

Jordan stood in front of the door of the Warlock Guild hall, unable for the moment to make himself walk through it. He was in trouble, there was no denying that. He owed a lot of money to some very dangerous people. None of the gambling houses in the city would let him in anymore, even the illegal underground ones, and he needed to get cash somewhere to pay his debts. Did he really want to risk dealing with the warlocks? Did he have a choice? He sighed, and pressed his way through the door.

He was greeted inside by a Theran servant, a cute rabbit doe wearing a stylized apron that barely covered her chest. It would offer very little actual protection, but it was more a marker of her job as a house servant. Other than the legally-mandated metal collar, 'functional' garments such as that were all the clothing the animal folk were allowed. "Hello sir, do you have an appointment?" she asked him softly.

The rumpled human looked around nervously, running a hand through his hair. "Um, kind of. I got a message that I was still welcome to gamble here, and I would be expected tonight."

The rabbit smiled, showing buck teeth, and nodded. "Yes sir, you must be here for tonight's game. The elders are indeed expecting you. Please follow me."

The outside of the building was nondescript, fitting in well in the affluent neighborhood where it was located. The inside was slightly fancier, with polished wood on almost every surface. Any modern lighting was hidden, giving the impression that the place was lit by the candles and torches scattered about.

She led Jordan down a short hallway, giving him a very pleasant view of her firm, uncovered backside wiggling underneath her poofy tail. Jordan appreciated the sight, and considered that if he won enough money back tonight he might see if he could buy a night with her.

The rabbit opened an unmarked side door and gestured for Jordan to enter, following after him when he obeyed. The room's main feature was a majestic card table made of dark wood, with intricate carvings that Jordan couldn't make out from where he stood. It was surrounded by four elegant chairs and a small stool. Three dark-robed figures sat at the table, looking up when Jordan entered.

The one on the left stood and nodded at Jordan. "Welcome to tonight's game. We appreciate your...business. Due to the nature of our work, we don't give out our names, so you may refer to us by our colors." He did not extend a hand to shake.

At first, all their robes had looked black, but now that he had reason to look closer, Jordan saw that they were slightly tinted. The man who spoke wore a red robe, and the other two were purple and green. Red seemed to embody all the stereotypes of the Warlock guild, with sharp eyes, slicked-back dark hair, and a thin mustache and goatee. The other two looked more unremarkable, except for the dramatic robes. Purple was slightly balding, Green was somewhat overweight, and both were a few years older than Red, but neither would stick out in a crowd.

Jordan nodded. "Yes sir. I appreciate the opportunity you're offering me." He didn't know much about the Warlock Guild, but all the stories that leaked out suggested that he should be very polite toward them.

The three warlocks laughed. Purple shook his head. "Oh, we're not doing this for your benefit. Sit down, Green will explain the rules for you."

Jordan took the final open seat and sank into it, trying to look calm. There was a deck of cards in the center of the table, and each of the warlocks had a stack of ordinary

poker chips at his place. Jordan's side was empty. Red sat to Jordan's left, Purple across from him, and then Green somewhat to his right. The small stool was between him and Green.

Green nodded to the rabbit by the door. "Get the equipment we prepared and some drinks. Our usuals, and whatever our guest wants."

"Just water, please." He needed to stay clear if he wanted to have a hope of coming out ahead.

When the rabbit returned, she served small glasses of liquor to the warlocks, then set a small wooden box and a glass of water in front of Jordan. She then retreated to stand by the door again.

Green nodded toward the wooden box. "Open it."

Jordan lifted the lid, revealing another set of twenty poker chips that did not match the ones in front of the warlocks. Half had a stylized picture of a human embossed on them, and the rest had a shield and spear. He brushed his hand across the edges and felt a strange tingle run up his arm. He yanked his arm back in surprise as the chips flashed an ominous green.

Green smiled at Jordan's shock. "Those are what you will bet with. We have already purchased your debt from all the other groups you've done business with in the city. As of right now, we own you. The chips in front of you are worth the two hundred thousand dollars you now owe to us, and the chips in front of us add up to the same. All chips have the same value. You can settle your debt by winning chips from us, or losing the ones you have there. You might complain that three against one isn't fair. You're right. We aren't here to be fair. We're here to settle a debt, and if you choose not to do it this way, we'll find some other way to get it out of you."

"Trust me, you don't want us to have to get creative," Purple added.

Jordan went white. The threat was clear, and there were plenty of rumors about what the warlocks could do. If they said they could get their money out of him, they could. "I understand. So the chips I have, you're spotting me that money?"

The warlocks laughed again at that. Green controlled himself first. "No, those chips represent assets you actually have, though they are worth money if we were to buy them from you. The ones with a picture of a human represent your humanity, and the ones with the Mars symbol are your maleness. Losing them will have predictable consequences."

Jordan's jaw dropped. He didn't know they could take things like that as payment. "I...oh. How does that work? If I lose my maleness chips, do you mean you take my dick?"

Purple shook his head. "More than that. Each person has male and female essence inside them, and their body reflects the balance between them. You have far more male essence, so your form is male. When--" He smiled cruelly. "My apologies, *if* you lose all of your maleness in our game, you will have only female essence left, and no matter how little you have, it will be unopposed by any maleness, and your form will be entirely female."

He'd be changed into a woman? It had never even occurred to him that they could do that. He steadied his breathing. Worst case, he lost, it would be weird, but he could deal with it. "Okay...and my humanity? What does that mean?"

Purple nodded silently toward the Theran servant by the door.

Jordan turned to look at the rabbit, and his face sank. A Theran? He focused on the metal collar around her neck, the same kind all Therans wore. They could be nothing but servants, were forbidden to even wear clothes, to remind them of their place in society. If he was reduced to that, his life would be over. There would be no extra chances. "But...Therans are slaves, they're owned, who would..."

Red spoke up for the first time since greeting him. "The guild would own you, though I believe we have enough servants at the moment, so we'll probably sell you to recoup what we paid for your debts."

He said it matter-of-factly, but the idea chilled Jordan. The people he owed money to before would injure him if he didn't pay, make his life hell in plenty of ways, but this was a whole different level. He wanted to run away, but that wasn't an option. The Warlock Guild owned his debt now, and this was the game they wanted to play. He just had to win. "Ok, I understand."

Jordan took a drink of his water. "So, what's the game?"

Green resumed his explanation. "I believe you prefer to play Texas hold 'em? We like to let our guests play the game they're used to. We like you to have a little confidence. You start with the big blind, two chips."

Jordan started to complain, but remembered what they had said earlier. They didn't care about being fair. At least he knew the game. "Of course I do. I guess I'm ready to start, then."

Red smiled wide. "Great! I'm quite excited. We haven't had a good game in quite a while." He nodded toward the rabbit, and she came over to sit on the small stool to Jordan's right.

Jordan looked at the twenty chips in front of him, trying to figure out how he should bet with the different sets of chips. Best to be confident. He'd be winning, so it didn't really matter which he used. With a sigh, he collected one of each type, feeling his hand tingle again as he gripped them, and set them on the table in front of him. Having the big blind meant he put in two chips before the hand even started. Even if he got a bad deal and wanted to fold immediately, he'd be out those two chips. He saw Green to his right place the small blind with a single ordinary chip.

The Theran collected the deck of cards from the table and silently shuffled, keeping her eyes facing downward and not looking at any of the players. She dealt two cards face down to each player, and then sat back and waited.

Green looked at his cards, then shook his head and folded. It was a faux pas, given that it wasn't his turn, but it didn't look like the warlocks cared.

The other players were more conservative. Red calmly pushed two chips in. Purple waited a moment, then pushed in four, raising the bet by two.

Jordan hesitated. That was a bet of forty thousand dollars, more than he had ever lost in one gambling adventure. More importantly, it was another two of his very limited chips that represented his humanity or maleness. He had queen of hearts, six of clubs, which wasn't terrible, but was far from good. Still, he couldn't let them scare him into folding all the time. With their numerical advantage, they could bully him every hand as long as one of them had anything remotely decent to back up a bet. It was important to not look weak at the beginning. He picked out another of each type of chip and set them on the table. "Call."

Red folded. "Nope."

The rabbit knew her job, and she dealt out the next three cards face up onto the table, the first of the five cards all the players shared. Seven, six, ace. Jordan now had a pair, though with little chance of picking up anything to improve his hand further.

Purple calmly put in another chip.

Jordan narrowed his eyes. His hand wasn't that great, but the logic from before stood. He couldn't appear easily bullied. He pulled out another maleness chip and added it to his bet.

Another card, the ten of diamonds. No help. Purple didn't bet, and Jordan certainly wouldn't.

The last community card was the queen of spades, giving Jordan two pair. He wasn't confident enough to raise, and fortunately neither was Purple. They both showed their cards.

Purple smiled as he revealed the two sevens in his hand, giving him a three of a kind and edging out Jordan for the victory.

Jordan cursed and pushed his chips forward, then yelled in surprise as they glowed a steady bright green. That probably wasn't a good sign. His hands cramped up, and then started changing in front of his eyes. His nails quickly darkened, then reshaped into sharp claws, sticking out beyond his fingertips. The palms of his hands tingled as the skin thickened and darkened while his fingers shortened slightly, until his hands resembled some odd mix between paws and human hands. In fact, they looked quite similar to the hands of the rabbit beside him, though without fur.

An identical ache built in his feet, and his shoes suddenly felt far too small. He felt his toenails, which were no doubt now claws as well, digging through his socks at the inside of the shoes. With some effort, he shoved his shoes off, showing that his feet had changed far more than his hands had. They were wide paws stretching out his socks, claws poking through the tips, with no look of humanity left. Even his ankles looked weird.

Jordan looked at the warlocks in horror. "You're taking it *now*?!"

They all smiled, clearly enjoying his distress. Purple held up a single finger, signifying 'wait'.

A wave of heat passed over Jordan, and he shivered as he felt his entire body changing, but only slightly. There was something happening in his face, his waist, and his legs, but he couldn't see what exactly it was without using a mirror or taking off his clothes. When the wave of heat passed, he felt strange, in some indefinable way. His clothes didn't fit quite right. He rubbed his face to calm himself, and felt smooth skin on his face. His five o'clock shadow was gone.

Purple put his finger down. "Yes, we're taking it now. Why wait?"

Jordan looked at his altered hands. "Because I could win it back!"

Red laughed. "Don't be silly. You only win back the chips we bet, and we won't be betting with the ones you lose. They're worth far more to *us* than they were to you. Perhaps you can buy them back at some point. At market rates, of course."

Jordan blanched. He'd just lost five chips that he could only get back if he won enough money to buy them back. "Oh gods. What are market rates?"

Red shrugged. "Probably twenty thousand a chip or so for maleness. We sell it to women looking to make a change, or men looking for some enhancement. Humanity is much more valuable, though. The..." He tilted a hand side to side in the air. "Let's say

'beings' who tend to purchase humanity are very motivated buyers. That would be about two hundred thousand each."

Jordan froze. That was the full amount of debt he'd racked up. That's how much he needed to get a single piece of his humanity back, and he'd already bet two of them away. He looked at the chips and vowed not to touch the ones for humanity. He hadn't known what he was doing before, but now he knew better. The changes so far were probably concealable, but he couldn't afford any more.

The rabbit servant pushed the normal chips in front of Purple, but moved Jordan's special chips off to the side, using a croupier's rake to avoid touching them.

"Next round," Green declared.

Jordan put in his single chip for the small blind bet, making sure to grab a maleness one, then tried to steady the shaking of his changed hands as the cards were dealt. It was awkward to hold the cards now, especially with the claws getting in the way. He got seven-four of hearts. Low chance of a straight, but maybe a flush would show up.

Purple and Green folded.

Jordan sighed. Red had the big blind, so he was already in for two chips, but he hadn't chosen to bet yet so there was no way of knowing if he actually had anything good. Jordan had a shot at a decent hand, so he put in another maleness chip. He had five left.

Red checked and stuck with his big blind bet, opting not to raise further.

The flop came with the nine of spades and the six and ace of clubs. Jordan's hopes for a flush were gone, and his chance at a straight was pretty slim. He checked, but Red smiled and tossed in more chips. The warlock did have something good.

Jordan could try to bluff, but when his chips were so precious, and the consequences for failure so dire, it was hard to do. He folded.

The two chips he had bet glowed green again, and he braced himself for what was coming. He felt the strange warm wave again, but this time it was concentrated on his upper chest. His shirt rubbed across his nipples as his chest swelled into two small breasts, and the chafing was uncomfortable. He slowly brought a hand up and felt one of the swellings, finding it just large enough to bounce. Half his maleness was gone, and he was on his way to being female. "Oh gods." He coughed. His voice was wrong, too feminine.

The rabbit dealer again distributed the chips to the winner, keeping Jordan's separate.

Purple chuckled at him. "If you're done feeling yourself up, can we continue?"

Jordan nodded numbly and watched the cards get dealt, glad he didn't have to make a blind bet this time. He got queen-eight of spades, another bit of hope for a flush and not much else.

Green matched the bet of two.

This was a tough call, but the queen had potential. Jordan checked, again with maleness chips.

Red and Purple followed. Everyone was in for the flop.

The Theran dealer flipped three cards. Seven-eight-nine, two of them spades. Jordan now had a pair of eights and was one card from a flush, but that flop could give other people a good shot at a straight.

Green gave Jordan a piercing look. "Works for me." He tossed in another chip. Jordan cursed and added his own, shooting a look at his diminished stack of chips.

Red called as well, and Purple folded with a sigh.

The rabbit dealt the three of diamonds. No help for Jordan's flush.

Green checked, and Jordan followed.

Red laughed and tossed in another chip. "This is getting fun, now."

Green folded. "Damn you, Red."

Jordan only had two more chips left that he could afford to lose, but he had a real chance here. Surely Red couldn't have the straight. He called.

The final card was the queen of clubs. It didn't help anyone's potential flush and it didn't go with the straight from the flop, but it did bring Jordan to two pair.

Jordan stared at Red's cards as they flipped over, and let out a loud sigh of relief as it showed a six and an ace. Red had been chasing the straight, and it hadn't come through. He had nothing, and Jordan won his first hand of the night. He smiled and collected the pot, putting his four special chips carefully back in the box. Best of all, he now had chips to play with that wouldn't change him if he lost.

The next round had Jordan betting first. He had three-ten off suit. Not the worst possible hand, but close. He folded before losing anything and watched Green take a few chips from Red and Purple when he pulled out three of a kind on the river.

The round after that, he lost two of his ordinary chips with the big blind on a bad hand that he folded early on, and then another on the small blind on an equally terrible hand.

After that, things looked up. The ordinary chips he held encouraged Jordan to stay in with a merely decent hand, and that put him one card away from a king-high straight. Two cards remained, and he just needed one of them to be an ace or a nine.

Purple raised two chips right away, and Jordan called using the last of his new chips.

The next card was an eight.

Purple raised three chips. He might already have a straight, and Jordan hadn't made his yet. But maybe that was just what he wanted Jordan to think.

Jordan winced and called with three maleness chips.

The final card flipped, a four. Jordan missed his straight.

Purple grumbled and showed his cards. He had been chasing almost the same straight, hoping for either a queen or to bluff Jordan out. He hadn't managed either, but the ace did let him beat Jordan in the high-card tiebreaker. The warlock barked laughter when he saw he'd still won.

Jordan whimpered, watching his chips glow brightly as they sucked more maleness from him. His breasts tingled as they grew again, clearly pushing his shirt out and hanging heavily from his chest. A tightness in his waist was greeted by a swelling in his rear that stretched his jeans uncomfortably. A momentary pinch from his groin startled him, and his guts seemed to flip-flop. A fear seized him and he patted frantically at his crotch, relieved to find a bulge there. It felt smaller, but hopefully it was mostly his nervousness making it feel that way.

The last thing he did was heft one of his breasts. It was solidly bigger than a handful, and felt frighteningly heavy in his hand. Not only that, the arm he was using was slim, the hair thinned out from what it was. "Fuck."

Purple laughed at him. "This is my favorite part, when they realize changes are undeniable. It's so much fun."

Jordan shook with anxiety. His luck was against him, as it always was. He was very nearly a woman, and he wasn't playing well. The last of his maleness chips wouldn't last long at this rate, and then... He didn't want to think about it.

He folded the next hand early on, and then got the big blind back, forcing him to put in his last maleness chips with almost the worst hand possible. His disappointment must have shown on his face, because Red immediately raised, forcing him to either fold and give up his final maleness chips, or try to stay in with a terrible hand and start betting his humanity away.

He avoided the worse choice. Hanging his head, he pushed his cards away and mentally said goodbye to being a guy. The other players folded immediately, handing Red an easy win, no doubt so they could watch his reaction.

His tight pants got abruptly worse, making him wince as his much fleshier thighs strained against the fabric. He hadn't been thin as a male, and now his weight was shifting to places his clothing was not made to accommodate. His viewpoint raised an inch as his butt swelled and rounded, then dropped as he lost a few inches of height.

The tingling returned to his breasts, and he pressed his arms against them as if he could stop them from getting even bigger. It failed, of course, and they pressed back against his arm, nipples coming erect as they grew larger and more sensitive. His breasts grew several sizes more, stretching his shirt almost to the point of tearing. He looked down, and could see nothing past the curve of his tits.

A sharp tug brought his attention to his crotch. Something pulled up and into him, and the shifting inside his guts got even worse. With his downward vision blocked, he had to shove a hand into the loosening waist of his pants to verify what happened, but it was still obvious. His boxers contained no bulge at all, just a small cleft and an opening he was terrified to explore. Jordan was no longer male.

Her hips stretched wider and wider, her pelvis growing and rearranging into a configuration more appropriate for giving birth, until she was forced to undo the button and zip on her pants to ease the pressure. They still squeezed uncomfortably, especially around her butt, but she wasn't about to take them completely off in front of her opponents.

The warlocks stared at Jordan as she explored the changes, enjoying the new girl's discomfort. They gave her plenty of time to assess herself, chuckling from time to time. "Nice curves on this one. My kind of lady," Red, commented.

Jordan whimpered as she tried to judge how feminine she looked. With the huge breasts and hips, and relatively narrow waist for how much weight she still carried, she undoubtedly looked very girly. It only made sense, if she truly had no male essence left at all. She blushed and tried to adjust her shirt to not be so tight across her chest, but had no success. Her nipples were still erect and irritated by the fabric they were poking into.

There was a lot to get used to with the changes, but it would have to wait. She couldn't give in to distress now that she'd have to start betting with her humanity. One

look at her paw-like hands was enough reminder about how important the game was now. She had eight chips left, and needed to make something happen before they were gone. She steeled herself and looked up. "Are we ready to continue?"

Her three opponents looked disappointed. Clearly they expected more concern or complaining. Too bad for them. Jordan had been losing for so long that she knew how to keep going when things were bad. Not out of any hope that things would get better, but because it was the only option. She could still have a mostly normal life as a woman; it would just take some adjusting.

Red frowned. "Certainly." He nodded to the Theran servant and the next round of cards came around.

Jordan got the seven-nine of spades, an encouraging start. Red and Purple stayed in, and Jordan threw in her second humanity chip to keep in as well.

The flop came with an eight, jack and three, help for her potential straight. Jordan just needed a ten, or, less likely, a five and six. It was far from a sure thing, though. She was relieved when none of the others tried to bet higher.

All the players checked for the next two rounds as a two dropped, then an ace. Jordan's straight failed to show up, again. Purple showed that he picked up a pair of aces on the final card, and two more pieces of Jordan's humanity were pulled off to the side.

She braced herself, but the feeling of transformation was too weird. The skin of her arms and legs felt like it was on fire, but when she grabbed her wrists it felt normal to her touch. At least, until fur started to sprout under her hands. A thick layer of white fur grew to cover her hands, and from the uncomfortable feeling inside her socks, it was happening on her feet as well. As she watched, a wave of fluffy fur crept up her arms, changing from white to black just below her elbows. It stopped at her shoulders beneath her t-shirt, but then a heat built in her ears.

She pressed her hands against them just in time to feel her ears fade into the side of her head as the world went silent. A few terrifying moments later, sound returned as two fuzzy black ears poked through her hair. She could feel them twitch and flatten as she whimpered. Her non-human attributes were nearly impossible to hide.

The comparisons to the rabbit grey more obvious. She ran her claws through her arm fur and marveled at the strange feeling. Her pants tugged and bunched up the fur on her legs uncomfortable, and she shifted to try and get it to lay flat.

Green coughed to get her attention, then made a 'move on' gesture. She shivered and picked up her cards.

Her hands shook as she played, terrified as she saw the end of her life as she knew it coming toward her, like a speeding train she was powerless to hold back. Two more hands came around with terrible deals that she folded immediately on. Then the big blind was back, and she was forced to push in two of her last six chips. She had an entirely unspectacular nine-four of different suits.

Thankfully, nobody else seemed to have anything good either, since they didn't bet higher, but with all of them flush with chips and Jordan almost finished, all three of them paid to see the flop.

The rabbit turned over three cards: five, six, and nine. Jordan now had a pair of nines, and a very unlikely straight draw. Fate was far from on her side tonight, so she



knew better than to count on that. Purple raised one chip, and Jordan grudgingly followed. She wouldn't be scared away.

The next card was another nine, and Jordan tried desperately to keep relief from her face. Three of a kind. It was her best hand so far, and the extra nine wouldn't give anyone else any more help making the straight.

Purple raised another chip, and Jordan frowned. Did he have a nine in his hand as well? If they both made three of a kind, it would come down to high card, and Jordan's four would not be very good for that. Still, she had to believe they were just bullying her. She called.

Red folded, but Green stayed in. The last card came out, the seven of hearts. If anyone had an eight, then the rest of a straight was on the table for them, and that could beat her three of a kind.

Purple raised by two chips. Green folded.

Jordan looked at the bet, then at her only two remaining chips. If she stayed in and lost, her life would be over, but the chances of coming back from just two chips were pretty poor anyway. Purple had to be bluffing. Everyone knew the straight was possible, and he wanted Jordan to believe he had it. She nervously put her last two chips in and showed her hand.

She knew it was over as soon as she saw Purple's smirk, but still watched his cards as he showed them. He had the eight. Of course.

The change came on her strong, concentrated at first on her head. She whimpered and flattened her ears as her face shifted, teeth growing sharper as a short muzzle pushed out. Her eyes crossed as she tried to look at the dark nose now adorning the tip of her snout.

The uncomfortable feeling of fur growing underneath clothes washed over her again as her body fluffed up under her shirt and pants. She scratched at herself to try to alleviate the feeling, but only managed to slice up her clothes with her claws.

Jordan growled, then started to scratch again as an intense itch built at the base of her spine. She quickly shredded the waistband of her pants and the bottom of her shirt, but kept at it until she felt an odd lump forming there. She whined, and gripped her new tail as it grew in. It extended to a length matching her torso, and quickly sprouted thick fur. When she turned around, she saw the two telltale stripes running down it. She was a skunk.

The final indignity came from her chest. Spots of warmth built below her breasts, and soon two new bulges were fighting for space with her existing ample bosom. The new pair of boobs expanded quickly, pushing her huge top pair of tits upward, but stopped at three quarters the size of her first set. Moments later it happened again, with a third, comparatively small set of breasts appearing underneath the second set. At least, they looked small compared to the upper quartet of melon-sized tits; they were still a handful and a half on their own. Her shirt was now painfully tight, rubbing harshly on six sensitive nipples. Not every Theran had multiple breasts, but of course her luck meant she'd have to deal with it when she was already busty.

Jordan closed her eyes, starting to cry at the animalistic changes that befell her. Her humanity was gone, and with it all her rights as a citizen.

Steps from behind her startled her and she opened her eyes. While she had been changing, Red had disappeared from his place at the table. She started to turn

and look but stopped when a metal collar clacked shut around her neck, accompanied by a flash of light. She yelped and pawed at it, but found nothing but a smooth ring of steel, no clasp or hinge. Spurred by fear and despair and started to pull at it, but it was far too strong, and only her new layer of thick fur protected her from a nasty bruise.

Red walked around in front of her, giving her another malevolent smile. "I like the torn clothes look, but we are very careful to obey the laws here, so they have to go." He removed a small glowing ball from a pocket and tossed it at Jordan.

The moment it touched her clothes, they burst into flame. She screamed in her new, slightly rough feminine voice and slapped at herself to put out the flames, but quickly realized that the fire wasn't hurting her. In fact, she couldn't feel it at all. That didn't stop it from burning through everything she was wearing in mere seconds. She gaped down at herself as the last bit of smoke curled away from her, leaving her entirely nude, as Therans were required to be. She instinctively covered her breasts and crotch, then realized how ridiculous it was to even try. She didn't even have enough arms to cover all of her breasts.

The male part of her mind said she looked really good. A little heavy, but very nicely curved. Bending over, she peered around her hefty sextet of breasts and got her first look at her pussy. She never got a chance to see it in human form. The only way she'd see it for the rest of her life was as it was now, a cute mound coated with short, soft, white fur.

Jordan started to cry again. "It's over. My life is over," she whimpered.

Red snapped his fingers to get her attention. "It doesn't have to be. There is one more thing we could let you bet with."

Jordan's eyes lit up. Deep down, she knew it was just another trap, but the tiny bit of hope hooked her. She was a gambler to the core.

The other two warlocks groaned.

Red looked indignant. "What?"

Purple shook his head. "No. Look, Red, we know this is kind of your thing, and we agree that it can be hilarious to watch it happen to someone, but it's not worth it. There's not enough demand for the essence for it to get a good price. It never offsets the diminished value of the slaves after we extract it. She'll already go cheap because she's a skunk; we don't need to drop her value any further."

Red nodded slowly and looked Jordan up and down appraisingly. "Fair point. I'll buy her, then. Market price."

Green and Purple looked surprised, but they shrugged and nodded. "No problem with me, then," Green offered.

Purple agreed. "A fine deal. I assume you have your equipment prepared."

Red grinned. "Of course." He nodded to the rabbit. "Fetch the tray from my rooms."

The servant looked at Jordan with a sad expression as she left the room, shaking her head solemnly. She returned shortly with a tray holding a box much like the one that held Jordan's special chips before, except smaller, as well as a strange plasticky white object. This time, the rabbit was even more careful not to touch the box as she set the tray in front of Jordan.

Now that it was closer, the skunk girl could see that the white object was a large disposable diaper, carefully folded. "This is... What the hell?"

Red laughed. "There is something that I would like to see you lose, so we will give you one more chance to bet. The collar on your neck means we own you, so we could force you to play if we wanted, but that's no fun. If you choose to play and manage to win big, we will sell you your freedom, provided you can buy enough humanity back that we wouldn't fall afoul of the law by letting you leave. All you have to wager is your toilet control."

Jordan gulped. That was a really weird thing to take from her. She didn't doubt that they could take it, and it would definitely be terrible to lose, but she had no choice. Life as a slave would be terrible no matter what. She had to do it, and she knew that the red warlock was counting on her desperation. "You know I have to say yes."

"Indeed, I do." Red gestured at the tray. "In the box you'll find five more chips. You can imagine what will happen when you lose them. If you're ready to begin, lie on the ground and our other servant will get you dressed to play."

Jordan considered objecting, but it would do no good. She sighed and lay down on the ground to prepare for the first humiliation, wincing as she momentarily squashed her tail. She closed her eyes, not wanting to watch as the rabbit unfolded the plastic garment and fastened it around her waist. It felt tight and hot, and she didn't even want to think about using it. Of course it fit perfectly, whether through magic or because the warlock kept a stock of diapers to fit various Therans Jordan couldn't say.

Standing up on her rearranged legs was a momentary challenge, and she crinkled as she took her seat again, blushing with embarrassment. The box contained five more chips, as she had been told. The warlocks watched her eagerly, but she just felt despondent. "All right," she said flatly.

The game continued where it left off, with Jordan getting the small blind and producing one of her chips right off the bat. When she touched this set, they flashed much like the previous ones had, but the accompanying tingle passed through her arm and settled momentarily in her gut.

Jordan had another terrible deal, and when the other players checked to say they were still in, she could do nothing but curse and fold.

The rabbit very carefully pulled Jordan's chip to the side, and a very strange twisting tugged at the skunk's insides. Jordan pressed her hands to her belly in confusion, but the feeling quickly faded, leaving only the sensation that she needed to pee very soon. She found her leg bouncing nervously with the need.

Red looked absolutely delighted. "One down. You're probably a bed wetter now. You'll be wearing those diapers every night. Would you like to stop?"

Purple and Green rolled their eyes, but didn't interrupt their compatriot's fun.

Jordan grimaced and shook her head. "No. I have to keep trying."

The next hand brought Jordan ace-king as her cards. She had to stay in with that hand. Two more of her chips went into the pot and she watched the cards come. Jack, five, seven. No help except another slim straight chance. Nobody raised.

Next card, an eight. Still no help. Nobody raised.

Finally a nine. She couldn't believe it. Not even a pair for her, and another almost complete straight in the community cards. If anyone had a six--

Red showed his cards. He had a six.

Jordan cursed as the twisting in her gut came back, more intensely than before. When it faded, it left behind a strange warmth and an hissing sound. Jordan whined as

she realized what was happening. She was wetting herself, the diaper swelling and growing warm as she released into it. No matter how she tried to clamp down, her body didn't respond. She only stopped when she was empty, and the diaper was soaked and bulky between her legs. The feeling was an undeniable reminder of what she'd just gambled away, the soggy warmth distracting and humiliating. Moments later her altered nose detected the scent of her accident in the air. How often would she have to smell that?

The warlock in red watched her with glee, making no effort to hide how much he enjoyed watching her debase herself. "And that's all your bladder control gone. Will you risk the rest?"

The skunk shivered and lowered her head. She knew what was next, and knew how slim her chances were. She nodded and waited for the next deal. She was dealt a pair of sevens, but couldn't even get excited about it. She played mechanically, tossing in her final chips, watching blankly as the rest of the cards came down and Green revealed the pair of jacks he had made.

Jordan sighed and stared at her lap. The twisting gathered in her abdomen and passed, leaving her feeling somehow loose and open.

Red came up behind her and clipped a leash to her collar, and she didn't even flinch. He waved back at the others. "Take her price off my guild account. I'll see you boys later. I have a new toy to play with." He tugged the leash.

Purple shook his head in amusement. "Fine, fine. Just keep her in your rooms if you need to change her. I don't think the rest of us want to be exposed to that."

Green nodded agreement. "I would consider asking to borrow her, because she does look very nice, but I'm not going to risk it. Good job getting her to yourself."

The skunk slave leaned forward to stand up from the table, then froze as she felt another shifting in her abdomen. Entirely without warning, her bowels emptied into the diaper, weighing it down heavily behind her. She whimpered, but finished standing up, doing her best to avoid thinking of the disgusting mess in her diaper. "Please..."

Red paused before leading her out of the room. "What? My new slave has a request?"

Jordan choked back a sob. "This is disgusting. I hate it."

The warlock feigned surprise. "Oh! You dislike the feeling of soiling yourself. Well, I would be a cruel master indeed if I didn't at least try to make my slave comfortable. I'll fix that for you."

Jordan should have known better than to have even a shred of hope. The warlock crushed her optimism again.

He placed a hand over her eyes, and she saw a bright, colored light and felt a tingle in her head, and suddenly the diaper on her didn't feel as unpleasant as it had a moment ago. She still hated herself for gambling away her control, and felt the shame wearing a dirty diaper, but the physical sensation of it was almost nice.

The warlock grabbed her hand and pressed it hard to the large wet spot on the front of her diaper.

The skunk gasped in sudden pleasure and almost dropped to her knees in the game room doorway. The feeling of a warm, wet diaper against her sex was glorious. Her nipples stood erect through her fur, begging for a touch, but she ignored them, preferring instead to rub her sodden padding against her suddenly needy sex. She had

no experience with feminine arousal, but she was sure it wasn't supposed to feel this good to hump a wet diaper. She felt another wetness leak from her that was entirely different from urine.

Her hips bucked against the touch, even as she was tugged forward by the leash. The laughs of the other two warlocks followed her out, but she didn't hear them. She rubbed eagerly, helpless to resist exploring this new pleasure even while a part of her mind screamed that it was dirty and disgusting. She wanted to stop, and she wanted to cum, and in the end her arousal won. She moaned in ecstasy as the object of her shame made her feel better than the best sex she'd had as a male. Every hot, wet rub across her swollen nether lips reminded her of what she'd lost, but she knew that if she was offered a change right now she would turn it down. It felt that good.

And so Jordan began her new life, masturbating through a dirty diaper, whimpering in arousal and humiliation.