A Gamble Too Far

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A mother and daughter enjoy a day on the coast, with an unexpected twist

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"Well, shall we go in, or not?" The two women looked at each other and giggled nervously.

The betting shop was tucked away down a side street of the East Yorkshire coastal resort they had spent such an enjoyable day exploring, and to the middle-class mother and daughter combo, it looked enticingly decadent.

Annabell and her 17-year old daughter Emily had driven from their affluent Cheshire home to visit the seaside town of Whitby to fulfil a long-held ambition. Both women had long been fascinated by Bram Stoker's classic "Dracula," and had resolved to pay a visit to the town where the anti-hero had come ashore following his macabre voyage from the Black Sea.

The trip had been well worth while. The town was quaint and atmospheric, with many local businesses eager to make the most of the vampire connection.

Annabell and Emily had taken a boat trip around the bay, frightened themselves to death by forking out a fiver each to participate in the "Dracula Experience" at a local booth, bought some souvenir T-shirts and death's head ball pens and enjoyed a delicious dinner at a quayside fish and chip restaurant.

They had intended to wander slowly back to the car to begin the long journey home when the gaudy frontage of the betting shop caught Annabell's eye.

She had never actually been inside such an establishment, assuming like most people unaware of the industry's recent evolution that they were sordid dens of iniquity frequented by criminals and down-and-outs.

But Annabell had read quite a few newspaper articles and watched TV documentaries on the new betting terminals that could now be found in these places. And although she wasn't in the remotest bit interested in backing horses and dogs, she had heard that quite large sums of money could be won

on these fixed-odds machines. Like many women, she had quite an obsession with one-armed bandits and had often played for hours in amusement arcades when lucky enough to temporarily break away from her boring, narrow-minded husband.

So the prospect of trying her luck on the more sophisticated betting office machines was a tantalising prospect.

Emily seemed just as eager to give it a try as she was.

"Come on, Mummy!" she laughed, "Let's go in and see if it's our lucky day!"

The temptation proved irresistible. Annabell pushed open the door and the pair stepped apprehensively inside.

The sight that greeted them was quite a surprise. They had expected something basic and scruffy, along the lines of a Yates's Wine Lodge, but the shop interior was warm, smart, and quite impressive, with comfortable chairs and good quality carpet on the floor.

Being 8.30 in the evening, only a handful of customers were present, two writing out dog bets at a table and three playing the fixed odds betting terminals.

The women approached one of the machines where a man in his early 30's was playing virtual roulette. They were amazed at the speed of the games and noted with interest how dramatically the player's bank rose and fell as the wheel spun. Suddenly the man threw his arms in the air in celebration and a cry of relief left his lips. Annabell glanced at his bank total and gasped with amazement. £4263 was showing!

"That'll do," said the lucky investor, turning to the pair with a smile, and pressed the "collect" button.

The women watched as he walked to the counter and presented his precious ticket with pride, waiting patiently as his winnings were counted out by the manager.

Annabell and Emily glanced at each other in excitement. So it was true! It WAS possible to win big amounts in a short time.

They lost no time in occupying the vacated machine, Annabell inserting a £20 note and opting to play roulette. With heart pounding, she watched the image of the bouncing ball intently, gasping with delight as it found the slot she had selected. She played more cautiously the second time, betting on red at evens, and again the friendly wheel obliged.

Emily pointed to her mother's accumulating total with glee - "Look, Mummy - you've won £320!"

Annabell rolled again, but lost £50 this time. "You have a go," she said to her daughter.

Emily attempted to play with caution, selected black with a £100 stake - and lost.

From behind the counter, manager Jason surveyed his two new customers with interest. They were certainly a lot more attractive than his usual punters, but he knew they would be one-off visitors, calling in whilst on a day trip, like many of the strangers who came into his shop. These two looked very upmarket, though, judging by the quality of their designer clothes. Both women were moving about in an animated fashion as they played the machine in turn, and he could hardly fail to notice their shapely legs and well-formed hips as they jumped up and down in excitement.

Unsurpisingly, the ladies' early success swiftly evaporated, and further cash injections from their purses were required to enable them to carry on playing.

After just under an hour, they had run out of funds. The pair conferred confidentially.

"I wonder if they do some sort of credit," said Annabell, "After all. our bad run can't continue much longer, and we can quit and settle up as soon as we get ahead."

Emily nodded her agreement enthusiastically.

Annabell approached the counter, a little apprehensively, to commence negotiations.

Jason listened to Annabell's tentative request with genuine interest. Of course, betting office managers were not permitted to offer credit to customers, for obvious reasons. Although gaming debts were now legally enforceable as part of the Gambling Act 2005, in practice it would always be extremely difficult to recover them.

But Jason had already formulated a plan.

Experience had taught him that in gambling, as in Life, there were natural-born winners and losers. And instinct told him that these two were dyed-in-the-wool losers.

Close up, the two females were even more attractive than they had appeared whilst standing at the machine. Very posh, as he had suspected, he was intoxicated by the subtle allure of their expensive perfume and charmed by their refined voices.

Jason smiled encouragingly. "Yes, of course you can have a little credit. You strike me as honest and trustworthy. I assume you will be able to settle up by credit card, if necessary?"

Annabell nodded.

"I'll put another £100 on your machine," said Jason, "And we'll see how you get on."

The girls thanked him profusely, and returned to the betting terminal.

Jason smiled to himself. He knew they had little chance of winning overall, and even if they did, he was pretty sure that the younger girl was under the legal age of 18 and he could refuse payment on that basis alone.

But he wasn't going to give them any REAL credit. He pressed a few buttons on the touchscreen monitor on his desk, and switched the system to Demonstration Mode. The terminal could still be played as usual, but the ladies wouldn't be aware that the wins and losses would be purely illusory.

As Jason suspected, their fictional credit of £100 soon disappeared, and Annabell sheepishly returned to the counter for a further top-up.

Jason was more than happy to oblige - after all, unbeknown to his attractive new customers, it wasn't REAL money - and for the next hour the now totally-addicted pair pounded away on the fixed-odds touchscreen.

Jason was able to monitor their progress - or, rather, lack of it - on his back office display and watched with barely-suppressed glee as the girls' bank kept returning to zero with monotonous inevitability.

Just before closing time, Annabell approached the counter yet again, her face now ashen.

"I.....I think we'd better quit now," she muttered nervously, "Could you let me know how much we owe you?"

Jason glanced at his monitor, and pretended to look grave.

"The precise figure is.....£2324" he announced, awaiting the woman's reaction.

Annabell looked as though she was about to collapse.

"B.....but....it CAN'T be!" she stuttered, although in truth she had suspected that it must be something like that figure. "We.....we just got carried away."

"Well, I'll be closing in five minutes" said Jason, "You said you would settle up with your credit card?"

Annabell went numb.

"I.....I wasn't expecting to run up a bill of that size" she whispered, "My husband would kill me when the credit card statement arrived. He.....he doesn't believe in gambling."

Jason was unimpressed. "I'm afraid you should have thought of that before you spent so much trying to recoup your losses" he said coldly, "I have to balance the shop's books."

Annabell returned to her daughter in tears and the pair chattered animatedly to each other for a couple of minutes.

Finally, Annabell returned to the counter.

"Could you possibly give me a few days to arrange a bank personal loan in my own name?" she implored, "That way, I can keep this from my husband."

Jason shook his head. "I'm sorry," he replied, "But if you leave the shop tonight, there's a very good chance I'll never see you again. This has to be settled now."

Both women were distraught, and sobbed profusely, seeing no way out of their predicament.

Jason paused. "Just give me a minute while I lock up" he said, "And then I've a proposition I want to put to you both."

He walked round the counter and secured the shop's front door, switching off the main lights as he did so.

"Follow me" he said, and moved to the steep staircase that led to the establishment's first floor.

With heavy hearts, Annabell and her daughter followed the manager up the stairs as instructed, their imaginations working overtime as they tried to guess what might be in store for them.

Jason opened the staff room door, and ushered the pair inside.

"Well," he said, "You have let me down badly. I trusted you to settle your debt because I thought you were honest and reliable. But now it looks as though you've taken me for a ride."

The women stared at the floor like naughty schoolgirls, unable to muster a response.

Jason was delighting in the pretence. "Well," he said carefully, "There is a way I can doctor the machine figures to mask the liability. I'm prepared to do so in this case. But there are conditions."

Annabell looked up, half hopefully, half apprehensively.

"Conditions?" she asked nervously.

Jason tried to look very stern. "If I hide this debt" he continued, "I'll be taking a risk that Security don't spot it. If they do, I'll be sacked on the spot. But I have to admit that you two are very attractive women, and I'm prepared to take the chance. Quite simply, the conditions are that you both undress and allow me to give your bare bottoms a hard smacking by way of punishment for refusing to settle your debt by credit card."

Jason's cock stirred in his underpants as he delivered the words and he began to twitch slightly with excitement. He fully expected his recalcitrant new customers to be shocked and outraged at his suggestion, but he was in the statistics industry and knew the odds were firmly on his side.

"You.....you can't be serious!" blurted Annabell, "Surely that's indecent assault. There's no way we could agree to do that....."

But there was a hollowness in the protest, and deep down they knew immediately that they had little alternative if they were to get away with meeting the huge debt they imagined they had run up. Taking their underwear off and submitting their naked bottoms to this unspeakable man was simply outrageous, but at least it would be over relatively quickly.

After a brief conversation between themselves, they agreed to comply.

Jason turned to Annabell first, his palms perspiring. "Remove your dress" he instructed, as calmly as he could.

She blushed deeply, then reached behind her, her trembling fingers pulling down the zip of her designer dress and slipping it off her shoulders, then stepping out of it and placing it on a nearby chair. Underneath, she was wearing a light girdle and stockings. She awaited Jason's next command.

"I shall require your behind to be completely bare" he said, "So I would like you to unfasten your stockings, pull your girdle up, and remove your panties."

Annabell was mortified. The mere thought of exposing her underwear to a complete stranger was embarrassing enough - the reality was indescribable. Wishing the ground would open and swallow her up, she carefully popped open the rubber buttons on her suspenders and released her nylons, then pulled her girdle up to her waist, fully exposing her brief light blue panties. Slipping her thumbs into the waistband, she slowly slipped them down to her knees and took them off, letting them drop to the carpet. To her horror, Jason picked them up, slowly turned them inside out for closer examination, then sniffed her most intimate garment enthusiastically before smiling and placing the underwear on the chair with her discarded dress.

This was what Jason had long dreamed of. All those countless evenings spent in bars and clubs trying desperately to pick up attractive women, only to be rebuffed and humiliated as the unattainable objects of his desire were whisked away by foppish - but rich - young men with Porsches and BMW's, no doubt to be taken back to flashy penthouses for a few hours of horizontal entertainment.

Jason drove a seven year old Skoda and lived with his mother in a council house - hardly tantalising bait in the waters he had been fishing in.

But now fate had presented him with the perfect opportunity to even things up - two gorgeous upper-crust women under his control, one with her undies off and the other yet to be enjoyed. These were precisely the type of females who had eluded him all these years, and now he was determined to get his full moneysworth.

Jason walked across to the three-seater settee pushed up against the far wall and sat down, signalling Annabell to join him. Sullenly, she moved across the room and stood before him.

"O.K., across my knee" said Jason, trying his best to contain his excitement, although the prominent bulge in his trousers betrayed his ostensible calmness.

Reluctantly, Annabell arranged herself across his lap, her head resting on one of the sofa's cushions, her shapely white bottom jutting upwards invitingly. Although in her late 30's, she was still extremely attractive, about 5 feet 6 inches tall with long dark hair and smooth unblemished skin. Her hips were around the 38 inch mark, hence the girdle to keep them under control, but now her underwear had been surrendered her generous creamy bottom cheeks were free to judder in the most delightful fashion.

Jason played with her arse for a few minutes, audaciously stroking and kneading the fleshy nates,

gently easing her bottom cheeks apart to explore her warm cleft with his fingers.

Annabell gasped with a mixture of shame and indignation, furious with herself for allowing such a situation to have developed whereby she was compelled to let someone she considered vastly socially inferior to herself see her bare bottom and endure his rude probings.

Having explored every centimetre of the woman's delightful backside, Jason was now ready to administer her punishment.

Gripping her firmly around her waist with his left hand, he raised his right arm and brought his open hand down very hard on her bottom.

C R A C K !!!

The sound rang out like a pistol shot, Annabell's arse wobbling furiously under the violent slap.

"No....please!" she implored, but Jason was ready with his second blow, this time a little lower on the underside of her cheeks.

S M A C K !!!

"Christ!" screamed Annabell as her milky-white backside quivered under the assault. She tried to wriggle free, but Jason's grip was firm and held her tightly in position.

C R A C K!!! S M A C K!!! C R A C K!!!

The spanking was now in full flow as Jason set to work with relish, all his years of sexual frustration gloriously exorcised as he gave Annabell's delectable rear an almighty hiding.

After ten minutes, she was reduced to bitterly begging her tormentor to stop. Her bottom was like a ball of fire and she wasn't sure how much more she could take.

Jason smiled, and rested his exhausted spanking arm. As she lay there sobbing, he slipped a finger between her legs and caught his breath with surprise. She was sopping wet!

Annabell blushed as she felt him sample her juicy quim. The spanking had humiliated and embarrassed her, especially with her daughter watching, but it had also aroused other sensations that both surprised and excited her.

Her boring chartered accountant of a husband had abandoned regular sex with her years ago - the best she could expect was a perfunctory grope and a couple of half-hearted thrusts once a month, if she was lucky. But now, incredibly, this ludicrously incongruous situation she found herself in made her feel unbelievably randy and she knew she needed fucking - urgently.

Jason seemed to sense the opportunity. His cock was now straining violently in his underwear and he needed release as intensely as the woman across his knee.

"Strip naked" he grunted, his temples pounding, and Annabell obliged without delay.

Rising from her position over his knee, she unfastened her lacy bra and threw it to one side, discarded her nylons and shoes, then tugged down her satin girdle and stepped out of it.

Jason was stark naked himself in less than a minute, his large penis now standing proudly to attention as he pushed Annabell back on to the sofa. Swiftly, he laid her down on her back and climbed up next to her, one arm around her pretty shoulders as his other fondled her bottom, his mouth attending to her full breasts. She moaned softly and reached for his cock, rubbing the engorged organ furiously and feeling it stiffen even more as she wanked him mercilessly. As though by some mystical telepathy, they wordlessly arranged themselves into the 69 position, Jason on his back with Annabell on top. She eagerly took his 8 inch prick as far as she could down her throat, sucking and gagging on the huge member and squealing with delight as his wet tongue punished her distended clitoris.

Utterly consumed with lust, the pair parted briefly, but only so that Annabell could roll over on to her back with her shapely legs apart. "Fuck me....please!" she begged as Jason lowered himself between her thighs, carefully guiding his throbbing penis against her saturated entrance. With a few sighs and groans his angry prick was fully inserted in her cunt, Annabell's legs wrapped tightly around his waist to afford him maximum penetration.

Their frenzied coupling was like an uninhibited nature drama, Jason with his arms underneath Annabell's shoulders and his tongue deep down her throat, his massive cock stretching her cunt with almost impossibly rapid strokes as she moaned and raked his back with her fingernails.

Meanwhile, Emily regarded this incredible spectacle open-mouthed in horror and amazement, unwilling to believe that her oh-so-respectable mother would behave in such an obscene fashion - and in front of her!

She was also terrified as she realised that she was next for punishment, but oddly enough this apprehension was tempered with a kind of excited anticipation that had made her panties quite damp.

Jason was now fucking Annabell with a ferocity and passion that she had never experienced with her husband and she amazed herself by urging him on to even greater exertions, profanities and obscenities spilling wildly from her lips as he pistoned into her. Then, with a mutual groan, they reached the summit together, Jason jetting his hot sperm deep into her aching quim. Jason slipped his penis out of her sheath and offered no resistance as she lowered her face to his magnificent weapon and sucked it clean.

Suddenly, the phone rang downstairs, and Jason rose gingerly to his feet.

"Won't be a minute - that's probably Security ringing to ask why the alarm hasn't been set," he said, and headed down the stairs.

The two women looked at each other in awkward silence.

"Mummy, are you all right - that was really RUDE!" exclaimed Emily, staring at her still-naked mother.

"I know, darling, but it had to be done to stop Daddy finding out. It must have been very embarrassing for you....."

At this point, Jason returned.

"Sorry about that" he said, in a surprisingly matter-of-fact way, "Just Security checking up. Now, where were we?"

Emily reddened, suddenly remembering that she now had to play her part in this obscene deal.

Jason weighed up the younger girl with interest. She was a little taller than her mother, with blonde hair, innocent blue eyes and a slightly slimmer figure than Annabell, although still very shapely. She was wearing a white blouse and short navy blue pleated skirt, which showed off her hips to great effect.

Amazingly, Jason felt his cock stirring again, ready for action again so soon after its recent frenzied employment.

"Are you ready for your turn?" he asked Emily, delighting in the 17 year old's uneasiness.

Emily swallowed hard. "Yes.....I....I think so. But you won't spank me TOO hard, will you?" Her pretty blue eyes blinked beseechingly.

"You'll get what you deserve" replied Jason, grimly, "I can't promise to be all that gentle."

Emily gave a resigned sigh.

"Shall I get undressed?" she asked quietly, trying to mentally prepare herself for the inevitable.

"Lift your skirt up to your waist and pull your tights and panties down to your knees" said Jason, now eagerly anticipating another exciting session.

Emily silently obliged, tugging her tight skirt up, then rolling down her tights and briefs.

Jason resumed his position on the sofa, and within seconds the young lady was over his knee in the same position her mother had assumed, her gorgeous bare bottom rudely on display, ready to be disciplined.

Again, Jason set to work with glee, slapping her precocious teenage backside mercilessly until, like her mother before her, she too begged for compassion. But Jason was in no mood for clemency and he grinned with delight as Emily yelled and squirmed as her fleshy young bottom jumped crazily in response to his ruthless slaps, Annabell looking on helplessly as her daughter took her medicine.

Jason meted out what he considered to be fair, making a slight allowance for Emily's tender years, but after fifteen minutes of strict spanking she still ended up howling in anguish, her pretty behind smarting and sore.

Cock now predictably rigid again, Jason was in no mood to compromise. He allowed Emily to rise and rub her smacked bottom furiously, then made her bend forward over the dining table, still with her tights and panties round her knees. Jason knelt behind her, kissing her bottom cheeks initially, then easing them gently apart to allow him to use his tongue on her tight arsehole. He spent ten ecstatic minutes licking the young lady's warm musky bottom and clitoris before instructing her to take off her shoes, tights and panties. Emily did as she was bid, bending forwards over the table again with her legs apart ready to receive Jason's prick.

Her cunt was, quite naturally, tighter than Annabell's, but his stiffness and urgency were enough to achieve deep penetration as he fucked the pretty teenager hard in front of her mother.

Jason allowed the women to dress, and then escorted them downstairs to the front door of the shop.

"You go on to the car, darling" said Annabell to her daughter, "I won't be a minute."

As Emily walked away, Annabell turned to face Jason. "Will you be working next Saturday evening?" she asked.

"Er.....yes. Yes, I will. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, well, I was thinking that I might drive over again next weekend. Do you think I could book an appointment to see you after you close the shop?"

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