

7:25 P.M.



You gonna call or what?

Don't rush me, Harlow.

THE USUAL SATURDAY NIGHT POKER GAME AT DONALD HARLOW'S PALATIAL RESIDENCE.



You want to Fold, kid.

You don't know that. I could have a really good hand ...

All right, asshole, I call.

There's no need to get rude about it.



Doesn't matter. He doesn't bluff. If he stays in, he's got the winning hand.

The strategy's different at this table. You're trying to conserve your chips, to outlast him.

But ... we don't know he has the winning hand ...

Yes, we do.

How?



Because he cheats, kid.

Hey!

You can't talk about me like that at my table, Morris. I'm seriously offended.

So why'd Mr. Holt call?

Optimism.



More like stupidity.

I figure he's got to learn how to bluff one day. This might be the day.

You're Folding, kid? OK.

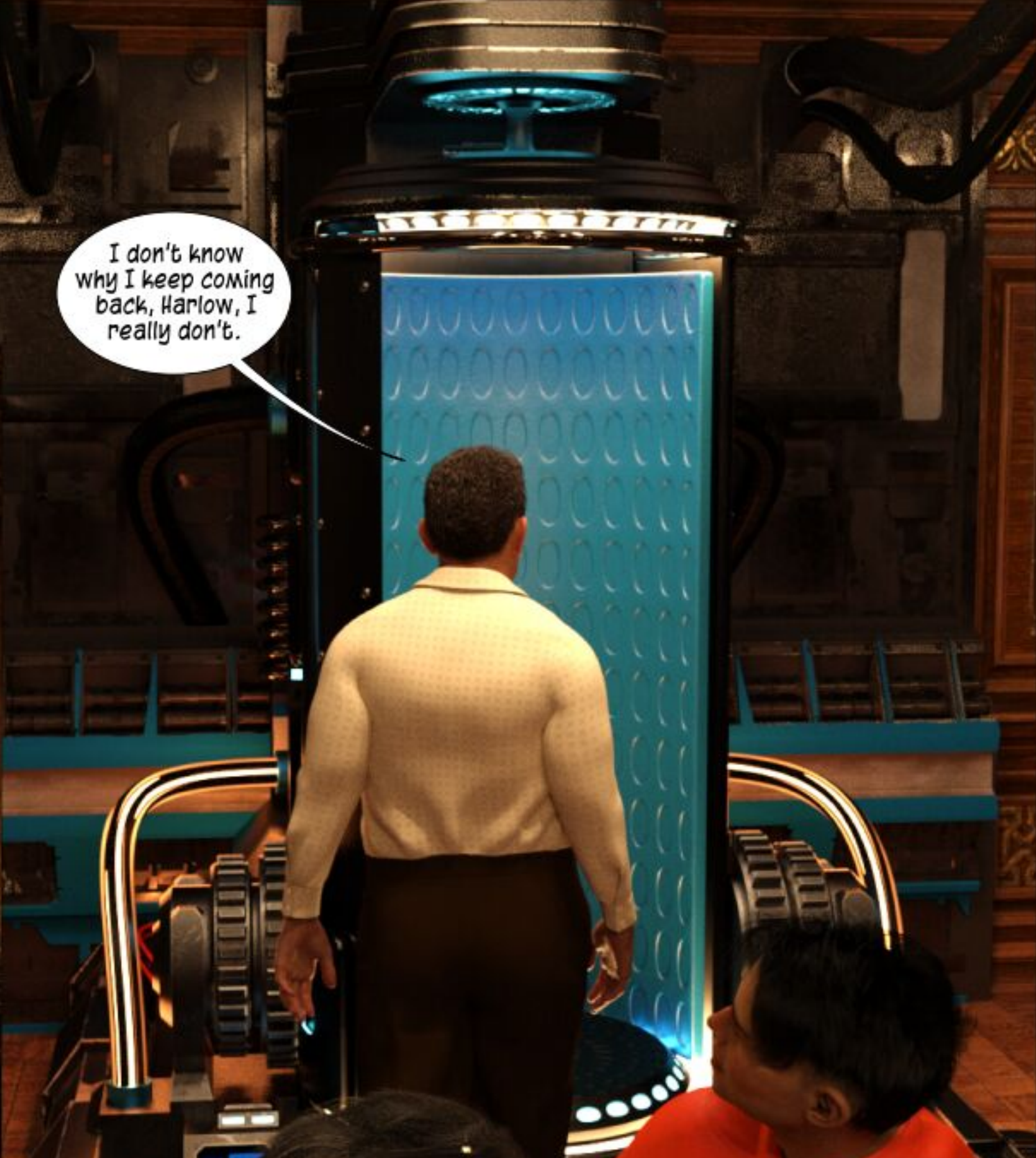
And if he is, then this Pull house is going to be hard to beat.

Sorry, Hal. This isn't the day.

Four tens.

And since that cleans you out this round ...

Yeah, yeah.



I don't know why I keep coming back, Harlow, I really don't.



Wow.

Uh ... is that thing safe?

None of us has gotten cancer yet ...



--hahaha!--  
Damn, you look ridiculous!

Yeah, laugh it up, kid. They'll look just as Polish on you.

The first round is the tits so he can enjoy how embarrassed we are while we play the next one.

Except by this point none of us give a shit. You're the one who's going to Freak. I hope you wore a shirt that can handle it.



OK, OK, enough chatter, huh?

Let's get back to it. We've still got a lot of game to play.

# TABLE STAKES

STORY AND IMAGES BY TRILBY

9:10 P.M.



You in a hurry to go bust, kid?

I think it's the bust that's got him in a hurry.

He knows when he taps out in this round Don'll give him something to wear.

You two are Pucking hilarious.

I did warn you about the clothes.

You didn't warn me about my pants ...

Anyway, I'm not tanking. I've got him this time.

You sure about that?



Hey, you two stop picking on our guest!

Oh, right, Don. That's your job. I forgot.

I'm just saying, kid ... you'll notice four of us have tits and ass, and Harlow hasn't been in the booth once. That should tell you something.

Well, geez, Phil, if you think it's like that, why the hell did you bring me? I thought it was to play poker.

... That's a damned good question.

OK. Do whatever you're gonna do.



I'm gonna call, is what I'm gonna do.

OK, Mr. Harlow, let's see 'em.



You must have a pretty good hand, kid.

Does it beat this straight flush?



--sigh--  
No.

There's some clothes stacked over on the side there.

Look on the bright side, kid--after this, all the parts will match up a lot better.

Four sixes.  
I'd have called with that too, in a normal poker game ...

Yup.



You call these clothes?

Relax. By ten I'll be wearing them too, and you can point and laugh.

He's just got to have that extra little bit of humiliation.



I won't dignify that with a reply, Phil.

Marjorie, another whiskey, please.

And refills for our guests if they need them.

YES, SIR.

10:02 P.M.



All right, --ah-- gentlemen ...

Last round. You know the stakes.

Ante up.

10:20 P.M.



OK, Phil--  
I know. The Final Frontier.

Well, somebody had to be first.

Get your doll to bring me another drink, would you? I'm going to need it.



Is it that bad?

Hmm?  
Oh. --heh--

No, kid. It doesn't hurt or anything. Just different equipment.

But if he picks me, I'm going to need the booze to help get in the mood for it.

I can hear you, you know.



--MMMh--

Thanks, Marjorie.

Now, I'm going to get drunk and play with myself while you all finish, so don't mind me.



Oh, don't look shocked, kid.

Don't admit there's some libido adjustments each round, but there definitely are, trust me.

You might be so horny all the time you haven't noticed. I hear stories about you.

But we old men can tell.

If he's going to get me all wound up, then he doesn't get to complain what I do at his table.

10:55 P.M.



... and that closes out the game for tonight. Thank you all for an entertaining evening.

Damn ... --uuhh-- this is really nice ...

--UuhhMMMh--

Does that mean something is wrong with me?

Yeah, yeah. Congratulations. Now pick one of us so the rest of us can change back and go home.



Well, speaking of that ...

I've decided I'm not going to reverse any of you tonight.

What??

Come over on Monday morning. I'll change you back then.

You asshole! We have rules, remember?

My rules. House rules. And tonight I'm waiving one of them.

You three were pretty nasty tonight. And in front of a guest--! I'm used to you giving me hell all the time, but Morris calling me a cheater, that really pushed me over my limit.

You could have given the kid the wrong idea about me, just when I'm about to go take him to bed ...



Oh! Uh ... you're picking me? OK ...

--giggle--  
Congratulations, kid, you're the new flavor of the week.

Probably best not to bite his dick off.

There, you see, Hal? That's the kind of thing I'm talking about. That was uncalled for.



This is your fault.

Don ... what do you expect us to do for two nights? We might not even be able to get into our homes!

Oh, don't start.

Not my concern, Phil. Go find a dark corner somewhere and masturbate your brains out. I don't care.

Now get out. I don't want to lay eyes on any of you again until Monday.

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE, SIR.



I'm so Pucked. Visual ID on the doors seemed like a good idea...

Can't get into the house ... if I go to Tasha's I don't know how I'll convince her it's me ...

What the hell am I going to do?

Wait. I shouldn't be thinking like this. He wants me to be miserable for two days. I won't give that son-of-a-bitch the satisfaction.



I mean, if I'm stuck like this, why not enjoy it a little?

I could go to that club Tasha's always saying is so good ...

The autoshops use ID scans, I can buy something to wear in those without anyone asking me questions ...

Captels do too, so that's where I'll sleep sorted out ...

Yeah, that's a plan. Have a little Pun, go to a captel ... and Puck you, Don Harlow.



Hope this doesn't look ridiculous. I haven't tried putting on makeup since that bet in high school. --giggle--

God, I'd almost forgotten about that. I wonder whatever happened to him?



!!!

Tasha's been leaving out some important bits.



I need more to drink.

No, actually ... I need to sit down. It's so loud in here ... I feel like I'm about to fall over ...

Are those really the only places to sit? ... I think there's a space back in the corner, maybe ...



Excuse me, is this-- Wait.

Tasha???

I didn't recognize her ... oh, shit, and now I've--

Need a spot, darling? Plenty of room.

C'mon, sit between us. I'll scooch over.



Do I know you from somewhere? You seem kind of familiar.

Uh ... no? I mean, I don't think so?

Hmm. Well, I'm Tasha and this is Tilly.

I'm ... ah ... Jane.

I'm ... in over my head.

You know, we were just talking about finding somebody new to play with.

I mean, watching oiled-up boys shake their butts is nice, but we know where the real action is, right, darling?

... sure?

Left out a lot of important bits.



Let's go somewhere where they won't throw us out for doing this kind of thing.

uuuhh!



Careful!

Oop!

You OK?

Just hard to walk on those rocks ...



This is ... uh ... a really nice place ...

Thank you!

And now you're wondering if I'm a secret millionaire or something.



No!

... Well, not until you said that ...

My boyfriend pays for it.

He's got all kinds of money. We've been together for years. He's a good guy, but he's kind of boring, y'know?

Is he OK with ... I mean, what if he comes in?

I never see him on Saturdays. He'd rather play poker with his group of old rich dudes.

See what I mean? Wouldn't you rather spend a Saturday night doing something more interesting than playing cards?



If you feel like that how come you ...

... I mean --Uh-- UMMMMMM ...

... I don't think I should drink any more ...



Don't worry, darling! A dip in the pool will freshen you right up.

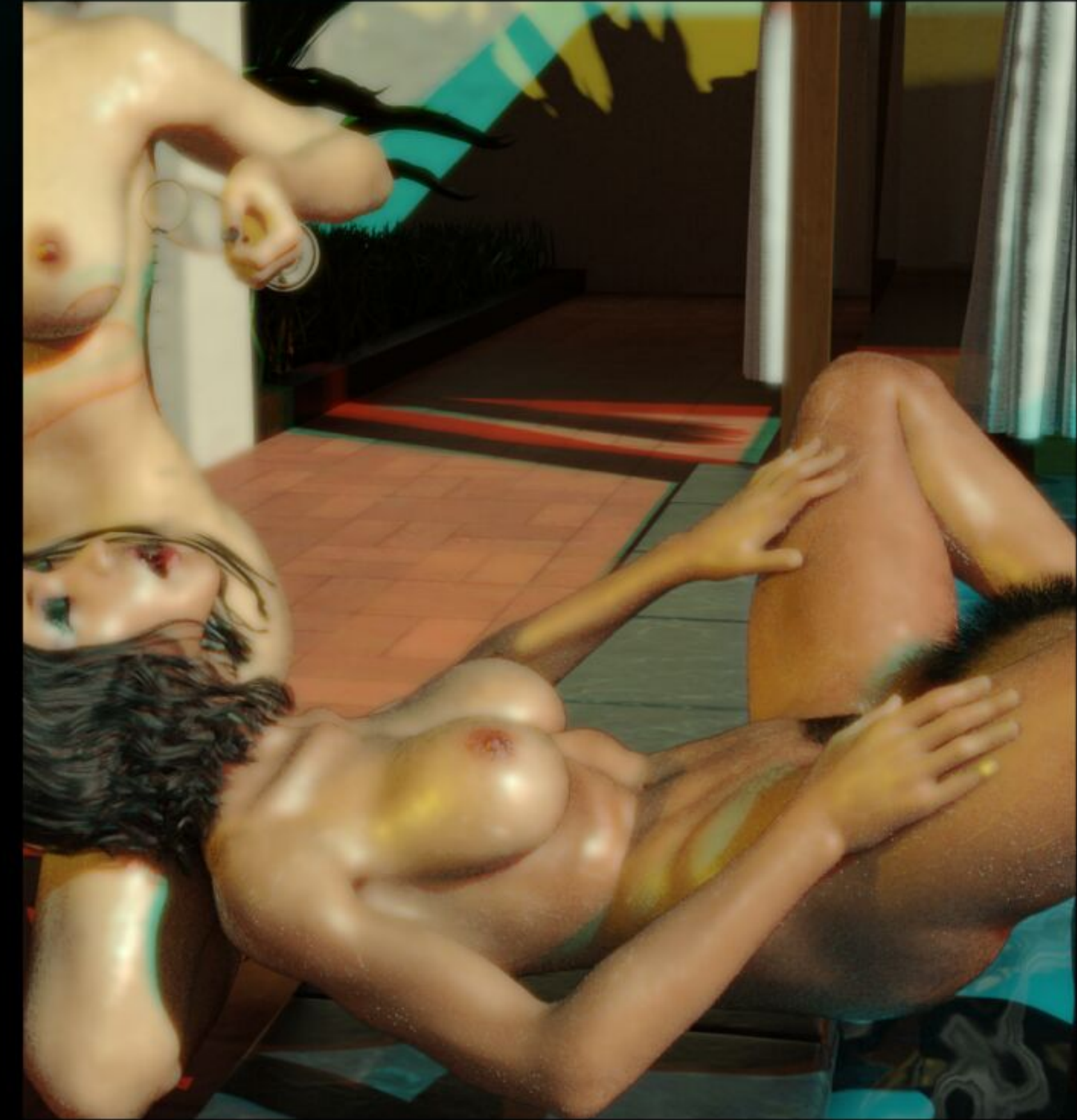
Let's see what you look like out of that dress.



Uhhhh ... I should ... this is probably a bad idea ...

I understand. If you need to leave, go ahead ...

I hope you stay, though.





-- Sigh --

Morris? That you in there?

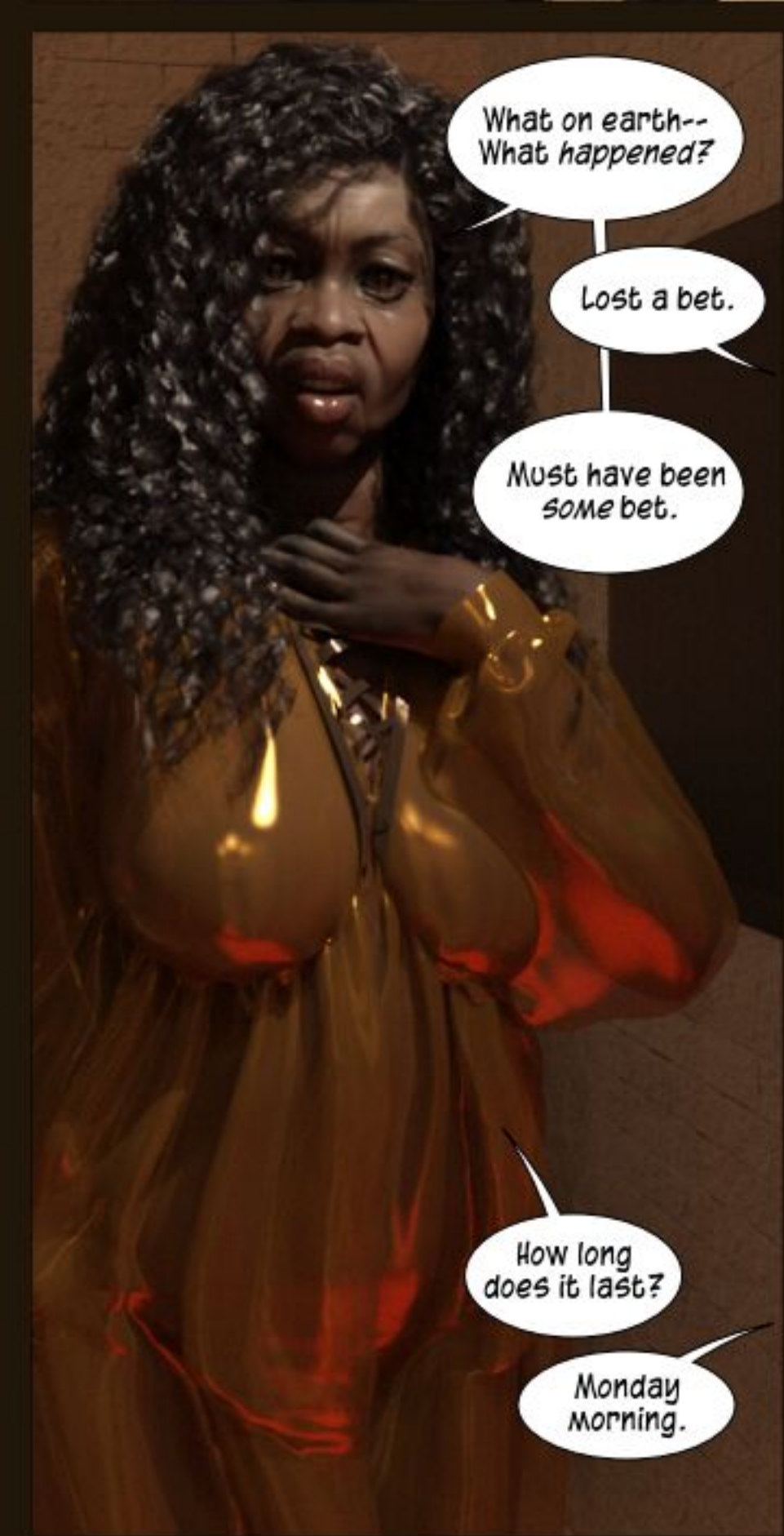
Didn't even say hello when you--

AAAAAHHH!!

Who are you?

It's Me, Belle.

Who else would it be?



What on earth-- What happened?

Lost a bet.

Must have been some bet.

How long does it last?

Monday morning.



Probably Pucks up My whole weekend.

I'll figure that out tomorrow.

You're going to sleep?

Yeah.

You don't want to Pool around?

What'd be the point?



Morris DeMarco, you have got to be just about the most selfish man I've ever known!

You don't think about anybody but yourself!

It don't do Por Morris' pecker, then he just don't give a damn!

Married thirty years and you never think maybe your wife's got some needs?



Hey now!

I always take care of you ...

You think you do.

Can't tell if you always do a half-ass job or you're just real bad at pussy.



You don't ever see Me Finishing up without you, because you're already asleep.

You don't ever see all the times I have to make love to my goddamned vibrator because you're not here.

You got no idea--

All right, all right.

But why tell me now?

Not a thing I can do about it like this.



... Honey, you are just not getting it.

We might not ever get another chance at this.

Now here's what. I'm gonna do unto you what you should have been doing unto me, the last thirty years.

And you will learn something, y'hear?

'Cause then you're gonna do me, and I want you to make me come so loud the neighbors complain.



Uh.

And if you don't play, I am leaving. I will walk out of this house right now.

I mean it.



aaaauuuhhhhhh

Now you better --MMMMH-- you better be taking notes...



At this hour?

Don't recognize them at all. Not good.

Surely not Morphic, but still likely not somebody I want to let in ...

Let's see what the scan says ...

... Well, I'll be.



Harold, what in the world--

Helga, you have no idea how happy I am you have that ID scanner on your door.

I'm sorry to come by without warning, especially this late, but I've got a problem.

Yes, I believe I can guess.



I suppose you could be some impostor who's hacked your ID ...

You're the only person who ever calls me "Harold."

When we were both twelve I was having a problem with a bully at school.

You never told me or anyone what you did to him, but not only did he leave me alone after that, he ran the other way every time he saw me coming.

Heh. That'll do.

So what happened? Did you lose a bet?



Something like that.

And I can't get him to revert it until Monday morning ...

But I have an appointment tomorrow that's pretty important, and I can't show up for it like this.

I was hoping you could help me out.



... I have a feeling the answer isn't going to be the one you want.

But let's check first. Come with me.



Hmm ... You're soPt.

No need to get personal ...

No, no. You're in a temporary state of high genetic malleability. Alteration booths put you in that condition so they can make rapid tissue changes.

But it's supposed to be temporary. They're not supposed to leave you like that. It's dangerous.

Dangerous ... how?

Dangerous to you. SoPt mode partially deactivates your immune system. You could catch something bad, wandering the streets like that.

That'd be the least of my worries, wandering the streets like this.

I suppose he hardens us back up again when he reverts the changes at the end of the night. Except this time he didn't revert them.

You're definitely going to have to explain that.



It's as I assumed. I can't revert you because I don't have your baseline data here. The booth that did this has it ... presumably.

Oh, we can rely on our memories of what we think you're supposed to look like, and alter you freehand to try to get some approximation of that. But that's not the same as reversion, and we may not be able to get it exactly right.

... Yeah. And if I show up on Monday morning looking like a bad copy of myself, he'll know what I tried ... and the sonofabitch will probably get pissed off because I had the nerve to try to get out of his "punishment."

Wouldn't put it past him to say "Nope, not gonna revert you" because of that. And then I'd have to kill him. Which would be a mitzvah, but ...



Donald Harlow. Made his money in groceries.

Three of us are regulars--me, Morris DeMarco, and Philip Gray--and we've got a seat for a guest, when we can get one.

We play four rounds. Every round, when you're cleaned out, you go in the booth. It's right there by the card table. First round you get breasts. Second round you get this enormous ass. Third round's the "makeover." Whole body and face to match the parts you already got.

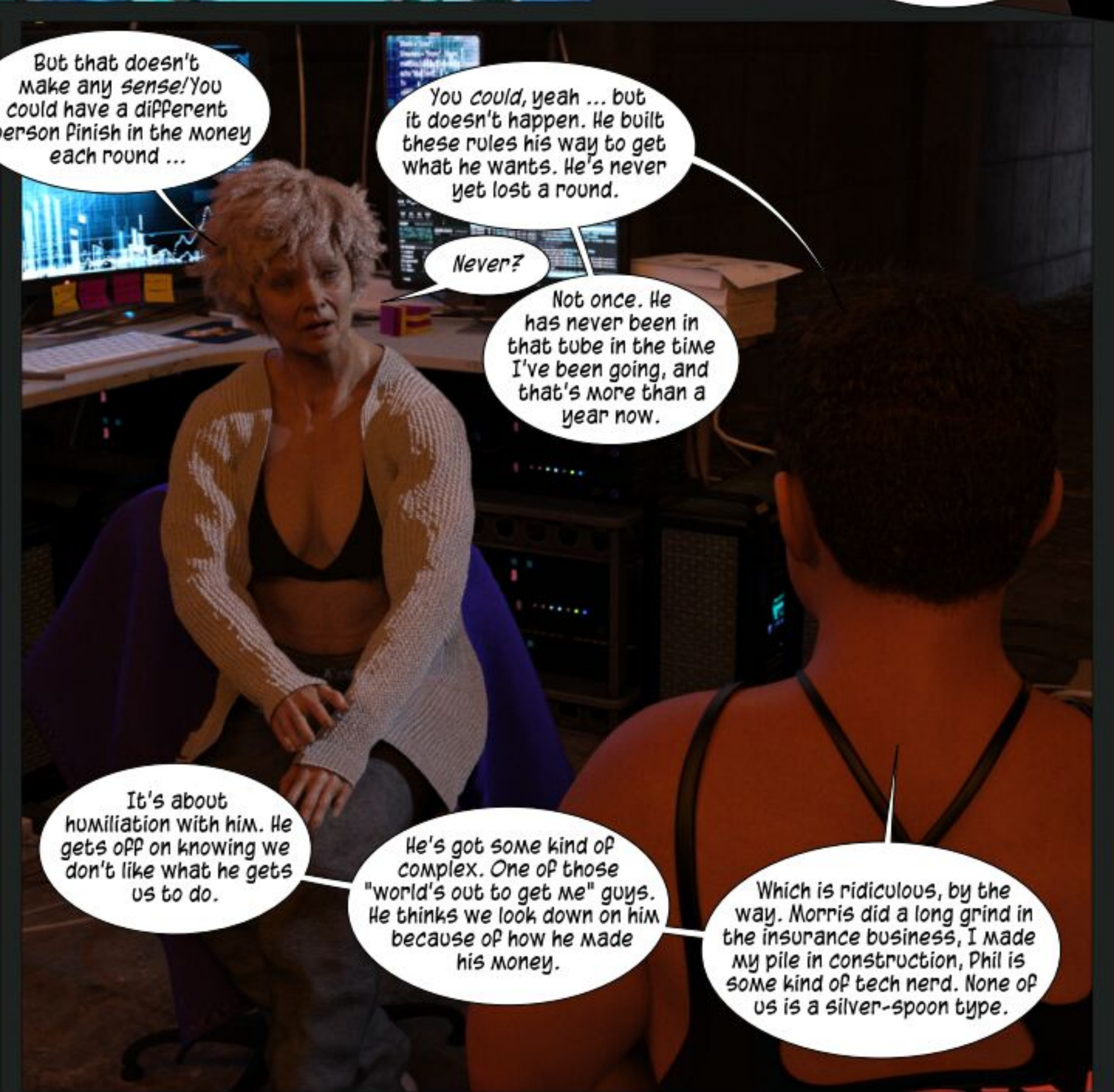
Last round's the genitals.

He also boosts your horny level each time, but he won't admit it.

I'm a little surprised. You've never struck me as the gambling type. How much money have you lost to this fellow?

Not a cent. There are a hundred chips. No more, no less. With five at the table you start each round with twenty chips; with four, twenty-five. No money in play.

He's not in it for the cash. At the end, the person who's lost the fewest rounds gets to pick one of the others, who has to have sex with him that night. Whatever he wants to do.



But that doesn't make any sense! You could have a different person finish in the money each round ...

You could, yeah ... but it doesn't happen. He built these rules his way to get what he wants. He's never yet lost a round.

Never?

Not once. He has never been in that tube in the time I've been going, and that's more than a year now.

It's about humiliation with him. He gets off on knowing we don't like what he gets us to do.

He's got some kind of complex. One of those "world's out to get me" guys. He thinks we look down on him because of how he made his money.

Which is ridiculous, by the way. Morris did a long grind in the insurance business, I made my pile in construction, Phil is some kind of tech nerd. None of us is a silver-spoon type.



Harold, I have to ask:

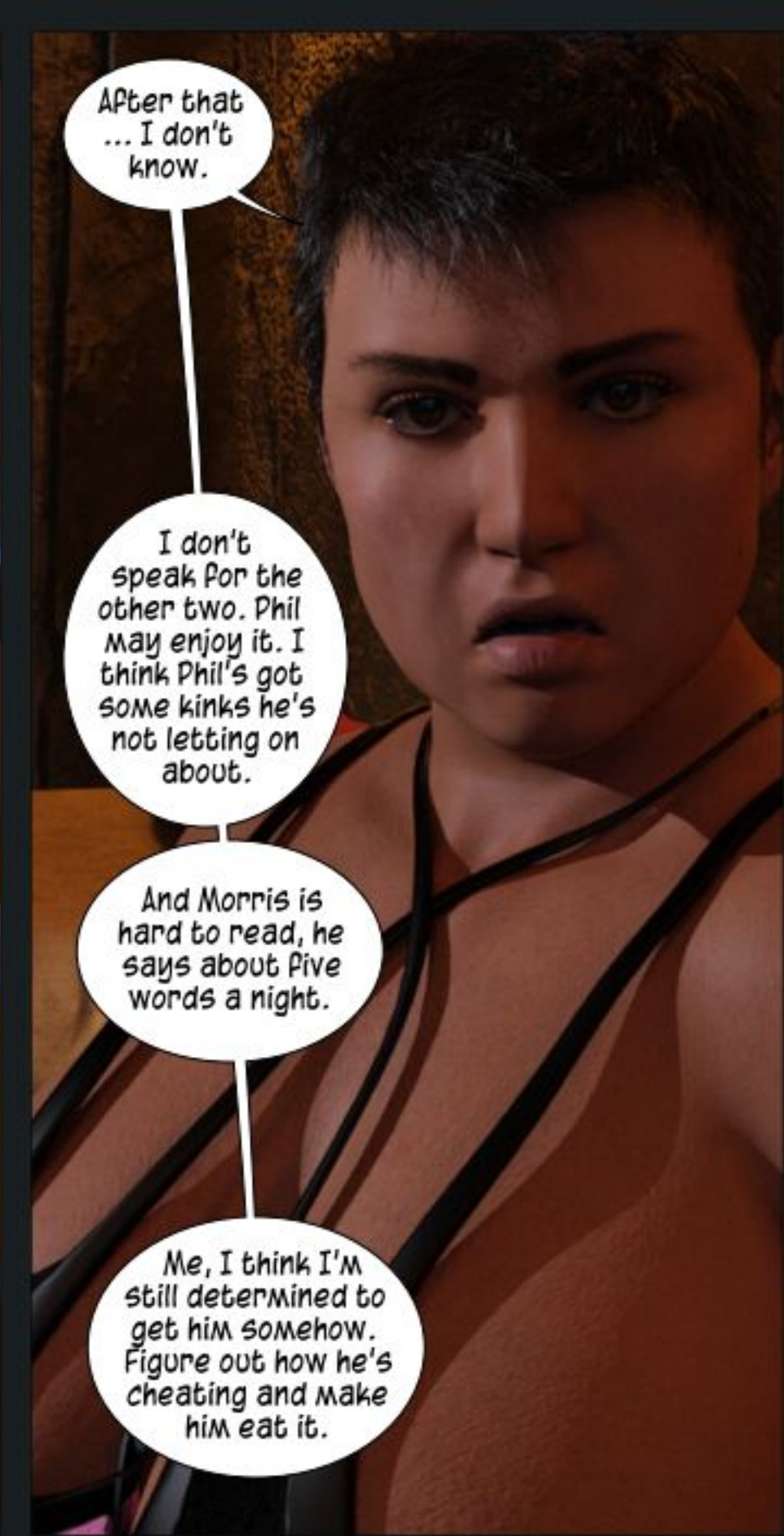
Why?

If it's like that, why do you keep going back every week?

You're not a Pool, and I hadn't thought you were a masochist ...

... Well, I might not go back after this. He crossed a line with this bullshit.

At first the three of us came back because we hadn't realized yet. We thought we still had a chance of winning once in a while.



After that ... I don't know.

I don't speak for the other two. Phil may enjoy it. I think Phil's got some kinks he's not letting on about.

And Morris is hard to read, he says about five words a night.

Me, I think I'm still determined to get him somehow. Figure out how he's cheating and make him eat it.



Hmm.

Well, we agree he must be cheating. What else have you got?

Nothing! That's the problem. He has to be cheating, but we can't figure out how he's doing it.

No cameras, no electronics. Phil snuck in a portable detector one week. He's not getting signals in an earpiece or anything. Phones aren't allowed in the room.

He's not marking cards; he's got a cabinet full of factory-sealed decks and if you ask he'll let you go pull a fresh one, anytime you want.

He doesn't have a chance to stack the deck ... and he doesn't care who deals, so it'd be just about impossible anyway.

He's got one of those doll things for a maid, she stays in the room to bring drinks, but always way off to the side, and if she's signaling him we don't see how.



It's frustrating. It's like he's daring us to catch him, and he knows we can't.

And you can't say anything about it. Morris did tonight, and that's why Harlow got pissy and wouldn't revert us. Bastard.

Anyway, thanks for letting me vent.

Hold on! Where are you off to?

Captel, I suppose. I don't think I can get into my house.

I guess tomorrow I'll try to get some better clothes, and then lie low until Monday--I'll have to postpone my appointment somehow --



Harold.

I was not kidding about the danger.

Technically, you're supposed to be in a sterile environment the whole time you're sope.

You'll never get a chance to make Harlow eat dirt if you're dead.



Well, what am I supposed to do, then?

Stay here.

I'm not saying it's sterile--it's not even all that clean--but the air's filtered, and your odds are a lot better than if you're wandering the streets.

I've got some spare blankets and such. We can rig up a cot.



Or ...

... We can just share my bed.

It's big enough for two ... if they're willing to be very close.

Helga, that is not Punny.

I wasn't joking. Being in hiding has destroyed my sex life.

You don't sleep with men!

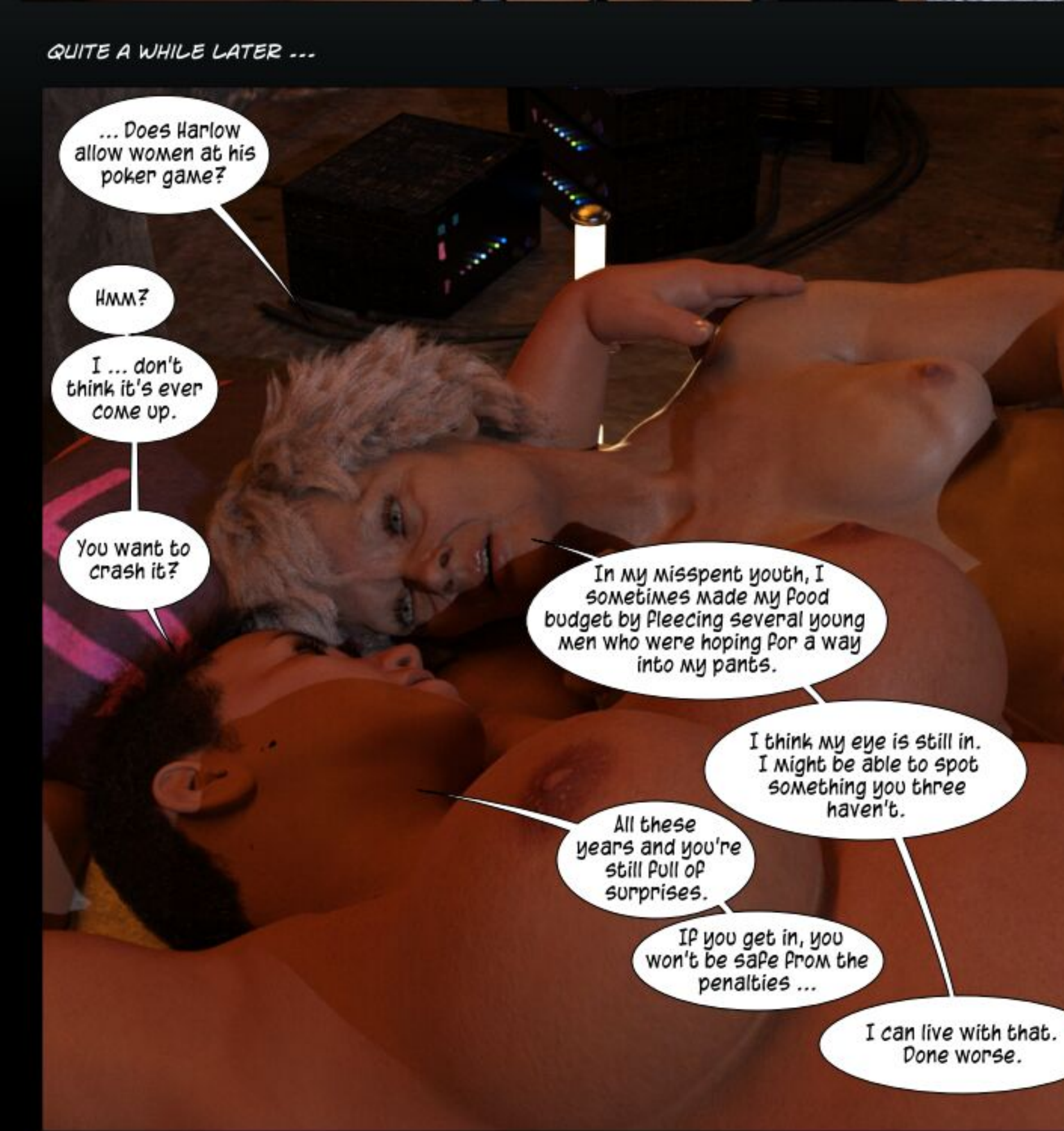
But you're not a man at the moment, are you?

Think about it. Here's an old friend I like very much, who suddenly shows up at my door in the form of a very attractive young woman ...

This is an opportunity you're not likely to ever get again, my dear.



QUITE A WHILE LATER ...



... Does Harlow allow women at his poker game?

Hmm?

I ... don't think it's ever come up.

You want to crash it?

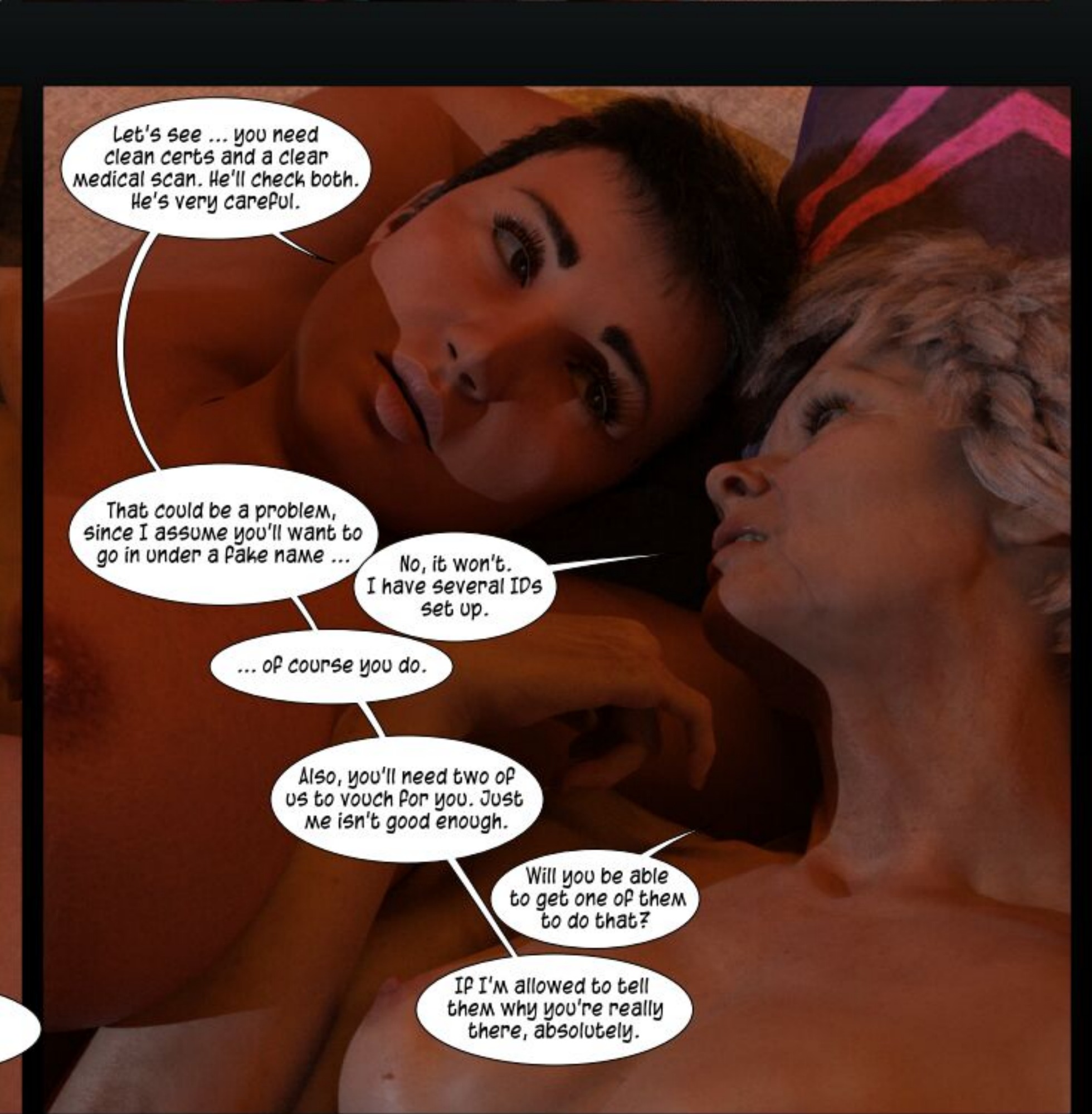
In my misspent youth, I sometimes made my Pood budget by fleecing several young men who were hoping for a way into my pants.

I think my eye is still in. I might be able to spot something you three haven't.

All these years and you're still full of surprises.

If you get in, you won't be safe from the penalties ...

I can live with that. Done worse.



Let's see ... you need clean certs and a clear medical scan. He'll check both. He's very careful.

That could be a problem, since I assume you'll want to go in under a fake name ...

No, it won't. I have several IDs set up.

... of course you do.

Also, you'll need two of us to vouch for you. Just me isn't good enough.

Will you be able to get one of them to do that?

If I'm allowed to tell them why you're really there, absolutely.





... but a woman, Phil?

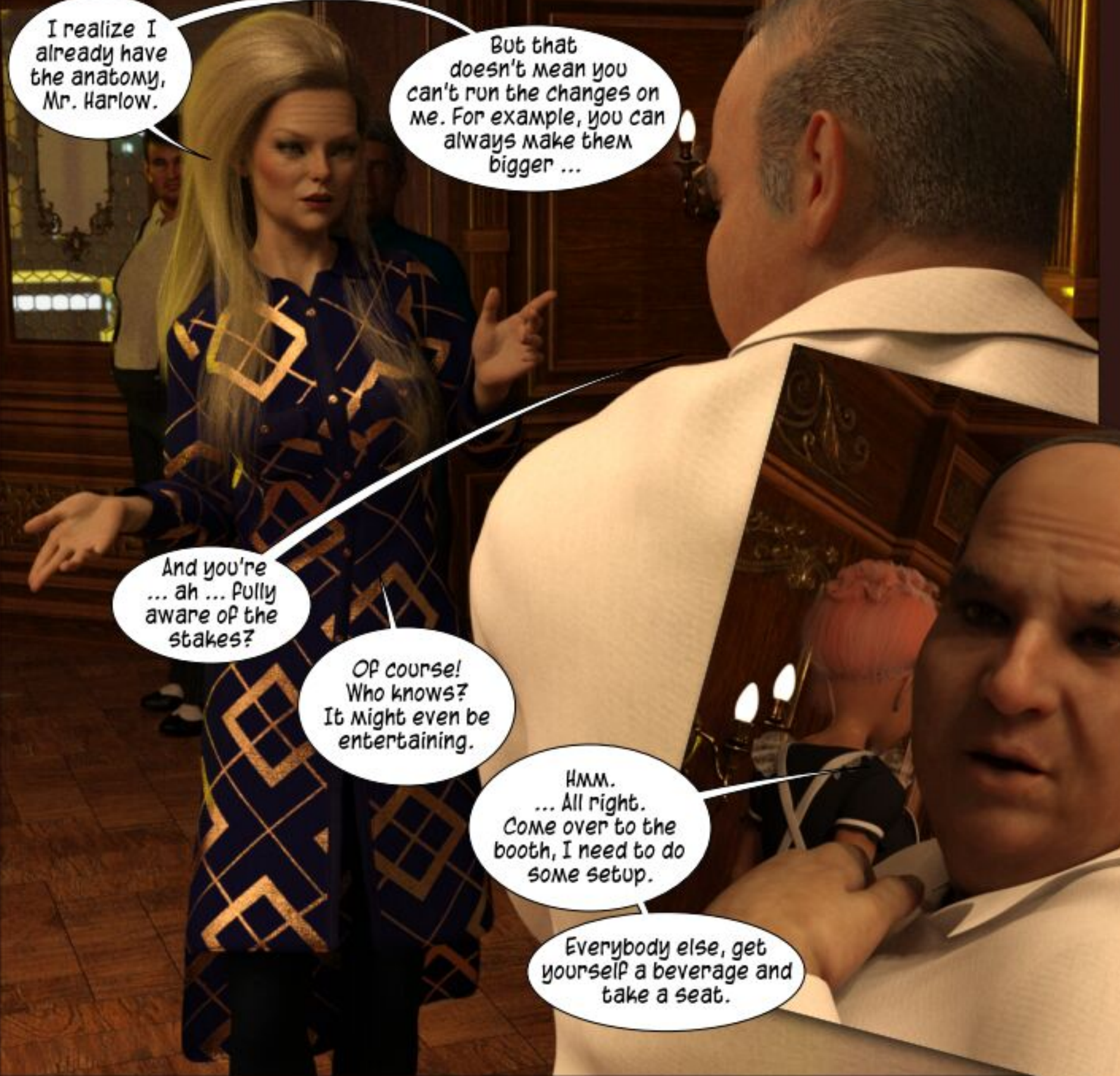
Don, face it, we're having trouble finding guests.

The kid won't come back, for example.

In fact, he's not speaking to me at the moment.

I've never even heard of her. Helen Sterling? Should I know the name?

She's a consultant. Charges people a fortune to tell them what they're doing wrong. Worth the price, too, I'm told.



I realize I already have the anatomy, Mr. Harlow.

But that doesn't mean you can't run the changes on me. For example, you can always make them bigger ...

And you're ... ah ... fully aware of the stakes?

Of course! Who knows? It might even be entertaining.

Hmm. ... All right. Come over to the booth, I need to do some setup.

Everybody else, get yourself a beverage and take a seat.

7:13 P.M.



Guess I might as well call.



Mhmm. They did tell me you don't ever bluff.

Oh, well.

This should be interesting ...



I guess when I said you could always make them bigger, you took it to heart, eh?

These are absolutely ridiculous!

Wait 'til you see how they look on us.

9:20 P.M.



I would like to thank you for keeping me from being the first person out this round.

It's just as well. I need the change of clothes. These breasts have ripped my sweater.



Oh, you were serious!

Yep. Brand-new sweater, too.

I thought it would hold up.



Really, Don? The clothes you provided before weren't bad enough?

I thought maybe you'd like a change.

Oh, yeah, you're all heart.

10:56 P.M.



All right, Don, that's it ... who are you picking tonight?

Ooh! The suspense! This is exciting!

Not really.

Morris, come with me.

I'll set the booth to revert so the rest of you can get changed and get the hell out.



Someone's crabby ...

I'm surprised. He always picks the guest if it's their first time here.

I knew he wouldn't pick me. I acted too much like I was into it.

You've got a real prize asshole there. He doesn't like it if we like it.

That's probably why he's crabby. I spoiled his fun.

Did you figure out anything?

Yes. But we shouldn't discuss it here.



Don't worry, Phil, you can't see the rips now that it's not all stretched out.

Great.

Anyway, I figured it out as soon as we started.

He's using special cards.

But we know there's no way he can rig a deck! I told you, he uses sealed decks and --

I didn't say he was using marked cards.

I said he was using special cards. They are marked, after a fashion... but they come that way from the factory. They were made that way.

Hang on, I'll show you. I stole the deck.



This is the logo of the Zodiac casino.

As far as I know they don't sell their decks, so I have no idea how Harlow got a cabinet full of them.

Probably the same way he got that booth. You know that's unauthorized, right? Morphic Labs license the tech, and they won't let the manufacturers sell to private individuals.

Zodiac tried an experiment a few years ago. Still doing it, I think. They have a system monitoring their poker tables to detect when players are cheating.

The card values are overprinted in ink that emits ultraviolet light if primed. Like a glow-in-the-dark toy, but you can't see it glow.

The system can see it glow, though, even through the back of the card, and so it can see the values of all the cards in people's hands using only one overhead camera.



But Harlow can't see UV light either ...

He can if he's had his eyes modified.

That's possible? I've never heard of that mod.

Not many people have. For two reasons. First, there are people who don't want it getting around that it's a thing you can do. Like, say, the Zodiac casino.

Second, outside of a few specialized jobs, it's not a very useful mod, and it alters your vision--you have to shift the range of your retinal receptors and everything looks a little purple to you after that.

Long way to go just to humiliate a few people every week ... but there's no other explanation.

And no other reason he'd use these particular cards.



This is fascinating, but it doesn't do us any good. We can't prove it. Unless we yank out his eyeballs and dissect them ...

Which I admit is a tempting thought, but ...

Leave it to me. I'm going to deal with him.

What are you going to do?

It's better if you don't know. Can I ask you to trust me?

Play poker with him normally next week. Don't let on that you know anything.

At some point in the game you're going to see some interesting effects. Warn Mr. DeMarco. The three of you will want to be ready for them, and prepared to take advantage.



MONDAY MORNING, TWO DAYS LATER. FLUX, HELGA'S APPRENTICE, ARRIVES FOR WORK.

Whoa!

I guess it has to be you, Doc ...

No one's managed to hack my door yet.

I had to harden in this form for a thing I did on Saturday night, and ideally I need to wait a week before it's safe to soften again so I can revert it.



Which means I have a problem.

I have a task that requires a specific appearance, and I need to do it before then.

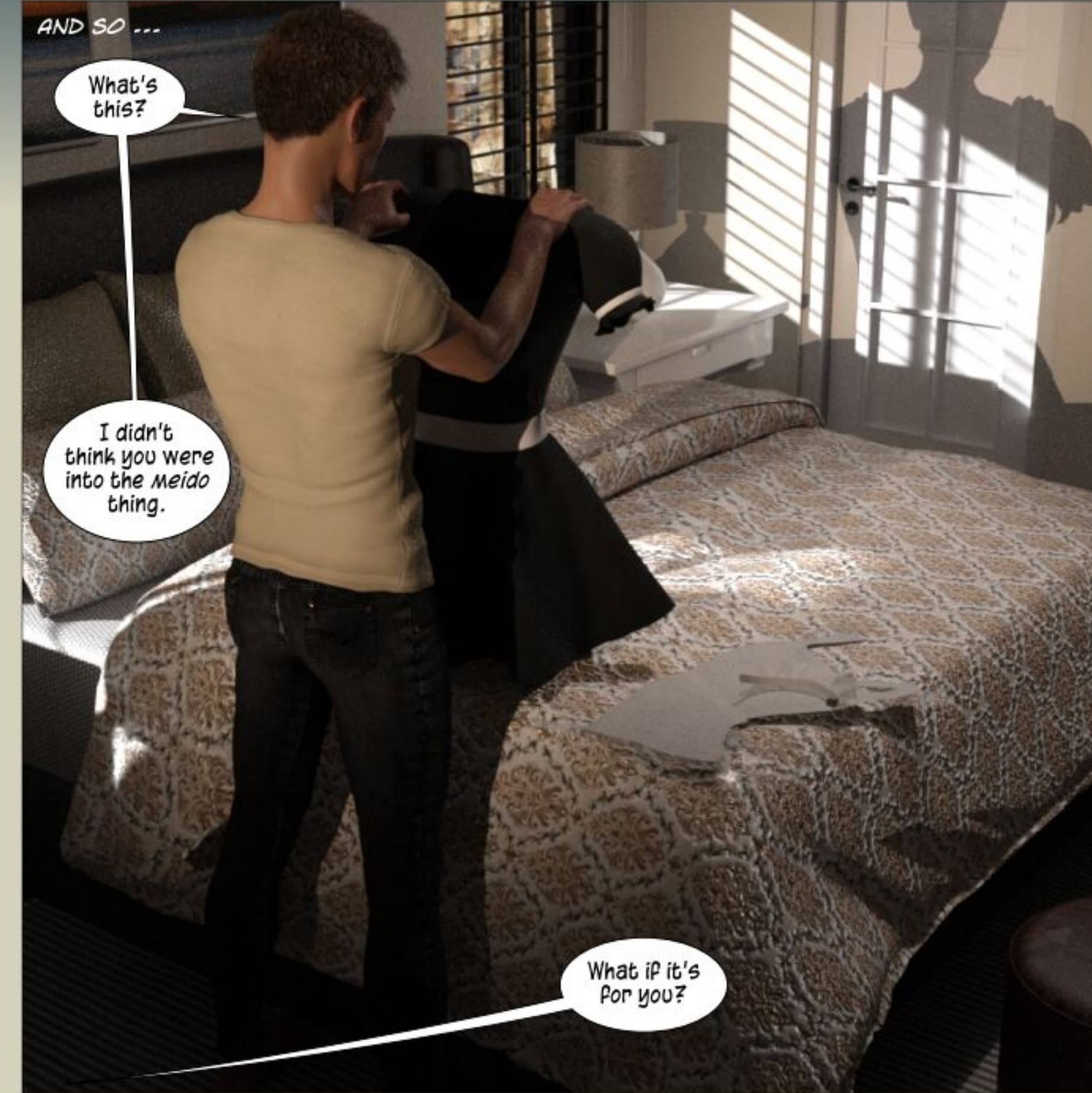
I'd like to get your help, but I warn you that it's not aboveboard.

How much not aboveboard?

Oh, criminal mischief, possibly breaking and entering if you get caught ... though I have a plan that makes that very unlikely ...

Oh, is that all? I was worried you were going to ask me to kill somebody.

Excellent. To begin with, I'm afraid I'm going to have to send you on a shopping trip.



AND SO ...

What's this?

I didn't think you were into the Meido thing.

What if it's for you?



Then I guess I'd try it on.

I know you would.

The doc and I are doing a little job tomorrow night.

Uh, I should warn you that it's one of those jobs where the less I tell you, the better.

So long as you're not risking your life ...

No, no, of course not ... but, worst case, the doc may have to get you to come pay my bail.



Whew.

This is just another body change ... why does this one feel so weird?

Probably the proportions. I don't know why they designed those dolls with such huge heads.

Maybe so they could make the eyes bigger.



I also didn't realize they were so tall.

OK, what else on the prep? Besides the outfit.

I need to spray your skin to make you look a little more plastic ...

... apply the eyebrows and makeup, and put your hair in the right style ...

Oh, yes, and the voice modulator. We can go ahead and put that on now.

Oh, right. Have to sound like I always want to tear my owner's clothes off.



HOW MAY I SERVE YOU, SIR?

... I GUESS IT WORKS.

IT OCCURRED TO ME ... UTILITYDOLLS AREN'T ALLOWED OUT ON THEIR OWN, ARE THEY?

I don't think it's a law ... but they don't have IDs, so they can't do much or get into a lot of places ... and they're expensive, so an owner might be reluctant ...

RIGHT. WHAT I MEANT WAS, WILL IT ATTRACT ATTENTION IF I'M SEEN ON THE STREET LIKE THIS? I BET IT WILL.

I MAY HAVE TO STAY HOME FOR A FEW DAYS. I WONDER HOW JER FEELS ABOUT HAVING A DOLL.



I FEEL LIKE THERE MUST HAVE BEEN AN EASIER WAY.

No. It took me an hour to figure out how to get you through the outside cameras unseen.

You should see what he has on the inside. The game room is the only room in the house that doesn't have cameras.

I'm going to go ring. Stay just around the corner, out of sight.



HELLO?

IS ANYONE THERE?

Over here!

Little help, please?



YOU DIDN'T ... UH ... DAMAGE HER, DID YOU?

No, they have a sleep mode. The collar I put on her will keep her in it until I take it off.

NOT GOING TO ASK WHERE YOU PICKED UP THAT TRICK ...

When you come out, don't shut the door all the way. I'll remove the collar and she'll wake up confused and go back in. We don't want to lock her out.

Be as quick as you can.



This is a big house!

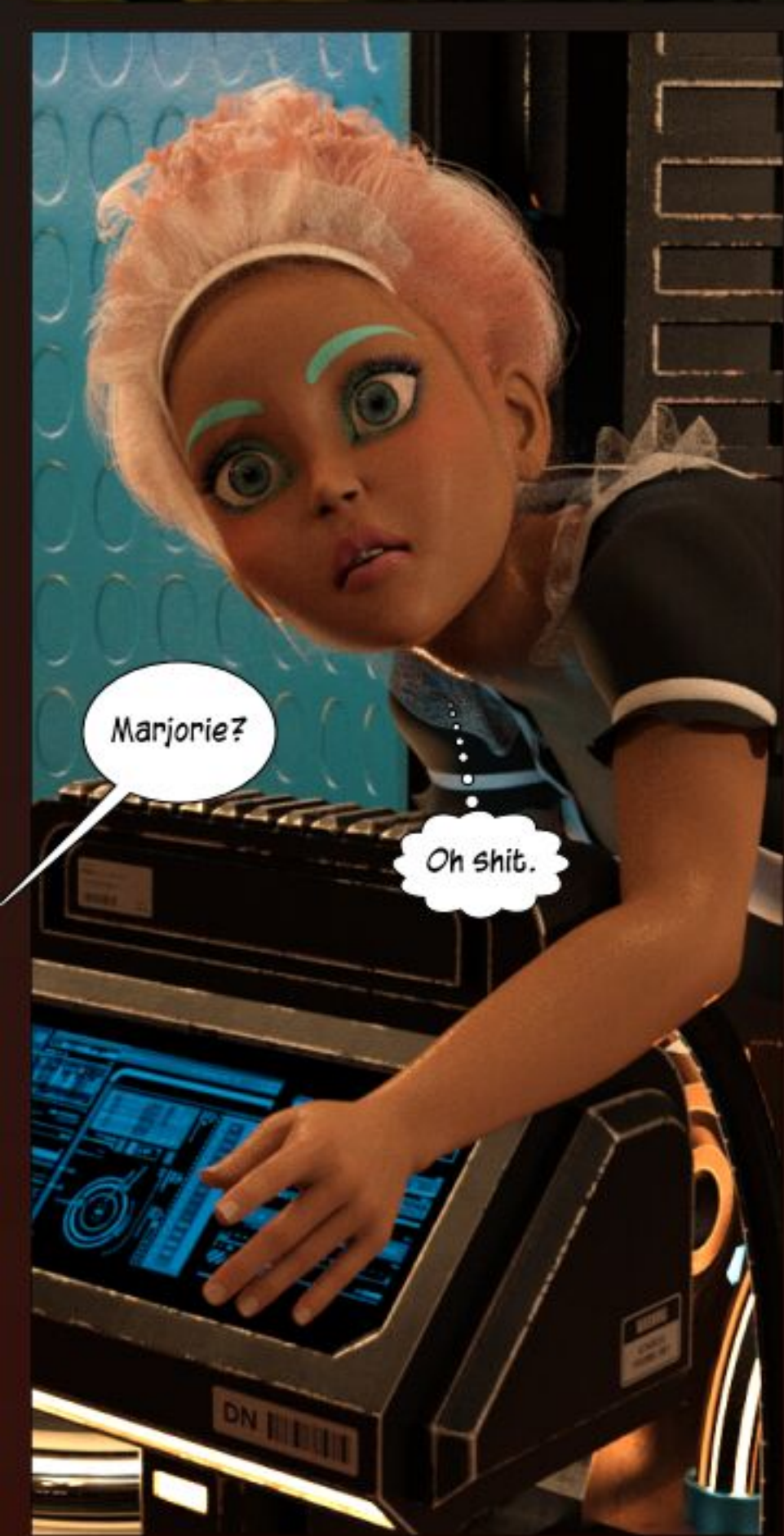
And the doc didn't say where the card room was ...

I know it's on this floor somewhere, but ...



There you are!

All right, she says there's a port on the back of the console ...



Marjorie?

Oh shit.



What'll I do What'll I do

Oh, there you are.

Didn't I hear the door?

YES, SIR.

NO ONE WAS THERE WHEN I ANSWERED IT.



HM. Probably a prank.

Still, make sure the alarms are set before you shut down for the night.

I'm going to bed.

YES, SIR.

... GOOD NIGHT, SIR.

7:20 P.M.  
THE NEXT SATURDAY.



Shoulda Polded.

Yeah. Slight miscalculation.

Oh, well. I'll take my lumps.

Uh ... so to speak.

I swear, Don, I think you changed it to make them even--

huh?

You OK, Phil?

HMM? ... oh. Yeah, I'm fine.

Something's wrong with my eyes ... everything looks all ...

... purple ...

Well, how about that.



I can see everyone's cards, just like Don!

She must have messed with the booth! A little extra change Don doesn't know about.

I don't know how she did it, but that's the only answer that makes sense.

And that must mean that as soon as Hal and Morris tap out, they'll be able to as well ...



8:41 P.M.

What's with you all tonight?

We're just playing the way you do. If you don't think you've got the winning hand, you always fold right away.

Can't blame us for trying out your method ...

Never had so many hands where you fold so fast.

Did you all suddenly go chickenshit on me? Every deal, fold, fold, fold.

We're gonna be here all night ...

What's the matter, Don, you got a hot date later or something?

He's got a point, though. Now that we can all see each others' cards, there's no point in anyone staying in unless they know they win.

If the three of us get good hands often enough, we can run him out of chips slowly through the antes ... but that will take hours ... it's almost nine and we're nowhere near done with the second round ... nobody's even been in the booth this round yet ...



10:03 P.M.

All right. Fresh drinks, fresh deal, maybe we can finally get a little action in here? I'm going to die of old age.

I'm in for two.

Fold.

Fold.

Sure, I'll see two, and raise two.

Guess he's decided he'll burn a few chips before folding, just to encourage us ...



Raise you another two.

What the hell are you doing, Don? You know I have a pair of Pours and you only have a pair of twos. Why didn't you fold?

Uh ... All right, then. Raise two more.



Tell you what, let's really make this march. I'm tired of this piddly shit.

All in.



Holy mother Mary. Donald Harlow is trying to bluff.

He must really have lost his patience. Not that he had much to begin with ... He doesn't even like poker, he just wants to get one of us to suck his dick ...

... OK, Don.

Here's all I've got, and here's a pair of Pours.



What???

How did you ... There's no way you could have known ...

Careful, Don.

Sounds almost like you're calling him a cheater, there.

Last time that happened, someone threw a fit, you may recall.

Sorry, Don. Just had a Peeling. You kind of pushed it too hard.

You had to lose a round sooner or later, y'know.



Like hell I did.

I'm going to have to find a new set of players pretty soon. These assholes are getting ideas.

Plenty of other rich jerks I can make eat their own shit. Just throw them a chance to get one up on me and the next thing they know they're tits-out in my bedroom.



Damn it, it snapped my suspenders!

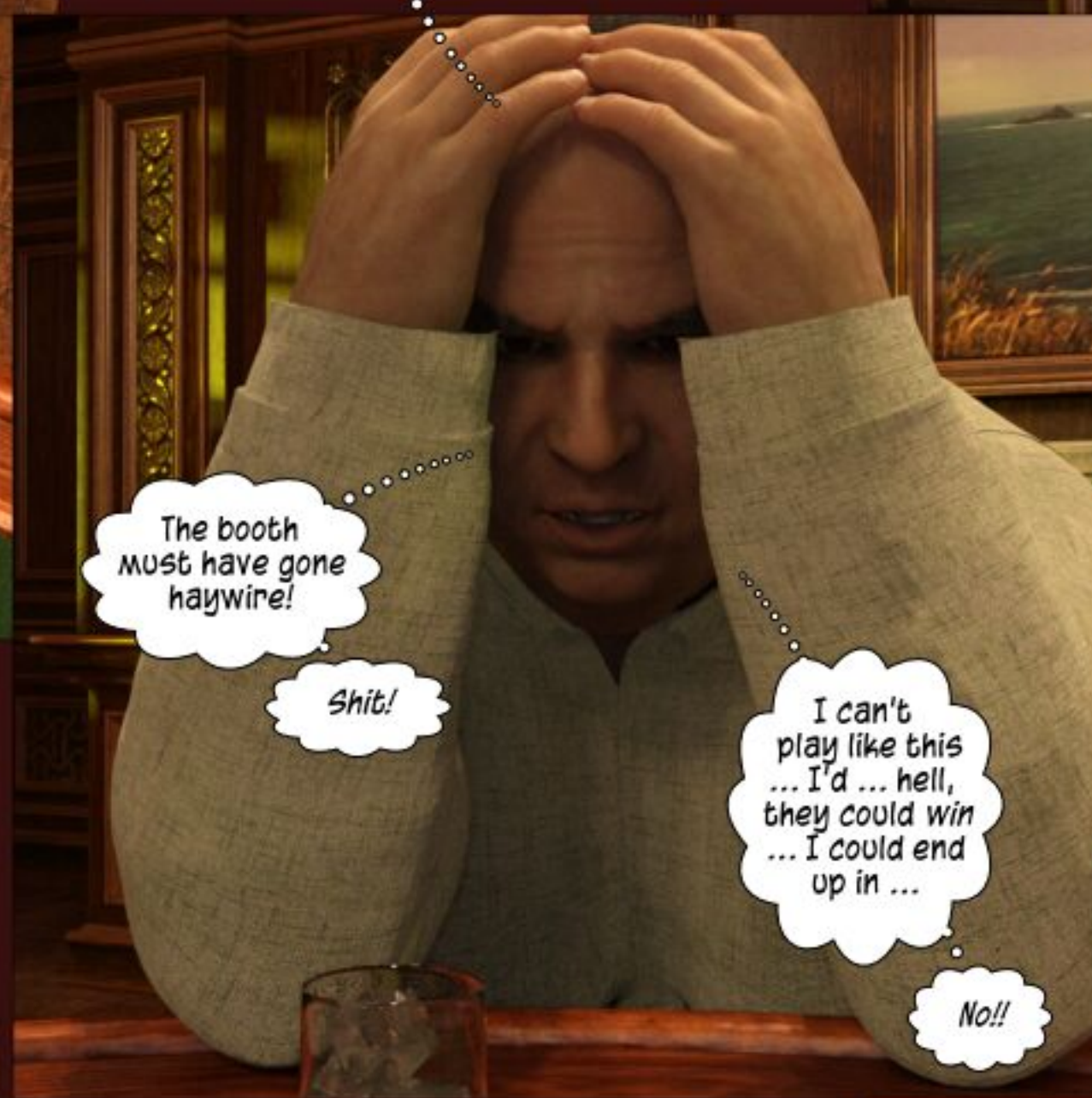
Join the club. You know how many of my shirts your booth's destroyed?



All right, wiseasses, you got one, but ...

What the ...

The cards! I can't see the fucking cards!



The booth must have gone haywire!

Shit!

I can't play like this ... I'd ... hell, they could win ... I could end up in ...

No!!

Out!

Get out, all of you! Game's over. We're done.

I've told you before, Hal: My house. My rules.

What ... Don, have you lost your mind? You can't just stop now! What about the rules?

I don't want to be at a table with you three assholes any more tonight.

You Peel that way, I think we can probably make it permanent.



Yeah.

Harlow, I'm going to make sure everybody knows you dish it out but can't take it.

And that you change the rules to suit yourself.

I'm going to do my best to make sure you never get another sucker at this table again.

You think I give a damn what you tell anybody?

Get out of my house!



Assholes. "We'll ruin you!" You were always just looking for an excuse anyway ... hate my guts just because I'm not your idea of what success should look like ...

Now for you, you Pucker. I'm going to have to call Galvin tomorrow and tell him his goddamn booth shit the bed ...

All right. Just need to set it to undo the last batch of changes ...



It didn't undo!

This booth's completely gone nuts!

Not only that, it Peels like it changed my ass this time ...

Oh, wait. I think I know the problem.



It's the preset sequence of changes ... I need to make sure that's cancelled out, then the undo should work ...



Probably is going to give me cancer ...



God damn it!

And I ripped the butt of my pants.

I liked those pants.



OK, third time's the charm.

It had better be. There's only one stage of the sequence left, and I'm damned if I'm letting this thing take my dick.

