

## The Gambler: Chapter 2

Written By: CrissieBaby & the Interactive Story Club

Standing up and leaning over the table with an evil smirk painted on his face, Blake said, "Why stop at a day? Let's make it one week!" The crowd around him gasped, giving him the rush he was looking for. Boasting in front of an audience always got his adrenaline going. Additionally, it also had the adverse effect of scaring the hell of his opponents. Even with an empty hand, he loved to raise whenever he could, always determined to keep his opponent on edge. He sat back in his seat and smirked, ready to make Clara fold on her own bet.

Cocking her head slightly to the side, Clara raised her eyebrow, "And in exchange?" she asked, seemingly unphased by Blake's theatrics.

"You get to stay here and be trained as a baby slave for one week before starting your month with me," said Blake, his tongue rolling across his teeth viciously. In the back of his mind, he knew that had to strike at least a little fear in her. Since she broached the bet, it would be shameful to ask to raise her end any higher. She'd have to either take the lopsided bet or walk away.

Clara's eyes broke contact with Blake's as she contemplated the reality of her situation. Obviously, she had no intention of enrolling in the Baby Slave Academy. Was the risk really worth the reward? Making her decision, she leaned her face close to Blake and said, "Deal."

Blake's smug expression fell just enough to be noticeable as the audience reacted in shock. Even Martha was surprised to see that this bet was continuing. "Fuck, now I'm committed," thought Blake as he started to pick at the skin on his left thumb. His only tell in poker and one that not even Clara was aware of. Since he was stuck in this stupid bet, the only way out was to win at all cost. He held out his hand to Clara, who gladly took it.

It was official, this outrageous bet would be seen through to its bitter end. Easing back in their seats, they continued to stare each other down like two incessant children refusing to back down from a schoolyard fight.

Meanwhile, Martha got to work dealing out the cards to each player, uncertain who she wanted to see lose more. Even Martha's baby slave, Candy, had raised her head up from the stroller out of curiosity. Once the cards were passed out, she sat back and took a sip from her martini, "Rules are the same. Five-card draw, three discards. Try not to have too much fun," she said with a dominant smirk.

Watching with bated breath, the audience observed the pair as they made their moves to ready themselves for battle. Shuffling cards around in their hands, anyone within earshot could practically hear the gears turning in their heads. One wrong move could land them back in diapers, so there was no room for error.

"Three," was all that Blake said, making it clear how seriously he was taking this game. He slapped his three discarded cards on the table, keeping his hand open for Martha to slide

him three more. Having two Queens in his hand, he was feeling a bit confident, but he knew his fate was anywhere from certain.

Similarly, Clara set down three cards of her own before tapping the table gingerly. "Three," she said stoically, striking a bit of fear into the surrounding onlookers, with only Blake remaining unshaken.

Moving clockwise, Martha passed out three cards to Clara and then to Blake. And with that, her job as dealer was done. All that was left to do was join the audience in patiently waiting for the big reveal.

Looking down at his hand, Blake flashed a triumphant smirk for only a brief millisecond, but anyone paying close enough attention would have caught it. He silently thanked the heavens that he was miraculously dealt two more Queens, giving him the full set. A four in a row was nearly unbeatable, with only a straight flush, a royal flush, and a four of a kind with Kings or Aces would beat it, and the odds of that happening were impossibly low. Despite the game being practically over already, he made sure that none of his actions tipped off Clara. He wanted to savor her defeat and impending humiliation at his hands.

"Clara, reveal your cards," said Martha, excited to see who would be the victor and who would be the slave. As she finished her statement, Candy made a soft whimpering noise, causing her to reach back and plop her binky back into her mouth without even looking, "Shhhhh, baby girl. Mommy's watching."

With a callous grin, Clara slowly set her cards on the table, letting each individual card flick against the table one at a time. Seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, all of diamonds. "A straight flush," she said with venom practically dripping off of her teeth, "Your turn, baby. I do hope my hand is good enough to beat a player of your...illustrious caliber."

"I...lost?" thought Blake, sweat dripping past his furrowed brow. No longer could he maintain his signature poker face. He stared down at the cards in his hands, a deep and depressing dread filling his soul. For the first time in his professional poker career, his hand trembled as he placed his cards on the table.

"Oooh, such a good hand...just not good enough," gloated Clara as she reached across the table and pinched Blake's cheek, "Now then, I believe all of this is mine." She slammed her forearm down on the table and pushed all of Blake's hard-won poker chips back to her side of the table.

Applause and cheering surrounded the poker table as their allegiance swayed over to the victor, praising Clara for her decisive victory. "Congratulations Clara! If you need any advice on keeping a baby slave of your own, you let me know, okay?" said Martha, who was positively beaming with joy.

"Hang on!" shouted Blake as he got to his feet abruptly, "This is just for one night! She's not 'keeping' me." The crowd burst into laughter at Blake's outburst. He turned to make a break for the door, but the onlookers refused to let him through, giving him no room to escape.

Clara shook her head mockingly, "Oh dear, did my baby-brained rival forget that he raised when he should've called?" She lifted her chin high, feeling bigger than she ever had in her entire life. Rounding the table, her high heels clicked with each step as the onlookers parted to let her through. Walking up to Blake, she grabbed his chin with her thumb and forefinger, forcing him to face her directly. Her expression suddenly became chillingly serious. "For the next week, you are my property. Do you understand?"

Blake's eyes darted around the room, no longer able to hold contact with her like he had been before. Everywhere he glanced, he found no sympathy or means of escape. Only the sickly smug smiles of the same people who encouraged him to sign his adulthood over for their entertainment.

\*CLICK!\*

Unbeknownst to Blake, Martha had crept around the other side of the poker table, sneaking up behind him while Clara watched out of the corner of her eye. The second that Blake's focus was ensnared by Clara, Martha reached into her diaper bag, pulling out the extra collar that she had packed for Candy. It was a pink leather choker with the word, "Baby" written in bold, golden letters in its center. With Clara serving as the perfect distraction, she quickly swung the collar around Blake's neck and locked it in place with ease. Her years of owning and training dozens of baby slaves were fully on display.

"What the fuck?!" screamed Blake, scrambling to detach the choker from his neck. Unfortunately, the collar had a built-in lock and would need a key to open. This didn't stop him from humiliating himself as he attempted to yank the snug-fitting choker over his head. Mass laughter ensued, only pushing him to try even harder.

Having seen enough, Martha attached a matching leash to Blake's collar and handed the reins to Clara. "Consider it a gift," she said, winking at Clara as she took Clara's hand in hers and placed a small, golden key in her palm.

"Why thank you," said Clara in a regal accent before bursting into undignified chortling, "Looks like I need to find him a lovely outfit to match. Would you care to assist me?"

Placing her hand on her chest, Martha said dramatically, "Oh, I'd be honored. Let me go grab Candy and we can be on our way." Crossing to her seat, she collected her things and took hold of Candy's stroller, wheeling her back over.

Looking down at Candy's docile smile behind her giant pacifier, Blake could practically hear his heartbeat. "Is that...gonna be me?" he thought, wondering just how far Clara planned on taking this.

With the leash in hand, Clara pulled Blake through the crowd, exiting the casino deck with Martha at her side. "So, where to first?" she asked, deferring her choice to Martha's vast knowledge.

Chuckling viciously, Martha looked back at Blake, finding it adorable how intensely he was staring at the two women. This was why she loved the Auction House. Possessing the power to control someone down to their basic human bodily functions was absolutely

exhilarating. Deciding to keep him in suspense, she leaned close to Clara and whispered, "Well, we could always swing by the merch store for all the pretty diapers and dresses we'll need, but since he is completely untrained, we could take him down to the training center to enroll him in some VERY hands-on courses. And don't think for a second the training is just for him. You'll have to participate as his owner-in-training. Either of those piquing your interest?"

Clara's ears perked up at the sound of both options. No doubt, she planned to pick out plenty of outfits, nappies, and sex toys to make Blake's head spin all week long. Looking towards the entrance of the merch store, she could feel her eagerness to pick out his apparel growing. At the same time, though, getting him a bit of training beforehand could be beneficial, both for her as a dom and for Blake to accept his new role. Looking back at Blake's solemnly curious expression, the answer suddenly became clear to her.

TO BE CONTINUED...