

## What Happens in Reno - Part 2

**Commissioned Anonymously**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

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

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

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

She didn't know how to feel about Candi; she was certainly not the sharpest knife in the drawer, in fact, she might have been a spoon. But she was friendly enough and Ming seemed to like her. Mirage had never had friends before this, she'd always been a cold fish, no pun intended. That's what the witch had called her right before making her into this...freak. Yes, she shouldn't have treated her dates quite so rudely but this fate was hardly a fair punishment.

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

"There's my shining star!"

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

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

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

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

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

Mirage felt a stone begin to grow in her stomach.

“What sort of changes?”

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

Mirage grit her teeth.

“You want me to perform topless?”

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

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

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

He leaned in close.

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

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

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

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

“I was the same.” Ming shrugged.

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

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

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

Ming beamed.

“Maybe you could teach me Chinese some time?”

“I no think so. Boobs for brains.”

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

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

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

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

“Still take long time.”

“Miiiiing, be more positive.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She thought for a moment.

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

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

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

Candi couldn’t believe she was doing this, it was so exciting, so naughty! She couldn’t wait to finally be a bad, bad girl. She let John undress her, slowly peeling away the skimpy clothes until finally her bra dropped to the ground and her tits bounced free. They were round, too round and spherical to be natural but he didn’t seem to mind. In fact, John seemed to enjoy the bouncy, almost rubber feel beneath her skin as he squeezed them tighter and tighter. Finally, Candi couldn’t stand it any more, it just felt too good.

“Ooooooh....Ooooh yes, more.”

“What lovely moans you have dear.”

“Just wait, she get louder.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was unlike anything she'd ever experienced and it egged her on. The pleasure built and so did her speed. She licked and sucked at Ming's pussy until the other woman was positively howling with pleasure as she came. Still, Candi didn't stop, she was right on the edge and didn't plan on giving Ming a single drop of mercy until she'd been satisfied as well.

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

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

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

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

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

Candi squealed with excitement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~

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

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

Mirage began her usual routine of dancing and swimming through the water, occasionally surfacing to sing that enchanting music that had everybody on edge. Candi felt almost like she was being hypnotised watching those giant breasts move, especially when Mirage surfaced properly and gravity took hold, showing the whole world just how full and heavy they were without any support.

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

“Guuuuurl you were so cool!”

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



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

Mirage nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Don’t worry hun, I’ll be back with a cash stuffed bra in no time!”

“...sure.”

~

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm real."

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

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

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

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

"That must be lonely."

"I have some friends." Mirage shrugged.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh yes." He groaned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I won't tell." Candi giggled, "Don't worry."

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

"Mirage!"

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

"Candi? What are you doing here?"

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

"Me either." Mirage blushed. "It was so damn good though."

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

“Yeah?”

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

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

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

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

Mirage snorted and giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

“Hotel?”

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

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