

ALL IN

"Shuffle up and deal!"

The voice boomed over unseen loudspeakers. Sara couldn't see a crowd through the darkness -- all she could see was the table in front of her, the disembodied, metallic arms of the dealer, and the blonde sitting across from her -- but she had to assume there was a silent audience. As cards sailed across the table, the harsh reality hit Sara: She had to win.

All the elements of this event -- underground gambling, inflation fetish porn, pay-per-view events -- had existed for years, but at some point in the mid 21<sup>st</sup> century, everything merged. The game was Texas Hold 'Em, and the stakes were high. The winner got \$5,000,000 -- not a fortune in today's economy, but the answer to a lot of Sara's problems. The loser...well, the loser would walk away from the table shaped a bit differently, assuming she could walk at all. The hoses that slithered out from the tanks in the darkness would ensure that.

Sara faced her opponent -- a blonde girl who she knew only as Emma. She looked to be in her mid-20s, and she wore a red version of Sara's blue tournament outfit. The outfit made Sara feel like a cross between a dominatrix and a flight attendant: a jacket, blouse, and skirt combo made out of latex, held together with snaps along all the seams. The nefarious hose stuck straight out from her navel, connected to a rigid restraining belt; it was apparently important for the audience to see the point of entry.

Sara glanced at her stack of 100,000 chips, then nodded to Emma, silently wishing her opponent good luck. Emma did not return it. Game on.

Sara peeked at her hand to reveal a queen and a ten, both hearts. The flop didn't look promising -- king of diamonds, jack of hearts, eight of spades -- but at least there was another heart. Emma bet 20,000 without hesitating. Sara didn't feel that confident in her cards, but in heads-up poker, aggression is rewarded. Sara quickly called with 20,000 chips of her own.

The hose connected to Sara's belly button immediately went taut, causing her to gasp. She felt the air being pumped into her, fighting against the clamp around her waist, being forced into her chest and hips. The tiny microphones all around her seat picked up the stretching sounds of the latex, as well as the small grunt she'd tried to suppress. Sara expected the pressure to raise both literally and figuratively as the tournament progressed, but was surprised when the first few snaps on her jacket gave way, revealing some cleavage peeking out of the stretched blouse underneath. The heavy latex was now even warmer and tighter around Sara's body, and her seat felt like it had more padding. She knew it wasn't the chair.

Emma watched Sara's discomfort with a thin smile, happy to see her opponent unsettled. Since their bets were equal, Emma had been pumped up with roughly a third of her tank as well, but she remained focused, despite the stretching and creaking sounds coming from her own outfit.

The turn brought the king of hearts. Sara perked up; she now had a straight, and a potential flush. She couldn't get a read on Emma -- trip kings? another straight? -- but poker is as much a game of will as it is of skill. Unless she wanted to be naked and inflated -- and maybe even pop in front of thousands of poker perverts -- Sara knew she had to push her advantage. "40,000," she announced.

Sara gasped as her hose went taut. In just a few seconds, the remaining snaps from her jacket popped open, fluttering to the ground as individual panels. Sara saw her breasts jut out in front of her, two squashed spheres trying to press their way through the blouse's thick white rubber, and felt her hips press hard against the fasteners of her bulging skirt, popping two open on each side.

The bet was to Emma, who would have to call, raise, or fold. Sara hoped the next blast from her opponent's hose would rattle her a bit.

Instead, Emma only said two words: "All in."

The invisible crowd suddenly erupted in a cheer, and Sara could hear Emma's hose hiss from across the table. Emma ran her hands gently along the sides of her expanding breasts, which were now visibly pressing against the surprisingly unyielding blouse, and Sara heard her moan not with discomfort but with pleasure. Was she really enjoying this? Emma's skirt couldn't take any more of the pressure, practically exploding off -- which gave her the opportunity to clutch at the swelling flesh of her thighs and hips.

"All in!" shouted the announcer.

Emma now tenuously held the entire contents of her tank, having committed to the largest possible bet. Sara felt overfilled at her current state, but she had a king-high straight -- she wasn't going to fold this much power.

With a gulp, Sara said, "I call."

Sara winced as a torrent of pressurized air was invaded her. Her stomach bulged against the restraining belt, while the snaps at her hips blew apart in rapid succession as the intense pressure in her thighs overwhelmed her skirt. Her overstretched blouse began to tremble, and she felt the top two clasps on her blouse pop as her breasts inflated rounder and rounder, revealing spherical cleavage. She wasn't sure if there would be enough clothing left to keep her together.

As Sara felt herself reaching her limit, the robotic arm flipped the fifth and final card.

Ace of hearts. Amazingly, Sara had landed an unbeatable royal flush.

Sara's airflow reversed instantly; she gasped as the hose now deflated her as rapidly as it had pumped her up. The spotlight over her head dimmed, and Sara realized what was about to happen.

Emma's hissing grew stronger and louder as the crowd began to chant. "All in! All in!"

The heavy-duty clasps on the blouse could not withstand the force of Emma's bulging breasts; the snaps down the front of her blouse sounded like machine gun fire as they popped off in rapid succession. Emma squealed as the loose latex skidded over her erect nipples; she could barely reach around her ballooned breasts to touch them -- and when she did, she squealed again. She was writhing with pleasure now. The deep, hollow hissing that emanated from within Emma was being amplified throughout the room, and the crowd couldn't get enough. "All in! All in!"

The final snaps of Emma's blouse exploded apart, the panels of latex fluttering to the floor. Her hips and crotch had grown visibly taut; even the restraining belt creaked from the pressure on her swelling midsection. Emma's whole body began to vibrate, which only seemed to thrill her more.

Sara didn't want to watch, but she couldn't look away. To her surprise, she locked eyes with the ominously full Emma from across the room. Her opponent silently mouthed two final words:

"I won."