

Gamble

By LadyX

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Apr 2010

A boyfriend gambles away everything he has, including his girlfriend.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/gamble.aspx>

I had to lose almost everything before I came to my senses, sitting there at the dining table with my boyfriend Todd - watching him gamble away everything he owned and, as it turned out, a few major things that I owned too. I never considered myself to be stupid, but much as a frog stays in water that slowly warms up to a boil without noticing what is going on, it somehow didn't concern me when he stopped winning at poker and started to lose. It didn't concern me that the new car I was promised for my birthday didn't happen because he didn't win that money like he thought he would. I wasn't worried when the extra cash we kept around the apartment, our tax-free stash and his backup bankroll, disappeared due to losses at the poker table. It didn't alarm me when he would stay up all night playing poker online instead of giving me attention or holding me as I drifted to sleep. And somehow, incredibly, I didn't panic when I came home one night to find the power had been shut off. "Dammit... well... baby, I was just a little short this month, I should have paid that on Monday after I won that afternoon - tell you what, I'll pay it in the morning when I'm done here," he said to me on the phone from somebody's house somewhere, at yet another all-night game that he was likely to come home broke from. I used the light from my phone screen to guide me to the bathroom and over to the cabinets so I could get ready for bed, before falling asleep alone in even greater darkness than I was accustomed to. We shared a bank account, an idea that sounded great when he was winning money as fast as he could bet with it. He would only get better from there, he told me, which made sense - why would you get worse at poker with more practice and experience? But lately, when my card would get rejected at a restaurant or a store, it seemed rather stupid of me to have agreed to it. No matter, I trusted him when he told me that he was just one good game of poker away from replenishing the account, or just had to deposit some of the cash that he had. Sometimes that was the case, but more and more often it was not. At a certain point, I was paying nearly every essential monthly bill out my waitressing tips alone, and you can guess how much was left over each month beyond that. To make matters worse, he became more and more unpleasant to be around, snapping at me for even the mildest of inquiries into our money situation. But what was I supposed to do? It was my money too, and as time went on, it was mostly my money. Then one night, alone in the apartment, wondering when and if the losing streak would ever end, Todd burst through the door with 2 tons of swagger and threw a stack of hundred dollar bills into my lap. He told me that he met some

guys through his connections in the poker games and finally managed to get a game with them. He'd been told they were suckers - guys who thought they were far better than they were, and who really spread the money around. "Thing is, baby, they dress and act like gang bangers - and they probably are," he said, pacing excitedly in front of me. "For all I know, they're playing with drug money, but I don't give a fuck because I just took them for damn near everything they had!" The losing streak was over, and that one big win carried us for a few weeks and paid off some bills. The success didn't translate to any of his other regular games, though, so after a few losses he went back to play with those same guys again. Only this time, he was not so fortunate; they took him for all the money he brought with him, which was everything we had in cash. At about 11:30 p.m., while I was on the couch with a bowl of ice cream, watching a movie, Todd came in and went straight back to our bedroom without even acknowledging me, only to emerge seconds later with his electric guitar in hand. "Todd, what are you doing with your guitar?" I asked. "Taking it down to Deon's place - I need it to stay in the game," he said, gathering his keys and signaling that he was ready to leave and be done with this conversation. "You're going to gamble your guitar? The one you spent over a thousand dollars on a year ago and wouldn't shut up about? The one you treat as though it were your own infant son, wiping it down with a rag after you use it? Have you lost your mind?" He sighed and turned around, resting a hand on the upright guitar. "Look, I can take these guys, I just had a shitty, crazy couple of hands that wiped me out. They got lucky, and so I just need something to get me back in the game with some cash so I can outplay them. The longer we play, the more advantage I have. You know that." I'd heard this speech a few times now, and had always admitted that you had to take the good with the bad. If I was willing to buy into the whole gambler's girl thing - sitting on his lap at the table, letting him buy me nice things, going to casinos on weekends and lounging all day in a great spa - then I had to realize that there would be rocky spots, too. Still, something wasn't right, and it had been nothing but rocky for quite a while now. "Okay," I said, knowing further discussion was futile. He hastily swung his \$1,100 guitar through the open door like it was an old shovel and slammed the door behind him, not even hearing me wish him good luck. I was asleep when he got home, but I woke up when he crawled into bed. He reeked of smoke but I couldn't be bothered with insisting he take a shower - I figured I'd fall back asleep anyway within a few minutes. "So how did it go?" I mumbled, facing away from him. "Still own that guitar?" "They still have it. I'll tell you about it in the morning, okay?" I really didn't want to hear about it at all. Things were better the next week, and I thought the worst was behind us. We talked about it and he agreed with me that if he was really going to do this for a living, he had to play in small games until he got out of whatever rut he was in. He took a few days off, then started driving about an hour each way to the nearest casino to play in low-limit games. Business was steady at the restaurant, and I felt like I was getting my old boyfriend back again. He was under control; he could learn to play for a profit again, I knew he could. I'd seen him do it before. Friday we went out to dinner and a movie, something we hadn't done in a couple of months, and then had great sex when we got home. It was the very best, loving kind, the kind where you wake up in his arms, right where you last remember being in an awesome afterglow. Saturday night, I made plans with some girlfriends to go out for drinks so my Todd would have to fend for himself. He said he might

visit some friends at a nearby bar, but otherwise he had no plan. "No poker tonight, baby?" I asked, but with an arched eyebrow and a steady stare, delivering it more as instruction than anything else. "No poker," he answered with a chuckle, then grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me in for a peck on the lips. "You have fun with the girls, I'll do my thing." "Whatever that means," I giggled, and then left. It was about midnight when we'd all had about as many drinks as we safely could before driving became a really bad idea. I knew I was probably over the limit as I drove, singing some Lady Gaga song at the top of my lungs, but home wasn't far, I reasoned. Besides, I knew how to stay in my lane; I was more careful after a few drinks anyway. I pulled into our apartment complex and noticed a car in one of our two assigned spaces, with Todd's truck sitting in the other. "Fuckers," I mumbled under my breath, then threw the car into reverse and drove a few hundred feet to the guest spaces, feeling lucky that I got one close by. It happens a lot during weekends, people throw parties and visitors pay no attention to signage, parking anywhere they find a spot. Fumbling for my keys outside the front door, I could hear people talking inside the apartment - different voices from anyone I might recognize. When I entered I saw Todd and three others sitting at the dining room table. I knew immediately what was going on, and didn't even have to look to see what was on the table. Todd was smoking a cigar, which meant he was drinking, and he didn't look very happy. The other men, all three of them black, were all dressed like they might be extras in a hip-hop video. These had to be the guys he'd told me about earlier - the guys he'd won so much money from, before losing even more to them. I hadn't yet scanned the tabletop to see how Todd was faring against these guys but I was struck by the sight of three large, imposing men hunkered around a table with my far less physically imposing boyfriend. Even his dress, a short sleeve polo shirt and khaki shorts, seemed docile compared with their baggy jeans, tank tops, and oversize jewelry. "Hi guys," I said after a few seconds, when my presence had yielded no reaction from any of the four of them. "Hi hun," Todd responded glumly, brushing me off. "This your girl, Todd?" one of them asked. "You didn't tell me you had a honey stashed up in here!" he said playfully, garnering no similar reaction from Todd, whose eyes were downcast, studying cards laid out on the table. "How you doin', baby, my name's Deon, and these are my boys Chris and Martell." Deon reached out to shake my head. "Pleasure, Deon..." I said, then nodded at the other two before turning to Todd and draping an arm over his shoulder. "So much for promises, huh babe?" Todd just shook his head. "How's it going?" "He's trying to come back, he might still get there.... we got all night!" Deon said cheerfully, and with more than a hint of arrogance. I leaned into Todd's ear. "Can I talk to you in the other room for a minute?" "No, just let me take care of this. I know what I told you, but it is what it is, babe," he answered, dismissive and impatient. "Uh oh," Deon chimed in again, chuckling, "do we need to give you guys a few minutes? We can go outside or something." "No," Todd snapped. "It's fine. Deal 'em." "OK, so that's it, huh?" I said, backing away from the table. "Have fun then- and good luck...I know you always play your best poker when you're drunk and chasing losses!" I was so pissed off, and for so many reasons. Deon raised his eyebrows for a beat, then announced the dealing of the next hand. I went to the kitchen, mixed a rum and coke that was so strong it was merely tinted brown, then stomped back to the bedroom and slammed the door. That motherfucker! I slung my purse across the room, into a chair in

the corner. I thought about the rent that was coming due again next week, and a new round of utility bills that would be just behind that. I turned on the TV and saw that Training Day was showing on HBO; would we be able to afford cable this next month? I knew we had no cushion, and this time around, due to some necessary car repairs - yes, on the car that we couldn't afford to trade in for something new for me, as promised - I knew my tips and wages wouldn't even come close to covering everything, to say nothing of buying groceries or gas. I nursed my drink and started to cry, unable to really see a way out of this, unless Todd turned it around and starting to win again. But no matter how bad at poker those three guys really were, they had already taken him for a lot of money, and Todd was drinking this time, so his head wasn't as clear as it should have been to play for real money. Why did I have to fall in love with a gambler? The only solace I had was that he really didn't have much more to lose. Once the cash he had on hand was lost- all the money he'd been playing with at the casino all week- he would have to shut it down. That is, unless these guys were willing to loan him money, but owing loan shark gang members is only marginally better than having no money at all. Unless he could get his act together, I knew that the night's outcome would be just another all too familiar crash and burn. I tried to block it out. I went online and fiddled with my Facebook page for a few minutes to check updates, but kept getting drawn back to pictures of me and Todd doing things together, laughing and smiling. How could I get us back to that place? How far gone were we? The rum I was drinking only helped to aggravate my increasingly helpless feelings about our situation. I looked at a picture of us together at a poker table. I remembered the night. It took place at an old friend's house, and Todd had won the tournament. In the picture, I was sitting on his lap while he played. His confidence shone through, holding his two cards in one hand and holding me close to him with the other. What was the difference between then and now? Maybe he just needed my support; surely it's no worse than him sitting in there alone, knowing I was mad at him. Extra pressure couldn't be good. I stood up, steadied myself for a second, then walked back into the dining room to support my boyfriend. A thick layer of smoke hung over the table, but it wasn't nearly as thick as the feeling of desperation that was present. I put one arm around Todd's shoulder and asked if I could have a seat, motioning for his lap, but he brushed me off. "It's okay baby, I'm just here to watch and support you," I said, trying to mask the worry in my voice as much as I could. "You don't want to watch this... trust me," he said grimly, throwing his cards into the center and watching Deon drag a small pile of playing chips toward his own very large stacks of chips. I realized then that Todd's stack was smaller than anyone else's. "Maybe I'm your good luck charm," I said. "A pretty girl in your lap couldn't hurt." I leaned down, trying to catch his eye with my smile, but to no avail. "If you're gonna watch, grab a chair, okay?" he replied with a sigh, looking at me briefly before focusing on the new pair of cards that arrived in front of his chips. "Don't take it personal, baby girl. Todd's been acting like that all night with us," Deon said to me, unable to conceal his smirk. "Please don't call her that, okay Deon? In fact, could you guys just not talk to her at all?" Todd said, tossing two chips into the center of the table. Deon held his hands up, palms out. "Hey, you're the man, I am your guest, or whatever... oh, that's 100 to you," he replied, signaling that he'd made a bet. Todd tossed, counted out some chips, then several more, raising him. I noticed that his last two bets were over half his remaining chips. "Raising

me again, hmmm," Deon said playfully, as if toying with Todd. "You don't know when to quit do you, son? I'm all in," he said, challenging Todd to push the remainder of his money into the pot. Todd stared at the center of the table for about five seconds, and then shoved the rest of his chips to the middle, eliminating the need to even say anything. He was all in. I watched both Deon and Todd turn over their cards, seeing that Todd really had no business betting all his money with the hand he had. I don't even know poker that well, but even I could see that. Anger rose up from within, but nothing like the anger I felt when the final card was turned over, sealing Todd's fate. I couldn't even speak. Fuck this! I had to get out of there, and I didn't care how drunk I was - it was time to bail. I reached for my keys, but Deon's hand covered them before I could. "Sorry shorty, I can't let you do that," he said, his voice suddenly more serious than before. At first I thought he was joking, but it didn't feel like a joke at all. I looked at Todd, but he was staring holes into the table, refusing to look back at me. "He's got the car," Todd finally said. "What?" "Deon's got the cars...until I win them back." I felt the blood drain out of my face and sat down again. "You gambled the cars? You gambled MY car? That wasn't yours to take, it's in my name, Todd!" "You know what? I don't give a fuck whose name what's in. You have a title somewhere, you can sign it over, don't matter a damn bit to me what it says," Deon said, grabbing both sets of keys and flipping them over to his two friends. "Unless, that is, you want to keep playing." I couldn't believe what I was hearing- I remember closing my eyes, hoping it was a dream. I tried to think of what to do, but I knew there was nothing I could do. I couldn't even muster anger anymore, the shock was too potent. "I can do this," Todd said. "I can get this back. I can at least get your car back, I owe that to you." I couldn't bear to show my tears and covered my face with my hands. My dad had given me that car for graduating high school. He knew I wasn't bound for college, and that I was the type of person who would go from job to job, until eventually I found out what would make me happy. But he also knew I'd take loving care of anything he gave me. So, the day after graduation, I found a Honda Accord sitting in the driveway. He'd bought it for me. It wasn't brand new, but it wasn't beat up and it was new to me, which was all that mattered. About six months later, my dad died of a heart attack. I swore I'd drive that car until it could give no more to me, and it my last connection to my dad. Now, 4 years later, these thugs owned it because my boyfriend didn't know when to quit. It didn't matter how I got there, though; all that mattered was that I get that car back. Yet, something told me that begging wasn't quite going to do it, and of course I had no money. That left Todd's insistence that he could get it back as my only option. "So you want to keep playing then?" Deon asked. "I can make you a loan, as you can see," he said, gesturing at his massive stack of chips and cash. "And we'll play heads up, just us two, but I'm going to need to hold something of value for it." "Anything you want, just pick it," Todd said, itching to get back in the game and redeem himself. "I got you motherfuckers pegged now- just give me one more shot." "Hahaha, big talk from a man who's \$3,500, a guitar, an antique ring, and two motherfuckin' cars below even," he retorted, sharing a hearty, evil laugh with his sidekicks. "Anything I want, huh? Well, that's a tough one, because I don't think your ass has anything left of value up in here," he went on, again breaking into laughter. "I mean, I got better TVs at my place, and I can't give you more than about \$200 for that shitty-ass couch. I know your ass needs more than that." "Antique ring?" I shrieked. I knew which one

he was talking about. It was the one I inherited from my grandmother, of 24 karat gold with an inset ruby. I didn't care what its monetary value was; it was worth the world to me. I just shook my head, unsure how anything was ever going to be the same after this. I knew it wouldn't be, and I began to go from anger to resolution as I watched the two men negotiate yet another chance for Todd to redeem himself. "Loan me a thousand, Deon," Todd pleaded. "Oh, just like that, huh? A grand, on a finger?" Deon said, leaning forward, then back in his chair. "I can give you a grand but I don't know what the fuck you got left that's worth that much. All your white boy clothes damn sure don't add up to that, not that I want 'em anyway." A few moments of silence hung over the table. "Yo Deon," said his buddy on the left, tapping him on the arm. "How about the girl?" Deon thought for a few seconds, then smiled broadly. "Damn, Chris! I gotta remember moments like this when I forget why I keep your monkey ass around! Good looking out, son!" Deon said. "I think we got a deal - we keep the girl in return for a thousand dollar loan." Todd didn't follow. "What?" said Todd. "What, do you mean you'll keep my girlfriend? If I lose you do what, kidnap her?" "Not at all...well, not unless she wants to come, and her sexy little ass is welcome in my place anytime," he said, giving me a hard once over. "What I mean is," he continued, before pausing to look Todd directly in the eyes, "if you lose this thousand dollars, I'm fuckin' the girl. Tonight. While you watch." Both Todd and I were left speechless, but Deon, Chris, and Martell simply told him that it was the only offer they were willing to make. Otherwise, they would walk away with the money and the cars, and no chance to ever earn them back. They were done playing with Todd if he refused the deal. "I don't get it," Todd said. "If you loan me money and I lose it, you just got your money back, you didn't lose anything. So why take advantage of me by asking for sex with my girlfriend? This is fucking bullshit!" "What do you think I do, run a goddamn poker charity? You think I play for laughs? Fuck no, it's 2 o'clock in the damn morning, and I ain't spending another minute in some degenerate-ass white boy's apartment if there ain't money to be made - or at least a prime piece of ass to get a sample of." His voice trailed off as his eyes once again ran over me, sending a chill down my spine that was a mixture of fear and the beginning of arousal. He knew it, too. "That's it, poker boy. Take it or leave it." Todd turned to me and started to talk, voice shaking. "Baby, I'm sorry- I just think this is the only way I can-" "Shut up!" I interrupted, unwilling to listen to his voice any longer. I was shaking my head, numb to the whole proposition, but single minded about getting my dad's car back. The rest I would figure out afterward. "Just get my car back, Todd." "Deal me in," said Todd after a few seconds, pulling his chair up to the table again. I went to make another strong rum and coke, then sat down next to Deon. Todd looked at me, shook his head, and then tried to sink his mind into the game again. I watched as the hands came and went, with Todd's stack of chips rising and falling. I thought about what I really wanted, and how I'd been greedy and stupid to buy into this life with him to begin with. I thought about how blind I was to his downward spiral until it was too late, and how he apparently thought nothing of gambling away my most valuable and prized possession. Then I thought about how truly fucked up it was that he put my vagina up as collateral for a loan. He was sick and selfish - he deserved to hit bottom, he really did. Maybe it would teach him the value of things in his life beyond cash and card games, or maybe he didn't deserve me at all. But the more I thought about it, and the more I watched him recklessly betting with his last thousand

dollars, with my body on the line, the more I found myself rooting against him. Rooting for him was doing me no good, I realized. He didn't deserve my support anyway. I leaned on Deon, rubbing his back with my hand. I was excited by how strong he was, and by his strong musk, so masculine. I realized I'd probably never been this close to a black man before, and so I didn't know if that was really part of it, but the rum wasn't all that was intoxicating me. The object of my boyfriend's downfall was drawing me to him, both as a matter of revenge and animal attraction to the more masculine of two bulls. Todd held his two hole cards under his fingers, peeking briefly, then bet \$200. "You got a monster over there, poker boy?" Deon asked, immediately calling the bet, pushing his own \$200 in. The three community cards came out. Ace, 10, 4, all in spades. Todd bet \$100, and Deon immediately called again. The next card was another ace, the ace of diamonds. Todd bet another hundred dollars. "You gonna just keep bleeding me dry on your flush over there? You're making me pay good money after bad, son," said Deon as he again put another hundred in the pot in response to Todd's bet. The last card was a Jack of hearts. Todd bet \$200, and Deon immediately pushed all in again, leaving Todd with a decision for his last two hundred dollars. "You made your flush early on, since then just betting steady, why abandon it now?" Deon said, running several chips through his fingers, over and over. "If you really got that flush, I'm a dead man. I think you're tired as hell, and you just bet too heavy like you usually do. But if you really got that flush... oooweee, you're on your way back to winning back shorty's Honda for her." I didn't know what kind of a hand Todd had, but I knew he was trying to decide just how much of a mind-fuck Deon was putting on him. Deon kept talking, and Todd stayed silent, staring at the cards on the table. Finally he pushed his last two hundred dollars into the pot. Depending on what was about to be revealed when he flipped his cards over, that last bet brought the total amount wagered to about \$4,500 in cash, an \$1,100 guitar, and two cars that together had to be worth at least \$8,000 on top of that. As it turned out, Todd indeed had the flush, but Deon had four aces. Deon won, and Todd was wiped out, this time completely, and for the last time. "Okay," Todd said, almost to himself, and nodding his head. "Let's do this . We'll let you guys get out of here, and we'll get some sleep. Give me a few days to get a thousand together and I'll bring it to you. No bullshit and no more poker. You didn't lose any money, but as a man, I owe it to you. I just want to do what's right." "Nice try, white boy, but we've already laid these terms out. You knew the deal before I slid those last thousand dollars your way, and both you and Shorty agreed with them. So I'm gonna be as straight as I can with you - you can either sit there and watch, or you can try to leave and Chris and Martell can hold your ass in place and force you to watch - your choice." I should have felt threatened and offended by this entire scenario, but I wasn't. I was nervous and numb, but aroused, adrenaline pumping through my veins. I was one big poker chip, lost by Todd, and won by Deon. I had a part to play, a lesson to teach, revenge to exact, and - just maybe- a bang to go out with. It was time to turn the tables - to be the reckless one at HIS expense, for once! I crawled into Deon's lap and leaned into his neck, my head spinning as I breathed in his strong scent. My arms wrapped around him, taking note of how much bigger he was than Todd, or anyone I'd ever been with for that matter. I wasn't me anymore, I was somebody else. As long as that was the case, I was going to take full advantage. His hands were gigantic, gripping my ribcage and pulling me tight to

him. I reached a hand down to find and grip his cock from outside his jeans, just to hear him moan and talk to me. His low voice made his body vibrate up against me. "Oh yeah, baby. Go find that cock for me, where's it at?" There was no mistaking it, a thick tube resting sideways and pressing against the crotch of the denim. I pressed and stroked, and Deon's hand reached down to cup my ass over my shorts while he gripped a breast, using it to pull me closer to him. Damn, I knew this was going to be hot – as long as I was able to go through with it. So far, so good, I was in the zone, I cared about nothing else. I kissed his neck, tasting his tangy skin, feeling his stubble against my cheek, while down below I could feel him getting bigger under the coaxing of my fingers. I heard Todd talking to me from behind, but the six or seven feet between us sounded like 40 - he was so far from being able to influence me, though he was the reason I was doing this - at first, anyway. "So is this hot for you, Kelly? Does the guy who just took damn near everything we own turn you on? Seriously?" he said to me in a bitter tone. I heard him, but didn't think or care to respond. "Sure looks that way to me, Todd ", one of the others replied, saying his name mockingly. There had to be more than a few African-American "Todd"s out there, but the way they pronounced it, it was the world's whitest name. I pulled Deon's shirt off, snaking it past his head and his jewelry, then let him toss it to the floor. By then he was tugging at mine too, pulling it through my head and arms and then threw it off somewhere. His gold medallion, hanging low on his chest was chilly against my skin as I leaned in toward him. He unclasped my bra and pushed me back to get it off me as well, then wasted no time taking a bare breast in each hand, squeezing them with his thumbs, pressing down on my nipples. He was in control now, and I was going to let him do whatever the fuck he wanted to do. Deon lifted me up by my sides and took one of my breasts into his mouth, sucking my nipple as deeply as he could get it and splashed over it roughly with his tongue. I started to moan and wrapped my legs around his bare torso and ground my hips against him, my pussy itching for some friction. "Yeah, looks like Kelly's enjoying her self just fine, Todd, " I heard one of them taunt, followed by Todd muttering something venomous under his breath. I hoped he was muttering about what a fuck-up he was, and about how he did all this to himself. Either way, it only increased my arousal, and added to my motivation to take what was quickly coming my way. Deon's mouth went from one breast to the other, groping the other one with one hand while the other one supported my ass. His finger reached over and pressed into my mound, and I moaned again, my hands clasping onto his shaved head. "No! No!" Todd was repeating as Deon lowered me onto the table, various chips and hundred dollar bills slipping under my back and ass as I looked up at to see Chris and Martell smiling at me. I smiled back, getting sick satisfaction out of doing this. The more I heard Todd protest, the more I needed it to happen. My shorts and panties were pulled off in one motion. "Naked, fine ass chick. Fuck yeah", Deon said to the other two, admiring me before crouching down between my legs and lapping my bare vulva with the broadside of his tongue. I jumped but didn't move; his hands held me firmly in place, and my hands gripped his arms in return. His mouth easily covered my entire mound, his tongue gliding over and just inside my opening, poking and rubbing against my clit - so intense and so fast were the movements of his tongue that I lost all remaining control. I couldn't hear myself, but knew I was probably shrieking loudly and making a hell of racket! My ass wiggled and pressed back against him,

the chips and cards sliding under me. I'd had oral sex before, but until then, I had never been fucked by another man's mouth. And Deon was definitely fucking me, and all without penetrating me more than inside my folds. His hands reached up and again grasped my breasts, bunching them up in his grip and I opened my legs wide as he licked and sucked me harder still. Todd was begging him to stop, and Chris and Martell were telling him to shut up. All of it was too much, I was right on the edge- then Deon isolated his mouth and tongue on my clit, leaving a rush of cold across my vulva as the sopping skin hit the cool air of the room. I screamed out every ounce of air in my lungs, and then gasped in vain to draw it back in as I came. I reached back and gripped the far edge of the table, hips bucking uncontrollably against his mouth. I was squirting all over him, and he was humming as he sucked my clit, not slowing down for a moment while I was cumming. When I regained control of my thoughts, I lay naked and limp on the table, my chest rising and falling, trying to catch my breath, legs dangling off the end. Todd was yelling behind me at the other two. "Okay, you fucking proved your point, asshole! I'll pay you a thousand dollars, how many times do I have to offer? I'll pay it in installments, just leave her alone! She's mad at me, but she doesn't even know what she's doing!" Deon just laughed at him, then turned to me, laid out in front of him. "Hey baby girl, you know what you're doing here, don't you?" I didn't say anything; with eyes closed, I only nodded. "Hell yeah, that's right: getting to know a real man!" I didn't want to think about it, I just wanted it to happen. My eyes opened when I felt a warm mass hit my lower belly with a soft thud. I looked down to see his penis resting on me, the tip of it nearly reaching my bellybutton, and the hair on his balls tickling my wet vulva. I was never the type to obsess about penis size - I've had bigger and smaller, and neither had much to do with how good the sex was- but I was a little nervous just looking at this one. "A little bigger than you're used to?" Deon said through a chuckle, and I laughed and nodded. "That's okay Kelly, that you're name right? I'll take good care of you." One big hand ran up my body and covered my breast while I felt him rubbing the head of his cock along my folds. "Kelly, don't do this!" I heard Todd say from behind. "I'm sorry! Don't do this, tell him to stop!" He couldn't have been farther away from influencing me by then. I rolled my hips down just as he turned the head upward and he slipped inside, taking my breath away. My body froze, contracting around him, pushing him out. "Without protection, even?" Chris and Martell told him to shut up, and for the moment he did. "Relax, relax," Deon said in a low voice. He pulled me closer to him, taking my legs up and resting them against his chest. It was like leaning against a radiator, he felt so hot. Again he penetrated me, this time pushing inside a few inches. We both groaned, and behind me I heard commotion and struggle. It must have been Todd trying to stop what was happening, but I didn't even pay that much attention. I heard him shout my name, obscenities, and the word "no" several times. I heard the sound of duct tape being pulled off a roll and ripped. I heard the sound of a cheap dinette chair shifting and sliding on the floor under a human's weight. But I felt and cared about nothing but Deon's invasion of me. I was willingly submissive, and I knew he appreciated what he was taking from me. Each time he leaned forward, it felt as he might push all the air from my lungs. I wasn't in pain, but the pressure was intense. His hands ran down to the base of my thighs, then back up beyond my knees. Part of me wanted to tell him to take his time; most of me didn't care. Todd was muffled, probably by duct tape, and I could

hear him trying to shout from underneath it. I had a hard time keeping my breath, and what I was saying weren't words. Deon pulled all the way out, then re-entered me. Lewd sounds of wetness and air forced out between wet folds of flesh grew loud and rhythmic. I could feel and hear every movement. The pressure grew the further he sunk himself into me, like a diver going deeper into water. I couldn't reach him; I could only reach over my head to hold onto the end of the table. I tried to bend my legs but his hands gripped my thighs and kept them tight to his body. I was helpless and being helplessly taken, and it was driving me nearer to the edge. My body shook with each thrust as Deon finally bottomed out inside of me and started to go faster. He told me how much he loved my pussy, how great I felt around him. I knew most of that was for Todd's torture, but I didn't care - that was part of it for me, too. His strokes grew faster still, holding most of his meat inside me as he jerked back with my upright thighs over and over, pulling my ass off of the table a little at a time. I struggled to keep my screams to a minimum as wave after wave of intense pleasure started to wash over me, then stopped resisting. "Let it go, baby! Let it go! Damn!" Deon said, looking lustfully at me while my body tried to curl in on itself in the midst of an orgasm. Not only did Todd's presence not bother me, it intensified my pleasure. He deserved this. These thick inches of invading, enemy cock - they were for the car that was mine that he lost. They were for the ring that I inherited, that he lost. They were for the money that I could no longer count on to pay bills and eat with, much less have any nice extras. They were for a complete loss of trust. They were for a life he threw away. I slipped off the table and his big hands grasped me at each hip, forcing a rhythm faster yet. I struggled to breath, and Todd struggled to be heard from behind this taped mouth, shouting as he watched the man to whom he had lost everything he owned take his girlfriend right in from of him. The repeating slap of our colliding skin was like a drum beat moving toward a resolution. Chris and Martell cheered Deon, I moaned, allowing my lower body to be taken by force as an extension of his. Deon's face broke into a grimace. "Oh god.... oh fuck.... oh my god, baby girl!" he said through gritted teeth, his hands tightening their grip on my flesh as he kept feeding me all he had, deeply and rapidly. "Uh oh, I think Deon's about to give her a little present..." said Chris to Martell, sending Todd into muffled, unintelligible hysterics. "Yeah," said Deon, slowing it down. "Yeah, oh fuck...", then a long groan. My toes curled and my body spasmed as I felt him grow and pulse from deep within. I knew he was draining himself inside of me. I watched his abdomen tense up and his eyes close. I could feel the increased warmth wash against my walls, and calming numbness overtake me as his orgasm subsided. His strokes were long, steady and slow, his body shaking from the intense sensations as he slid in and out of my soaked pussy. Finally he picked me up and took me in his arms as we both collapsed on the floor, his softening dick still inside me. I leaned limply against him in his lap, feeling his cock deflating until finally he slipped out of me and a thick stream followed, hitting the wood floor with a soft pat. I felt hollowed out and spent. I felt unloved, but I felt sated, avenged, and justified. With wobbly legs and woozy head, I gathered my clothes and put them back on, my soaked, sore pussy feeling a chill as my panties touched it and sealed it again from the air. So much had changed since I put them on for the first time the previous morning. I forgot my bra, but not my bound and gagged boyfriend, whom Chris allowed finally to breath through his mouth again, coughing as the tape ripped free of his

cheeks. "I can't believe you did this to me," he finally said, unable to meet my glare. "Funny, I was about to say the same damn thing to you. You did this to yourself. Get help," I said, then went to the bathroom and burst into tears. "Okay boys, lets pick up the spoils and get the fuck outta here," Deon said, finally dressed himself and focused again on getting his winnings home. He got to the front door and saw me standing in the hall. "You gonna be alright, Shorty?" he asked, stopping short of wiping the tear from my cheek. "No." "I got a couch, I suggest you sleep on it baby. You don't wanna stay here in this hot mess tonight," he said. He was right, this place was poisoned. I was lucky to still own the shirt on my back, and the culprit sat inside, still in a daze. At Deon's I fell asleep almost immediately and didn't awake until the sun was streaming in through a nearby window. I heard voices in the kitchen, but didn't recognize any of them. Below me was an envelope; the yellow kind you sent unfolded letters in. I sat up and let my head stop spinning before leaning down to pick up the envelope and open it. Inside were an assortment of loose cash, my ring, and a set of keys. The note inside read: Kelly, take your car and your ring and some money. You didn't need to get caught up in this. I feel bad but I did have fun. Business is business but fair is fair. Go do your own thing now and don't worry about any of us. I already got my thank you. Deon I started to cry again, then quickly grabbed the envelope and walked out the door.