

All Busts Are Off (Alternate Ending)

Written by Mr Breast Obsess

*(Heads up! This story contains: breast expansion, air inflation, **unsafe popping**)*

"22! Bust!"

"NOOOOOOOOO!" Cynthia's cry echoed across the entire gamefloor. She had just gambled away the last of her savings in Blackjack. She had come into the casino tonight in hopes of striking it big. To her dismay, Lady Luck wasn't tagging along. She accepted bitter defeat and left the table gripping her last remaining chip tightly. "Well, I guess I'll get one last drink before I call it a night."

Cynthia walked with her head low. She passed by other players who were having a great night and winning big. Their cheers and laughter only reminded her of her failures and shortcomings. "Tch! Whatever."

She approached the bar and took a seat by herself. She sat amongst others who were also having a bad night and drinking their sorrows away. "Looks like it's the loser's night once again... and I'M the guest of honor." The bartender came up to Cynthia in her time of need.

"What'll it be?"

"Shot of whiskey, on the rocks."

The bartender got to work. Cynthia laid her head down in shame and closed her eyes. She was exhausted after a long, disappointing day at work and a regrettable night at the casino. Her mind began to race as the reality of her situation settled in.

Shit! What am I gonna do!? Rent's due THIS WEEK! And I'm still behind on all my other bills! I hope they don't come for the car again... It doesn't even run right now! Maybe I can pull out another loan... Or maybe I'll ask Mom and Pop for another favor. No, I can't do that to them again... Some kind of daughter I am! Fuck... FUCK! I've really hit rock bottom now...

"Your drink has been paid for miss. This one's on the gentleman with the shades."

The bartender had returned with her drink. Cynthia raised her head and looked for her generous donor. Down the bar was the man wearing said pair of sunglasses. He appeared to be the only happy patron tonight at the bar. He raised his glass towards Cynthia and took a swig. He began his approach.

Ugh! Great! Just what I needed! Not tonight please!

The man coozied up next to Cynthia. "Good evening miss," he began, "you look a bit down. What's bothering you this fine evening?"

Cynthia was used to the occasional catcalling and pickups. She knew she was quite the catch. Her mom had passed down her best genes and gifted her some great features. Long silky hair, a cute face, a great figure equipped with an ample bosom and bottom. She knew how to work it when she tried, but tonight was not the night.

"Look, I'm not really in the mood right now. I'll save your time. You can cut the act. I appreciate the drink but you can have it back." She slapped her last chip on the counter and pushed it towards the man. "I'd really like to be alone right now." She laid her head down, closed her eyes, and turned away to signal her disinterest.

"Rough night, I presume?" The man continued to prod but Cynthia didn't respond. "Don't you wish you could get it all back? Every last dollar? Probably wouldn't hurt to get a little more than what you started with, right?"

She continued to ignore him.

"What if I told you there was a way to get it all back? No buy-in required!"

Cynthia's eyes shot open. She didn't believe what she heard, but she was curious. She decided to speak up. "That's absurd!? What kind of casino allows no buy-ins but still pays out?"

She raised her head and turned towards the stranger. The gambler within her was eager for an answer.

"Ah! Do I have your attention now?" The man said with a wide grin on his face. He raised his glass and finished his drink. He then pulled out something from his inner coat pocket. "I know of a place that might be able to help you out. Stop by later tonight if you're interested."

He placed a card face down on the counter beside Cynthia's last chip. It resembled a standard playing card but was the size of a typical business card. Cynthia concentrated hard on the card. She could feel it calling to her. The mysterious man began walking away but stopped before getting too far.

"Oh, I almost forgot. I recommend changing into something... a little loose fitting. Maybe something you wouldn't mind getting stretched out?"

"Stretched out? What do you mean by tha-" Before Cynthia could turn around and question what he meant, the stranger had disappeared into the bustling casino floor.

What the hell? Where'd he go? What did he mean by that last part?

She looked towards the card once again and grabbed it. She flipped it around to find an address and a silhouette of a naked woman laying on her side. Instead of breasts, two poker chips were depicted in their place.

Huh... Guess we'll find out soon enough...

Before she knew it, Cynthia found herself on the other side of town. She hadn't bothered to change her outfit. Instead choosing to remain in her business casual work clothes. She found it strange that this casino wasn't on the same side of town with the others. But she didn't put any more thought into it. She was desperate for any chance to recover what she lost. She stood face to face with a large metal door at the address she was given.

"This has to be the place, right?" Cynthia double-checked her phone. Despite being a casino, there was no indication that this place was one. The lack of signs and flashing lights made her uneasy, but she had already come this far. She knocked on the door. The peephole slid open and a pair of eyes peaked through.

"Can I help you?" An ominous voice spoke.

"Umm..." Cynthia wasn't sure what exactly to say. "I'm here to... play?"

"You got an invite?"

"I-I've got this?" She raised the card the mysterious man had given her. The bouncer's eyes looked down to confirm. The peephole closed and the door opened.

Here goes nothing...

Cynthia walked into a poorly lit lobby. Empty chairs were littered across the area. To her right, an empty front desk. Opposite the desk was a stairwell. Faint music echoed from its depths. The place was giving her bad vibes. She began to fear the worst.

Oh shit! What did I walk into? Maybe I should just...

"Cynthia! I knew you'd come around!"

"AHH!"

The mysterious man had seemingly appeared out of thin air and startled Cynthia with his greeting.

"Whoa! Sorry! Didn't mean to spook ya!"

Her nerves slightly settled at the sight of the familiar face with the sunglasses. She had some questions for the man. "This is the place, right? There IS a casino here!? And... how did you know my name?"

"Of course you're in the right place! The game floor is right down there!" The man pointed towards the stairwell. "But before you can start. There's some paperwork that needs signing!" The man didn't bother to answer Cynthia's last question.

"Paperwork? What kind of casino needs paperwork to start playing?"

"Don't worry! It's only a couple of signatures. Just sign some docs and you'll be all set. It's standard procedure. Everyone signs it when they play here! You know how it is today, with technical legalities, consent forms, waivers..." The man rambled to Cynthia about more technical jargon. He then reached behind the desk and pulled out a hefty pile of paperwork. "It's all right here. You're more than welcome to go over every little detail. Or..." he said as he began clicking a pen quickly, "If you're just dying to get into it, you can just sign all the highlighted sections and you'll be all set!" He waved the pen in front of Cynthia's face.

Cynthia sensed a hint of malice coming from behind those shady sunglasses he wore. Something in her gut was telling her this man was up to something but she didn't have any other options. Rent wasn't gonna pay itself. She grabbed the pen from him and began signing. After a minute, Cynthia finished.

"Great! You're just about ready to rock and roll! But one last thing..." He reached over the desk again and produced what looked like a shock collar.

"Umm..." Cynthia hesitated.

"All players must wear this while playing. It's designed to keep track of your progress. Don't worry! It's not what you think it is. It's... Well... We believe it's more fun to let players find out on their own."

Cynthia obliged and wrapped the collar around her neck. A small screen on the collar powered on and displayed the Ace of Hearts.

"Showtime!" the man said with a grin, "Now let's hit the floor and show them you're here to play!" Cynthia smiled back, she wasn't exactly sure what she had signed up for but she was beginning to feel lucky.

The pair went down the stairwell. The music grew louder. Lights flashed across their faces. If she hadn't been told already, Cynthia would have guessed they were entering a strip club. To her relief, a wide game floor came into view. Dealer tables were scattered all around. Each table hosted multiple players gambling away. Cheering and laughter came from all around. The sound of poker chips clicking away tied it all together. Cynthia felt at home. She was in her element. She knew she was gonna hit it big here tonight.

"Blackjack's your game, right!?" The man shouted over the rowdy casino floor.

"Hell yeah!" Cynthia enthusiastically responded.

"We've got tables in the back! I'll show you!"

As they continued walking, Cynthia observed all the other players. Everyone wore the same collar she was wearing. She couldn't help but notice something else as well. Some of the other players were rather busty looking. Nearly every female player was beyond well-endowed. Cynthia had to do double takes on some players as she could have sworn some guests were

supporting a bust nearly as large as their heads. Some players were busty to the point it appeared they were smuggling a pair of watermelons underneath their clothing.

I guess everyone here likes... implants?

Cynthia wasn't one to judge. She let them have their fun and continued following the man. The two finally reached a table, this one had only one other player.

"Good evening," the dealer welcomed. Her flat chest heavily contrasted against the sizes of nearly every other player on the floor. "We're just getting started with a new round. Care to join?"

"Sure!" Cynthia replied and took a seat. A monitor lit up above her head and displayed the Ace of Hearts.

Must be my progress or something. I wonder how it works?

She looked at the monitor above the other player. The 5 of Hearts was displayed. Cynthia then took a look at the woman below. It seemed like she was about to have a wardrobe malfunction. Her dress pulled tight across her large breasts. They stood stiff and were eager to pop out. Cynthia's best guess was the woman was also a fan of implants.

"What's your wager, ma'am?" the dealer spoke.

The mysterious man handed Cynthia a handful of chips to her surprise.

"Here's a little something to get you started, on me!" he said with a smile, "don't forget to have some fun tonight! I'll check back in with you later." He left Cynthia to her own devices. Before she could turn around and thank him, he disappeared into the crowd like before.

How does he do that!? Whatever. Doesn't matter now...

"Alright, let's play!"

Cynthia placed her bet and the dealer got to work. She took a look at her hand.

9. Hit.

14. Hit.

20. Stand.

"22!? Ah, damnit!" the other player exclaimed as she busted.

"16. 25. Bust!" the dealer spoke as she dealt her own hand.

Yes! It's just that easy! I've totally got this!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

Cynthia heard what sounded like compressed air coming from the direction of the other player. She saw the woman making a face of slight discomfort. She also noticed the woman's breasts were jutting out even further under her dress. They were on the verge of jumping out onto the table.

What's up with her? And what was that sound? Cynthia thought to herself. She then looked at the woman's progress above. Her monitor now displayed the 6 of Hearts. *Whatever. Get your head in the game Cynthia!*

A new round began.

7. Hit.

11. Hit.

13. Hit

23. Bust!

Shit! Beginner's luck... It's cool. Shake it off Cynthia! We're just getting started!

The other woman busted once again.

"Dammit! Not again!"

"Dealer wins," the dealer stated.

Alright next round for sure I'l-

BZZZZ!

Cynthia's collar vibrated.

"What the..."

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

The sound of air came again, this time from Cynthia's bust. She began to feel different in her chest. The new sensation also brought wonders to Cynthia's body. She looked down to observe. Her breasts had perked up and pressed slightly more against her shirt.

What on earth was that? Did my tits just inflate? Why did it feel so... good?

"Ah! Fuck! My tits are sore now! That's enough for tonight!" the other player declared.

Cynthia looked over. The screen above the other woman displayed the 7 of Hearts. Cynthia was so caught up in her own bust that she hadn't noticed the woman's development. Her dress had given way for her globes. Boobs now the size of comically large implants, protruded out defiantly. She left the table leaving Cynthia and the dealer alone.

"Care to wager, ma'am?" The dealer brought back Cynthia's attention.

"Oh, right." Cynthia looked to her screen above. The 2 of Hearts. Why did it go up? She was losing. The other player had lost as well but her progress increased too. Why did their busts perk up? Cynthia wondered the true nature of the game she was playing. She had questions but was curious to see what would happen next. "Let's keep playing!"

Hit.

Hit.

Hit.

Bust!

"Damn! Just you wait! Next round for sur-"

BZZZZ!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

Cynthia looked down to her bust. Her breasts began pressing against her bra underneath her blouse. They filled it nice and firm. She placed a hand on her boob. Instead of the usual softness she was used to, her breast started to feel tight. Despite the increasing tightness, the air was arousing Cynthia. It was like ecstasy was being injected into her chest. The pleasure became too much to keep to herself. "MMMM! My tits are swelling up! What's going on? Why does it feel so good! MMMMMMM!"

"I take it you breezed through the documents, ma'am?" The dealer spoke nonchalantly.

"MMMMmm, yeah," Cynthia replied as she came down from bliss.

"Don't worry, everyone usually does. I'll give you a quick run down." The dealer began to explain. "Your breasts are swelling up because you are gambling with your bust size. A win is a win, a loss is a loss. However, for every time you 'bust', your bust size will increase. The device you are wearing recognizes when you have busted and inflates your chest. Your rank increases accordingly to your size." The dealer pointed to the monitor above. It now displayed the 3 of

Hearts. "Should a player wish to decrease their bust size, they may do so by using their earnings. In the event that a player runs out of funds, they may receive additional funding in exchange for an increase in bust size. Players are free to stop playing at any time they would like. However, once a wager has been set, there is no backing out. That's basically the gist of it."

"Oh okay, I think I get it..." Cynthia looked down upon her enhanced rack. She had a better understanding of what exactly was going on but only had one more question. "Is it possible to bust too many times?"

"We believe it's more fun to let players find out on their own." The same line the mysterious man had told Cynthia earlier came out of the dealer's mouth word for word. The dealer even wore the same smile as the man. A chill went down Cynthia's spine. "Care to wager, ma'am?"

"Let's play!" Cynthia confidently replied. She was determined to stay in the game. She wasn't going to let a silly, little coincidence get to her.

A new round started.

Hit.

Hit.

Hit.

WIN!

"YEAH!"

Cynthia won several more games in a row. Her luck was turning around after a rocky start. She felt the thrill of the game with every gamble. She pushed her luck even further with her next bet.

"Care to wager, ma'am?"

"All in baby! Let's get some dough!" Cynthia cheered in her seat. Her breasts bounced along with her in excitement.

Hit.

Hit.

Hit.

BUST!

"Nooo!!! I thought I had it!"

"Truly unfortunate, ma'am," the dealer commented, "you were on a roll."

BZZZZ!

PSSSHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

Here it comes! MMMM!

Cynthia braced for more growth. Despite losing, she was almost excited to have busted again. She could feel every particle of air entering her chest. Her breasts expanded to test the limits of her outfit. The buttons on her blouse began to pull tight as they fought to contain her growing bosom. Her bra tightened as it began to struggle to support her swelling chest. Amidst the increasing tightness, Cynthia found pleasure once again.

MMMM! Why does losing have to feel SO good! My tits feel like they're on FIRE! MMMM!

The swelling settled and so did Cynthia. Her rank above increased to the 4 of Hearts.

"Fuck! I'm all out of money!" Cynthia shouted in realization. "That was all I had! How could I be so stupid! And now all I've got is this over inflated set of airbags!" Cynthia nearly forgot why she was here in the first place. She looked at her swollen chest and poked lightly in disapproval. She wondered if a strong enough poke could pop them. "I look like some freakin' Hollywood star bimbo! Ugh!"

"Do you wish to continue, ma'am?" The dealer spoke up.

"What?" Cynthia was confused.

"Did you forget about the rules I explained earlier?"

"The rules... Oh right! Yeah! That one rule! The one where I can keep going. I just gotta..." Cynthia slowed down, she looked at her tightly packed chest again. She gave it some more thought.

I can't stop here and go back empty-handed! But I can't go back looking like this either! I'm gonna get a lot of funny looks and questions from everyone. Alright, new plan! I'll keep playing. I'll earn just enough to get these puppies back down and then I'm outta here. The money can wait. I'll figure something out, eventually...

"Do you wish to continue, ma'am?" the dealer reiterated once again.

"I do," Cynthia answered. Something in her gut was telling her she should have said no.

"Excellent." The dealer said and motioned with her hand.

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

Cynthia's collar went off. The vibrations were stronger this time.

"Oh shit!" Cynthia felt big changes were coming.

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

"Oh fuck! MMMM!!! My tits! MMMM!!!" Cynthia shouted as the air assaulted her chest. She stared in regret and euphoria as she watched her bosom balloon outward. Her sudden increase in size caused her breasts to immediately fill her outfit. Her buttons strained to their breaking point and gave out all at the same time.

Pop!

Pop!

Pop!

"Holy shit! MMMM!! I blew out my freakin' buttons! MMMM!!!" She cried out in concern and bliss. With her shirt blown wide open, Cynthia's bare chest was exposed. She reached out and held each breast in each hand. Under each hand, she felt her skin stretch to accommodate the air continuing to rush in. Her bra continued to hold on. It did its best to restrain Cynthia's inflating chest and provide some form of modesty. The air began to die down but Cynthia's chest remained taut and swollen with air.

"H-Holy fuck! My tits! Ngh!!! M-My tits are fucking huge!" Cynthia looked above, her rank followed along with her size. "7 of Hearts! Holy shit! Why did I jump 3 levels!? Ngh! I look like a

freak with these watermelon knockers! Fuck!” Cynthia shouted at the dealer. Her bust was beginning to take its toll.

“It’s simply part of the rules,” the dealer stated calmly, “here are your new funds.” She slid over multiple stacks of chips. Cynthia’s eyes lit up.

“Oh. Hell. Yeah! Now we’re talking! On second thought... I can get used to these!” Cynthia shook her chest. They wobbled like a pair of balloons. The sight of more money made her forget all about the inconvenience.

“Glad to hear. Care to wager, ma’am?” The dealer started a new round.

Hit!

Hit!

Hit!

WIN!

“YEAH! YEAH! YEEEEAAHHH!” Cynthia cheered as she won more games. She was on a roll once again. The stakes continued to grow higher as she racked in more cash. She knew she had to strike when the iron was hot. Cynthia was dealt another hand.

“I’m feeling really lucky! Double down!”

The dealer revealed her next card. To her dismay...

BUST!

“Oh no! Oh No! OH NO!”

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

“AHHHH!”

Air ambushed Cynthia’s chest once again. Her mounds surged as they filled with air. Her bra was at its limit. It desperately called out to Cynthia to surrender.

“Shit! Ngh! I should have taken off my bra!” Cynthia confessed. Her hands scrambled to her back. She tried to undo her bra but found there was too much tension. Her breasts swelled relentlessly. She had no choice but to endure the pressure. “Getting... real tight now! Ngh! Fuck!” Cynthia complained. She realized she was experiencing more pain than pleasure. To her relief, her growth ceased. She searched for her rank.

“9 of Hearts!”

Holy shit! I jumped 2 ranks for doubling down!? I should have guessed. I gotta take it easy now. She looked upon her basketball sized breasts. Tight and taut with air, her chest screamed for relief as her bra dug into her skin. Maybe now was the time to buy some relief for her tortured chest. Or maybe...

Cynthia’s gambling mind was having other thoughts. She could feel she was on the verge of hitting it big. Against her better judgement...

“Care to wager, ma’am?” said the dealer.

“Fuck it! I’m here to WIN!” Cynthia shook it off as a fluke, she was feeling lucky again.

Just hang in there a little bit more girls. Just one more bet...

The dealer dealt a new hand, it showed good signs.

"Double down!" Cynthia said out of instinct.

The dealer revealed the next card.

BUST!

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

NO! NO! NO! NO!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

Cynthia panicked as the air attacked her swollen chest. She felt she was already past her limit but her breasts had no choice but to endure once again.

"Fuck! It's TOO tight! My bra's cutting into my TITS!" Cynthia begged for her bra to bust. Flesh stretched the best it could around the tortured undergarment. Her skin grew tighter as more air squeezed in. The pressure became unbearable, something had to give.

"It's gonna BLOW! It's gonna BLOW!" Cynthia closed her eyes ready for the worst.

BANG!

"AAAHHH! MY TITS!"

She peeked open her eyes. To her relief, the loud sound was her bra finally giving out. It split apart to her sides in defeat. However, that wasn't the only discovery she made.

"WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENDED TO MY BOOBS!"

With no more bra, Cynthia's breasts expanded to their true size. She had opened her eyes to tits the size of beach balls. They loomed over the table, threatening to knock over her towers of chips. She finally saw that she had pushed her breasts, and her luck, too far.

Cynthia's latest development began to pull a crowd. Players gathered around her table to watch what would happen next.

"NO! NO! NO! T-This is way TOO MUCH! My tits are way, WAY TOO BIG! I-I can't even see the table anymore!" Cynthia shifted her bust side to side, trying to get a better view. She grabbed her chest to carefully inspect. "Boobs aren't meant to be this big! They're not even meant to inflate in the first place! Ngh! T-There's so much air! They don't even jiggle anymore!"

"Correct, ma'am," the dealer agreed. She inspected her own bust, then looked at Cynthia's bust as if to compare. Cynthia felt the dealer was mocking her, like she was trying to get under her skin. It ticked her off.

"I want to reduce my size!" Cynthia angrily shouted.

"I'm afraid that's not possible." The dealer remained cool.

"What do you mean!" Cynthia snapped back.

"You do not possess sufficient funds."

"What! That's crazy! How much do I need!?"

"At your current size... The cost to reduce your bust is \$1,000,000."

Cynthia's heart sank like a stone.

"\$1,000,000!?"

"Correct."

"I'm nowhere near that! What the hell kind of rule is that!"

"It is simply part of the rules which you agreed to, when you signed up to play."

"Fuck!" Cynthia let out. She now fully regretted her decision to come here. She should have trusted her gut feeling that something was off. She tried to negotiate with the dealer.

"Can't I reduce my bust just a bit?" Cynthia asked.

"That's not possible," the dealer answered.

"Why not!?"

"You still do not possess sufficient funds. \$100,000 is the current minimum required to partially reduce your bust size. This amount will take you from the Jack of Hearts to the 10 of Hearts."

"Jack of Hearts!?"

Cynthia was so caught up in the moment she forgot she previously doubled down. She looked up at the screen to confirm. Sure enough, it displayed the Jack of Hearts.

"HOLY FUCK! That's way too high! My tits can't take it anymore!"

Cynthia's mind raced. She tried to strategize her best way out.

"Might I offer some advice, ma'am?" The dealer spoke up. She offered Cynthia a solution in her time of need. Cynthia looked in her eyes, desperate for an answer. "When players find themselves in need of additional funds, they may use the same rule you used before, ANY time they wish."

"Are you talking about the rule I used and jumped three ranks?"

"Correct, ma'am. Doing so now will place you at the highest rank, The Ace of Hearts: High. Your size will be dramatically increased. However, you would then possess sufficient funds to submit a large enough wager for a substantial reward. Surely, enough to reduce your bust size to a more manageable state."

"That sounds great! I think I'll-"

"I must warn." Cynthia hadn't let the dealer finish. "The Ace of Hearts: High is the FINAL Rank."

"Which means..." Cynthia led on.

The dealer smiled back, lips shut.

"Let me guess, 'We believe it's more fun to let players find out on their own,' right?" Cynthia repeated the phrase the dealer and the mysterious man had previously told her.

The dealer nodded, continuing to wear her smile.

"So what's it gonna be... Cynthia?"

Cynthia's options were limited, she had nowhere to run. She agreed to the dealer's proposal. The dealer motioned once again with her hand.

Cynthia's collar came to life for what she hoped was the last time.

BZZZ!

BZZZ!

BZZZ!

"NGHHHH! MMMM! ! FUCKKK!"

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

"MY TITS! MY GODDAMN TITS ARE GONNA BLOW!!!"

Nothing held Cynthia's tits back as they blew up in size. Air crammed into her chest like no tomorrow. The pressure within skyrocketed. Her skin became dangerously drum tight. Her arms shot to her sides. Cynthia didn't dare to touch her breasts for fear that she might pop her own chest. She stared in horror at her once fair skin being stretched to new limits. Her breasts obstructed even more of the table before her. What she once called her breasts were no more, instead replaced by monstrous veiny airbags ready to go off any second.

"SO... MUCH... AIR... WAY.. TOO... BIG!!!"

Cynthia survived the windstorm that rocked her chest. The dealer provided her funds as promised. The screen above updated her rank. The Ace of Hearts: High displayed above her head in a vivid shade of crimson red. Her breasts, shy of yoga balls, protruded outward for all to see. Although massive in size, their weight remained relatively manageable. Cynthia was able to adjust herself to get a better view of the table. She was now the biggest player on the floor tonight. Her massive size drew even more attention. More players had gathered around to form a greater audience, they were eager to see if Cynthia's big gamble was about to pay off.

The final game began.

"Are you ready?"

"Let's... Ngh! Do it!"

"What's your wager?"

"All... in!" Cynthia put everything on the line.

The dealer dealt out the cards. Cynthia looked at her hand.

II.

It was do or die.

"Ngh! Double down!"

Cynthia's breaths became heavy. She didn't know anymore if it was due to her size or the stress of the situation. Every other player held their breath as the dealer drew the next card. It was anyone's guess what was gonna happen next. *All Busts Were Off!*

The dealer revealed a face card... The Queen of Hearts.

"21!!!" Cynthia shouted.

"Dealer busts." The dealer confirmed.

"YEEAAAAHHHH!!!!" Cynthia and the crowd erupted in triumph. She shot up from her seat and celebrated as best as she could with her massive chest in the way. She turned towards the crowd behind her to celebrate. Everyone began chanting her name.

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

Cynthia reveled in pride. All her gambling had finally paid off. She knew she had it in her all along. All her problems seemed so distant now. Everything was going to turn out alright. She was queen of the world.

Cynthia turned back towards the dealer, but in her place stood the mysterious man. He was still wearing his sunglasses. A devilish smile sat just below them. Dread washed over

Cynthia. She felt her celebration had just ended. She watched as the man waved his hand in the same way the dealer had done earlier to inflate her chest.

"Thanks for playing!"

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

Cynthia's collar went off in a frenzy. Her chest picked up where it left off.

"WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!" She desperately cried out.

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

"NO! NO! NO! THAT'S NOT FAIR!"

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

"I HIT 21! I WON!"

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

"STOP! STOOOP!"

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

Her collar ignored her pleas for help. Air rushed in where it didn't belong. She watched in absolute terror as her skin stretched beyond its limit. Cynthia's enormous airbags grew dangerously out of control. The air within scrambled for release. Desperate, she pleaded to the crowd.

"STOP CHEERING! STOP CHEERING! MY TITS ARE STILL GETTING BIGGER!"

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

The crowd continued to chant her name and celebrate. Unable to hear what she was saying, they began to step towards Cynthia and her colossal twin boulder bust.

"S-STAY BACK! DON'T GET ANY CLOSER! M-MY TITS ARE GONNA POP!"

Every player pressed their own inflated chest against Cynthia's. Their sizes, mere fractions of Cynthia's. Inflated flesh rubbed up against each other increasing the stress against Cynthia's bosom. It could take no additional pressure, yet tried to expand larger into the crowd.

"STOP! MY TITS CAN'T TAKE IT! NGH!"

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

"MY TITS CAN'T TAKE ALL THIS PRESSURE!" She started to claw at her collar but it was no use. She couldn't find a way to remove the device. It continued to pump more air into Cynthia.

SQUEAK!

Her skin began to make unnatural noises as everyone pressed harder against her overgrown bosom.

"OH FUCK! OH FUUUUCK!"

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

SQUEAK!

SQUEAK!

"YOU GUYS ARE GONNA MAKE MY TITS BURST!"

Skin stretched with nowhere to go. The crowd wouldn't give her an inch.

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

SQUEAK!

SQUEAK!

SQUEEEEEAAKK!

The horde of players fully converged on Cynthia.

"BACK UP! BACK UP! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! YOU'RE SQUEEZING MY TITS TOO TIGHT!" Her eyes shot to the sky for any kind of hope. The only thing that stared back was the monitor. It no longer displayed her rank, only error messages.

ERrrRR0RrR!

INVaLld rANk!

EERRroo000oRR!

R3calcul@t!ng!

EeeeRrrrrro0orR!

Everything became tense. Cynthia ran out of room. Her tits violently shook in protest.

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

PSSHHH!

SQUEAK!

SQUUEEAAAAAKKKK!

SQUUUUUEEEEEEAAAAAAAKKKKKK!!!!

She let out one last cry for help.

"MY TITS ARE GONNA FUCKING EXPLO-!"

BOOOM!!!

Cynthia's breasts exploded with a deafening sonic boom. All the air that accumulated within her overtaxed bosom released with the strength of a hurricane. Poker chips and playing cards were sent flying all over the place. The air carried enough force to send the crowd to the ground. After a minute, they got to their feet and searched for their champion. The only remaining sign of Cynthia was her tattered, stretched bra laying on the ground. The mysterious man walked over and picked it up. He raised it over his head in triumph.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the man announced, "Cynthia!"

The crowd erupted in celebration once again.

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

"CYNTHIA!"

The dealer appeared once again and came to the mysterious man's side.

"Shall I add this to your collection, sir?"

"No. This one is special. I'll be keeping this one with me." He examined how much the bra had managed to stretch. "Impressive, Cynthia. Bra-vo!" He tucked the ownerless bra in his coat. "You know, they never listen when I tell them to wear something a little loose fitting. Ah well, I suppose it is more fun that way."