table where Ari's phone with its serpentine cover still lay.

"Yessssssssss!" Ari cried exultantly, utterly delighted by the confirmation of what he had been thinking during the quite bizarre experience of his head reshaping itself. He raised his hands to feel across his flattened skull, then across both halves of his hood, his fingers sliding smoothly across the scales.

"Sooooooo...why have you still got arms and legs?" Craig asked, having dismissed the possibility of Ari becoming a serpent by the persistence of his limbs.

Ari shrugged. "Who caressssss? Thissss isssss the bessssst thing ever!"

Craig narrowed his eyes, irritated now. "Do you have to do the hissing thing?"

"I can't help it, it jusssssst happensssssss."

He stood up, still running his hands up and down the outer edges of his hood. "I'm out of the game now, right?" he asked, keen to have an excuse to leave the table for the moment, "No point in me playing on, issssss there?"

"I guess not," Campbell said, prompting Ari to hurry to the bathroom again. He turned to Craig as he gathered up the cards, "We keep playing until one of us finishes transforming, right?"

"Right," Craig answered flatly, staring at the other in a slightly accusatory fashion, "Maybe you'll be able to stop me winning now you can put your eyes back into your head."

Campbell turned a little red again as he shuffled the deck, fumbling and dropping a few of the cards in his agitated state. "Sorry," he mumbled, picking up the jack of diamonds from between his still odd-looking feet, "I just...summat 'bout transformin's made me more...I dunno, receptive to that kinda thang."

"Whatever," Craig said as he stopped one of the cards being flung his way from sliding off the table, "Just hold it together, yeah?"

They lapsed into silence again, both finding it that much easier to concentrate on their card strategies now that Ari was ensconced in the bathroom.

"Not good," Craig muttered, pulling three cards from his hand and exchanging them for new ones, looking marginally happier with his lot having done so.

Campbell didn't say a word as he swapped out two, though he did give the tiniest of nods of approval to what he held before his eyes.

"Fives," Craig announced, then looked expectantly at the red-and-white patterned backs of Campbell's hand.

"Taste some aces," Campbell laughed. The moment he'd confirmed his victory, his gaze snapped to the space beneath the table to observe Craig's legs.

As Craig too was wearing long pants to suit the less than clement weather, Campbell saw little change for several moments; Craig, on the other hand, could feel the carpet of fur being unfurled up both limbs, denser and softer than Campbell's own covering.

Ari and Campbell, already both sporting a reasonable covering of muscle before starting on their transformation journeys, had busted through their pants when their legs had swelled up but without being particularly spectacular about it; thus Craig's change from the slender legs of a human twink to those of his feline future was something to behold. The musculature erupted suddenly in his thighs and calves, splitting the seams of his pants almost instantly, sending shreds of fabric in all directions to join the remnants of his shoes.

"Holy shit!" Craig yelled, staring down at the thick, powerful pair of thighs he now owned, "Look at these!"

Unconsciously, Craig licked his lips as he did, indeed, contemplate his friend's blossoming new physique. "Not bad," he muttered, reaching out without invitation to squeeze those bulging quads, "Not quite what me and Ari've got, though."

Like Campbell had found, Craig did not mind the feeling of a meaty hand feeling his leg. Nevertheless, he swatted it away irritably. "Yeah, well, you were huge anyway."

Craig had seized the cards, shuffled them, and then dealt out two fresh hands which he and Campbell were now examining when they were interrupted by Ari, now tall enough to need to dip his head slightly to fit through the doorway, bursting out of the bathroom.

"I've got a ssssssssssurprissssssssse for you two," he grinned, exposing his teeth, two of which were particularly long and sharp now.

Having gained their attention, he strode across the room to stand where the light cast the contours outlined by his overtight shirt and pants into deepest relief. Then, gyrating his body with an elegance and fluidity of which his human self would never have been capable, he gripped the hem of his shirt, starting to drag it upwards.

"A-Ari, we don't want to see..." Craig began to protest, but his voice tailed away as he and Campbell got their first look at the valleys etched into the landscape of the serpent's midsection, carving paths between six small but distinct hills.

Grinning broadly at how he even had Craig spellbound now, Ari lifted the partially destroyed garment up and off himself, needing to peel it away from his chest and upper arms. His two large pectorals, in the dramatic lighting he had chosen, cast shadows that almost extended down to the highest of his abdominals; he flexed them, one, then the other, then both at the same time, for his audience's delectation.

He let out a low hiss of pleasure as he raised his arms up so that they were parallel with the floor and, still swaying his hips and torso from side to side, forced his biceps to curl up into two sizeable balls of unyielding muscle, bulging out from the rest of his toned and sinewy arms. He held the pose as he turned his back on the other two, for it was absolutely necessary to save the best for last.

He gradually let his arms fall, his triceps taking up the slack as he slid his hands down his sides and over his hips to the waistband of his ripped and torn pants. His tail, almost as long as he was tall, swayed hypnotically behind him, curling in a smooth S which shifted gradually from one orientation to the other, the curves of which washed up the length of the appendage like a soundwave.

Slowly, to tease his friends, he edged that waistband down over the curve of his prodigious, rounded behind, revealing the jet-black cheeks little by little, second by second. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw Campbell squirm in his seat; his permanent smirk of confidence grew a tiny bit wider.

His pants fell no lower, held in place by the thickness of his thighs which kept the waistband taut, allowing him to release his hands' grip on it and caress those two juicy cheeks, squeezing and kneading them to show off just how supple they could be. His hands disappeared in front of him, where they could not see them, to deal with a small matter while continuing to sway his hips from side to side, keeping them entranced. When he felt sure they had got a sufficient eyeful, he pushed his pants the rest of the way down his legs, pausing for a moment to flex his calves before turning to face them front-on once more.

His turn was abrupt and quick, purposefully so: the momentum of the rest of his body gave those two heavy orbs, as large and round as the ripest of oranges, to slap firmly and loudly against his muscled thighs as they swung to rest. But they were not the pièces-de-résistance as far as he was concerned: that crown belonged to his dicks, plural.

Standing tall and javelin straight, the two feline-esque, dark red masts stuck out proudly from the slit in which they hid when not required, each twitching slightly and bobbling from side to side as he stepped towards his two friends who had broken their silence with a pair of simultaneous gasps when they had caught sight of Ari's new endowment.

"Like what you ssssssssssssee?" the snake asked teasingly, gripping one shaft in each hand, giving them a few idle strokes from base to tip.

Both of their faces were red, Campbell's more so than Craig's, both pairs of eyes glued to Ari's groin as he sauntered forward, following it even as he sat down upon his previously vacated stool.

Curling his tail around one of its metal legs, he smiled and said quite calmly, as if he hadn't just done his best impression of a stripper and wasn't sitting there in the buff with one member seeming to be pointing at each of the other two, "Carry on, boyssssssssss."

Craig and Campbell merely sat there in silence, their eyes not moving anywhere but over the Ari's apparently incredibly appealing new birthday suit. Craig seemed to be experiencing mixed emotions about what he was seeing: though his eyes were ogling, his mouth was twisted in an odd cringe and his head was twitching as if trying to drag his attention away from the naked snake. Campbell, on the other hand, was very open about his enjoyment: his mouth was agape, his tongue occasionally poking out the corner of his mouth to stem the flow of saliva itching to dribble down his chin, and the front of his underwear was being put under more strain than ever.

Ari laughed and swept the cards towards him as it seemed the other two were going to be incapable of further action with regards poker for the time being. "I'll be your dealer, sssssssssshall I?" he said innocently, shuffling up the cards and dealing out two new hands of five.

When there was still no response from either of them, Ari leaned across towards Campbell, bringing his face right up close; still not a flicker. Chuckling under his breath, the snake pressed his thin lips against Campbell's fuller pair, whispering when he withdrew, "Wakey wakey, big guy."

Campbell jumped in his seat as his mind returned to his body, his face instantly turning brick red. "R-Right!" he yelped, his voice a high squeak compared to his usual low tones, "The game, yeah." He gave Craig's shin a light kick, bringing him back to his senses too.

Ari smiled broadly and sat back down, his hands idly playing with himself and roaming the body he was still fascinated by himself while he watched.

Still both with one eye on the other end of the table, Campbell and Craig swapped out their cards – three from Campbell, just one for Craig – then laid their new hands out before them.

"Pair fourssssss versssssssssusssss pair jackssssssss," Ari announced, his eyes sweeping across the ten cards before landing on Campbell, "You're up, big fella."

Sure enough, Campbell could feel the fur sprouting out of his own body hair, becoming denser and softer as it spread from his waist up to his shoulders. The moment it had his whole torso covered, his build began to change: unlike Ari who had slimmed and bulked at the same time, what was happening to Campbell was that both the fat and muscle of his stocky body were increasing, but the latter much more than the former. His belly was flattening while the muscles beneath and elsewhere on his torso were swelling, though his gut didn't disappear entirely.

Apart from his arms, his whole upper body was pressing against his shirt, pulling the fabric taut across him. With several small pops, followed by a clattering and a yelp from Craig who had ducked aside, every single button holding the front of his shirt together came loose and sprayed around the room, bouncing off the walls and ricocheting to all corners. At the same time, a split appeared down the middle of the back of the garment, rapidly widening as the threads proved unworthy of covering that burly expanse of ginger and white fur.

"Nccccccccccce," Ari said as he shuffled up the cards anew, his eyes peeking through the gap between the two halves of Campbell's shirt; meanwhile Craig was ogling the snake again.

The cards slid towards he and Craig as Campbell peered down the remnants of his shirt: his belly did still stick out a little, but atop it were two immense pectorals, slabs of muscle that looked capable of lifting just about anything. The bulge in his underwear twitched as he probed his body for a few seconds before returning his attention to the game at hand.

"I'm gonna need a closssssser look at thissssss," Ari murmured. Half-rising from his stool, he took a couple of steps to bring him behind Campbell who had looked up from his cards, looking moderately pleased before he glanced back at the snake in puzzlement.

Campbell gasped, his momentary confusion about Ari's intentions dispelled: a pair of scaly hands hand slid beneath his tattered shirt, trailing their way up from the sides of his belly to his chest.

"Very nccccccccce, indeed," Ari whispered as he gave those two vast pecs a squeeze: they yielded to his touch, but only barely before his fingers were met with an impenetrable wall of muscle.

Up and down his hands travelled, his tail swaying ponderously behind him as he stood bent over slightly awkwardly, though the posture was more than made up for by the tactile candy he was receiving in return. He had found Campbell's midriff which, much like his chest, was a layer of fat just soft enough to have some give to it, but not so much as to be jiggly, spread evenly over muscles of pure steel; Ari could feel the swell of each abdominal as his fingers ventured across the landscape above, tracing out their curves and valleys.

Doing his utmost to focus on the game rather than the pair of large hands exploring his powerful new torso, Campbell mimicked Craig in swapping out three cards in the hope of improving his fortunes; though he had no such luck, he was still confident in what he held.

"Just an ace," Craig said dispiritedly.

Campbell swallowed and cleared his throat, fearing that his voice would otherwise struggle while being fondled. "T-Two aces."

The carpet layers instantly returned to work, rolling out new swathes of sandy yellow fur up Craig's hips and over his butt, speckling it with random circular patches of black as they went. For his groin, however, they had a different colour in mind: a tuft of creamy fur sprouted around the base of his junk, before shorter fur of the same colour spread up to the start of his tummy and down between his legs.

As a possessor of a round, perky bubble butt already, the changes to it now were far from radical: it swell a little, but only to suit the wider hips he was gaining, and exchanging some of its fat for a bonus in muscle. The one thing in this region of his body that did change, however, was his endowment.

The bulge in Craig's briefs had never been cause for any jealous glances or mutters of envy in the locker room and he had long been aware that his claim to manhood was limited, even considering his insubstantial height. Now, though, he was truly starting to fill his pouch. The elastic and seams of his underwear had already been stretched close to the upper limits of their designed tolerances by the generally increased size of his hips and rump, but the inches he was adding down below were more than just straws being placed upon the proverbial camel: the pair of black Y-fronts shredded before his eyes, allowing the pale-furred sheath and its accompanying ping-pong balls to bounce forth.

Craig stared down at his bare crotch: his initial reaction was one of embarrassment at displaying his most private of areas to his two friends, but this was quickly replaced by a broad grin of delight.

"Would you look at that," Ari said, his chin resting upon one of Campbell's immensely broad shoulders as he squinted into the half-light beneath the table, "the little kitty'sssssss actually packing now."

Craig scowled at the serpent. "Better late than never," he muttered, feeling his way gingerly around his fluffy junk.

Ari merely laughed, massaging the swells of Campbell's chest whose face was as red as ever.

"You gonna deal us up?" Craig asked, raising his gaze from his lap to look into Ari's slit-pupiled eyes.

"I'm bussssssy."

Huffing as if he were being forced to abandon something important and engaging for something else far more menial, Craig gathered up the deck.

Ten more cards were distributed, five of which went unwanted by their possessors who found minimal cheer from the replacements they obtained.

As with the previous round, Campbell found himself struggling to focus on deciding what should stay and what should go from his hand: while he had been fondling his chest during the cards being dealt, Ari's fingers had brushed across Campbell's right nipple; the ensuing shiver that ran through that burly body had given the sultry serpent an idea.

Abandoning the pectorals as a whole, Ari's fingers had begun to focus solely on those little protrusions of bare flesh amongst the short bicoloured fur: tickling, rubbing, and lightly flicking them had caused the skin to tighten – a sure sign of pleasure – while keeping Campbell squirming in his seat. The snake had watched from his bird's-eye view as his ministrations had the bulge in his half-transformed friend's now skin-tight boxers swelling, popping a few stitches.

"Pair o' ja- " Campbell began as he laid out his cards on the table, but becoming completely distracted from his declaration: Ari had sidled out from behind him and crouched beside him, slipping his head beneath one outstretched arm to flick his long, forked tongue across the nearest nipple. A tiny moan escaped Campbell's throat as he felt the serpent repeat the action, then move his head even closer to his chest to press a teasingly worshipful kiss to that hard little clearing in the dense forest of fur.

Ari withdrew when he found his head being swatted by the flustered owner of the object of his affections, chuckling under his breath.

“P-*Pair of jacks*,” Campbell concluded, shooting a furious glance at Ari as the latter moved back towards his seat.

“Ah, *crap*,” Craig mumbled, “Just a *king*.”

Having already destroyed both his pants and his underwear, there was no waistband to obstruct the tail now sprouting out of the base of Craig’s spine; nevertheless, he felt it forming, especially when it had grown long enough to be pressing against the back of his chair.

“Oh, man. I don’t like how that feels,” he said in complaint, his upper lip curling in distaste as he felt the new appendage extending further and further from his body.

Before long there was insufficient room between his body and the chair for the tail to comfortably grow, sending a shot of pain through him as it was forced to curve back on itself.

“Ow!” he yelped, jerking forward to make space.

“I’ll get you a *sssssstool*,” Ari said blandly, veering away from his own seat to retrace Campbell’s earlier footsteps.

When he returned, bearing the promised stool, he found Craig standing and ready with a long ropey tail covered in the same colours and pattern as the rest of his fur, the tip of it - as dark brown as Ari’s hair and eyes had been – curling upwards an inch or so before it would have been dragging on the floor.

“You’re not bad either, *kitty*,” Ari said as he moved the unwanted chair out of the way, replacing it with the stool. Before Craig could sit down, an auburn-scaled hand had given his prominent posterior a firm swat while his crotch drew all three pairs of eyes in the room.

Craig’s sack swung and bounced off his thigh as he jumped in surprise, shooting a half-annoyed, half-pleasured look up at Ari; though he was still considerably shorter than the snake, he did take heart in noticing that he was perhaps a little taller by comparison than he once had been.

Campbell gathered up the cards this time and began to shuffle while Craig took his new, more tail-friendly seat; Ari, however, lingered in place.

“Y’all done with being dealer, huh?” Campbell asked, starting to regain some of his composure, though his cheeks remained a little pink.

Ari nodded. “I think *ssssssssso*,” he answered distractedly, running a hand across Craig’s narrow shoulders and slender neck; Craig bit his lip, but didn’t throw the hand off him.

“Don’ I get my good luck charm back?” Campbell pressed as he began dealing, adding in a mutter that brought some more colour to his face, “I was *enjoin’* it.”

Grinning, Ari curled his arms around Craig’s neck and draped them down his chest. “*Jussssssst sssssssssssspreading the love*. Anyway, little *kitty* here’*ssssssssss* *almossssssst* caught up with you now.

“*Sssssssspeaking of whom*,” Ari added, looking down at Craig, “not going to tell me to go fuck *mysssssssself*?”

Craig shrugged, picking his cards up and starting to arrange them by suit and value. “I guess cat me is a bit more...” he didn’t know how to finish that sentence, nor did he want to, so he didn’t.

Ari grinned and settled in to idly examine Craig's cards too, though his mind was wandering; and so were his eyes.

After a moment, he became aware that something was nudging lightly against his leg every few seconds: looking down, he saw that it was Craig's new feline tail twitching apparently unconsciously as he sank deep into poker strategy. His meandering thoughts finally given a direction to follow, they dredged up the memory of Craig showing them pictures of the time he was on vacation with his family in South Africa, particularly the time he had met a hand-reared cheetah which had taken a particular liking to him; he recalled Craig mentioning it wanting to groom his ears with the length of sandpaper it had for a tongue and how the sensation had tickled as much as it had hurt. Ari's sharp green eyes flicked up from the floor to settle on one of Craig's ears: if a cheetah tongue had tickled, how would a snake's feel?

Craig pulled two cards from his hand and placed them on the table, deeming them unfit for furthering his chances this round. He had just reached towards the deck for replacements when he recoiled: something had touched his ear. Twisting around, he found Ari's smirking visage barely six inches from his own.

Ari flickered his narrow, forked tongue again, just able to touch Craig's lobe before the object of his teasing affection jerked away. Intent on having his fun, Ari wrapped his arms around Craig's shoulders: Craig would have struggled to free himself from human Ari, and his new serpentine self was considerably stronger.

"Jussssssssst play on and enjoy it, cutie," Ari hissed.

Seeing no way out, Craig gritted his teeth and tried not to react as the snake probed around the ridges of his ear, licking all around it until not one millimetre of it was free of a thin layer of saliva.

"K-K-King a-again," Craig said in kind of whimper: Ari had just swept the tip of his tongue across the entrance to his ear canal.

Campbell, who had been watching Craig's aural torture with great amusement, grinned. "Snakey's still my good luck charm, pair nines."

Ari and Craig, still distracted with their own fun and games, didn't stop their respective licking and squirming until the terrain beneath the arm laying across Craig's chest became that little bit softer to the touch. They both looked down, Ari's tongue still in the process of tickling the back of that same ear, in time to watch Craig's shirt being pulled tight across his body, momentarily conforming to every feature of his obvious new musculature, before it burst apart like his shoes, pants, and underwear had done; he was now completely naked and completely feline save his head, neck, and a pair of arms which looked comically weak in comparison to the rest of his musclebound body.

"Ssssssssssssomeone'ssssssss becoming a hunk," Ari whispered in Craig's ear, bringing a redness to his face to rival that which had adorned Campbell's features.

Campbell was laughing, his eyes roving up and down the length of Craig's now completely exposed body. "I thought we weren't playin' strip poker."

Pleased though he was to be getting a body worthy of many months spent at the gym entirely for free, Craig sought a distraction and so piled the cards up to begin shuffling for the next hand.

“Keen to ssssssssee more?” Ari asked, putting a different and entirely plausible spin on Craig’s eagerness to keep the game rolling.

Craig mumbled something that might have been ‘Shut up’, but that merely got the other two chuckling some more.

His latest bout of transformation freed Craig at long last from having his ear assaulted by a tongue that was, indeed, considerably more ticklish than had been the cheetah’s; he hadn’t, however, rid himself of Ari’s attention yet.

As the two remaining players picked up their new cards to examine them, Ari felt that Craig’s new bulk deserved just as much exploration as had Campbell’s. Taking up a similar, slightly awkward position bent over behind Craig as he had when examining Campbell’s body, the serpent placed his hands upon the softly-furred chest and squeezed lightly: Craig’s pectorals were not as impressive as Campbell’s or even his own, but Ari could feel considerable firmness beneath the fur, a firmness which increased as Craig subconsciously flexed his chest muscles at his touch.

A low ‘mmm’ started up in Craig’s throat moments after Ari had begun to knead the two significant slabs of muscle, perhaps the best approximation his still-human vocal cords could make in response to his feline instinct to purr in pleasure. Ari chuckled quietly and slid his hands lower, seeing Campbell reaching out to exchange a single card; though clearly trying to remain poker-faced, Ari caught Campbell’s brows twitch upwards.

The snake’s fingers found his friend’s midriff which provided something of a surprise for him: the valleys between the collection of abdominals felt that much deeper under his sensitive touch than his own had done. Peering down over Craig’s shoulder, the sight that met his eyes confirmed what his blind probing had suggested: though less powerful in the chest, Craig had gained the best set of abs in the room.

“Quite a wassssssssshboard you’ve got here, ssssssssexxxxxxxxxxy,” he whispered into Craig’s ear, giving it another flick with his tongue for good measure.

Craig let out an unwilling giggle, sacrificing two cards in the hope of better; Ari could see the redness in his cheek building again.

One hand stayed to trace along the furrows between abdominals while the other strayed still further south, curious to see and feel more of the pink bump which had become visible at the opening of Craig’s new sheath.

A soft, quickly stifled gasp: Ari’s fingers were whispering down the length of that fluffy sheath, drawing a little more pink from its end. They curled beneath the orbs that hung below its base, cupping them in their grasp. Around and around they were rolled, drawing a tiny moan from their owner; to Ari, who carried such bounty between his legs, Craig’s fruit felt small and light, but there was no questioning that they put the average man to shame.

“Aces,” Ari heard Campbell announce, followed by a sigh from Craig.

“F-Fi...nfff...”

Craig couldn’t finish proclaiming his own hand’s strength: Ari had shifted his interest to the length of pink flesh that had been exposing more and more of itself as he had toyed with the orbs below. His hand wrapped about its middle, the serpent was slowly sliding his grip up and down, working Craig up to his fullest size which, too, would have made any man proud.

Craig gasped, squeezing a single word out of his mouth: "Fives!"

Unwilling to be brought to climax – at least not before finishing the game – Craig began to strike out lightly at Ari's shoulder, repeatedly whimpering, "S-S-Stop!"

Ari was having too much fun to stop, merely starting to laugh as he bore the ineffectual blows raining against his scales.

When they became suddenly much stronger, however, he withdrew with a hiss of pain. "Fine! I'll sssssssstop," he said, then noticed the cause of Craig's abrupt increase in power: spotted fur had popped up down both of Craig's arms like a pair of fluffy sleeves, beneath which were two sets of toned muscles, rippling gracefully as their new owner flexed them curiously.

"Maybe y'all should just sit down," Campbell suggested, shuffling the cards once more.

Disappointed, Ari left Craig to inspect his bigger and better biceps, perching himself on the stool stood at the opposite end of the table. Being away from Craig didn't stop him from feeling frisky and he wasn't about to let Campbell tell him what he could and couldn't do. He spent the few moments it took for Campbell to shuffle and deal out the cards to plan his next move: from where he was now sat, Craig was out of reach and it would be far too obvious to go shuffling his seat around the table; Campbell, though, was still a viable target...

With the hands dealt, it was time to consider their best moves: after arranging his cards like he always did, Craig stared at them in contemplation, his free hand still roaming exploratorily over the body into which he had so rapidly been transforming; Campbell, on the other hand, was continually swapping his cards around into different configurations, something which apparently made it easier for him to see his best possible move.

As Craig came to his decision and plucked a single card from his fastidiously sorted hand, Campbell felt something pressing up against his groin. Looking down, he saw a familiar three-toed, clawed foot starting to massage his enlarged endowment through the fabric of his overstretched underwear.

"Jerk," he muttered at Ari, getting nothing but a sly grin in return. Though he knew that he should push the offending foot away, there was no getting past the fact that it felt mighty nice as it rubbed up and down his most sensitive area, pushing the heavy objects contained within his boxers this way and that.

Biting his lip in the hope that it would distract him from the waves of pleasure rolling up from between his legs and simultaneously keep his mind focused on his cards, he followed Craig's lead by swapping out just one of them, though it brought him no joy.

"Nines...?" Craig began, uncertain that even a decent pair could win him a round based on his recent luck.

Campbell shook his head, his lip white under the pressure exerted by his teeth. "Nothin' but an ace."

His lead in the game was to be short-lived, it seemed, and was made accordingly official when the fur began to unfurl down his arms, stopping short at his wrists. The colouration of his arms, though it would hardly be a surprise to anyone, had any mystery surrounding it eliminated as his sleeves burst apart. Though already in possession of a strong upper body before the game had started, the swells of muscle beneath the white and ginger fur took this to a whole new level: even

without flexing, his upper arms were now as girthy as many people's thighs, and his forearms looked as if they contained steel cables capable of supporting a suspension bridge.

"Holy..." he breathed, curling his hand towards his shoulder and watching a bulge as big as a small melon erupt beneath his skin.

"You're a fucking beasssssssssssst!" Ari exclaimed watching just as intently, in the process completely distracting himself from using his foot to get a rise out of the veritable tank with whom he was sharing the table.

Craig, too, seemed distinctly impressed with this transformation: he reached out with a hand, which looked rather undersized on the end of his own muscular arm, and attempted to squeeze Campbell's other bicep. "It's just...so big and solid. Like, there's no give *at all*."

Campbell grinned sheepishly and raised his arms up to strike a double-bicep pose; in the process, one of his hands clattered into the underside of the table, sending half the deck and Ari's empty beer bottle tumbling to the floor, the latter fortunately landing on the former, preventing it from smashing.

"I'll get it," Ari said while Campbell mumbled his apologies, sliding from his stool to kneel on the floor.

As he gathered up the scattered cards after replacing the bottle upon the table, movement in his peripheral vision caught his eye: Craig's toes were wiggling slowly up and down, accompanied by the gentle swishing of the other half of the deck being shuffled. With a fresh idea forming in his head, Ari passed the cards back up to join the mixing, then lay down beneath the table, his head beside Craig's feet.

"Any more to come?" he heard Craig ask, the question punctuated by an attempted riffle shuffle. Ari said nothing in response, instead wrapping his hands around the left foot and flicking his tongue along the sole of the right.

Craig flinched and looked down. "What the- "

Ari merely grinned around the toe now sliding between his lips, flickering an eyelid over one poisonous eye.

"What's he doing?" Campbell asked, picking his cards up from the table one by one as each arrived.

"Playing with my – mmm – feet," Craig answered with a small shudder: Ari's thumbs were pressing lightly at the ball of his left foot.

Entirely ignorant as to the happenings above the table, Ari settled in to indulge a fetish he had long kept under wraps, but which now he felt completely free to reveal to his friends under the influence of the confidence boost becoming a snake had given him. While one foot was being rubbed and massaged, the fur on the top of it swept back and forth by his fingers, the other was being slicked up with serpentine saliva as he sucked each toe in turn, his tongue emerging every few moments to briefly investigate the crevices around a different pad. When each toe had spent several seconds inside his mouth, the fur on the backs of them laying damp and flat, he nudged his head beneath Craig's foot to begin kissing up and down the length of it, making quite sure to press his lips to every pad that he passed.

"Nines," Campbell declared, reaching out with his foot to nudge it teasingly against Ari's hood, only to jump when he found one of his own toes being engulfed by the snake's lips.

Craig beamed, victory rising within him. "Kings!"

Campbell didn't droop at the apparent defeat: on the contrary, a smile slowly spread across his face. "Yeah, but I got *three* nines."

Craig gaped as those three cards were laid out before him, his kings paling by comparison.

His hands were resting on the table, either side of his own, defeated cards; his eyes snapped down to them the moment his brain had registered that it was to be his turn to exchange a little bit more humanity for a greater portion of his 'true' anthro self. Within seconds of gaining their owner's attention, those two hands had sprouted the same pattern of sandy fur with black spots; where the backs of his hands blended towards being palms, so too did his fur transition from yellowish to a creamy white. His fingers and his hands proper were lengthening, his nails hardening and sharpening into claws; the fact that he could not retract them should have clued him into just what he was becoming bit by bit.

Flipping them over, Craig caught the very tail end of the development of pads much like those on his feet upon his fingers and parts of his palms. Between each of these was more of that almost-white fur, tufts of which in places protruded above the level of his pads. He prodded at these fleshy protuberances, finding them to be solid but not without a degree of pliability.

Raising his eyes to Campbell's face, he grinned. "Makes losing kinda worth it, huh?"

Campbell nodded, pulling the cards towards him, the only one of them still with human hands. "The more ya change, the more y'all like it. So it seems to me."

"So, this could be the last round," mused Craig, flexing his fingers experimentally to see how having pads upon them affected their mobility.

"If y'all lose," Campbell agreed, his biceps swelling like boulders as he slid the cards over one another repeatedly, thoroughly mixing up their order, "If y'all win, we get an ol' fashioned showdown."

Beneath the table, a certain snake released the grips his hands and mouth had on the assortment of feet around him. If this was going to be the final round, he wanted to make it something really special for both his friends; just how to do that occurred to him almost instantly.

As both Campbell and Craig scooped their cards from the table, they simultaneously looked down at their laps: Campbell saw the tip of a long, thick, black-scaled tail rubbing gradually up the front of his boxers, sidling beneath the waistband once it had found; Craig caught a glimpse of a reptilian face leering up at him from between his bare legs before a flickering tongue emerged from its mouth to taste his sack. Both remaining players gasped and reddened, exchanging a glance between them and mutually deciding to let this all play out.

Craig examined his cards and let out a small whimper, quickly rejecting three of them: did he foresee defeat in his immediate future, or was it merely a reaction to Ari's mouth engulfing his stiffened member?

Campbell was eyeing his hand with a spreading smile, only selecting one for exchange: was victory within grasp, or did the sensation of coil after glistening coil of the snake's tail piling into his

underwear, snapping what structural integrity was left to it as his own shaft was wrapped up bring him that much ecstasy?

“Pair of fives,” Craig breathed hoarsely, laying his cards down on the table in front of him while the serpent below bobbed his head up and down along his length, rolling his testicles around in his scaly hand and fluttering his tongue over the saliva-slickened tip at the apex of every stroke.

Campbell’s voice was raspy when he announced his own hand, but there was no doubting the triumph in his tone, “Pair nines, pair queens,” he declared as the tail dragged back and forth, base to head, squeezing gently.

The result of the game sealed, Craig’s final changes began. Spotted fur crept up his neck and over his jaw to cover his entire face; his hair remained, though it darkened to a medium brown. As his mouth and nose began to push outwards into a muzzle, much like Ari’s had done, the characteristic facial markings of his new species emerged in his fur, marking lines from the inside corners of his eyes to his jaw, following the sides of his new short snout. His ears slid up to perch atop his head, rounding and smoothing as they went into those more suited to a feline. His eyes drained of their original blue as they were replaced by a piercing golden stare.

His transformation into a cheetah complete, Craig’s head fell backwards as his entire body shuddered with pleasure, pleasure which manifested itself in a cry that declared his submission to his primal desires, “Ngh!”

Rope after rope of warm, thick seed spurted forth into Ari’s mouth as he and the magic that had transformed them pushed Craig to his climax. He swallowed eagerly, not spilling a drop of his friend’s first sexual experience as an anthro, his first experience with another man.

Ari slithered out from beneath the table once nothing more was dripping onto his tongue and he could feel Craig softening inside his mouth. Straddling the limp, panting cheetah’s lap, he raised his head to share with him a first kiss to follow their first act of lovemaking.

Though exhausted and spent, Craig reacted immediately to the feeling of the snake’s lips upon his own. He pressed into kiss, their vastly different tongues entwining. He could taste himself within Ari’s mouth; though the flavour was quite unfamiliar to him, he instinctively knew it to be that of his very own loins.

When they broke apart a few moments later, Ari remained sat upon Craig’s lap, cradling the still recovering cheetah’s head against his thickly muscled chest.

He turned his head towards Campbell. “Will you join usssssss?”

“How?” Campbell returned.

“If you wissssssssssh it, it will happen.”

Campbell somehow doubted it would be that simple, but there again the cards had seemed to just ‘know’ whose turn it was to transform at the end of each round, so was it so unlikely that he could just tell whatever power that was causing their changes that he wanted to become fully anthro like his friends?

He closed his eyes, repeating a phrase over and over in his head in the hopes that something would come of it: ‘I want to be anthro. I want to be anthro.’

A few seconds passed with no sound but for Craig’s continued heavy breathing, before...

"It'sssssssss working."

Campbell opened his eyes again, immediately raising his hands for inspection: sure enough, white and reddish-brown fur was spreading across them like it had done over the rest of his body. As with his toes, his nails seemed to expand, thickening as they gradually covered the whole of each fingertip. His palms remained largely unchanged, save for their skin tone having turned a little paler.

The moment his hands had completely transformed, fur began to spread up his neck too which was becoming thicker to match the rest of his hulking build. The mottled white and ginger rolled out across his whole head save for his hair which, from the roots, shifted from red to a dark brown similar to Craig's. His ears crept their way up towards the top of his head, elongating as they went. Like the other two, his mouth and nose were forming into a snout, but if it had been a competition, his would have put theirs to shame: they rocketed away from his face, his nose flattening into a pair of flared nostrils along the way, until they were the best part of a foot away from his eyes which had remained brown, though that much darker.

Just when Campbell thought he was done, that he had joined Ari and Craig in the world of anthros, the final flourishes surged out of the top of his head.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," Craig said in realisation, seeming to have recovered from his afterglow, "a moose, that makes a lot of sense."

Campbell reached up, his fingers finding a pair of hard objects perched atop his head, almost like two giant ferns made of velvet-covered stone.

"A-Antlers?" he asked, staring at the other two for confirmation.

"Yup," nodded Craig, glancing up at Ari as he rose from his lap before looking back to Campbell, "Guess you'll have to give up those hunting trips up north, huh?"

Campbell stood too; he had grown considerably, up as well as out, placing his new head adornments just a few inches away from gouging holes in the ceiling. He gazed down at Ari as the snake approached, reciprocating the gesture as a scaly hand wrapped itself around the base of his thick member.

"Sssssssssshall we?" Ari asked.

Campbell nodded, slowly pumping his meaty fist up and down one of the serpent's lengths a couple of times. He then paused, slackening his grip as he hesitated for a second before curling his arm around Ari's waist. He lifted, finding that those taloned feet left the floor with ease, raising him up to rest upon his hip.

"Sssssssssso sssssssssstrong," Ari whispered, admiringly running his hand across the moose's powerful chest.

The floor trembled slightly as Campbell's many hundreds of very solid pounds lumbered their way over to where Craig still sat. The cheetah got to his feet and allowed his giant of a friend to pick him up too. He and Ari clung to Campbell, caressing and squeezing his immense bulk as he carried them into an adjacent bedroom, setting them both down upon the bed.

"What are we going to do exactly?" Craig asked, directing his question towards Ari; Campbell too was looking deferentially towards the snake as he removed what remained of his clothing.

Laughing slightly at being considered the de facto expert on gay activities, Ari quickly developed a plan; a plan that may just have been in his head for a while already. He shuffled to the end of the bed and directed Craig to do the same, before speaking to Campbell, "Lay down, faccccccce up."

The moose did as instructed, the bed springs groaning loudly as they were forced to bear his tremendous weight. Ari climbed on top of him as soon as he was in place, taking a moment to tease the thick meat between Campbell's legs to attention before truly mounting him.

"Ssssssstay sssssssssstill for a ssssssssecond," Ari advised in between his and Campbell's gasps of pleasure, the latter easily filling the former's rear.

The snake beckoned Craig forward, helping to position him upon his lap before continuing the chain by gently pressing the lower of his two members into him. The cheetah let out a small yelp as his posterior was spread, though quickly followed with a groan of deep longing.

"Okay, gently," Ari said, permitting the commencement of action.

He allowed Campbell to establish the pace, the moose raising and lowering his hips slowly several times before Ari followed suit, timing his pushes into Craig with each of Campbell's downstrokes. Before long they had settled into a rhythm: Campbell thrusting upwards as Ari's hips were falling back. Craig perched at the summit of this ride, letting out a high grunt every time the snake pressed up against his prostate.

Once the three of them were in perfect sync with one another, the snake oscillating between the two others, Ari took gentle hold of Craig's hand and whispered to him, "Thissssssss isssssssss what you can do for usssssssss." He guided the cheetah to the two tall, twitching lengths that stood between them.

Craig got the idea immediately: spreading his fingers wide, he wrapped both shafts up in his grip and began to pump them up and down, quickly growing feverish in his pace.

"That'sssssssss it," Ari encouraged breathily, returning his own hand to the bed to brace himself as he continued to thrust into the cheetah in between being pounded from behind by Campbell.

All three of the lust-filled, brand new anthros were panting and grunting in time with one another, the pressure in their loins building with every passing second. Their pace rose with their excitement, as did the depth of their thrusts; Campbell, with the incredible power he now possessed, was pushing the two perched on top of him a foot or more into the air as he slammed his hips upwards, burying himself deep into Ari who in turn was ramming one member into Craig's behind every time the cheetah jerked up and down the two cocks before him, his hand slapping against their bases in rhythmic timing with the movements of the other two.

And then, the edge of bliss was reached. Campbell arched his back one last time as he exploded inside Ari with a deep, guttural groan. At the same moment, the serpent gasped as he shot two loads: one splattering Craig's interior, the other coating the chests and sculpted abs of the two jockeys. The cheetah could manage no more than a whimper as, already spent, he produced little more than a dribble which ran down the side of his frantically twitching pink mast.

One by one, when they were all as empty as each other, they collapsed onto the bed, panting but filled with the warmest of glows.

"I've never had better," Craig breathed after a few moments.

"The best," agreed Campbell in a low rumble.

"Yesssssss."

Though the bed was plainly too small for Campbell now, let alone his two lovers, they all pressed themselves together with the moose at the centre, the other two wrapped in his arms with their heads upon his chest. Collectively, they heaved a contented sigh and allowed sleep to roll over them, their lives so drastically, and wonderfully, transformed.