

# Sandrine's Bet - Part Four

By bethalia

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Jan 2014

(c) by B. E. Thalia

*Sandrine must decide on how to pay off the rest of her bet.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/sandrines-bet-part-four.aspx>

When we entered the living room every eye was on Sandrine. We took a position standing together in back of the nearer love seat. The living room was as it had been: the seating arranged in three sides, the coffee table in the middle of everything. The only difference was that from the edges of the seating to the wall in back of where Sandrine had danced the floor was covered with bed sheets. As messy as things might get if Sandrine did this the hard way, there didn't seem much danger of damaging messes. The entire house was laminate flooring, just area rugs, so no carpeting to stain or clean. Still, the sheets covering a large part of the floor were ominous. Maybe that's one of the things Danielle and Keith had in mind. Danielle was now at the point where she was taking her duties as a master of ceremonies way too seriously, enjoying it way too much, and milking it for every little thing she could do to shame Sandrine. "So, ready to suck some cock, bitch?" Danielle asked. She didn't say anything about Sandrine having an opportunity to buy her way out of it. I was disappointed at that until I realized that Danielle was just playing with Sandrine. I'm sure she was still planning to offer some horrendous way to get out of giving a roomful of men oral sex. But she wanted Sandrine to have to bring the subject up: make her rival speak the words that might lead to a safe path out of the minefield. To Danielle I supposed it was the next best thing to making her beg. "You said, um...." Sandrine began. Danielle knew exactly the subject Sandrine was trying to bring up. "I'm sorry," Danielle said, "did you have a question?" Sandrine's jaw flexed and she looked up. "You said there might be a way I could buy my way out of the oral sex." Danielle made a show of pretending now to recall. "Oh, yeah, I did say something about that, now didn't I?" "May I hear what it is?" Danielle laughed. "Hear what what is?" Sandrine sighed impatiently. "May I please hear what I would have to do to avoid having to satisfy my bet by performing oral sex on everyone?" "Well, since you asked so nice, I guess I could run through it. I'm sure you'll find it an attractive alternative. The first thing you're going to do is walk up to me and stand right there." She indicated a piece of floor two feet in front of her. "You're going to look in my eyes, and keep looking in my eyes while you say, 'Danielle, you were right. The Flames are the greatest, and the Stars suck donkey dick.'" "Next you're going to hand me that jersey. I'm going to fold it up nice and neat so that stupid logo is right on top, front and center."

She was referring to the symbol on the front of the Stars jersey: some contrived amalgam of a star and a capital D in that weird green. "I'm going to put the jersey on that coffee table. You're going to climb up on the coffee table, squat, and piss on it. And I mean empty your bladder. Then you're going to bring the jersey to me. I'm going to take it out back, put it in the barbecue pit, dump a bottle of lighter fluid on it, and put a match to it. And when all that is done, as far as I'm concerned, your bet is paid in full and you can walk out of here free and clear. See how easy?" The men had gotten a chance to let loose during this set of instruction. If they had to miss out on their blow-jobs this at least was some prime entertainment, even better than what they could find in the tittie bars. Their cheers and whistles reached a crescendo when Danielle went over the part about wetting the jersey. Watching the American bitch squat and piss on top of a coffee table seemed to be right up their alley. I'd been right: completely over the top. The words were the least of it. Squat and pee while a roomful of men look on? Yeah, that would be tough. The jersey? Shit, she could get another. It made sense to me that this was by far the easier path. That's what I thought, but my opinion was immaterial. I hoped Sandrine would see it that way and go for it. I wanted to try to talk her into it, but I wouldn't do that here in front of everyone, and she wouldn't want me to. Please, just go for it, Sandrine. Everyone waited on her decision. She stood there with her head down and her jaw flexing. It seemed like a long time, but was probably just a few seconds. Then Sandrine moved around the love seat and meekly minced up to Danielle. I've seldom felt such relief. Thank God! She was going to do it and get the hell out of Dodge. When Sandrine was in position she raised her face and looked in Danielle's eyes. She cleared her throat and said, "Danielle, I was right. The Stars are the greatest, and the Flames suck donkey dick. So, fuck you, cunt." I rolled my eyes. There was an immense ovation from the room. Sandrine had certainly made the decision they were hoping for. Danielle got that radiant smile on her face again. "Well, it looks like somebody is just dying to suck lots of cock. My, you sure do like to use that c-word!" "Only about you, cunt," Sandrine answered. Danielle let loose a laugh. "You made the right decision as far as I'm concerned, slut. Think so, boys?" There was another deafening cheer from the room. "Okay, so get naked again." Sandrine stripped her jersey off, tossed it to me, and was in just her panties. Her hands moved to the waistband but hesitated. "Hey, Danielle....." Sandrine began. She used her hands to indicate her panties, ".....this is only going to involve my mouth." "So you have a request to make?" Danielle knew exactly what Sandrine was asking, but again chose to make her choke out every humiliating word. "If you do, be sure ask nicely." Sandrine sighed. "Danielle, this is only going to involve my mouth. May I please just leave my panties on?" Danielle, along with the rest of the room, was off into another fit of laughter. When she began to settle down she said, "No, you can't. Get 'em off, cocksucker." Sandrine did as she was told and tossed the panties to me. "Look, Danielle," Sandrine said, "I really need to pay the rent on the beer." "Oh! Sounds like another request!" Danielle answered. "Remember to ask politely." Sandrine rolled her eyes and said, "Danielle, I have to pee pretty bad. May I please use the bathroom before we get started?" The laughter was much shorter this time. "No, you may not. But hold that thought, would you?" Danielle walked into the kitchen, and we soon heard the sounds of her going through the door to the garage. She was in there for more than a full minute. Apparently, whatever it was she wanted

she had to search for. When she returned she had some sort of plastic container with her. It took a moment, but then I recognized it as one of those one quart paint containers, the type with a handle that you can carry in one hand like a coffee mug with a small brush in the other hand to do touchups or small areas like trim. Danielle placed the container on the coffee table. "You need to piss, you can squat and piss right there and in that. It's the last chance you'll get until you've sucked every cock, so unless you want to let go with a cock in your mouth I suggest you take advantage of my generosity." Sandrine closed her eyes and said, "Fuck." Danielle immediately grabbed the container back. "Now that wasn't at all polite! What a way to reward my munificence." That got me to turn my head. I hadn't imagined Danielle would know a word that big. Maybe she'd read it in the Reader's Digest vocabulary builder when she was a kid and it just stuck. Sandrine closed her eyes again and balled her fists at her sides. "Thank you, Danielle. Would you please allow me to relieve myself?" The smile was back, and I'd noticed that Danielle and Keith were now using that same smile in synch since Sandrine had reappeared from the bedroom. "No. Don't you remember? I said you may not use the bathroom." Sandrine knew what Danielle wanted her to say. It was like pulling a needle through her cheek but she finally said, "Danielle, may I please climb up on the coffee table, squat over that cup, and pee?" "Why, yes you may, since you stated the request so courteously." Danielle replaced the container on the coffee table. I had to hand it to her. She'd gotten Sandrine to go for the blow-jobs, but had still maneuvered her into a humiliating pee in front of everyone. Sandrine's head was down as she mounted the coffee table. She lowered herself and came to rest over the container, all the way down on her shins with her feet and knees on the table. She began to reach under herself to find the container. The position was as modest as she could use and still do what she had to do. "No, no, no," Danielle said. "No good. I said squat. Get off your knees. Maybe some of these boys aren't familiar yet with how girls pee, and I'm sure they'd like a good look. Oh, and make sure it all goes in the cup. Anything on the table when you're done you're cleaning up with your tongue." Sandrine came up higher, her knees now above the table and spread wide. Again she reached under herself and located the cup. Then she reached in with her other hand to spread herself. In spite of that, she started off a little wild and I saw a stream of pee run down the outside of the container, making a small puddle about two inches in diameter that beaded on the polished surface. After that her stream was strong, and the guys laughed uproariously as we heard her pee hitting the plastic. Then the container began to fill and the sound changed to liquid into liquid. Sandrine's face was red, and bent toward the table top, her lips pressed tightly together. The stream seemed to go on and on, and the sound began to change to the higher pitched tone of liquid getting toward the top of a vessel. Finally, her stream ended with a couple of short shots. The men applauded with gusto. Sandrine came up and stepped off the table. She had the container in her hand, brought it to Danielle and handed it to her. "Danielle, may I please have some paper to clean myself." Danielle laughed again briefly. "Haven't you gotten the idea yet that the answer is no? Listen, whore, you're gonna be a walking pile of cum in just a little while. What's the point? Oh, and....." Danielle gestured toward the table. Sandrine hadn't known that everything had not gone in the cup. She turned to look, and her shoulders sagged. "Goddamn it, Danielle! Come on! Please don't! You goddamn cunt!" For the first time the

laughs and good nature left Danielle. Her face took on a hard expression and she said, "I'm getting a little tired of hearing that c-word. I said if you spilled you clean it up with your tongue. You remember our little wager: I get to humiliate you any way I like, and right now that's the way I like. Now go do it!" Sandrine hesitated, but then turned and took the few steps to the coffee table. She dropped to her knees and brought her head close to the tabletop. She hesitated again, but in a moment her face was to the table, her tongue came out, and she lapped up the urine. She had a sour look on her face as she came again to her feet. "Euw, yuck! That must leave a bad taste in your mouth. But don't worry, you'll soon have a cum chaser," Danielle said. Applause and hoots again were loud, as much in response to Danielle's little joke as Sandrine's performance. Danielle took the container into the kitchen and placed it on a counter. When Danielle walked back into the room her smile was again on her face. "Well, time for the main event, eh!" she said enthusiastically. I noticed that when she returned from the kitchen she had a coil of smooth, black rope in her hand. Sandrine had walked over to stand by me. Now Danielle crooked a finger to beckon her. I gave her a squeeze and she put a quick kiss on my lips. Sandrine walked over to Danielle. The two of them stood where Sandrine had danced. "You haven't really fallen for that, have you Michael?" said Danielle. "You think you're going to have something with this slut? Didn't you get it? She's nothing but a fucking cock teaser. So don't let her tease yours. But if you want to fool yourself then I guess it's best that you got a kiss in now. After I get done with her she's going to be nothing but a walking cum mop." Danielle turned her attention to Sandrine and took hold of her face with a thumb on one side and her fingers on the other, squeezing her mouth into a pucker. "Time to get this hot little mouth fucked, slut. So I guess you know where you belong, right?" Sandrine looked away and closed her eyes, then she sank to her knees. "Okay, let's get you trussed up," Danielle said. "You know, you don't have to do that. I'm willing to do what I have to do. God, you're a cunt." Danielle came to her knees and slapped Sandrine hard once across the face and spoke to her harshly. "Don't let me hear that word again." Then her demeanor changed and she was smiling again. Her moods seemed like they could change on a dime. "I'm not tying you because I think I have to. I'm tying you because I want to. I think it will make this so much more fun. Don't you?" When Danielle spoke again she was still addressing Sandrine, but was also speaking to the room at large. "I want you good and tight and on your knees. I don't want you giving out blow-jobs. I want these boys to be able to use your mouth like a pus.....well, like a.....what's that word you like so much?..... cunt? I want them to be able to use your mouth like a cunt. Got it, cunt?" Sandrine didn't answer. Danielle walked on her knees behind Sandrine, and she asked for the Leatherman tool Keith wore on his belt. She measured out several feet of rope and snipped it off. "Ankles together," she commanded, and Sandrine moved her ankles side by side. Danielle looped the rope around a half dozen times until the ends were getting short. She pulled the rope tight and tied a couple of quick knots. The rope work here didn't really need to be that of a bondage master. She next snipped off another length of rope about two feet long and looped it again and again tightly around the rope between Sandrine's ankles, covering most of the distance between them, and tied it off. The effect was to create rope ankle cuffs, not terribly constricting but also inescapable. Danielle measured out another five foot length, snipped it, pulled Sandrine's arms back, and began to wind it around her

arms just above her elbows. With each successive loop she pulled the binding tighter. This pulled Sandrine's elbows tightly together, her shoulders back, and caused her chest to thrust outward. When she'd tied the rope off she looked around Sandrine's body. She laughed and circled Sandrine with her arms. She took Sandrine's breasts, one in each hand, and shook them. "Well, what do you know? It finally looks like you have some tits!" There were a few chuckles at that, but since Danielle had begun tying Sandrine there had mostly been silence. I think the guys were just awestruck at their good fortune. How often, outside of paying for it or on an internet porn site, do you get to watch a nude woman on her knees and getting tied up? Especially a woman like this: some hoity-toity executive. Probably pulls down six figures. Well, the only thing she was going to pull down for a while was loads of cum. Quite a novelty. I'm ashamed to say that I was not entirely immune. Danielle cut off another length of rope, shorter, about three feet long, took Sandrine's wrists and bound them together. Finally, she snipped a last piece of rope and ran it between Sandrine's wrists and between her ankles. She pulled it tight, drawing Sandrine's bound wrists to within inches of her bound ankles. The effect was to pull the upper portion of Sandrine's body farther back and lower, so the front of her body sloped back, lower to upper. Danielle came to her feet again, and made motions with her hands like she was dusting them off - a job well done. "Well, let's see who's first." Danielle went to one of the end tables. There were ten folded slips of paper there. It became apparent to me that, while Sandrine and I were in the bedroom, in addition to preparing the living room, Danielle had instructed each of the men to put his name on a piece of paper. Those folded slips were now going to be selected, one by one, to determine the order. Keith piped up at that point. "Sandrine? You're still willing? Last time I'm going to ask, but if you can't take any more just say so and you can welch after paying only part of the bet and you'll be on your way." "Yeah, yeah, I'm willing," Sandrine said like she was getting tired of answering the same question. Keith made sure Sandrine was looking at him, got Danielle's radiant smile on his face on said, "Good. I'm really going to enjoy watching this." Danielle now selected a slip, opened it, and read. "Travis, you're batting lead-off." "Hey, that's me!" a man younger than most said with surprise. "Great!" He came to his feet and walked over to stand in front of Sandrine. "Oh, wait, wait, just a minute," Danielle said. She came close to Sandrine and bent down. "Really, I think I'd like to go first if it's all the same." Danielle's mouth and jaw were working. After a few moments she yanked on Sandrine's hair in back and forced her face to look straight up. Then she put her mouth a few inches from Sandrine's face and puckered her lips. Slowly, a huge glob of spit emerged from Danielle's mouth and dropped across Sandrine's nose. Danielle gave her head a good shake and released her. "Okay, you can help yourselves. You're welcome to come in her mouth. But I'm having a party next weekend with a keg of Creemore Springs Mad & Noisy. And I'm keeping a list of everyone who unloads on her face, and everyone who does is invited." She turned to Travis. "Okay, slugger, have fun." Travis unzipped, but stopped self-consciously. "In front of everybody?" There was a smattering of laughter. "Yeah, slugger," said Danielle. "What do you think? We're all going to go outside and build a snowman?" Travis looked down at Sandrine. "What the hell." He took out his package. His dick was ready to go, hard with a curve to the right. He brought it to Sandrine's mouth and ran it along her closed lips. Then she opened and Travis began to feed his cock into her mouth. He groaned in

pleasure and immediately began to rock his cock in and out of her mouth. Several times as he drew back he popped from her mouth. Tied as she was Sandrine could do little, and Travis had to corral his dick and bring it back to her. Travis' pants had slipped below his ass and we could see his ass cheeks clenching and unclenching. All at once he thrust forward and became still. Sandrine began to protest and tried to pull away, but of course she couldn't. Travis continued to make small motions and then pulled from her mouth. Sandrine coughed, and a large load of cum erupted from her mouth and began sliding over her chin and onto her chest. She put her head down and closed her eyes as Travis pulled up his pants, re-stowed his package, and moved back to his seat to cheers and high fives. A young man named Jason was next and, except for the hesitancy at the beginning, his performance was almost identical to Travis'. Like his predecessor, he lasted for a few minutes of pretty tame stroking. He put his hand on Sandrine's head, held her still, and pushed his cock farther in as he came. Then Sandrine made some choking sounds as he withdrew, and another load that seemed more copious than Travis' was running out of her mouth to end up on her chest. Danielle came over to Sandrine with a wide smile. "See how much fun this is?" She squatted. A large mass from the two loads was slowly running down Sandrine's front, between her breasts and approaching her navel. Danielle tsk-tsked. "What a mess! Let me get some of this off you." More cum continued to drip from Sandrine's chin. Danielle put a cupped hand at Sandrine's navel and scrapped upward. Soon she had a large handful of cum which she proceeded to plant on the top of Sandrine's head. She went back and was able to get another full palm and also placed it there. Then she began to rub the cum into Sandrine's hair. Sandrine endured, and when Danielle was done, she admired her handicraft and then moved to get another slip of paper. "Nelson!" she said. He jumped up as if someone had just shouted, "Nelson, come on down!" on *The Price is Right*. He was slight and seemed to me a pompous squirt. He was the one, when Sandrine had been doing her lap dances, who had first manhandled and squeezed her breasts to the point that she protested. Nelson stood in front of Sandrine and took his trousers and boxers all the way down. He pulled up his tee shirt as well. On his small frame his hard cock jutted out prominently. As with the lap dances, now Nelson was going to give Danielle what she was hoping for. He slapped Sandrine's face back and forth with his cock a few times. "You better write a complaint to the Stars, slut, because I'm going to fuck your face like it's never been fucked, you Yankee skank." Danielle beamed her approval. Well, so much for polite Canadians! He shoved his cock roughly into her mouth, then put his hands on either side of her head. He held her motionless as he began to slam in and out. Sandrine tried to pull her face away because every thrust took his cock far into her mouth. But she was held tight. The interaction quickly created the sort of sounds that come from a very wet pussy being fucked. Sandrine grunted each time Nelson's cock hit the back of her throat. Every few thrusts she would exhale forcefully and quickly suck in air. Saliva was thick all around her mouth. From where I was I could see Sandrine's bound hands. They alternated from tight fists to her fingers stretched and pleading. Just a few minutes of such vigorous stimulation and Nelson was tensing. "Hey, Danielle, sign me up for that party of yours," Nelson said. He pulled his cock from Sandrine's mouth, used a hand to pull her hair in back and bring her face to the ceiling and the other hand to put his cock a few inches from her face. Then a large

load of cum squirted out of him and coated Sandrine's nose and cheek. A second spurt landed in her bangs. After that there were diminishing spurts that oozed out. Nelson tried to distribute the cum as much as he could over her face. When he was done he wiped his cock on some of her hair that was still dry, and released her roughly, pushing her away from him. "My pleasure, skank," Nelson said as he turned away. Danielle had a look of ecstasy on her face. Sandrine's eyes were wide and she was gasping in and out. Her face was thick with cum. "Looks like she could use another kiss, Michael. Help yourself," said Danielle. I flipped her the bird which made her laugh. "Can he.....God! Shit!....." Sandrine said. "Can he clean some of this off my face with a tissue. Please?" I hoped Sandrine would have finally learned that such requests only amused Danielle, and that the answer was foreordained. "No, he can't. But thanks for asking." A guy named Aaron was next and then a Jeffery and a Daniel. They were all older, fortyish guys. Unlike Nelson, they didn't attempt to shame Sandrine with their words, nor did they make their interaction with her a physical ordeal. But they were old enough to know what they wanted from a woman's mouth, and they were not shy about taking their heart's desire. They also knew that Sandrine was not a wife or a girlfriend to them. She was a woman who one afternoon made a foolish bet while they were lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time. Because of that, she was now naked, on her knees, bound and immobile, and part of paying off her rash wager was that they got to put their cocks in her mouth and get off. They didn't have to be considerate as they would with a relationship partner, or anyone else for that matter. If they hired a prostitute there would still be rules and a limit to what she was willing to supply. Not here. Sandrine's was a mouth that right now existed only for their use, in any way they saw fit. Each walked up to Sandrine in his turn, opened his pants, and fitted his cock into her mouth. In each case his cock was not entirely hard but quickly came to rigidity. After that the similarities ended. Aaron for the most part moved in and out of her mouth in a steady way, slowly moving in until he was all in her mouth and then pulled back until just his head remained inside. And that's how he fucked her mouth: slow in, slow out, steady and regular. He kept this up for some minutes and then began to move more rapidly. That was the signal that he was close. Seconds later he groaned with his cock halfway into her mouth and released. As with the first two Sandrine tried to find a place she could go to avoid his load of cum spilling into her mouth, but she could not move. Her jaw dropped as she tried to find a place for the cum to sit until he was done. She breathed through her nose. Aaron took his pound of flesh by keeping his cock in her mouth for long seconds after he'd finished coming. I guess he'd seen the first two men spill in her mouth and a river of cum emerging a moment later. Aaron seemed to want her to swallow. He pinched her nose shut, and she fought for breath. Finally, her throat worked as she swallowed. Satisfied, Aaron let go her nose and pulled from her mouth. Still, she puckered her lips and spit a much smaller stream of cum through her lips. It ran down her chin and began to drip into her sloping chest. Jeffery was not as cruel as Nelson had been, but he liked his cock deep in a woman's mouth. After he'd entered Sandrine he pushed deeply in and slowly worked his cock back and forth. Sandrine was able to pick up his rhythm and time her breathing to it, so she was never in distress. In about the same time it took Aaron, Jeffery reached his climax. He'd decided he wanted onto the party roster. He pulled out of Sandrine, used the same technique as had Danielle and

Nelson to force her face up, and he guided his heavy ejaculations onto her face. Daniel seemed to be a guy who liked a great deal of stimulation to his head. He held his cock with one hand and Sandrine's head with the other and moved just the head through her lips. Occasionally, he'd go about halfway in, but mostly used her lips to pleasure himself. At one point, after several minutes of patient stroking, he pulled her hair hard and growled, "C'mon, slut, keep those lips tight." Apparently, Sandrine made the correction he wanted and a few minutes later he pulled from her mouth, elevated her face, and added a copious ejaculation to her features. I couldn't know then if Sandrine was aware of how far she was into her payoff. Did she know she'd now serviced six of the ten cocks? Had she lost count? Did she think she'd only finished with two or three? Or that she had just one or two to go? When I talked about this with her a few days later she told me she'd been acutely aware of exactly what number she was on: how much of her sentence she had paid, and how much there was yet until she was mercifully done. The room had settled down. There was no cheering or laughing as there had been at the start, only the occasional comment. The quiet was businesslike. These guys were just going about the dual business of taking their pleasure, and of humiliating some bitch who had been stupid enough to wager herself into being naked, tied, kneeling, and getting her mouth fucked. After Daniel, Danielle came over to Sandrine and stooped down. Aaron's reduced load was on her chest, and a good deal of the cum from Nelson, Jeffery, and David's facials had dripped off her chin. Danielle again scraped her hand up Sandrine's front until she'd accumulated a healthy handful of cum. This time she applied it to areas on the sides and back of Sandrine's hairdo that were still relatively dry. Like before, there was plenty left to gather a second handful and then a third. After she'd applied it all she spent some time running her fingers through Sandrine's hair, working the cum all over her head. By the time Danielle was finished, Sandrine's hair looked like she might have just stepped from the shower or had a jar of hair gel worked into it. Sandrine finally became annoyed by Danielle's attention. She twisted her head as well as she could to avoid Danielle's hands and started running her mouth again. "Okay! Enough already, Danielle! Fuck! You cunt! Stop!" Daniella got a now-you've-stepped-over-the-line look on her face. "What, you don't like the perm you're getting here at Chez Danielle, eh? It's no charge whatsoever. It's even okay if you stiff me on the tip." She was enjoying mocking Sandrine, but then her mood changed again on a dime, and she let her anger out. "And I thought I told you I don't like that c-word." She drummed her fingers impatiently on the top of Sandrine's cum-drenched head. "Okay, I can see I've really been too nice about this. I was just going to let you kneel there and finish up the last four. But I can see you really need a lesson." Author's Note This is the reimagining of an excellent story by Visioneer called Lucia Makes a Bet. Visioneer's story is wonderfully written. His characters are distinct and believable, he has a great feel for writing dialogue, the plot is put together well, and the story is entertaining if you're into the reluctance category. So there was certainly no need to re-write such an excellently composed story. But I had an idea to take the story, the characters, and their dynamics and interactions in a different direction. Visioneer generously extended his permission for me to do so. If you've not read Visioneer's story you should (and if you are enjoying this story you will definitely enjoy Lucia Makes a Bet). Especially for writers, reading the two stories will give you an idea of how essentially the same plot and

characters can be taken in very different directions and made into two stories with very different feels, character dynamics, and story lines. I was attracted to Lucia Makes a Bet because I've written a series of similarly premised stories called Taking Chances. They are about people who for various reasons - sound or unsound, impulsive or considered - make a wager and how the result of that wager, win or lose, has consequences and impacts on their self-image, relationships, and other aspects of their real world existence. This reimagining of Lucia Makes a Bet takes that story in the same direction as those of Taking Chances. I hope you enjoy the story. It is about 24K words in total length and will be submitted in six parts. The story is completed so you can be sure that a new section will appear every couple or three days until all parts are posted.