**Crapshoot**

by Art Martin

**CHAPTER 1**

Nick scanned across the lobby, sizing up the guests as they came and went from the elevators to the casino floor. The unctuous smile, ever present, concealed the contempt he held for the suckers that filled the casino in hopes of a quick buck. It was simple, the odds favored the house, not greatly, just slightly, just enough that if you played long enough, the casino would eventually win everything you put at risk. It was a mathematical certainty, and therefore if you played, you were a sucker.

The suckers all generally fell into four categories.

First, there were the couples that were there on a lark, risking and losing a few hundred bucks and calling it entertainment. They were never a problem and were the lifeblood of the casino.

Second, there were the loners, guys mostly who were convinced that they could beat the house and willing to lose a few thousand for the trill of the game. They too were generally never a problem. Willing sheep. A small percentage lost more than could really afford trying to get back to even, then they might become obnoxious or possibly combative requiring to be physically ejected.

Third, there were the penny ante players, quarter slots were their game, but they did help fill the hotel, buy a ticket to the show, and maybe buy dinner. These were mostly grandmas and housewives, accompanied by husbands who understood the odds and were loath to throw away hard earned money. The casino never made any real money on these players, but grudgingly tolerated them for public relations.

Fourth, there were the losers. He could see it in their eyes, the desperation, the fear. He could smell the fear. They bore watching. It was bad for business for a guest to fling himself/herself off a balcony. Like everybody else, the casino was going to take their money too. They just bore watching.

“Mr. Clametti?”

Nick turned towards the desk clerk.

“Mr. Clametti, sir, we have a problem.”

Nick looked at the desk clerk’s computer monitor and frowned. He looked over at the couple standing nervously at the front desk. He was tall, maybe six feet, and a little overweight. He had that desperate look in his eyes. She was shorter, maybe five foot six, cute with a great body, a real looker. She radiated fear.

Nick looked her over. ‘Not bad,’ he thought, 'not bad at all.' Nick glanced back down at the monitor, American Express had declined the loser’s card. That meant one of two things; either the card was stolen, or he didn’t pay his bills.

Nick approached the desk. Looking the loser straight in the eye Nick requested, “May I see some identification, Mr. Marsh?”

John Marsh glanced at his feet and then stammered, “Is there a problem?”

“No, sir, I just need to verify who you are.”

“Of course.” John fumbled around and pulled out his wallet. He dug out his driver’s license and handed it to Nick.

Nick noted the thick stack of bills in the wallet as he took the license from John. Comparing the names, Nick concluded that the card was not stolen; it was just that this loser was a dead beat. Nick looked back to the attractive young woman and smiled broadly. “Is this your wife?”

“Yes. Do you need to see her ID?” John answered irritably.

“No, that’s not necessary. It’s just that she’s very pretty.”

Judy Marsh blushed at the compliment. She was pretty and she knew it, she just wasn’t accustomed to flattering comments from strange men.

As he handed back the license and credit card, Nick noted the hostile look from her husband. “Will you be staying long?” asked Nick nonchalantly.

“Two, maybe three days.”

“I see. Well, you two have a grand time. If you need anything, anything at all, just let me know.” Nick scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed the note to the desk clerk. “Kelly, please take care of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh.”

“Uh, yes sir,” answered the somewhat surprised desk clerk.

Nick moved away from the desk. Picking up a house phone, he called security.

“Bruce, Security,” answered the other end.

“Bruce, Nick. See these two losers at the front desk?”

Bruce switched his monitor to the camera screening the front desk. “Yeah, got’em.”

“That’s Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh. He’s a deadbeat loser. Watch him. I want to know as soon as he’s busted.”

“Sure Boss. She’s a doll.”

“Watch them.”

“Gotcha.”

Nick hung up, then turned to watch the Marshes get onto the elevator. “Nice butt,” he muttered to himself.

Kelly the desk clerk, looked at him questioningly. “Sir?”

Nick smiled and reassured her, “It’s alright, Kelly. Don’t worry about it.” He paused a moment before asking, “Which room did you put them in?”

“The room you wrote down on the paper, sir, Room 642.”

“Good. Thank you, Kelly.” Nick stepped back from the front desk and returned to watching the suckers come and go. After a few minutes, Kelly noticed that the boss was no longer there.

\*\*\*\*\*

John sat on the California king bed, rubbing his temples, the ever-present knot in his stomach contributing to the misery of a headache. The agony he was in tore at Judy’s heart. Three months ago, he was on top of the world, an up and coming corporate tiger, a young man on the move. His rapid rise up the corporate ladder was only matched by the meteoric demise of the company he worked for.

First there were rumors of accounting anomalies. The next day the value of the company’s stock values vaporized to nothingness, taking with it the livelihoods and lifelong savings of thousands of loyal employees. It took weeks before the magnitude of the disaster sunk in.

As always, John tried to take the situation in stride, but there were no offers forthcoming from the flood of resumes he had prepared and sent out. As the weeks wore on, people he dealt with on a regular basis no longer would return his calls. He discovered that he was tainted, washed with an indelible patina of corporate corruption and malfeasance.

Soon the cash reserves of his checking account dwindled to a paltry sum, forcing him to forego payments of any sort to anyone, just so that they had enough money for groceries and utilities. It was a crushing blow to his ego to have his Lexus repossessed right out of his driveway while all the neighbors watched with wagging tongues.

Creditors and the collection agencies began calling at all hours, to the point that they dreaded answering the telephone. Still, the resumes went unanswered. John’s future seemed to have melted away. Even if he could get a job and began paying off his creditors, his credit rating would be damaged for years to come. With a damaged credit rating, his ability to land a high paying job became increasing difficult, after all, who would hire someone to help manage the financial affairs of their company if John couldn’t even manage his own financial affairs? If was vicious circle, a vortex actually; like a penny in a gravity well, accelerating in ever smaller rotations until the thing disappeared from the universe.

He was about to go down the financial gravity well and he knew it. Then after a few warning calls, the postman delivered a certified letter from his mortgage company, warning of the imminent foreclosure on their home. Desperate times called for desperate measures. Now they sat in a room at the Lucky Dawg Casino, their last thousand bucks in his wallet.

“Honey, lets just go home,” she said pleadingly.

“We’ve been over this. If I don’t come up with the money for at least one payment by Wednesday, they will foreclose. Now, we can either go home and let it happen, or I can shoot craps and win enough to keep the wolves away for a few more weeks. A few weeks are all I need. Eric Thompson said he had something for me, but it would be a few weeks before the opening is available.

“Honey, he’s been telling you that for months now.”

“Not really. This time he’s certain something will come up. You know, a headhunter can’t force someone to hire you, what they’re good at is finding a good match. We don’t have a choice but gamble with what we have. If I lose, we really won’t be any worse off than if I didn’t try anything. This way I have a chance of making enough to hang on a while longer.”

“I don’t know, honey. It seems so… so desperate.”

“We are desperate! We are about to hit bottom and go right through the floor. I know how to shoot craps. I have a system that’s worked very well in the past. Remember the last time we were here with the Dolton’s? I won, didn’t I?”

“You could afford to play then, now…”

John angrily cut her off, “Damn it, I can’t afford not to play! Now drop it!” He abruptly stood up, pulling away from Judy, storming out the door to the casino floor.

\*\*\*\*\*

Judy sat on the bed crying for ten minutes. When the tears began to dry, she decided that she would feel a lot better if took a long, hot soak in the Jacuzzi.

“Yeah baby, take it off!” exclaimed Mickey as he watched the security monitor.

The other three security personnel quickly gathered around the monitor surveying Room 642.

“Gawd damn!” added Hank as Judy dropped her D cup bra to the floor. “Lookit dem titties!”

The four security men leered and cheered as she pulled her panties down. “Oh, gawd damn,” leered Hank, “she shaves her pussy! Oh, baby, you give me a hard-on!”

“Turn around, sweetheart,” urged Lonnie. As if she heard him, she slowly pirouetted looking at herself in the full-length mirror. “Oh, sweet Jesus, look at her ass! Oh, man would I love to stick my face between those buns!”

“She’s a knockout alright,” added Bruce who rarely said anything at all. “Man wouldn’t you like a toss with that?”

“You bet, I could fuck that one all night long!” answered Mickey to the laughter of his coworkers.

The four men watched as she walked unsuspectingly towards the bath. Mickey flipped a switch bringing up a view of the bath. Moments later, she strode into view.

“Okay guys, back to work!” The four guards turned with a start at the gruff voice of Nick and scurried back to their posts. “I only need one man to watch the cunt! Lonnie, what’s her old man up to?”

“He just made it to the craps table. Hasn’t started playing yet.”

“Okay guys, we’re a little short handed here, so keep a sharp eye out, Bruce. That goes double for you, Hank.”

“Yes sir!” answered Hank as he returned to the task of monitoring the Blackjack tables for card counters or anyone using a computer to place their bets.

An electronic beeping sound filled the room. Nick looked up at the status board. “Table twelve!” barked Nick.

Bruce switched to table twelve. Bruce and Nick watched as the dealer glanced up while dealing the cards, subtly signaling which player needed scrutiny. The casino didn’t mind someone winning, but it hated anyone who had a method of shifting the odds against the casino. Scrutiny fell on a young fellow who had the temerity to win just a little too often.

Mickey zoomed in on Judy’s delectable ass. The resolution of the new little cameras was remarkable. “Oh, yeah baby, bend over!” he hooted as she leaned forward to draw her bath. “You know what? This broad don’t have any tan lines! She must sunbathe naked! Bet she fucks the pool guy when her old man’s not around.”

“Cool it, Mickey,” growled Nick. “We got a potential problem here!” Nick turned his attention to table twelve as the young guy won yet another hand.

Mickey watched in silence as the young woman, unaware of the intruding electronic eye prepared her bath. Following her every movement, recording her for posterity and possible profit, Mickey adjusted his wayward cock as he feasted on the sumptuousness of her nude body.

“She’s taking a leak,” observed Mickey to no one in particular. “Man, I’d wallow in her piss just to lick her clean.”

“Mickey, pick up on her old man,” ordered Nick. “Let’s see how the dumb fuck’s doing.”

Mickey reluctantly switched to the craps table where John was making modest gains. “He ain’t busted yet. Looks like he’s doing okay. He’ll be here for a while.”

\*\*\*\*\*

John certainly felt he was doing okay, as he had nearly doubled his money over the past thirty minutes or so of play. Mickey switched back to watch John’s wife.

Judy still sat while the bath filled with hot water, contemplating the plight that she and her husband were in. It just wasn’t fair, she thought, none of the mess was John’s fault, but stench of the scandal seemed to cling to him. She was worried mainly about John himself. His normally confident self was seemingly disintegrating from the pressure. He was becoming sullen, irritable, and increasing despondent. She feared that he was becoming depressed and quite possibly suicidal. She thought back on happier days, of the dumpy apartment they shared as students at State U, of their wedding day and honeymoon in St. Thomas, of John’s incredible advancement with the company. It was hard to believe that they only met a mere five years ago.

She laughed to herself at the absurd manner in which they met, when she literally ran over him with her bicycle at the Quadrangle. There he was sprawled out in his jogging shorts, all hot and sweaty, seemingly unconscious. Kneeling to render aid, he grabbed her and pulled her down onto him driving his tongue deep into her mouth. She screamed and pulled back, only then did he realize that she wasn’t who he thought she was. He had thought that it was Sara, an easy girl who hung out at his frat house, screwing anybody who needed or wanted to wet his dipstick.

Gathering up a wad of toilet tissue, Judy wiped herself, then stood, flushed the toilet and entered the bath. Soon the swirling waters had soothed her, releasing the tensions that had built to near the breaking point over the past several weeks.

As she relaxed, she reflected that she only had one regret regarding John; they were childless. They had been trying to conceive a child for over two years. It was only a week before the company collapsed that they knew the reason why, his sperm count was low. The doctor didn’t know why he had a low sperm count, just the fact that he did. The doctor counseled patience, as it only took one sperm to fertilize an egg. If after another year, timing intercourse with her most fertile moments, and she still wasn’t pregnant, only then would the doctor consider a more radical approach like in-vitro fertilization. She ruefully realized that now was her most fertile time, but John wasn’t interested in sex and conception. His erstwhile robust sexual appetite had dwindled along with his financial condition.

“Hey, Nick, come see! She’s playing with her nipples.”

Nick turned away for a moment from scrutinizing the kid winning every hand in Black Jack and glowered at Mickey’s back.

“She’s one hot little cunt!”

“Mickey! Shut the fuck up!” snarled his boss.

Mickey hunched his shoulders and grimaced. “The boss is in a really in a foul mood,” he whispered to himself. Normally Nick took great pleasure from eavesdropping on a naked cunt. Mickey resigned himself to watching the hot-ass broad in comparative silence. Not that he minded.

Judy closed her eyes as she gently swirled her fingers around her hard nipples. Her nips were especially sensitive and if simulated just right, she could bring herself off. John knew how to bring her off like that, but it had been months since he even touched her for anything other than a quick, hard fuck to relieve his mounting tension. She pretended that John was with her, that it was he who was driving her building passion. She didn’t know how long she had been feeling herself up, only that she was getting ever closer to the unique sexual release of a nipple-driven orgasm.

“Holy fuck! She’s gonna pull her titties off!” Mickey exclaimed to no one in particular as she twisted and stretched her long nips to a seemingly impossible length, blending in a measure of pain to trigger the pleasure she craved. Mickey turned up the volume slightly just as she began a mournful wail of blissful agony.

Nick lost interest for the moment in table twelve and leaned over Mickey’s shoulder to watch as Judy jerked about, splashing water over the edge of the bath, consumed with the self-inflicted pain/pleasure. Nick hissed, “She needs some dick, eh Mick?”

“Love to oblige her, Boss.”

Judy sank down into the swirling bath and slowly opened her eyes. As good as it had felt, her autoerotic play hadn’t sated her need, it merely intensified her yearnings for a good fuck. A fucking she knew she wouldn’t receive. Holding onto the tub sides with her hands, she slid forward, hiking her right leg out of the water and over the edge of the tub while folding her left leg under her buttocks. It took a minute to get properly positioned, but she was soon rewarded with a stream of bubbles and jetting water pounding directly on her clit at the nexus of her labia.

“Take a look at this, Boss.”

“Not now damn it!”

“You’re going to miss it, Nick,” Mickey taunted.

Nick looked at Mickey’s monitor and watched as Judy arched her back, bending her head back until it almost touched the surface of the water. Her jaw became slack, her mouth forming a rictus as her breathing became harder and harder. She seemingly looked straight at the hidden camera and began to moan, her body quaking in the water. “Damn,” muttered Nick at the salacious display.

“Yeah, baby, put on a show for all the folks,” added Mickey with a laugh.

Once the intense orgasm passed, Judy pushed herself back fully into the tub to enjoy the orgasmic afterglow. Lazily she washed her tits and shoulders. Suddenly she rose and stepped out of the whirlpool. Water running in rivulets down her shapely body glistened and gleamed on her near perfect skin. She stood dripping for a moment, then she stepped out onto the tiled floor.

With an oversized fluffy towel, Judy began drying her skin, all the while studying her image in the mirror. She turned, back and forth, so that she could see all of herself in the mirror. She liked what she saw, a beautiful, sensuous and desirable woman, ready and eager to fulfill billions of years of evolution and biological function to bear children. She was at her peak moment for the month. She knew that the intense horniness she felt was due in part to the slight rise in body temperature that she had been charting for nearly a year now. She always got intensely horny when her heat went up and she was ovulating.

Frowning, she thought of John, downstairs, gambling when he should be with her, impregnating her. She yearned for the feel of his tongue on her breasts, getting her so hot that she nearly always went insane with unbridled lust and passion. She yearned for the feel of his wet tongue sliding down her belly and then up between her sopping labia. She yearned for the feel of his cock inside of her, filling her up, and making her feel whole. But most of all, she yearned for the feel of his glans, pressed up against her cervix, the shaft throbbing in her pussy, shooting semen directly into her fertile womb.

She brought her hand up from her burning cunt and licked the tangy juices from her fingers. Then she strolled into the room, lay on the bed and began pleasuring herself.

“Man, oh, man! This horny chick is a hot one! That’s it baby, spread’em for the camera!”

Circling her clit with her thumb, she plunged two fingers up her needy fuck hole, stroking her sweet spot as well as the walls of her burning vagina. With her other hand, she kneaded her voluptous bosoms. Lewdly she spread her legs wider, hiking her knees into the air as she squirmed around on the bed. As she got close to her climax, she began to pull on her nipples again.

She quaked and shuddered as her orgasm tore through her like a tornado. She inhaled sharply and twisted madly on the bed as wave after wave of intense pleasure swept over her. Finally, as the orgasm began to recede, Judy curled up into a fetal position, her wet hand trapped between her clutching thighs, gasping for breath. She lay nearly still for several minutes before she began to uncoil as she rolled onto her stomach.

“Nice ass, baby! Nice ass!”

Judy dozed off for ten minutes while Mickey worked the various cameras in the room, zooming in and out, getting the very best shots of her. She opened her eyes, feeling refreshed and smiled. Then she rose, muttering to herself, “Okay, John, you had your fun, now its my turn! You can go back to your stupid game after you’ve made love to me!”

Standing at the closet, she picked out a slinky red dress with a slit up the side to the hip. She stepped into the dress forgoing a bra or panties. The fabric was too sheer to allow for undergarments of any sort. Even a thong left a telltale bulge. She modeled the dress before the full-length mirror. The dress had a halter-top and was nearly backless, plunging past the small of her back. Each orb of her buttocks was clearly outlined, sure to ignite the imagination of every male who saw her. A deep V plunged between her breasts halfway to her navel, each breast cupped in it own little swath of thin cloth. As she moved, the fabric brushed across her nipples, exciting them until they stood out perpetually in relief.

“If this doesn’t get him, nothing will,” she said with a grin.

She then returned to the bath, sat down, and carefully applied her makeup. Blue eye shadow to accentuate her azure eyes, black mascara to make her lashes longer. A little rouge, not too much, to give her that sexually flushed look that men found so appealing. Quickly, with a practiced hand, she painted her fingernails and toenails a bright red to match her dress. Then she sat about for ten minutes or so blowing on her finger and toes and waving her fingers in the air to speed the drying of the nail polish. Satisfied that her nails were dry enough not to smear, she applied bright red lipstick and lip-gloss.

She primped her hair and then dabbed on John’s favorite perfume. Opening her jewelry pouch, she retrieved and put on her diamond solitaire earrings weighing in at a carat each and put on her favorite necklace sporting a diamond pendant with four and a half carats of glittering stones. Patting the pendant, she realized that this may be the last time she would wear the diamonds. John had given them to her last Christmas, and John was loath to sell them, but Judy knew that if John didn’t win tonight, that they would have to go.

Moving to the closet, she selected the matching red high-heeled pumps she had brought to go with her outfit. Inspecting herself one more time in the mirror, she frowned. Her nails were far from perfect and her hair… She snorted in resignation, turned and left the room.

Stepping from the elevator, she headed for the casino floor. She smiled to herself as she sashayed her way through the crowd with a well-practiced walk; keenly aware of all the admiring looks she was receiving. Only the dealers seemed nonplused by her radiant sexuality. After looking about for several minutes, she finally spied her husband.

**CHAPTER 2**

Judy's luck...

John rubbed the back of his neck. Things weren’t going so well. He wasn’t in bad shape, he was still up, but he had lost most of what he had won. He felt her hand on his back.

“Hi, Honey!” she sweetly sang.

He didn’t turn from the table. The shooter had just made point. He didn’t want to be distracted.

“Why don’t you take a little break? Come up stairs with me and I’ll make you feel so good,” she purred.

“Not now, damn it! Can’t you see I’m busy?”

“It’ll just take a little while. The game can wait an hour.”

“Damn it, Judy. We didn’t come here to…Look, not right now, I…”

“Snake eyes!” growled the player next to him.

“Fuck!” exclaimed John as the stickman raked in his money. He turned, glaring at his beautiful wife. “Beat it, Judy. I was doing just fine until you showed up!”

“John!”

“Beat it I said! You’re bad luck!”

Crestfallen, Judy stepped back, tears welling up in her eyes. She turned to flee, but immediately ran into a big man who instinctively put his hands around her back. Startled, Judy looked up.

“That’s no way to treat a beautiful lady,” said the stranger.

Then she recognized him. He was the manager who had checked them into the hotel.

“May I buy you a drink?” asked Nick.

“I, I…”

“Don’t cry sweetheart, your mascara will run.”

Judy glanced down and choked back the tears. Eyes still misting, she stared up at Nick. Handsome in a rugged sort of way, he was impeccably dressed. She liked the feel of his big hands resting on the swell of her hips. It felt… comforting.

She glanced back at John to gauge his reaction. He was oblivious to her and the fact that just two feet away, another man had his hands on his wife. She wrinkled her nose, then suppressing her anger turned back to look up at Nick with a weak smile.

“Judy, isn’t it? I’m Nick Clametti,” he smoothly said.

“Pleased to meet you,” she said earnestly and making no attempt to pull away. He had a look in his eyes; she’d seen it before in countless men, a look of barely concealed desire. ‘Well, at least someone thinks I’m pretty,’ she thought.

“How about a drink?” he asked.

She thought for a second or two, smiled broadly and replied, “Yes, I’d like that very much.”

Nick signaled for a cocktail waitress. “What will you have?”

“Pina Colada?”

“Anything you want.” Nick turned to the scantily clad cocktail waitress. “Missy, bring the lady a Pina Colada.”

Missy flashed Nick a big smile and batted her eyes. If she was lucky, she thought, maybe he’d want to tie her up and ravish her with his big cock tonight.

“Thank you,” said Judy, aware that his hands were still on her hips. “You’re very kind.”

“We want all of our guests to have a good time. Especially our most beautiful ones.”

Judy blushed at the compliment.

“It’s a little crowed here near the tables,” he said matter of factly. “Let’s go over by the bar.”

With the palm of his hand on the small of her back, he guided her through the crowd towards the bar. By the time they reached the relatively sparsely populated area, she noticed that the tips of his fingers had slid down just inside her dress. Missy intercepted them with Judy’s drink.

“Thank you,” Judy said sincerely as she took the offered drink.

“You’re welcome,” replied Missy insincerely. Missy looked up at Nick, seeking his approval.

He ignored her. Not that she wasn’t attractive, all of his cocktail waitresses were attractive, it was just that he could have her anytime. His cell phone rang. Answering it, he nodded to Missy that she was dismissed.

“Boss, the kid is still winning at table twelve,” intoned Bruce from the security room.

“See anything?”

“No. Hands are always above the table. He doesn’t look up when the cards are dealt, so he doesn’t appear to be getting signals from an accomplice. I can’t tell from here if he’s got a receiver in his ear. Must be simply counting cards.”

“Fuck,” muttered Nick into the phone. He hated card counters, the guys with a knack for remembering what cards had been played, and therefore what cards remained in the deck and therefore what the odds were that he would draw the cards he needed to win. “Run his mug against the data base. Maybe he’s been identified before.”

“Gotcha, Chief!”

Whenever a card counter was identified at a casino, his picture was posted on the internet so that other casinos could identify him quickly. If there were a match, they would throw his ass out with a warning not to ever come back. Usually that was the last they’d see of them, but sometimes they just didn’t get it the first time, and when that happened things got messy.

Nick flipped the phone closed before turning back to Judy. “Sorry, Honey, but I have to take care of some business. Why don’t you go to the spa, have a manicure, pedicure, get your hair done, have a facial, and a massage. I’m sure you will feel a lot better after that.”

“I don’t know,” she mused keenly aware of the costs.

“Let me call it in for you, put you to the head of the line.”

“Well…”

Nick held up his hand to cut her off, then he called the receptionist at the hotel spa.

“Sandy, Nick. I’m sending you a special customer. Name’s Judy Marsh, wearing a red dress. Give her the works… Thanks, doll.” Nick smiled and motioned in the direction of the spa, “They’re waiting for you, honey. Enjoy it.”

Before she could say anything, Nick was gone, working his way over to table twelve. She took another sip of her drink, watching as Nick disappeared into the crowd, sensing that she would see him again. “He seems interested,” she said to herself. “I’m interested,” she mused with a wry grin. Her smile turned to a frown. “I’ll show John not to ignore me. Bad luck! He has some nerve!” She finished her drink and headed for the spa.

\*\*\*\*\*

John felt elated. He was up again, not significantly, but the trend was in the right direction. He turned to see if Judy was there by his side. He ruefully thought, ‘Why can’t she be here when I’m winning? Doesn’t she know I’m doing this for us?’ There was no one to answer his queries, so he turned back to the table frowning.

As soon as Judy walked up to the desk, Sandy, a drop dead gorgeous brunette with curly hair, cheerfully asked, “Are you Miss Marsh?”

“Yes,” replied Judy, pleased with the service.

“We’re expecting you, this way please.”

Judy caught the indignant glare from a lady who was waiting as Sandy led her into a backroom with a massage table in the center. As simply furnished as the room was, it was at the same time elegant, with a waterfall and pool along one side. Sandy handed her a towel from a neat stack near the door.

“Why don’t you get undressed, Miss Marsh, while I go get your masseur.”

Judy removed her shoes and then her dress, wrapping the towel around her for modesty. Soon Sandy reappeared.

Sandy pointed to her necklace. “I’d better take that. Don’t worry, I have a safe to put it in.”

Judy removed the necklace and as Sandy disappeared with it, she had second thoughts. She was about to follow Sandy when a burly brute appeared in the doorway.

An involuntarily twinge gripped her pussy at the sight of the ugly man. His white t-shirt was pulled taut over his very muscular chest. He had huge arms and legs like tree trunks. His smile did little to alleviate her fear of him.

“Miss Marsh,” he began in a deep, rasping voice, “I’m Bruno. Shall we begin?”

Judy stared, frozen in place with fear. She couldn’t help but stare. Bruno had about the ugliest, most menacing face she ever saw. His head was massive and sat directly on his shoulders with no discernable neck. His dark eyes were set deep into his face, peering animalisticly from their caves. His nose was broad and flat and his lips were thick and puffy. Then she noticed the numerous scars across his face.

Bruno sensed her discomfort. She was no different than any other woman, repelled by his bestial looks. It was his job to put her at ease. He smiled and touched his brutish face. “It’s okay, Ma’am, I used to be a boxer.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” she pleaded appalled at her rudeness, “I didn’t mean…”

“It’s okay, Ma’am. I scare myself some mornings," he said with a disarming laugh. He walked into the room and patted the table. “Just lie down here, Ma’am, and we can get started.”

Judy got up on the table where Bruno directed her to lie on her stomach, her head resting on her arms. As he began to pull back her towel, she felt another twinge in her pussy, this time born of a fear that he was about to discard her towel altogether. She was about to protest when he asked, “Ma’am, do want me to cover your buttocks with the towel, or would you rather I discard it completely. If I discard it, I can do my job better.”

“Keep me covered, please,” she squeeked.

“Yes Ma’am.”

Bruno when to a cabinet and removed a bottle of hot oil. After pouring a generous amount into his massive hands he began working the oil into her shoulders as he kneaded her muscles.

The massage felt so incredibly good. Accompanied by the soothing sound of falling water, Judy soon began to relax. Bruno worked her back down to the towel line; then he worked first her right arm from her shoulders to her fingers, then her left arm. By now Judy was relaxed, very relaxed. Bruno began massaging down her right leg, beginning with her thigh and working his way down to her foot and her toes. He began again with the left thigh, working his oiled magical fingers down her shapely leg. By the time he was finished with her left toes, Judy felt like she was in heaven, drifting through the clouds, her body loosely jointed. She was so enjoying the massage that she didn’t notice, or rather didn’t protest, when his hands lifted the towel and began kneading her magnificent gluteus maximus.

After several minutes more than necessary, Bruno took his hands from her delectable flesh. “Ma’am? Ma’am, if you would turn over please.”

Judy barely heard his voice. In a near dreamlike state, she rolled onto her back.

Before applying more hot oil to his hands, Bruno feasted his eyes on the naked beauty lying before him. He loved this job. It sure beat the hell out of getting his head hammered fighting in the ring. He looked up to where he knew a camera was hidden and beamed. Then he turned his attention back to the perfectly proportioned treasure lying on the table. He began working her shoulders and neck, all the while studying her firm tits with their dark, quarter-sized aureoles and long, thick nipples. Judging by the way they jiggled and moved as he worked her shoulders, he knew that they were all natural. He smiled to himself as he thought, ‘And I get paid for this?’

After working each arm and hand again, he slid his hands down her sides, avoiding her breasts. That was the hardest part of his job, resisting the temptation. But the hotel rules were very clear, besides the Boss was interested in her. He applied more oil and rubbed her belly, working his way lower down her torso. He now admired the neatly trimmed triangular patch of pubic hair.

Working her right thigh again, his fingers were a mere inch from her pussy. Her legs were slightly parted, giving him a clear view of her shaved vulva. As his fingers dug into the flesh of her inner thigh, the lips parted slightly, revealing her glistening pink paradise. It took all of his willpower and control not to slide a finger up her snatch. She’d enjoy that, he was sure, but the rules were rules and he had to maintain a degree of professionalism. Reluctantly, he worked down her leg to her feet. He changed sides of the table and worked her right thigh.

Bruno glanced up. She had her eyes closed, lost in a world of total relaxation. Exhaling, he bent forward, down towards her pussy and inhaled. Her womanly scent filled his nostrils. He lifted his head to exhale, lest his hot breath cause her alarm. He felt light headed, intoxicated by her pheromones. He glanced at her face again; she was apparently unaware of his action. He gripped his cock for a moment as he had a raging hard on, had it ever since he removed the towel from across her butt, but her scent now nearly drove him wild. Then he quickly took in another deep breath of the sweet smell of her sex.

Feeling a slight stirring of the air near her crotch, Judy dreamily opened her eyes partially just as his head came up for the second time. Sensing that all was well, she languorously closed her eyes. Bruno caught sight of her half opened eyes and slowly exhaled.

Rules or not, he wanted to fuck her. He reached for the button of his pants. Just then Sandy appeared at the doorway. She pointed to her watch, signaling him that he had taken too long; they had other guests waiting. Regaining control of himself, he nodded in acknowledgement. Soon he had completed her massage.

Bruno’s eyes scanned up her body. She seemed asleep, her eyes closed, her generous naked breasts heaving with each breath. She became dimly aware that the wonderful kneading had stopped. She sighed, then opened her eyes as she heard Bruno saying, “Ma’am? Ma’am? We’re finished, Ma’am.”

“That felt wonderful!” she purred stretching like a cat.

Bruno offered his hand and helped her sit upright. Only then did she realize that she was completely naked and that not only had she been on display for the ugly brute now smiling at her, but that his hands had been all over her body. Her face flushed red as she covered her bare breasts with her hands, searching around for something to cover herself with.

Bruno graciously held a large towel open for to wrap herself in. She stood, having no choice, and allowed Bruno to wrap the towel around her torso.

“I hope you will come back and see me again, Ma’am,” said the hulking masseur.

“Yes,” she said feeling suddenly very foolish. “That… that was wonderful. You are very good with your hands.”

“Yes, Ma’am. Anytime.”

“Miss Marsh?” said Sandy at the open doorway. “This way please.”

In almost a daze, Judy followed the shapely brunette to another room. Sandy indicated for her to sit in the barber chair. Soon an Asiatic woman appeared, and applied a hot compress to her face to open up the pores. Once the hot towel began to cool, the beautician removed it and began applying the warm goo of a facial mask.

Judy lay back, completely relaxed after the massage, and enjoyed the pampering she was receiving. Once the mask was applied, the beautician asked her about the hairstyle she wanted. Judy hadn’t thought about changing her hair, but as the beautician showed her several styles, she began thinking. She was tired of hassling with her long hair. John liked it long and made a fuss every time she broached the subject of a shorter, easier, hairdo. ‘Well, I’ll show him,’ she thought as she settled on a cute cut that would be sheik, yet easy to maintain.

She was directed to another chair, where she lay back for a shampoo and conditioning. Moving back to the barber chair, she was surrounded by two manicurists. One worked on her fingernails, the other her toenails while the lead beautician cut and trimmed her hair. Once her hair was styled and the manicurists finished, the beautician pealed off the mask, and then waxed her eyebrows.

Gazing in the mirror, Judy liked what she saw. She ran her hand across her smooth, blemish-free face. Her nails were exquisite. “Yes!” she exclaimed turning her head side to side. “I like it, I really like it!” The Asiatic beautician beamed.

“You look like a doll,” said Sandy from the doorway. “I wish I could wear my hair like that! You’re knockdown gorgeous!”

Judy smiled broadly, basking in her own radiant beauty. “Well, I hope my husband notices,” she said laconically.

“Oh, he’ll notice,” assured Sandy, “unless he’s dead or something.”

Judy laughed at the little joke. She felt great, better than she had in a long, long while.

Sandy led her to another room where her clothes were laid out for her. Watching as Judy slithered back into the slinky red dress, she remarked, “You have a beautiful body, Miss Marsh. And that dress! You’ll have every man and a lot women drooling all over themselves.”

Arching her eyebrows, Judy nonetheless accepted the compliment without comment. As she sat on a bench to put her shoes on, Sandy knelt, caressed her foot for a moment and then slipped her right shoe on. After finishing with Judy’s left shoe she looked up and smiled.

“I’m not into that sort of thing.”

“What sort of thing?”

“Girls,” said Judy icily.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Miss Marsh. I didn’t mean to imply… I didn’t mean to…”

“Alright, alright, I think I misunderstood.”

“I, I…”

“It’s alright. Now if you’ll return me my necklace…”

“Certainly. I have it in the safe at the front desk. If you will please follow me.”

At the front desk, Sandy stooped and opened the safe, extracting Judy’s diamond necklace.

“Here you are, dear,” said Sandy as she handed the necklace back to Judy who received it with a measure of relief. Fastening the glittering necklace around her neck, Judy looked up. “That’s everything, Miss Marsh. I do hope everything was to your satisfaction. I’m sorry about…”

“Don’t worry. It was really my mistake. Please accept my apologies.”

“Well,” said Sandy with a degree of relief, “everything has been taken care of. Please come back and see us again.”

“It was wonderful. I hope I can come back, soon.”

Judy turned and walked away, looking and feeling like a million bucks. ‘It was so nice of Nick to treat me to that, I’ll have to find a way to thank him.’ Little did she realize that the full four hundred dollar tab had been placed on their room bill.

\*\*\*\*\*

As Judy walked into the casino invigorated by her visit to the spa, she heard Nick call out, “You are absolutely gorgeous! Love your hair!”

Judy relished the compliments and smiled broadly at her suitor. As Nick moved to her side, he put his arm around her back. A tingle of excited anticipation surged through her at the feel of hand at the small of her back.

“You were damned pretty before, but now…Excuse me, I apologize for being so forward, but you are without doubt the sexiest, most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

Judy blushed, her face nearly matching the shade of her dress.

“I'm sorry, I didn’t mean to embarrass you.”

“No, don’t be sorry. I should thank you. It’s not often that a married woman receives such compliments from strange, but handsome men.”

“You find me strange?”

“No,” she laughed, “it’s just that…well, thank you, you’re very kind.”

“Did the spa treat you well?”

“Oh, yes, like royalty. The massage was fabulous. The masseur was a little scary at first, but he was good. I’d love for him to do me again.”

“You must have had Bruno. He is an ugly bastard, but he gives a fantastic massage. I use him all the time.” Nick paused, studying her, reading her like a book. She was hot one all right. He hadn’t had a chance to watch the tape of her massage, but judging by what he observed earlier in her room, he knew that she enjoyed the sensuous pleasures of Bruno’s skilled hands. “Will you join me for dinner?”

Judy was sorely tempted to say yes, but she knew that in spite of John acting so piggish earlier, she really needed to seek him out. Maybe he would be ready for a break. Maybe he’d give her what she needed…what they both wanted.

“I think I’d better check up on my husband. He’s been playing craps ever since we got here this afternoon. I’m sure he is probably ready for a break. But, thank you though, it’s very kind of you to ask. I’m flattered.”

Nick smiled down at her, pulling her against him. Gazing into her big blue eyes he said, “Your husband is a very lucky man.” The bulge of his genitals pressed into her stomach, sending her heart fluttering. “Well, if you need anything, anything, just ask me and I’ll see what we can do to make your stay a memorable one.”

Flustered she stammered, “Yes, uh, thank you.” She expected him to kiss her and she wasn’t so sure she would resist.

Releasing his grip, Nick said, “Enjoy your stay,” then turned and walked away leaving Judy a little disappointed.

Taking a moment to regain her composure, Judy headed to the craps table where she found John still playing. All eyes turned to look at the beautiful, sexy lady who suddenly appeared, all except John’s.

“Hi, honey, I…”

“Not now, Judy,” he said without bothering to look at her. A new shooter had begun a new game and John was only interested in the outcome.

“Craps,” sang out the dealer to the accompanying groans of several players as the dice showed twelve. John watched morosely as the stickman raked in yet another one of his bets.

“Honey, I…”

“Damn it, Judy, not now!” he snapped.

At the rebuff, her anger flared, but rather than saying anything, she abruptly turned and walked away. All eyes followed the beautiful lady as she left in a huff. The men at the craps table were disappointed to see her leave.

Once in the lobby she stood around, fuming, thinking of what she should do. She was all dressed up and nowhere to go, but back to her room. “Damn him!” she said so that several guests nearby heard her.

“May I help you, Miss Marsh?” said a familiar voice from behind. She spun around to see who it was.

“Is everything all right?” asked Nick.

Judy let out a deep sigh. “He’s being such a jerk!”

Feigning he didn’t know the answer he asked, “Who?”

“John. My husband, the oaf!”

“He wasn’t ready for a break?”

“No! He practically…he didn’t even look at me! Too him, I’m bad luck! I…”

“I hardly think that you’re bad luck. How could anything as dazzlingly gorgeous as you, be bad in any way?”

The compliment was just what she needed. She knew she looked stunning. Even if her stupid husband wouldn’t even look at her, other men did, and she liked the looks she got from them.

“Oh, I can be bad.”

“Really?” Nick said arching his thick eyebrows.

“Certainly. Is your invitation for dinner still good?”

“Absolutely!”

Nick flirted shamelessly with Judy all through dinner. She loved it. Nick had made her feel sexy and desirable, and not just somebody who was in the way like John had made her feel. She couldn’t help wonder how Nick would be in bed. She placed a bet in her head that he would probably be good, very good. Not that she ever considered paying the bet or losing the bet, it was just a harmless fantasy born of anger and frustration with John.

She was, however, feeling a bit horny. Horny enough to make some mischief, harmless mischief as she remembered something her friend Anita had said about the casino. “Nick, I have a friend who said your casino put on a little…show.”

“Of course. Ginger Dunaway is our featured performer.”

“No, not that show…Anita said that you had a special show, something naughty for select guests…”

“Perhaps,” he said being a bit evasive, “sometimes we do put on special… shows.”

“Anita said it cost a bundle and that tickets were hard to get.”

“Perhaps. We have to be careful. It’s not something we can advertise or make available to the general public.”

“Am I the general public?”

“If you wish, you can be a special guest.”

“It’s all an act. Right? Is it was Anita said?”

“I really don’t know what your friend said.”

“She said it was a… sex show.”

“Perhaps. Are you sure you won’t be offended?”

“I may be married, but I’m not a prude.”

“Okay. There will be a show at midnight.”

“You’ll take me?”

Nick laughed, “Sure honey! If you want me to take you to a live sex show, I’ll take you. Your husband won’t mind?”

“I don’t care if he does or not right now. I just want to have a little fun.”

“Okay, sweetheart, meet me in the lobby at a quarter to midnight. Now, I would love to just sit here and entertain you, but I have to get back to my job.”

Nick looked at his Rolex, “It’s now just past nine thirty. Tell you what, let me get you tickets to Ginger Dunaway’s show at ten o’clock, you’ll really enjoy it, she has a fantastic voice. The show will run to about eleven thirty. Then I’ll meet you for the… other show.”

Judy smiled sweetly. She really did want to see Ginger Dunaway, but the tickets weren’t in her budget for this trip. She congratulated herself for securing her complimentary ticket. John could just go ahead and play his stupid game; she was going to have a little fun in spite of him.

\*\*\*\*\*

At the appointed time, she met Nick in the lobby. He escorted her to the elevators and got off at the third floor. They followed a winding hallway until they encountered a plain-clothes security guard who was stationed to check invitations before allowing patrons to pass.

“Evening, Mr. Clametti,” greeted the guard as he opened the door to let them pass into an anteroom. A few dozen people milled about the room, mostly men, but several other women were present too. At a door in the far wall, two burly men checked invitations and identification, insuring that there was a match. Each “invited” guest was scanned electronically for any recording devices that they may have been concealing. Only after the security team was satisfied that someone was who they said they were and were clean of any surveillance devices, were the guests allowed to enter the next room.

Upon seeing Nick and the cunt, Mickey broke out in a broad grin. “Hi, Nick. Evening, Doll.” They passed through into the next room without the usual scrutiny.

The room was smaller than Judy had imagined in her mind. The floor was tiered, like a miniature amphitheater. There were no tables, no chairs. Two cocktail waitresses dressed in Roman togas worked the small crowd with glasses of complimentary champagne. The walls of the room were painted with faux columns and mosaics. The stage area had a backdrop of two columns framing a curtained passageway. The actual stage was near the center of the room and was bear. Flute and harp music filled the room setting the mood for a Roman spectacle.

Everyone stood about, drinking champagne, waiting for the show to begin. The lights dimmed and the murmur of the crowd increased. An unseen announcer began his spiel, welcoming the guests to the Emperor Caligula’s palace. The room became completely dark. The pace of the music increased as the stage area emerged from darkness, revealing a post with a crosspiece. The announcer stated that the Emperor had selected Senator Domitian’s wife, the lovely Livia for tonight’s entertainment.

A cheer went up as two Roman soldiers dragged the struggling ‘Livia’ through the curtain. ‘Livia’ looked vaguely familiar to Judy, but she blew it off as unlikely.

The soldiers fastened her arms with ropes to the crosspiece. A soldier grabbed her tunic at the neck and with one swift pull, ‘Livia’ was stripped nude before the hooting crowd.

The soldiers removed their helmets and then began molesting the bound, struggling woman. Julia recognized one of the soldiers. It was Bruno, the massuse. Bruno lewdly fondled her tits, while the other knelt and ran his hands up and down her thigh, each time his hand came higher and higher, closer and closer to her pussy. After teasing the crowd for a minute, he looked back over his shoulder, then slowly ran his hand up her thigh. A roar of approval rose from the crowd as his fingers disappeared inside her.

After several minutes, the two soldiers switched off on cue and continued to grope the woman. The tempo of the music changed and the soldiers stripped off their armor, until they were wearing only a short white garment around the waist and groin.

Each took a leg of the girl and lifted, so that she now hung by her wrists off the floor. They spread her legs and then spread her pussy open for the leering crowd. The two soldiers then alternated finger fucking her with their free hand, inserting two, three, then four fingers into her snatch. A gasp went up from the crowd when a closed fist was shoved into her cunt, the bound woman salacious cries echoing through the room.

The soldiers lowered her feet to the ground. Then they played a game of dice at her feet. Having settled the matter, they striped off their loincloths. First, the loser. The crowd cheered as his hard ten-inch cock sprang into view. Then the winner, Bruno. The crowd gasped in disbelief as his massive cudgel seemed to hang halfway to his knees.

Judy gripped Nick’s hand in anticipation. He looked down at her. Her eyes were wide and she bounced on her toes with glee. He leaned over and spoke in her ear, “Having fun?”

Grinning, she cut him a quick glance. Then she turned to watch the obscene play continue to unfold.

Bruno began stroking his tumescent meat. In mock horror, ‘Livia’ renewed her struggle as it began to rise. Soon his massive organ had taken on a prodigious size. Two ‘slaves’, half naked women, ran on stage, each clasping an ankle of the still struggling ‘Livia’. As they pulled her legs outward, the post lowered into the floor until the crosspiece was two and a half feet off the floor and ‘Livia’ was suspended parallel to the floor. The slave girls then moved to the right and as they did the crosspiece turned with them until they were facing the audience. As the Bruno came around upstage, the slave girls spread ‘Livia’ out. Smiling grotesquely, he stepped into the open slot.

With both hands he gripped his mammoth cock, raking the knobby shaped head up and down her slit. ‘Livia’ let her head fall back to face the audience until her long brunette hair touched the floor. Her mouth opened into a rictus and she emitted a plaintive wail as he drove his enormous cock into her. As he thrust into her, her pussy lips, stretched tight around his cockshaft, pulled appreciably outward on the outstroke and inverted into her on the inward stroke.

Every minute or so, he would stop pummeling her and the slave girls would rotate her, ninety degrees, then forty five degrees so that everyone had a clear view of her ravishment.

When the brutal fucking ended, the post lowered almost completely into the floor. Bruno lifted her by the hips and drove his face between her upturned legs. He put on a good show, slobbering so much that his spittle ran down her stomach. From the spectators’ perspective, it looked like cum streaming across her belly and down her tits.

Meanwhile, off to one side as a sideshow, the two slave girls were licking his assistant’s cock. After several minutes of energetic cunnilingus, Bruno lowered ‘Livia’ towards the floor, face down and facing the crowd. Bruno griped her thighs with his massive arms and he began fucking her again in a wheelbarrow position. Now his assistant came back into play.

The assistant grabbed ‘Livia’ by the hair and lifted her head, then drove his ‘little’ ten-incher into her throat. With her wrists still tied to the crosspiece near the floor, the two men fucked her from both ends. Again they rotated her around so everyone had a good view of the action. They ended with Bruno facing away from the audience.

He lowered her to the floor. Turning to face the audience, he straddled her torso. Then gripping her buttocks with his massive hands, he spread her ass cheeks wide. The two slave girls then took turns licking her asshole. Once the girls finished up, the assistant stepped forward, making a great show of lubing up his cock. A low moan rose from the crowd as he sank into her butt while Bruno held her spread out on her knees.

After several minutes of real sodomy, the assistant pulled out. A slave girl rushed over to lovingly wash his cock while Bruno swung around and fucked ‘Livia’ doggie-style. The crowd was rowdy now, shouting out encouragement to fuck her “harder, harder.”

Bruno pulled off and stood with his feet spread apart and his hands on his hips. One of the slave girls, now nude, rushed to his feet and to the astonishment of the audience swallowed his entire dick to the base. She was a little thing, but had a wide mouth. Time and again, she would suck him to the root, then slowly pull the entire monster from her mouth only to plunge it down her throat again and again.

The post and crosspiece rose from the floor again to about four and a half feet. Still bound, ‘Livia’ with her back to the audience, rested on her slightly spread knees, her arms outstretched, her stomach very near the post. Her engorged and stretched pussy lips hung low between her legs.

Bruno pushed the petite slave girl from his cock. His assistant grabbed her by the hair and led her around behind the crosspiece crawling on all fours. Bruno grabbed the other slave girl and threw her across his shoulder. He reached up and pulled her little skirt down off her waist and discarded it. Then he slowly made his way around the perimeter of the stage, where the spectators on the first tier could grope her newly exposed behind.

After letting everyone who wanted to grope her have a handful, he carried her around behind the crosspiece and joining his assistant on the other side. Bruno bent her over the cross. The two men slowly jacked their dicks to a good stiffy.

Meanwhile those in the center and who were alert, saw cum dripping out of Livia’s pussy and pool on the floor. Cum really wasn’t dripping out of her. The post had nozzle positioned so that it squirted “stage” cum onto her lower stomach. The thick, white goo then ran down her pubic mound and dripped onto the floor. By the time the show was over, nearly a pint of fake cum pooled between her legs.

A man from the audience stepped forward, tossing several twenty-dollar bills on the floor in front of Livia. He dropped his trou and jerked off furiously until he shot his load in Livia’s face. Another man joined him, and then another, until a half dozen men had sprayed their splooge on the bound woman, adding genuine cum to the pool of stage cum on floor between her knees.

Nick watched bemused at the excited expression on Judy’s face. It was apparent to him that she liked what she was seeing, liked it a lot.

Bruno and his assistant then fucked the two girls draped over the crosspiece. They fucked each girl to completion, pulling out as they began ejaculating, hosing down the slave girls’ backs. Bruno came first. A minute later, his assistant came. To the surprise of everyone watching, he shot a prodigious load, dwarfing Bruno’s emission by a large margin.

As the assistant finished cumming on the petite slave girl’s back, the post lowered to floor, leaving the three girls sprawled out on the floor. The two soldiers went to their armor and drew their short swords. Poised to plunge the blades into the backs of the two slaves the lights went dim. The darkness was pierced by screams of agony, accompanied that a few shrieks from the crowd. The lights came up. Livia and the two soldiers were gone. The two slave girls lay motionless in a pool of stage blood.

Judy stood stock-still, her hand to her mouth as the crowd began to exit the little theater. Stagehands came out, and picked the girls up like sacks of potatoes, leaving the naïve to wonder if they weren’t really dead.

“Did you like it?”

“Wha…they didn’t really…”

“No! Of course not! They have to put on another show tomorrow!”

She sighed with relief. It looked so real. As she gained her senses back she realized with a start that Nick had slid his hand down the back of her dress and was caressing her bare buttocks.

“Hey! I’m married!”

“So what? What’s the harm?”

“I, I, I… I think I’d better go.”

“Would you like to come up to my suite for a while?”

“No! I, I… I can’t do that!”

“Why not? I’ll bet you ten to one that your pussy is sopping wet.”

“My husband. I can’t… I won’t…”

“You won’t get laid tonight.”

“How do you… John will…”

“Maybe tomorrow night then,” Nick said with knowing smile.

“No!”

“You might.”

She desperately searched for an out. “Look Nick, it was really fun tonight, but I can’t possibly…”

“Come on, let’s go see how hubby is doing. Last time I checked he wasn’t doing too good. He’s desperate, and desperate men are foolish men.”

Judy suddenly felt very guilty. John was indeed desperate and she hadn’t been very supportive. He was trying to buy a little more time before the bank foreclosed on the house and all she wanted to do was make love.

“I better go find him and make sure he’s all right.”

“Sure, doll, anything you want.”

Judy turned and rushed out the little theater alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Down in the casino she went straightaway to the craps table. John wasn’t there. She looked about for a few minutes and decided to return to their room. She found him fast asleep, still in his clothes, reeking of bourbon.

“Damn it, John,” she muttered in disgust and disappointment. “Maybe tomorrow,” she wryly mused, her lips slightly twisted. Suddenly she felt a pang of regret for not taking up Nick’s offer. “Maybe tomorrow…”

Frustrated, she began undressing for bed.

“God damn! She’s gorgeous,” declared Desmond who was now monitoring Room 642.

\*\*\*\*\*

Judy buried her face in her pillow as she awoke from her sleep. Instinctively, she rolled over to snuggle with John. With a start, she sat up upon realizing the other half of the bed was empty. “John! John!” she called out hoping that he was in the bath. “John!” No answer was forthcoming. Tears welled up in her eyes. “Damn you, John Marsh. You certainly could’ve spared me what, five minutes?”

Sinking back down in bed, she sobbed into her pillow. Soon the pillowcase was streaked with makeup as the tears flowed. When the tears ran no more, she sat up red-eyed and mulled over what she should do. The only plan she could come up with was to plot her morning temperature, call room service for breakfast and then take a long soaking bath in the whirlpool.

Twenty-five minutes later she was lying in bed, languorously fondling herself when there was a knock at the door. Removing her hand from her pussy she rose and slipped on a silk robe. Opening the door, she was startled to see Nick.

“Room service!” he cheerily quipped.

“Nick! What are you…”

“I was coming down the hall and saw Miguel at your door. I decided to deliver this personally. May I come in?”

Flummoxed she stammered, “Uh, uh, yes, of course.”

Nick wheeled the breakfast cart through the door to the small table by the window.

“I look a mess,” she said suddenly thankful that she had washed her face before beginning to masturbate. On the other hand she was not pleased that Nick should see her without at least rudimentary makeup.

“Nonsense! You’re as lovely as ever,” Nick said sincerely. Then with a mischievous grin he added, “Say, I love your robe, it really shows off your breasts.”

Judy blushed as she protested, “Nick, I don’t think… my husband, he…”

“He’s down at the craps table. Saw him a little while ago.” Nick came around the cart and rested his hands on her hips.

“Nick, I can’t…”

“Who would know?”

With wide eyes she watched as his lips descended to hers. She closed her eyes as a wave of sensation swept through her body in response to his languid kiss. Her resolve melted away as the yearning sensation settled in her groin.

Nick broke off the tender kiss and looked down at her as she opened her eyes. She looked up dreamily, her breathing labored, aching with desire.

Nick smiled warmly. “Now. that wasn’t so bad. Was it?” Then he pulled away from her completely. “I’d love to stay and visit, but running a hotel and casino is a twenty four hour job, and I’ve got pressing business down on the floor. Would you like for me to setup another appointment at the spa. Have Bruno give you a rubdown?”

“Bruno?”

“Anything you want doll, just ask.”

Nick turned and before she could form the words, “Don’t go,” he was out the door. “Oh damn,” she said, half in frustration, half in amusement, “you are right Nick, who would know?”

She poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down to munch on a bagel. She had just gotten up to fill the bath when the telephone rung.

“Mrs. Marsh? This is Sandy at the spa. I have you scheduled for a mud bath at three o’clock, followed by a massage. Bruno wasn’t available any earlier.”

“Uh, it doesn’t have to be Bruno.”

“Well, he is the best and he doesn’t take appointments any earlier in the afternoon.”

“I see. Well…”

“Then we will see you at three.” Mmmmmmmmmmm.

“Sandy? Sandy? Oh, damn it!” she exclaimed as she realized that Sandy had hung up. “Oh, well, he does give a fabulous massage,” she said sardonically at the receiver she held in her hand.

She felt better the moment she stepped into the swirling bath.

\*\*\*\*\*

John was feeling more and more confident. He had won back a good portion of what he lost the night before. The shooter was hot and John was excited.

“Nine is the point,” sang out the dealer.

“John?”

John turned to see his lovely wife smiling at him. She looked different. It wasn’t the dress, he’d seen that low cut blue dress many times before. It was one of his favorites.

“What did you do to your hair?”

“You like it?”

“Seven!” called the dealer.

John turned back to the table in stunned disbelief. He turned back to Judy. Angrily he said, “Do me a favor. Go someplace else. Anyplace but here.”

Judy was taken aback by his hostility. “I thought a seven was good?”

“Not when point is nine,” he said with clenched teeth.

“Sorry! I just wanted to tell you that…”

“Go! Please go!”

Seething, Judy swung around and headed for the slots. She had few bucks too, and she wanted to try her luck, just to spite him.

It wasn’t her fault that she never won at any kind of game. As a bridge partner, she was a disaster. It wasn’t that she didn’t know how to play, or how to bid, she just got more than her share of lousy hands. John was always trying to switch her off for another partner, but everyone in their circle of friends knew she was the kiss of death. It had become quite a joke. At the horse track, if she picked the favorite to win, the nag barely made across the finish line. John had even tried to work out a system for picking losers, but whenever he put it into practice, he lost. Therefore, whenever they visited a casino, John had forbidden her to place a bet of any kind. He also didn’t want her around him when he played.

She put a quarter in a slot and pulled the handle. Out popped a deluge of quarters.

“Say, that’s pretty good.”

She turned to see Nick smiling at her.

“Nice dress; shows just the right amount of…”

“Nick! Be good!”

“Can’t help it. You’re a delight to the eyes.” Judy’s face flushed red. Changing the subject he asked, “Do you like to play the slots?”

“John won’t let me. Says I’m bad luck.”

“You just won.”

She beamed in triumph. “Yes, I did.”

“Indeed! Have you had lunch yet? I know it’s late, but I need to eat.”

“Are you asking me to join you?”

Nick smiled, wrapped his arm around her slender waist and headed for the restaurant. Nick flirted with her all through lunch and she shamelessly flirted back. As the waiter cleared the table, she wondered what she would really do if he asked up to his suite again. She idly wondered what kind of a lover he was. But he didn’t ask, he simply excused himself to take care of business.

It was a half hour or so before her spa appointment, so Judy went back to the slots and promptly lost every dime she had with her. Peeved at herself for proving John right, she went defeated to her appointment.

**CHAPTER 3**

Judy is treated to another visit to the spa, compliments of the house...

“Mrs. Marsh!” sang out Sandy. “So glad to see you again.” Sandy studied Judy’s expression, “Why the frown?”

“I just proved my husband right.” Judy made a wry smile and added, “I lost all my money on the slots.”

“Well, don’t fret! I never win anything either. But cheer up, after we’ve finished with you this afternoon, you will feel divine. This way please.”

Sandy led her to a dressing room. Handing her an oversized towel, Sandy said, “When you are ready I’ll show you to your mud bath.”

“Just what’s in a mud bath?”

“It’s a mixture of special therapeutic clay, peat moss and hot mineral water.”

Sandy showed her to the bath where she handed her off to the bath attendant. Judy looked apprehensively at the bubbling dark mixture. The attendant wrapped her head with a towel and removed the towel wrapped around her torso. With tentative steps, Judy entered the hot mud.

“Ouuuuuu!” she moaned as the hot, thick slime enveloped her.

The attendant directed her to sit and lie back, with the mud coming up to her neck. Reluctantly, Judy did as instructed. At first, it felt somewhat disgusting, like she’d stepped into a hot, fetid swamp. As she became accustomed to the sensations, it felt strangely wonderful to be immersed in the hot, viscous liquid. Soon the bubbling warmth began to relax her.

\*\*\*\*\*

The knot in John’s stomach tightened as he lost his last bet. He was busted.

“Sir, do you want to place a bet?” asked the closest dealer. “Sir?”

John just stared blankly at the table. His sluggish mind tired to comprehend how it all happened. Where did his system break down? Why didn’t he realize sooner it wasn’t working? He fixated on when Judy had showed up earlier this afternoon. “Stupid bitch,” he muttered, “why didn’t she just stay away?”

Stepping back from the table, he signaled for a hostess to bring him a drink. After downing the bourbon and water in one gulp, he took another from her tray. What in the hell was he going to do now? ‘If I changed tables, maybe…’ He pulled out his wallet and found it bare of all but three dollars. He fingered, then slipped out his platinum American Express and headed for a cashier.

The cashier cheerfully accepted his card. A message flickered up on her computer screen as his card was being processed. She turned back to the guest. “I’m sorry sir. There seems to be a problem.”

Two thuggish looking security guards escorted John up to the third floor. After passing through a maze of hallways, he was escorted into a plush office. A pretty girl, blonde with huge hooters, dressed in a too tight miniskirt got up from the lap of the man behind the desk and exited through another door.

“Mr. Marsh, I’m Nick Clametti, manager of the Lucky Dawg Casino and Hotel. We have a little problem, or more precisely, you have a big problem.”

John’s gut churned even more.

“We’ve just discovered that the credit card you secured your hotel bill with is no good.”

“There must be some sort of mistake, there shouldn’t be a problem with my…”

“Do you have another card perhaps?”

John knew that all of his other cards had already cut him off. “Uh, uh, well to be honest, there’s been a mix up of some sort. A stolen identity mess… I’ve been trying to get it straightened out, but…”

“Do you have cash?”

“How much do you need?”

Nick handed over the current hotel bill for their two-day stay.

John stared at the bill in disbelief. “Fourteen hundred dollars!”

“Thirteen hundred seventy seven dollars and ninety five cents to be exact.”

“There must be some sort of mistake! I didn’t run up these charges! The rooms are what? Eighty dollars a night? “

“Yes. But, you see, your wife…”

John looked down at the bill again. “What did she do?” He read over the details carefully. Room bill, hair cut, hair styling, manicure, pedicure, massage, ticket to the Ginger Dunaway Show, ticket to the special show, room bill, room service, a mud bath, another massage. He remembered back to this afternoon, she did have a new hairdo. “Stupid bitch!” he muttered.

“Your wife is a very beautiful woman, very sweet, very intelligent. I don’t think she deserves the moniker ‘Stupid Bitch’.” Nick gestured towards the door, “The air headed bimbo who just left, now she’s a stupid bitch.

“Now I’ll ask you again, Mr. Marsh, do you have cash?”

John searched for a dignified out. “No, I lost all my cash at craps. How about a check?”

Nick laughed and shook his head. “No way! No way would I take a personal check from a… dead beat.”

The words ‘dead beat’ stung. John put his hands to his temples and tried to think.

“We could arrange for funds to be electronically transferred from your bank.”

“Oh, god,” muttered John. “No, no can do. I don’t have enough funds on deposit.”

“You don’t have enough funds?” said Nick angrily. “You just tried to pass me a bad check! You worthless piece of shit!” Nick turned away from John in feigned disgust. “Mickey!” he called waving his hand.

John watched as one of the thuggish men who brought him here went over to confer with his boss. Fear gripped John. The other guy, John had heard Mickey call him Bruce on the way up from the casino, was just as big and mean looking. John cringed as he felt Bruce’s hulking presence take up position behind his chair. Mickey turned and quickly exited the room.

Silence filled the room. John began to perspire profusely. A moment later, John heard the door behind him open and the close. Mickey took up position by the side of his boss.

Nick looked up and stared at John. From his peripheral vision, John saw a white form off to his left.

“Mr. March, I want you meet one of my associates.”

John turned to his left. He nearly lost control of his bladder. There before him was what appeared to be a power-lifter from the old Soviet Union. Dressed all in white. His massive musculature clearly outlined in the tight t-shirt he wore. He had no neck, and a face that would look good only on a bulldog. His thighs were so thick that he had to stand with feet spread apart. His arms were thicker than John’s legs and as he stood, menacingly flexing his large hands, John knew that the brute could easily crush his skull with his bare hands.

“Oh, shit!” whimpered John.

“I hate violence,” Nick deadpanned. “Nobody really wins; everybody loses. Maybe we can work something else out,” mused Nick thoughtfully. Nick leaned towards his desk and pressed a button on the intercom. “Hey, Doc, Nick! Come to my office. Bring a specimen cup.”

A moment later, the house doctor appeared, a quack who had lost his practice years ago to booze, gambling and whores.

“Alright Mr. Marsh. Piss in the cup for the good doctor.”

“What?” said John confused.

“I said, piss in the cup! You do know how to piss?”

Bruce grabbed John by the shoulders and lifted him to a standing position.

“Now piss in the cup, or do you want the good doctor run a catheter up your pecker and take it from you!”

John took the threat seriously and whipped out his pecker and pissed in the specimen cup.

“That’s all, Doctor, you know what to do. Make it quick, but be accurate. Bruno, that’s all for now.” Nick turned to John. “I’m going to have to ask you to wait in another room with Bruce and Mickey. I have other business to attend to.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Mrs. Marsh?” said the faraway voice. “Mrs. Marsh!”

Judy opened her eyes and lazily turned towards the soft voice.

“Mrs. Marsh, it’s time to shower and then a sauna.”

Judy scrunched her brow. She wasn’t sure how long she had been in the mud bath, but she wasn’t ready to get out.

“Can’t I stay a little longer?”

“Your massage is scheduled for four thirty. It’s already four.”

“I’ve been in here an hour?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Let me just stay here and forgo the sauna. This is wonderful.”

“Yes, Ma’am, that’s no problem. I’ll be back to get you in fifteen minutes.”

In what seemed to Judy to be only three minutes the attendant was back. “Mrs. Marsh, it’s quarter past four. You really must to get out now.”

Judy sighed with resignation. She would definitely have to do this again. She rose from the mud soup like a curvaceous mud monster and took the three steps to the shower to rinse off the mud and peat moss. The attendant helped scrub her down with a coarse sea sponge and brushed under her nails to remove all of the clinging mud from her body. After toweling off, she was escorted to a massage room. Standing there waiting, she noticed how her skin tingled from the bath. Like Sandy had said, it felt divine.

“Afternoon, Miss Marsh,” said the gravelly voice.

With a start she looked up to Bruno standing at the door. Upon seeing his brutish mug again she cringed. Without realizing it she looked down at his crotch, remembering last night's salacious show and the monstrous cock lurking there. She glanced back up. Bruno was smiling broadly, but the curl of his thick upper lip gave it a menacing appearace.

“Shall we get started?” he said hoarsely.

‘Oh god,’ she thought, ‘what am I doing here with this beast?’

“Please, lie down on the table, face down,” he rasped. “Here, let me help you with your towel.” Not waiting for a reply, Bruno reached forward and removed the towel.

Judy’s pussy and her anus puckered as she stood before him naked. Feeling terribly vulnerable, her pulse began to race as visions of his enormous cock violating her raced through her head.

Without offering her the option to keep the towel, Bruno discarded the towel. Then he nodded towards the table. “Please lie down, Ma’am.”

With trepidation, she lay face down on the massage table. Bruno raised the table to the proper height, then took a bottle of hot oil from the cabinet and began to work, starting at her delicate shoulders. Silently, he kneaded her upper back and then each arm. Just like yesterday, it felt wonderful. Despite her misgivings, whatever residual tensions were leftover from the mud bath now melted away under his powerful hands. Finishing her arms and hands, Bruno began working down her back. He didn’t bypass her buttocks this time. He had been kneading her oiled and gleamingly naked buttocks for several minutes when he spoke.

“You must have liked my massage yesterday.”

Judy suddenly realized she had drifted off and that he was mauling her bare buns, his fingers deep into her cleft.

“I’m glad you enjoyed my massage yesterday," he rasped. "I’m glad you decided to come back again.”

Judy’s eyes darted around in alarm. To her relief, his sure hands progressed to her upper thighs and then slowly down one leg. Then he began working down the other leg, beginning with her bare buttocks.

After rubbing each foot he asked, “Ma’am, will you please turn over.”

Judy hesitated before rolling onto her back. Bruno was gazing up and down her body, his thick puffy lips curled into an evil smile. She glanced at his stomach. The tight white t-shirt he wore left no doubt as to what the thick bulge, extending up past his navel was, as his massive glans and thick cock tube stood out in relief on the thin fabric. A large grayish spot had formed on his white shirt at the glans. ‘Oh, Jesus,’ she said to herself.

"Turn over," he repeated. To Judy, it didn't sound like a request and she rolled over onto her back. She now felt more vulnerable than ever.

He began again by rubbing her temples. Then he applied more oil to his hands and began working her shoulders and pectorals. All the while she stared up into his horrific face.

His huge hands slid to her sides, resting momentarily at her sweet spot at the edge of the swell of her breast. She nearly died when he said, “I saw you at the show last night with Mr. Calmetti. Did you like the show?”

She tensed as his oiled hands swept across her ample breasts.

“Did you like my cock?” he rasped. “Is that why you came to see me today?”

“Oh, god!” she squeaked. “I didn’t…”

He squeezed her nipples gently between his thumb and forefinger. The feeling was electric and she cried out again, “Ohhhhhhhhhhh!”

The nerve endings in her nipples became hypersensitive, sending jolt after jolt of exquisite pleasure shooting through her body. Bruno continued to fondle her tits. Her breathing became rapid and her upper torso flushed.

In vain she fought back at the unwanted passion rising within her. “Oh, god,” she moaned as her body betrayed her, “I’m gonna cum.”

The muscles in her stomach began rippling and her hips involuntarily began to move suggestively. Her face twisted in a wild grimace of lust as the orgasm wracked through her body with the force of a torrent.

As the intensity of the moment passed, she realized that he was no longer working her boobs. His strong hands were rubbing her stomach and heading south. She opened her eyes and met his smirking gaze.

With his hand over her pubic mound he said, “You’re some hot babe, Ma’am.” Then he asked, “Do you want me to fuck you, Ma’am?”

The words caught in her throat, rendering her speechless as his thick digits swept across her mons. His banana-like forefinger slipped between the lips of her slickened slit and began traveling back and forth.

“Oh, sweet mercy,” she whimpered when she realized his finger was nearly as big as John’s dick.

“Do you like that, Ma’am?”

She tried to scream, but as his big finger slid into her vagina, a fresh rush of salacious pleasure swept over her. She was only dimly aware of the smacking sounds made by his finger as he finger fucked her gushing, wet pussy. Tendrils of ecstasy radiated from her groin. Her eyes blurred out of focus as her body twisted and lurched, the fires of desire consuming her body and soul, until wave after wave of orgasmic bliss spun her into a swirling vortex of lust that threatened to send her into oblivion.

She didn’t have any idea how long she thrashed about or even how many closely spaced climaxes she had as she coasted back to earth, only that he had withdrawn his pleasuring finger from her cunt and was now working down her left leg. When he finished her left foot, Bruno saw that she was cognizant again. He moved up the table and leered at her.

As his big right hand cupped her heaving left breast, he whispered, “I’d love to fuck you, Ma’am. I wouldn’t even charge you extra.” His hand moved to maul her right breast. “But, you’re so tight, I’m afraid I’d hurt you. That’s the problem with having such a large penis. Most girls can’t take it. It hurts’em. I won’t fuck you, unless of course if you really want me to…”

Panic welled up and griped her throat.

“I don’t want to hurt you, Ma’am. You do understand? I don’t want to hurt you, Ma’am. You’re too little.”

Her mind reeled. That wasn’t what she expected. She had fully expected him to whip it out and split her into. She would have been powerless to resist. Judy panted and squeaked, “That’s okay. Thank you.”

Bruno moved to the other side of the table at her hip and began kneading her right thigh. When he finished with her foot he stood feasting his beady eyes on her nakedness. “You sure are pretty, Ma’am.”

“Thank you,” she replied still dazed.

“I hope that you will ask for me again next time,” he said with a grotesque smile that suddenly didn’t seem so menacing any more.

\*\*\*\*\*

John sat nervously in a sparsely furnished room. Bruce and Mickey were playing cards, keeping an eye on the deadbeat.

“You play Hearts?” asked Mickey nonchalantly. “Dollar a point.”

John answered haltingly, “I, I don’t have any money.”

“I’ll spot you twenty,” said Bruce not looking up from his cards, “for a blow job!”

The two security thugs roared in laughter at John’s humiliation and growing fear.

\*\*\*\*\*

Judy watched Bruno work his way down her right leg to her foot. She began to feel safe again and began relaxing. After massaging each toe he looked across her nubile body. He cupped his ear and for several moments just stood and grinned.

Then to Judy’s horror, Bruno striped off his t-shirt. His cock was still hard and did in fact extend beyond his navel. He quickly unfastened his pants and stepped out of them.

Judy wanted to flee, but felt powerless to move. Bruno moved up the table, running his right hand up her body, her eyes fixed on the huge organ as it bobbed and swayed until it was a mere few inches from her head.

“Do you like my cock?”

Judy was awed by it. The sheer size of the thing was unbelievable, like something out of ‘Ripley’s Believe-It-Or-Not’. Certainly no human begin could have a dick that big, but there it was.

Bruno made an adjustment to the massage table. The support under her head fell away and her head rotated back. Bruno poured more hot oil into his hands. Then straddling her head he began massaging the oil into her ever-sensitive tits. His mammoth balls hung down into her face, filling her nostrils with the smell of his heady musk. As he molested her, he moved about, dragging his genitals across her face. Almost in self-defense Judy reached up and suddenly she was holding onto his donkey-sized cock, neither hand touching the other, neither hand able to fully encircle his girth.

“Yes, Ma’am, you do like my big ole cock,” he growled.

Once again her body betrayed her as he played with her sensitive nipples. Without realizing it, she was kissing his bloated testicles and licking the base of his huge penis. She barely heard him as he croaked, “I love your tits, Miss, they make you so responsive.”

Suddenly he pulled away from her. He adjusted the head support, this time so that her head was slightly raised and then lowered the table a few inches. Bruno climbed onto the table straddling her, his cock nestled in her cleavage. He poured some oil onto his cock, gently squeezed her breasts together, and began titty fucking her with long strokes. On each forward thrust, the huge purplish-red head of his cock, oozing salty pre-seminal fluid, pressed into her lips.

He stopped thrusting for a moment as he released her breasts. He reached down and took her hands, placing them on her breasts, forcing her to squeeze her tits around his cock.

“Play with your nipples, Ma’am,” he ordered.

In a near trance she began tweaking her nips while the beastly cock sawed between her breasts.

His hands now free, Bruno leaned back to give the camera hidden in the ceiling an unobstructed view.

“Now, play with her clit,” said the voice in his earpiece.

Bruno reached back with his right hand and slid his meaty hand over her sparse public hairs and down between her legs.

The sensation of Bruno’s cock sliding between her fleshy orbs, the delightful self-tweaking of her nipples and the talented dick sized finger sliding around her fully engorged clit, soon swept Judy away in a wildfire of unleashed passion. She kissed the enormous cock head each time it neared her lips. No matter that it would be impossible for her to get her lips around the head of the thing, the smell of his organ and the taste of his seeping lubricant added to the load on her senses.

At the touch of his thick finger traveling through her gushing slit, her mouth opened in a silent moan of pleasure. After a few swipes and several trips around her excited clit, her chest became mottled. Bruno knew she was about to cum, he had seen that signal earlier. His own excitement growing, his cock began to tingle signaling his own imminent climax.

Consumed with lust, Judy watched as the meatus of his glans opened up, revealing the dark narrow passageway to his internal genitalia.

The great cock swelled appreciably between her breasts. Lustfully she cried out, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhh,” then her orgasm broke over her.

The big man grunted beastily, as a blast of thick milky white semen shot from his cock and onto her face. The second blast landed across and in her eye. Grabbing the back of her head, Bruno pressed his pulsating cock to her opened mouth, delivered the third and forth copious shots directly into her mouth. He then pulled her head back, delivering the copious issue of his final contractions around her gasping, cum dribbling mouth, and over and on her luscious lips.

As she coasted down from her pleasure, Bruno spread his semen across her lips with the broad head of his dick.

“Fuck me,” she moaned, “please fuck me. Oh, god, I need you to fuck me.”

“Mrs. Marsh,” came a voice through the fog of her lust addled brain as she licked at the delicious cum-coated dick that was teasing her lips. “Mrs. Marsh?”

She tried to open her eyes, but her right eye was temporarily blinded to everything but a blurred view. She closed the right and focused with unclouded left eye on Sandy, the spa receptionist.

“Bruno, your next appointment is here,” said Sandy evenly. “Mr. Adkins.”

Bruno swung his massive body off of Judy. With growing disbelief at what had just happened, Judy stared up at Sandy.

“Mrs. Marsh, I’m sorry, but your time with Bruno is up. Next time, maybe you’ll want to double block a time slot with him.” She grinned knowingly, “I can assure you, it’s quite an experience.” Her eyes bright with barely suppressed laughter she added, “You won’t be able to walk for a week, but you’ll never forget it.”

“Oh, my god,” groaned Judy.

“Come on, Hun, let’s get you cleaned up. You’re a mess!”

Nick stood watching the security monitor and laughed. That was such a good show. He really had to restrain himself from instructing Bruno to fuck her, but he wanted that pleasure for himself. He had great footage and the resultant videos would make a mint. Best of all, the merchandise was still good as new. If Bruno had fucked her, she wouldn’t be worth a damn to anyone for weeks.

**CHAPTER 4**

Again, desperate situations beget desperate measures...

Judy showered, washing away Bruno's residue. Afterwards, the hairdresser fixed her hair while another beautician applied makeup. She was still wobbly when she stood to get dressed. The combined effects of the mud bath and Bruno's massage had left her curiously drained and weak. By the time she walked out dressed into the reception area of the spa to leave, however, she felt great. Still, there was a gnawing need that demanded to be satisfied, a need stoked by her recent encounter with the masseur. She hoped that John would fulfill that need soon.

“There seems to be a problem,” said Sandy with a shrug. “Your husband is up in Mr. Clametti’s office. They need to see you. This gentleman will take you upstairs.”

Judy looked to the impeccably dressed man waiting to escort her. She shrugged and followed the young man to the third floor. After punching in a security code, he opened the door, escorting her into the sumptuous suite, the door closing behind them with a solid thump.

“Hello, Doll,” greeted Nick as he came in from another room.

“Where’s John?” asked Judy as he took her in his arms.

“He’ll be here in a few minutes,” he said just before his lips touched hers. The kiss was another languid one. Soft and slow, the tip of his tongue circled and outlined her ruby lips before probing between them, his hands rising from the flare of her hips, and up her sides to caresses the slight swell of her breasts.

Breaking off the kiss, he asked, “Did you enjoy your visit to the spa?”

The very fresh memories flashed before her, until she remembered her plaintive plea for Bruno to fuck her. She blinked several times, in disbelief, acutely aware that her pussy was itching again. She stammered, “Yes, it was quite… quite an experience.”

“Fine, fine. I’m glad you’re enjoying your stay. Perhaps we could…”

“Sandy said that there was a problem,” she said in an attempt to gain control over the situation, “and that you and John were in your office. What kind of problem?”

“Oh, its really nothing… Well…a ctually, your husband is in deep shit.”

“What? What did he do?”

“He tried to pass me a bad check for the room bill.”

“Where is he?”

“He’s with a couple of my men.”

“Oh, god! Please don’t hurt him.”

“Please, don’t worry. He’s fine. I don’t want to hurt him, but I do want to get paid.”

There was a knock on the door. Nick answered and John was escorted into the suite, surrounded by the hulking figures of Bruce and Mickey.

“Well,” said Nick, “I was just explaining to your wife that you tried to stiff me for your room bill.”

At the sight of his wife, John uttered, “You stupid bitch!”

“You shut the fuck up!” snarled Nick as Mickey grabbed John by the collar and lifted him on to his toes. “I’ve already told you once, don’t ever call her a ‘stupid bitch’.” Meanwhile, Judy bristled and seethed at John’s piggish behavior; after all, he was the one who lost all their money.

John gasped, “Okay, okay…”

Nick nodded and Mickey lowered him to the floor.

“Like I said, we don’t like dead beats who try to stiff us for their bill. You can pay up, right now, or go dance with my men… or…” Nick paused to let his implied threat sink in.

“Or what?” asked John desperate for an out.

“Your wife is a sweetheart. I like her. I like her a lot. I really wouldn’t want to see such a ravishingly beautiful woman stuck for the rest of her life with a cripple. Now, I’m a fair man, a sporting man. Like I said, I have something in mind to settle your debt.”

“What?” asked John doubtfully. “What do you have in mind?”

“A little game of craps. Street rules. You win, your debt’s paid, and you can go home now in one piece. If I win, your debt’s still paid in full. You can go home tomorrow in one piece. But your wife, she’s mine for the evening to do with as I please.”

John looked at Judy who looked at Nick.

“Rules are simple. Judy rolls for point. If she makes point again before she rolls craps, you win. She rolls craps before making point, she’s mine for the night. Either way, your bill is paid and you can go home a whole man.”

“What do you mean, rolls craps?” asked Judy uncertain of anything other than the desire at the moment to lose and get back at John.

“You roll a two, three or twelve. Odds are four out of thirty six you’ll roll craps."

“What’s a point?” she asked, having never understood the rules of this game.

“Whatever you roll on your first roll is your point, unless you roll craps. Roll craps, then I win. If your point is seven, odds are six out of thirty six. If your point is nine or eleven, odds drop to two out of thirty six.

John looked about, his mind racing, evaluating the offer. It stunk. Shooting craps for Judy? Then again, with a little luck… He quickly figured odds in head; a four, three in thirty six; a five, four in thirty six; a six or eight, five in thirty six…

Noticing that she was enjoying her husband’s discomfort, Nick winked at Judy and added, “To liven things up a little bit, if she doesn’t make point, she takes something off.”

Judy snapped her head around. She wasn’t about to take her clothes off in front of Nick’s men.

But before she could voice her concern, Nick anticipating her objection, reassured her, “Don’t worry, Doll. There will only be the three us here for the game.”

Nick turned to John, “How about it? Are you game?”

Hesitating, John looked desperately towards Judy who looked back at her husband with a blank face, giving him no clue as to her feelings. He’d seen that face before, that controlled, affected, ‘everything is all right, dear’ look that might mean just that or might mean ‘you’re a dead man, Buster’.

‘Dear God, this can’t be happening,’ he thought. ‘Oh, god, what should I do?’

Nick nodded to Mickey who tightened the grip on John’s collar. The threat was immediate. Closing his eyes, he crooked, “Yes! Okay, okay.”

Judy immediately felt disgust for her sniveling husband. How dare he offer her up as a prize in a craps game? Then again, angry though she may have been, she really didn’t want him to get hurt. Besides, she could win, maybe. And if not, well she was certain that Nick would relieve the horniness that had gnawed at her unsatisfied ever since she ovulated.

Nick winked at her with a grin that John couldn’t see. “How about it, Doll? You want to help your husband out? Or do you want him to go dance with the boys?”

Judy could hardly keep from snickering, certain that Nick wouldn’t actually hurt John, even if she refused to play his game. Nick just wanted in her pants. For John, the worst that would happen was that he would be humiliated, knowing that another man was having sex with his wife all night while he waited alone in their room. She struggled to maintain an indignant expression. “I don’t know. I don’t like being treated…”

“For god’s sake, Judy!” blurted John, “Tell him yes! Damn it, tell him yes!”

Judy looked back at John and with a submissive expression conceded sweetly, “Okay, hon, if that’s what you want.”

“Good,” said Nick with a grin, “then we are all agreed?”

“Yes,” said John defeated, yet hopeful, relieved that he wouldn’t have to face Nick’s men, especially the monstrous looking animal with the bulldog face.

“And you, Mrs.Marsh? Are you game?”

“If that’s what John wants,” she said looking to her husband. John, looking down at the floor, nodded in acquiesce.

“Fine. Now, so that there are no misunderstandings, no sudden remorse after you two go home, I have a couple of papers for both of you to sign.” Nick picked up some papers from a table and gesturing towards a chair, directed John to sit down.

He handed John a sheath of papers and then handed Judy a sheath. “These papers merely outline our agreement to play a game of craps and what the stakes are. It states that if we play our game, regardless of who wins or loses, I will pay your debt in full to the casino and hotel. It further states that if I win, all sex with your wife will be consensual on your part and her part. Furthermore, you state that you agree to these terms on your own free will and are cognizant of the consequences that may arise and that there is no rape or coercion involved. In other words, tomorrow, after I fuck her, you can’t run to the cops and claim that I raped your wife. Now, if you are agreed, sign.”

John scanned over the document, hardly reading it, just catching the gist, the gist being what Nick had just stated. Mickey offered John a pin. John glanced back at Judy. Unable to read her expression he signed at the indicated place.

Nick handed Judy a pin. Without looking at the documents that Nick had put before her, she signed where Nick pointed.

Nick gathered the documents and placed them in a safe. Turning back around, he gestured with his hand saying, “That’s all, boys. You can go now.”

Bruce and Mickey departed leaving John, Judy and Nick alone in the suite.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Would either of you care for a drink?” Nick offered.

Relieved that the two thugs had left, John sighed, “Yeah! I need a drink. Make it bourbon… a double… on the rocks.”

“How about you. Doll?”

Judy’s hands felt clammy. A drink would help her, no matter what happened next. “Pina Colda?”

Nick laughed. “Sorry, Sweetheart, but I don’t mix fancy drinks. How about some champagne?”

“Oh, yes, that would be nice.”

Nick poured John a stiff bourbon on the rocks and two glasses of champagne. John chugged his drink as soon as it was given to him.

“Would you like another one?”

“No,” answered John. “Let’s get this over with.”

Nick sipped at his drink, studying the desperate sucker. “Sure, the sooner we play, the sooner you can go.” He went over to the cabinet that housed the safe, opened an unsecured drawer and took out a pair of dice, still packaged from the factory. He handed the dice to John, who with still trembling hands, struggled to remove the tightly secured cellophane. Finally the cellophane yielded and John extracted the new dice from the package.

“Check them over carefully. Toss them a few times. Satisfy yourself that they’re honest dice. I don’t want you to leave here thinking that you were cheated.”

John studied the dice carefully; looking for modified rounded edges or other irregularities. He tossed them several times and satisfied himself that they were honest dice.

“Would you like another glass of champagne?”

“No, she’s fine,” snapped John. “Let’s get this over with.”

Nick shrugged, not concerned nor caring that his hospitality had been rebuffed. He pointed his glass towards a vacant corner of the room. “Shall we?”

The three of them stood a few feet from the corner. John offered the dice back to Nick, who declined to touch them with a raised hand. John handed the dice to his wife.

“Now what?” she asked sincerely clueless. She looked at John, then towards Nick for direction. Nick merely nodded towards John and indicated that he should clarify what she should do.

“Just shake the dice in your hands, then when you’re ready, toss them against the wall.”

She took a sip of her champagne, paused and then she knelt down.

“Yes!” John shouted as the first toss showed seven, giving him the advantage.

“Seven’s the point,” intoned Nick without emotion.

“Way to go baby!” gushed John as a fresh hit of adrenaline tricked into his bloodstream.

“Now what?” asked Judy innocently.

“Roll another seven baby. We need seven to win,” urged her husband.

She picked up the dice and rolled again.

“Five,” intoned Nick.

“Now what?”

Nick stared John in the eyes. John swallowed hard and answered, “You have to take something off.”

“Oh.” She unbuckled a white high-heeled sandal and discarded it.

“Now what?”

“Roll again,” said John with a hint of irritation.

“Oh, okay.”

“C’mon seven, c’mon seven,” John chanted as the dice rattled in her hand. She tossed them against the wall.

“Eight,” declared Nick. He sipped his champagne and watched as she removed the other shoe.

Judy had it pretty well figured out by now. She scooped up the dice and to the chant of her husband, invoking the blessings of the dice for a seven, tossed the dice with a flourish.

“Four,” said Nick with sly grin.

Judy put her hands to her mouth as she thought about her next move. She reached behind her neck and removed the blue topaz pendant her mother had given to her. The pendant was part of a set, pendant, ring and earrings that her father had given to her mother when she was born. When her mother had remarried a few years ago, she passed them on to her daughter. Naturally, they had deep sentimental value to Judy, as they were an expression of her deceased father’s love.

“No fair,” chuckled Nick. She looked up forlornly, believing that she had somehow broken the rules. “Oh, okay,” conceded Nick, “this time it’s okay, but no more jewelry.”

“Jewelry’s fair,” asserted John.

Nick glared at him with a ‘don’t fuck with me’ look. “I said, no more jewelry.”

As Nick stared him down, John’s stomach churned. He meekly accepted the rule. “Okay, no more jewelry.”

“C’mon baby, you can do it, seven, give me a seven!”

The dice ricocheted in the corner and settled on the floor. “Six,” said Nick with big smile.

Judy’s eyes darted around seeking an out. Pleadingly, her eyes met Nick’s.

“Take it off, Doll,” said Nick with smirk. John felt his gut tighten.

She looked back at her husband. After a brief pause, she slightly turned her back to her husband and asked him to unzip her dress. As the zipper lowered downward, he saw that her back was bare.

“You’re not wearing a bra?”

“No,” she answered meekly.

With a pained expression, his hands fell away as she pulled one strap off her shoulder and then the other. Then shaking and shimmying, she peeled the form fitting dress down.

The dress hit the floor and she delicately stepped out of it, now dressed in only a skimpy red thong.

“Oh, yes, Babydoll! You’re gorgeous! Absolutely gorgeous!”

Judy blushed mightily standing nearly nude before a near stranger as her husband looked on helplessly. John seethed as he studied the lust filled eyes of his rival and nemesis, as Nick unabashedly scanned up and down her body, openly feasting the nudity of his wife.

As far a Nick was concerned, he had won. It wasn’t that he had seen her close up and for all practical purposes in the nude. He had what he wanted. He had won even if the first roll after point was a seven and they had packed up and went home. He had the releases she had signed. The releases giving her consent for him to use and distribute any video footage of her taken at the casino. In a few days, his crew would have the material edited into several video clips for his web site. The web site was a perpetual cash cow, but was always in need of a fresh new face, of fresh new footage. The suckers and their wives and girl friends provided a never-ending supply of fresh meat. Best of all, even though the odds were against him, the fact was that the game went on; next roll he could get more, much more, and that was a thrill.

Judy sank to the floor, trying to preserve as much of her modesty as possible. She meekly gathered the dice. John was suddenly strangely quiet. The dice barely hit the wall and settled in the corner. John leaned forward to see the results. His heart sank as he slumped back dejectedly.

“Craps,” he mumbled.

“Does that mean…”

“Means I win,” said Nick triumphantly. Turning, he walked back to the bar for the bottle of champagne. Then he filled her glass and his.

John sat with his hands buried in his face.

“You want to hang around and watch me screw her?” Nick said cruelly.

John glared at him.

“I didn’t think so. Cheer up. The bill’s paid in full, my friend,” said Nick with unction, putting a good spin on it for the pathetic sucker crumpled on the floor, "or at least it will be by tomorrow morning.

“Look, I know you need to eat," Nick continued, "so I’ll have room service bring you something to your room for dinner… on me, of course. Now, if you will excuse us… I have a hard-on I need taken care of.”

John slowly rose. He looked down at his beautiful wife. She stared at the floor, hiding the smile that threatened to spread across her face, destroying her feigned distress. “Judy, I, I, I’m sorry, baby. I’ve really made of mess of things.”

She kept her head down, concealing her wicked delight in the outcome of the game. She strained to contain her laughter. Tonight she’s going to get fucked by a real man and John had only himself to blame.

“Uh, you need to use a rubber,” stammered John, “she’s…”

“No rubbers! The doc says you’re free of STD’s and HIV, so I assume she’s free too. You haven’t been sleeping around on the side, have you, Sweetie?”

“No,” she replied indignantly, “but I could get pregnant,” protested Judy realizing that things weren’t as easy as just getting a good fucking.

“Don’t worry, baby. I had a vasectomy. I already support three kids I never see, and that’s enough. You’re quite safe with me.”

Judy felt a little better. Then she had a pang of regret. Disappointment showed on her face. Nick read her expression and added with a laugh, “Don’t you worry, Doll, I still come like horse.”

Judy blushed again, this time because he had read her so easily. She looked down at the floor again not wanting John to read her too.

Nick bent down and picked up her blue topaz necklace and offered it to John. “You'd better take this with you. I wouldn’t want it to get lost.” As John accepted the pendant, an idea began to formulate in head.

“Now, I’ll send her back to you before checkout time.”

“Yeah, sure,” said John almost absentmindedly.

“Now, if you will excuse us…”

“Yeah, sure.” John stood and staring at the clear blue stone, walked to the door. Without any other parting comments, John left his darling wife to be fucked all night by another man.

As the door closed behind him, John took a deep breath. Quickly he glanced up and down the vacant hallway, half expecting a goon to be waiting for him. “Stupid bitch,” he muttered. He opened his palm and studied the topaz again. “Sure, why not? I bought the damned things!” he declared to himself. Then he strode off down the hall in a hurry.

\*\*\*\*\*

Back in the relative safety of his room, John punched in the code for the room safe. As he expected, Judy’s little jewelry bag was there. He opened it and shook the contents out, the diamond earrings and necklace fell onto the floor.

With a knock on the door, he nearly jumped out of his skin. “Shit,” he muttered. “Who in the hell?”

“Room service!”

“I didn’t call room service,” he answered through the door.

“Compliments of Mr. Clametti, sir!”

John cautiously cracked the door open. Sure enough there was young kid with a room service cart. “Okay, just a minute.”

John scooped up the diamonds from the floor and stuck them in his pocket with the topaz. As the kid wheeled the cart into the room, John suddenly regretted it, his gut tightening into a knot. ‘How could he have gotten here so soon?’

To John’s relief the kid parked the cart, cheerily said, “Goodnight, Sir!” and quickly departed.

Opening the tray, John was greeted by a half-eaten, stone-cold hamburger and scattered, limp greasy fries, a reminder that he was nothing more than a pathetic cuckold.

“Oh, fuck you,” he hissed as he slammed the cover back down on the unappetizing mess.

**CHAPTER 5**

Nick collects his winnings...

“I like you like that,” Nick said as he poured Judy another glass of champagne. “I like beautiful women nude and totally available.”

Judy smiled up at him, strangely at ease with being naked with a man other than her husband. She liked the way he was looking at her, his eyes darting from place to place on her body. She also liked the thought that she was his possession for the evening, to do with as he pleased. “I like it too,” she purred.

She sat up on her knees and unfastened his belt while running the palm of her hand over the soon to be revealed hard bulge. She worked quickly and soon his pants were down around his ankles. Hooking her thumbs in the elastic of his boxer shorts, she slowly removed the last real barrier to the sexual union she so craved.

“Mmmmmm,” she moaned as she gently caressed his bare uncut cock, the purplish crown of the growing prong emerging from the foreskin like a turtle’s head.

“Nice, very nice,” she cooed as she imagined it sliding up inside her, soothing the incessant yearning that had made her so horny the past two days. He was bigger than John, much bigger she reflected; sending a shudder of anticipation running through her loins. As she studied his cock, she also reflected that his cock was at the same time small, much smaller than Bruno’s equine cock.

Judy leaned forward and kissed the turgid cock that promised to soon meet her burning need. Kissing first the head, she worked her way down the shaft covered with a tangle of bulging blue veins to the base where she nuzzled into his soft curly black hair. Caressing his low hanging balls, she deeply inhaled the fragrance of his manly musk. Her nostrils flared and her eyes seemed to glaze over as if she were drifting off into a fog. She nestled her face in his scrotum, wallowing in his scent for a minute or so before kissing her way back up the stalk of his dick along the prominent cock tube. Pausing at the rim of his cock crown, Judy licked and nibbled at the loose fold of skin just below the glans on the underside of his cock, causing Nick to moan in pleasure while he stripped off his shirt.

Judy’s sparkling blue eyes gazed upward, across the span of his flat abdomen and muscular chest sparsely covered with short black hair, her eyes meeting his as her luscious lips surrounded the spongy flesh of his cock head. Nick uttered a low guttural groan as she lingered, lovingly caressing his cock head with her lips, swirling her tongue across the sensitive cock crown, spreading his tasty pre-cum across the velvety surface of his glans. Aas her dancing tongue flickered back and forth under the rim of his glans, Nick sucked in a deep breath through clinched teeth.

“Oh, Doll, you do suck cock good,” he moaned. Clutching a tangle of her hair between his fingers, he was sorely tempted to grab the back of her head and ram his dick down her throat, but restrained himself, allowing her to give him her best.

She opened her mouth and took in the head and about an inch of his stalk, sealed her lips around his girth and slowly pulled upward until the tip slipped from her lips. She went down again, taking in a little more of his cock, sealing her lips around him and slowly pulling upward, dragging her lips across his sensitive flesh.

“Oh, fuck,” he hissed as her suctioning lips slid up his cock. “Oh, yeah, Baby,” he moaned as she took in a little more of his cock, “suck my dick! That’s it. Oh, god damn, girl… Yeah… Oh, fuck… Ah… Ah… Oh, Jesus… Suck it, Baby, suck it... Ah …Ah… Oh, baby I’m coming…uhhhhhh…uhhhhhh…uhhhhhh!”

The delicious cock swelled and began to throb as his thick semen shot into her mouth. Judy gulped it down until the flow decreased to a manageable level. She swirled the last tablespoon or so around her mouth, tasting it, savoring the consistency, relishing it. She decided it was a bit saltier than John’s cum, but with only a hint of a bleach-like taste. The semi-flaccid organ slipped from her lips, trailing a thin tendril of semen from his cock to her lips. She smiled up at him as she rocked back and sat on her heels, watching his expression as he recovered from his orgasm.

Nick finally recovered enough to speak. “Wow! That was fantastic. That was the best blowjob I’ve had in a month.”

“You really liked it?” she asked coyly.

“You bet I did! You really like sucking dick, don’t you?”

She smiled demurely and said, “You could tell?”

“Nobody does it that good and not enjoy every minute of it. You suck Jim, or is it John? You suck him off like that?”

“Every morning, if he’s not in too big a rush.”

Nick chuckled, “He’s late for work a lot I guess. Is that why he lost his job?”

“How did know you he wasn’t working.”

“Doesn’t matter. After he leaves, what do you do, masturbate? Fuck the mailman? Suck off an elderly neighbor?”

“What kind of girl do you think I am?”

“A hot one, who loves sex and if she has to, gets herself off.”

“Will I have to get myself off tonight?”

“I don’t think so, Doll. Tonight, you will have a night to remember.” Nick bent down and after kicking his shoes off, wrestled his ankles free of his suit trousers and boxer shorts, then pulled off his socks. “How about some more champagne?”

“Sure,” she replied with a smile.

\*\*\*\*\*

The gloom of a rainy night partially obscured the glowing sign of “Honest Abe’s” across from the casino parking lot. Bracing against the rain, he arrived just as the proprietor was about to lock up for the evening. Abe grinned as the man, soaked from the rain, came into his pawnshop. Abe sized him up as just another loser as the desperate man dug into his pockets and placed the jewelry on the counter.

\*\*\*\*\*

Nick laid her back onto the queen size four-poster bed, laying kisses across her lips, face, ears and across her breasts. As he circled around her nipples, Judy closed her eyes to savior the sensations. She moaned as he sucked a sensitive nip into his mouth and gently bit, nibbled and sucked.

“Yesssss,” she hissed. “I like that.”

Nick took his time, lavishing attention on her tits, orally stimulating one nipple while twisting and pulling on the other. She began to breathe heavily and then writhed about. She clutched his head to her bosom, her body trembled and she began softly panting, “Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,” before she tensed in sweet agony.

Tweaking both nipples between his thumb and forefinger, Nick kissed his way down her trembling stomach. The aroma of her aroused pussy filled his nostrils. She smelled womanly, but not too strong. He toyed and teased her for some minutes, nibbling at her inner thighs, licking at the creases between her thighs and vulva, kissing up and around her pubic mound and the down her legs, studiously avoiding the direct stimulation of her clit. Judy lewdly splayed her legs to give him complete access to her genitalia, but still he teased and teased. He kissed up, down and around her furry mons, she thrusting her hips in an effort to impale herself on his wandering tongue.

When he finally began licking up along the edge of her channel, she groaned and ground her hips in excitement. Licking just the outer surface at first, then licking slightly inside. First up one side, then the other. Alternating the pressure applied by his tongue to one side then the other. Mimicking the way she had sucked his cock, he drove his tongue into her slowly, increasing the depth gradually until he was tracing the folds between her inner and outer labia.

Judy gripped the satin sheets up into a ball in each fist when his tongue mashed into her clit. His tongued swirled around the base several times before he jammed his fingers into her perineum, between her anus and vagina, pressing hard while flicking his tongue along the right side of her clit.

Releasing the pressure with his fingers, he pulled off, spread her open with his other hand and blew gently on her clit. After four cooling breaths, he plunged his warm mouth over her now chilled nubbin and sucked it between his lips.

Her body involuntarily jerked and she cried out, “Ahhhhh!” as the warmth surged back into her excited clit. He pressed and mashed into her with the flat of his tongue, then applying pressure to her perineum again, resumed licking at the side of her clit.

The muscles of her belly began to ripple and she thrust her hips as the orgasm began to build. She squirmed and tried to close her legs, but Nick forced her with his elbows to stay spread until her body convulsed in powerful explosive jolts of climactic sexual energy. The orgasm was deep and incredibly intense, sweeping her away in a tumultuous torrent of total ecstasy.

Gradually she coasted down, becoming vaguely aware of the kisses that Nick was showering over her face and lips. Her own scent filled her nostrils. Then she felt her labia being parted by the head of his cock. He paused, nestled in the maw of her vagina. She opened her eyes and as she focused on his face, he pushed into her.

“You’re nice and tight,” he hissed as he buried his cock to the base. “I promise you, Baby, you won’t be so tight in the morning.” He ground his groin into hers. “Would you like that? Would you like to be fucked, and fucked and fucked? Fucked all night long?”

Lost in the feel of a cock bigger than John’s filling her up, she really didn’t hear him, only that he was promising an all night fuck. “Yes. Yes. Yes. You feel so good inside me. Fuck me, Nick, fuck me all night.”

Nick slowly withdrew his cock and slowly sank back into her. “Yeah, Doll, you’re nice and tight,” he rasped. “But not for long.” He began a nice slow screwing, fucking with long deep strokes, pausing every few strokes to grind his pelvic bone into her clit, and then resuming his leisurely fuck.

With her ankles locked around him, she drew him into her, and like a horseman, spurred him on. Soon he picked up the pace, gradually increasing the tempo until he was pumping her hard, slamming his cock into her. He felt his orgasm begin to build, so he buried his cock and ground into her. Her excited clit was mashed by his wiry pubic bone and as he ground into her, she came again. Nick watched as her breasts took on a rubescent hue, then he felt the snug walls of her vagina contract around his dick. He struggled to hold back, but when her pussy began wildly squeezing his cock, he erupted into her.

Judy felt the snuggly fitting organ swell, and then pulsate as warm semen splashed against her cervix. The feel of him ejaculating deep within her triggered yet another climax before she had completed the one that was already sweeping over her. She shuddered and began to wail as the twin peaked orgasm overpowered her.

She drifted off into a fog of bliss. She was barely aware of his softening cock slipping out of her. She lay spread out on the bed, leaking spermless cum mixed with her own secretions onto the satin sheets, basking in the afterglow of her powerful climax. She was only vaguely aware when he took a velvet rope and tied it around her right wrist.

Nick pulled her left hand over her head and fastened another rope to her left wrist and securely fastened it to the other post of the headboard. She tried to brush her hair out of her eyes, but found that her hands were loosely tied. She opened her eyes and as Nick secured her left ankle, it finally dawned on her that she was being loosely bound.

Panic began rising in her as images of whips and burning candle wax flashed through her still addled brain. She tried to resist by kicking with her right foot, but Nick grabbed her flailing leg and suddenly she found herself tied spread eagle on the bed of man she hardly knew.

“Let me go! Nick, this isn’t funny. Now let me go! Please, Nick! Oh god! Oh god!”

Her vision to the world around her was cut off when he applied a blindfold. Struggling fruitlessly against the ropes, she pleaded again to be let go. She heard Nick shuffling about, then silence. She listened intently, but heard only the low rumble of the air conditioning system. A sense of helpless foreboding began to build rapidly.

“Nick? Nick?” she called to no answer. “Please, please, please, please,” she said over and over in a near whisper. She stopped to listen, but again was met with silence in the darkness.

She squirmed about, pulling on the ropes, testing them. She found that though tied, she had a limited, but wide range of motion. Indeed she was loose enough that she could twist around and lie on her side, but not so loose as to turn over. She pushed up in the bed until the ropes securing her ankles where tight. She tried to bring her hands together, but found that they remained several inches apart. Her apprehension continued to increase.

She nearly screamed when she felt a hand grip her ankle and pull her down the bed several inches.

“Nick, c’mon. Nick, please, le’me go. You don’t need to do…”

“Shhhhhhhhhhh!” he whispered in her ear. Then softer, “Shhhhhhhhhh!”

After that, the silence returned. She strained to hear, hear anything, but the silence was as pervading as the darkness. Helpless, she lay there for what seemed to her to be an hour, but it was actually only fifteen minutes.

**CHAPTER 6**

While the house collects, Judy gets it in spades...

Helpless, Judy lay blindfolded and bound to the bed. The silence was deafening, the minutes ticking by slowly as she strained to hear something... anything. Her body tensed as she felt the feather-light touch of his fingers stroking her left calf.

“Nick?”

“Shhhhhhhhhh!”

The hissing of his admonishment ended with the sensation of her toe slipping between warm, wet lips. Wet tongue and lips lewdly sucked and orally caressed each toe one by one, all the while the unseen hand lightly swept up and down her leg.

Judy’s anxiety eased. “Oh, my god,” she whispered breathlessly as the delightful sensation sent shivers up her spine. John had tied her up on occasion, but had never blindfolded her. She realized that being robbed of her sight magnified her tactile senses. She strained to listen, hearing only the soft smacking noises accompanying the delectable toe sucking.

The softly touching hand glided up her calf and began to lightly caress her thigh, inching closer and closer to her defenseless cunt. She shuddered with anticipation as the stroking fingers inched slowly up her inner thigh. She felt a dewdrop gather between her legs, growing ever larger until it streamed over her anus. More dewdrops formed at the lips of her now drooling pussy, swelling in size until the surface tension broke, sending yet another rivulet of pussy juice to run across her puckered virgin hole, to run deep in the cleft of her buttocks and to finally drip onto the satin sheets.

Her breasts were heaving as a particularly salacious passion began to arouse her desire far beyond her normal proclivity. She wanted to scream, “Fuck me!” but her throat was tight. The fingers now lightly traced a circle around her shaved mons. Suddenly the fingers stopped. Only the remembered sensations remained. The silence seemed deafening. It was a curious mixture of desire and fear that was driving her wild. She was so horny that all she wanted was to be ravished.

She groaned loudly when a wet, warm tongue suddenly swirled around her left nipple before it was roughly sucked into a hot, wet mouth. As her nip became increasingly sensitive, she squirmed helplessly as the relentless sucking and gnawing continued, causing her to gasp in short breaths.

The nipple sucking stopped abruptly. Then she felt the bed sink and strong muscular thighs straddling her, the knees nesting into her outstretched armpits. The bed shifted as he positioned himself, sliding his knees further down her torso.

She caught a whiff of musky man scent just before she felt the spongy head of a hot cock brush across her lips. The cock head pressed into her parting lips. The bed moved slightly as he thrust his hips forward, driving his dick deep into her mouth. She wrapped her moist lips around the hard stalk and caressed it with her tongue as it fucked in and out of her willing mouth. Yet it felt strange, somehow Nick's cock was different than when she had performed fellatio on him earlier. It seemed thinner and the head now seemed longer.

A hand lightly touched her right inner thigh and began lightly stroking her. As it approached her burning pussy, she felt her right big toe being surrounded by a wet warm mouth. A wandering finger slid up her dripping slit and she shuddered with pleasure.

“God damn she’s wet!” said an unfamiliar gruff voice. “This whore’s dripping all over the bed!”

The sound of the voice shattered her world of silence. With a start she wondered how Nick was sucking on her toes, fingering her pussy and at the same time face fucking her. She tensed up as she realized that Nick couldn’t possibly be doing all that.

“Oh, my god,” she wanted to scream, but her mouth was stuffed by a cock... an unfamiliar cock she realized to her horror. Just then a thick finger penetrated her pussy. With almost an explosion, she snorted through her nose and tensed up. The sudden surprise and horror after the long build up of sexual tension was too much. She came and she came hard.

“God damn, lookit her go!”

“Yeah, she’s a hot one alright,” said another man.

“Untie her legs! God damn it, Bruce, untie her fucking legs!” growled the gruff voice.

Judy was trashing about against her restraints as an unwelcome orgasm swept over her. She felt her pussy contracting around the thick finger shoved up her cunt. Still in the throes of released orgasmic energy she was barely aware that her legs were free.

Powerful hands gripped her just below her knees, pushing her legs forward against the hairy back of the man sawing into her mouth. She was just regaining her senses when she realized that a very thick cock was pressing into her. She tried to cry out again as her pussy was stretched like never before. With brutal jabs, the thick dick drove in deeper and deeper. The cock in her mouth swelled, and began throbbing, filling her mouth with an acrid tasting jism.

The unseen cock was pulled from her mouth and she turned her head to one side and spit out as much of the foul tasting cum as possible. The man who had been straddling her moved off the bed.

The blindfold was pulled up and off of her head. The first thing she focused on was the brutish face of the big man between her legs. His dark eyes stared down at her without any hint of compassion. He paused a moment, then pushed her knees to her chest. She felt his thick cock penetrate her deeper, widening her fuck tunnel deeper. The friction of the wide cock on her stretched labia caused her clit to be tugged about with each thrust. She tried to resist, but her body betrayed her again, her hips thrusting up on their own to met his plunging cock.

“Yeah, Baby,” he grunted, “Fuck me back. I knew you’d like my cock.”

She felt another climax building and tried to will it away. He grunted as she felt his cock swell and the hot splash of ejaculate bathing her vagina with each pulsation. She briefly screamed, “Ahhhhhhhh!” then sharply inhaling, another orgasmic wave swept over her.

“Squeeze my dick, ya fuck’n slut!” he growled as her pussy contracted around the tight fitting cock. He pulled out of her still quivering cunt and delivered a sharp stinging swat to her still upturned buttocks.

“Owww!” she managed through her ragged breath.

The man moved aside. Another big brute took his place. He wasn’t quite as thuggish in appearance, though he still might qualify as a Neanderthal, as he was incredibly hairy. He smiled down at her with unconcealed sexual hunger, raking his cock up and down her now sloppy slit.

She looked up into his face and realized that she had seen him before. He was one of the men who had brought John into see Nick. ‘How can this be happening’, she thought. She looked to the side and saw two more men, undressing.

She mumbled, “No, no, no, please, let me go.” The long, thick cock pressed into her. “Oh, god,” she moaned as she was penetrated. Then she realized with horror that she had hooked her ankles around his waist and was pulling him into her. She felt his cock head mash against her cervix.

Once he started fucking her, the unwanted passion rose to new heights within her. She heard herself urge him to, “Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

It was if there were two people inside her brain. One side of Judy was mortified and struggled to protest, the other side was unbelievably aroused and was eager to submit. The shrill protests of her battered conscious soon were replaced by a primal exaltation driven by fuck lust. Spasmodic jolts of ecstasy surged throughout her aroused body as she surrendered completely to the unbridled passion that had consumed her, inundating all inhibitions and sense of morality.

Wave after wave of orgasmic energy flowed through her quaking body, as she became the willing participant of her own debauchment. Sexual electricity crackled throughout her nervous system from her head to her toes. Her face was flush and twisted with sexual desire as he pumped his seed into her.

He scooted up her torso to wipe his wet cock across her lips, and as he did so, she lifted her head and sucked in the still tumescent dick. She moaned contentedly as yet another hard cock slid into her cock slot, filling the burning void between her legs.

Suddenly her hands were free. She wrapped her arms around the hairy buttocks of the man she was sucking off, successfully pulling him deeper into her throat.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mickey bent over to speak to the security man monitoring the gangbang in progress in the boss’ suite. “Joe, I’ll watch this for awhile. Go get yourself some of that. But don’t stay too long, I want to do that bitch again.”

“Thanks, Mick. I appreciate your kindness.” Both men laughed heartily at the non sequir

\*\*\*\*\*

Nick strolled through the casino. Stopping abruptly, he studied the figure at the craps table. “Can’t be,” he muttered. He walked around to get a view of the man’s face. “Well, I’ll be damned. How could he…" Then Nick remembered the blue topaz pendant he had given him. “You worthless sack of shit,” he chuckled.

“Security,” Nick intoned into the walkie-talkie.

“Security, Mickey,” crackled the reply.

“Mick, this Nick. I’m on the floor. That loser is back at the craps table.”

“The cunt’s husband?”

“Yeah. I don’t believe this guy. Look, keep a close eye on this sucker. I don’t want any big messes to have to deal with later tonight or in the morning. When he’s busted, go get him and sit on him. I don’t want him hurting himself. At least not here.”

“You got it boss.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Judy was draped over the back of a sofa, sucking Hank’s cock as he knelt on the cushions. Judy was eagerly expecting another cock to fill her pussy, but recoiled in horror as Lonnie shoved his dick into her virgin ass. She tried to jerk upright, as a sharp burning pain shot through her gut. It was useless to struggle against the men and the cock shoved down her throat prevented her from screaming. After a moment, the sharp pain mellowed into a hot glow, then the hot glow turned to a pleasurable warm glow. The dick inside her butt began sawing in and out of her, sodomizing her. It did hurt, a little, but it also felt so damned good.

\*\*\*\*\*

After taking care of business and personally making sure that everything in the hotel/casino was running smoothly, Nick made his way back to his third floor suite. He made just in time to see Bruce spread her ass checks for a camera shot into her gaping, raw, cum-dripping rectum.

Nick motioned for Bruce to bring her back into his bedroom. Nick quickly shed his clothes and lay down on his bed. Moments later, Bruce led her to him. Judy saw the beautiful cock waiting for her. Demented with fuck lust, she crawled on top of Nick, positioned his cock to her pussy and sank down. She bounced up and down on his cock, fucking him with wild abandon.

Nick studied the sex-crazed woman fucking him. Her makeup was smeared, her hair a wild mess, her naked skin shone with a sheen of sweat and cum. Still, she was beautiful, very beautiful. Grinning, Nick just laid back and got laid.

Twenty minutes later, Nick was dressed and headed down the corridor, leaving Judy to be ravished again by his insatiable staff.

“Hey, Nick!” called one of his men.

Nick stopped and turned. “Yeah, what is it, Geno?”

“Livia. She’s sick.”

Nick glanced at his Rolex. It was eleven thirty. “What do mean she’s sick?”

“Started her period early. She’s practically gushing.”

“Where’s Georgia?”

“You know, Livia has always been real regular, but she’s early.”

“Where’s Georgia?”

“Well, she went to see her mother. Won’t be back until tomorrow.”

“Damn!” Nick’s mind raced, he needed another girl for tonight’s show. Livia just wouldn’t do. The crowd might be squeamish about a menstruating whore, and her substitute was off for the night.

“Okay, come with me.”

Nick and Geno returned to Nick’s suite.

“Bruce!”

Bruce turned his head as he pulled out of Judy’s hot juicy cunt. Hank immediately took Bruce’s place. “Yeah, boss!”

“Take the cunt. Clean her up. Then take her backstage. Be quick about it.”

“Sure boss. You sure? She won’t be worth a damn…”

“Do it!”

Bruce directed one of the men in waiting to go draw a hot bath. “Okay, Hank. Party time is over. C’mon, boss’ orders.”

Hank grudgingly pulled his cock from her ass. Bruce grabbed her by the shoulders, and pulled her upright, causing her to release Joe’s dick from her mouth. “C’mon, Doll. You need a bath.”

“No, I wanna fuck,” Judy moaned, lost in salacious lust.

“You’ll still get more dick tonight slut, but Nick says for me to give you a bath.”

The tub was only partially full as Bruce led her into the bath.

“Get in.”

“I need more water.”

“I said, get in. This’ll have to do.” She stepped in and sat down. The hot water felt very good, especially to her bottom that ached and burned.

Bruce bathed her in a perfunctory manner, lingering only on her tits. “You’ve got a great body, Doll. You’re a nice fuck too,” he said as he soaped her down and rinsed her off. “You’ve been a lot of fun.” He took a wash cloth to her face and cleaned off the streaked makeup. “This’ll have to do. Get up.”

“No.”

“Get up damn it. There’s no time.” He grabbed her arm and forced her to stand. He held her upright as Lonnie dried her off. Wrapping her in a towel, the two men led her from the bath and turned her over to Geno.

“Wish I had time for another toss, sweetheart, but we’re late,” said Geno as he led her away.

**CHAPTER 7**

A star is born...

Still in a daze, Judy sat before the makeup mirror naked while one girl tried to fix her hair and another applied makeup. Faceless hands stood her her up. Judy stared into the mirror. She looked at herself and was pleased; pleased that she had a body that men lusted after, pleased that tonight, she could fuck all night long and stupid, pencil-dicked John couldn’t stop her. She had never felt this way before, so sexually raw, so utterly promiscuous, so filled with wanton lust and unreservedly sluttish. The more she screwed the more she wanted to screw. Deep down, she knew that she was always like that, but never before had she had the opportunity to let her inhibitions go, to push herself to the limit, to joyfully wallow in sexual excess. John never made her feel like this.

\*\*\*\*\*

A tunic was wrapped around her. “No,” she whined, “I want to stay naked. I’m beautiful naked. I…” She was led off mumbling, by the two girls, one on each arm, who were then replaced by two men. Flute and harp music drifted to her ears, along with the prattle of an announcer. Judy looked left and then right to the men dressed up as a Roman soldiers.

“The Emperor Caligula is pleased to offer the Lady Judith for tonight’s entertainment.”

“Oh, god no!” she cried as the two soldiers dragged her struggling out onto the stage. “Oh, omigod! Oh omigod!” shrieked Judy as she finally realized where she was. “No! No! No! Somebody help me!” The cheering audience drowned out her pleas.

The soldiers fastened her arms with ropes to the crosspiece. A soldier grabbed her tunic at the neck and with one swift pull, ‘Judith’ was stark naked before the leering, hooting crowd.

Both soldiers removed their helmets. Fear gripped Judy as she looked into grinning face of Bruno who began lewdly fondling her tits. The other soldier knelt and began running his hands up her thighs. Judy, mortified at being put on display, looked out into the crowd. Everyone was grinning as they sipped champagne, watching her being molested. She gasped as she felt fingers push into her vagina. The crowd roared with approval.

Bruno engulfed her nipple into his mouth. Then with his teeth, he pulled on her nipple, stretching it grotesquely before allowing it to snap from his grip. Sucking in her nipple again, he pulled again and again. Judy cried out as he tormented her teet. The pain however, soon melded into pleasure that magnified the pleasure generated by the fingers thrusting into her sex. The soldiers switched off, Bruno fingering her tormented snatch as his assistant attacked her other tit. Wailing in salacious pleasure, she looked out into the appreciative crowd as her body was ripped with the umpteenth orgasm of the afternoon and evening.

Recovering slowly, she watched with resignation as the soldiers striped off their armor to their loincloths. They lifted her by the ankles, suspending her off the floor by her bound wrists, and spread her out. Hands roamed up her legs and into her splayed open pussy. “Oh god,” she groaned as Bruno’s thick digit penetrated her sex. Panic and trepidation strangely faded into gratification and raw passion as Bruno's finger massaged her sweet G until she came again, her helplessly suspended body shuddering in pleasure.

Hanging lifelessly from her wrists, they lowered her feet. The mock dice game ended and Bruno’s assistant stripped off his loincloth. She was only dimly aware of the cheers as his buttocks were bared. Then an audible gasp, as he turned to the audience, revealing his incrdible donkey dong. There followed a moment of stunned silence, then hoots and guffaws.

Judy opened her eyes and looked up to see Bruno jacking his cock to a prodigious erection.

“You like my cock, don’t you, Ma’am,” said Bruno leeringly. “You want me to fuck you, don’t you, Miss? Well, I’ve wanted to fuck you since the first time I saw you, lying naked on my table while I felt you up. You’re one hot cunt, Ma’am, and you’re all warmed up. Get ready, Ma’am, ‘cause I’m gonna give you a fucking you’ll never forget!”

A spasm of dread mixed with eager anticipation surged through her groin. The two bare breasted slave girls lifted Judy by the ankles as the post lowered into the floor.

“Oh, god no!” she cried as she was suspended parallel to the floor. “Please! Somebody please! Oh, god,” she wailed struggling fruitlessly against her bonds.

The slaves spun her around until they were facing the audience and spread her out. Feebly she kicked her legs. The slaves held her with ease. She watched in horror as Bruno took up position between her outstretched legs. Smiling grotesquely he gripped his turgid log and raked the huge lust-inflated head of his great cock back and forth through the moist pink slit of her trench while a slave coated the shaft of the massive cock with lube.

As the huge bulbous knob of the beastly cock slid up and down her slick pussy slit, Judy felt her fear suddenly fade as her other self began to assert it self. “Yessssssss,” she hissed. “Fuck me. Fuck me you ugly bastard! Fuck me with that big dick. Fuck my pussy, and then fuck me again,” she spat.

Bruno’s eyes widened as she hissed her blessings on what was to come. The slave poured lube over his glans and over her already swollen and protruding cuntal lips.

Judy’s eyes nearly popped out their sockets as the massive cock forced its way inside the tight restricting sheath of cuntal muscle of her vaginal passage, the merciless crudgel stretching her helpless cunt to accommodate him.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” she cried as he pushed into her, widening her cock socket like never before. Sweat beaded on her forehead and pooled between her flattened mammaries. It felt like he was pushing a softball bat into her.

“God damn, you’re tight, Missy. But I’ll fix that,” he growled. With a powerful thrust he slammed deep to her cervix, fully impaling her, her shriek of anguish thrilling the aroused watching mob.

With the searing agony of the mammouth cock stuffing her helpless pussy, Judy sank momentarily into a semiconscious state. The pain stopped just as abruptly as it began. When she came to, he was ravishing her and she was quickly adjusting. Her pussy was so tightly stretched around the coke-can girth of his pummeling organ that on each in-stroke, her clit was nearly pulled into her widened fuck tunnel, causing the veiny stalk of his prodigious penis to directly slide across her mashed bundle of nerves. The incredible friction on her G and on her raw clit sent a new rush of sexual electricity through her ravished body.

“Fuck me,” she hissed. “Fuck me!” Her poor cunt spasmodically contracted as he battered her.

The slaves completed rotating her while Bruno fucked her. The audience stood silently shocked that any pussy could take a dick that large. Bruno pulled his cock out with a smacking sound that reverberated off the walls.

“Don’t stop,” she pleaded. “Please, fuck me. That felt so good. Pleeeaseee!”

The post lowered the crosspiece to the floor. Bruno lifted her by the hips and spread her legs. Relieved of pressure, her traumatized labia swelled to an enormous size, pushing upward and outward, red and raw, as if her vagina had inverted and was protruding from her body.

Bruno gazed down into the raw meat between her legs. He plunged his face into the hot mass of pussy flesh. Judy gasped as the coolness of his face soothed her burning cunt. Waves of pleasure began flowing over again as he wallowed his ugly face in her swollen sex.

Bruno extracted his face and lowered her legs. Moving on to the next part of the act, Bruno fucked her in a wheelbarrow position. While Bruno sawed in and out of her cunt, the assistant lifted her head by the hair. As her neck extended, her mouth opened and was filled with a cock. For the next few minutes she was fucked from both ends at once while they rotated around insuring that everyone had a good view of the action.

Bruno once again lowered her knees to the floor. Straddling her torso, he faced the audience, gripped her perfect ass cheeks with his burly hands, and spread open her ass for the gathered throng's inspection. The bare breasted slave girls moved in to alternate licking her asshole. The assistant then stepped forward, lubing up his cock, while the boisterous crowd shouted their encouragement for him to debase her. Positioned between her legs, the long pricked assistant pushed easily into her already stretched anus and sodomized her for the howling crowd’s entertainment.

The assistant pulled out of her ass after several minutes of buggering her. Bruno swung around and dog-fucked her, fucking her hard. The slap of his groin into her ass cheeks filled the room. Judy grunted with each brutal thrust, his massive cock head pounding against her now bruised cervix.

The assistant and the two slave girls waited for him to pull off and move to the next event. They waited and they waited. Bruno continued to pound her from behind. Rivers of sweat ran down the brute's back as he labored. The room grew quiet. The only sound to be heard was the sound of the brutal fucking. The audience grew uneasy with the punishing spectacle; the other cast members looked at each other and shrugged. Even if they wanted to or needed to, no one could have pulled Bruno from her, so they all watched and waited.

Bruno suddenly bellowed like a wounded beast, jamming his cock head against her battered cervix. His entire body shook as he squirted and squirted directly into her fertile womb.

Slumping forward, he released her hips, allowing her to fall lifeless to the ground still tied to the crosspiece.

Large rubescent handprints formed on her hips where he had gripped her. Bruno staggered back, his massive organ rapidly becoming flaccid. A murmur rose from the crowd, then vulgar approvals rang out.

A petite slave girl, now completely nude, went down on Bruno’s dripping cock. Even semi-flaccid he was a mouthful and the startled audience gasped as she sucked in his entire cock.

On cue, the post and crosspiece rose from the floor dragging Judy up with it. The assistant grabbed the naked slave by the hair and pulled her from Bruno’s semi-soft dick, dragging her away on all fours for a fucking.

The other slave girl stood in front of Bruno whispering, “C’mon. What’s wrong with you? Let’s go!”

Bruno lifted her across his shoulders. He pulled her skirt off and walked the perimeter of the stage so that the spectators could grope her. The perimeter march took longer than usual. From the beginning, Bruno paused too long. A man ran his fingers into the girl’s snatch while his female companion stroked and fondled Bruno’s genitals. After that all the women boldly stepped forward to feel his cock, while fingers plunged into the snatch and ass of the slave girl over his shoulder. This turned out to be a good thing for the show, as Bruno’s dick was hard again when he finished the circuit.

Bruno took the girl upstage and put her across the crosspiece. His assistant positioned the other slave over the opposite end.

Judy looked up as a black man threw a twenty dollar tip between her knees. Unzipping his pants, he extracted his long dark dong. Another man came up beside him, dropping his pants to the floor, he threw down his money and joined the black man in beating off. Judy stared in dismay at the cocks, just inches from her face, the heads deforming as the men masturbated. The first shot took her somewhat by surprise, as the black man’s cock erupted, hitting her square on her slack lips, then the other man ejaculated, covering her cheek and her tits.

The two men stepped away, to be replaced by three others, followed by a single man, then a duo. After the eight men had all relieved themselves, she was soaked in cum, the excess dripping in long tendrils from her skin to the floor.

Once the audience participation time was over, Bruno screwed the slave girl for the hundredth time, while his assistant pummeled the petite girl. Bruno gazed down at Judy while he labored away fucking the slave girl. Judy was looking up at him, eyes glassy, mouthing, ‘I love you, I love you.’

No one but his mamma had ever said, "I love you," to Bruno. He lost interest in the slave he was fucking and pulled out. That was the cue for the assistant to cum and a few moments later the assistant was hosing down the back of the petite girl. The post lowered into the floor, with the three naked women sprawled out on the floor.

Judy didn’t remember the lights going out or the stage screams for the slaves as they were ‘slain’. She only vaguely remembered Bruno carrying her backstage and the soothing hot shower while he bathed her.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning, Judy woke in a strange room in a strange bed, lying on top of Bruno with his soft, but still substantial, cock stuffed in her tender, aching snatch. He was sound asleep, yet he held her firmly as she snuggled into his muscular frame.

She smiled contentedly as the incredible cock once again began to swell, filling her pussy and soothing the ache as his nocturnal erection continued to grow. This had been going on all night. After showering her, he had put her in bed, mounted her and pushed into her. Then he rolled over with her impaled and went to sleep. All through the night, his cock repeatedly waxed and waned as he slept. Once hard, he would gently hump her, gently fucking her, but never did he seem to be awake. Not even when she jerked about with a climax. Usually he would simply stop humping and his organ would deflate. Other times he grunted as his cock spewed semen into her again. Then later, his cock would swell again.

Judy ground her crotch into his, fucking herself on him as he slept. A big grin spread across Bruno’s brutish face as he opened his eyes. “Yeah, you like my big ole cock, don’t you, Ma’am?” he muttered softly.

“Oh, god, yes,” she murmured.

Bruno relaxed the firm grip he had held her in all night. Pushing herself upright, Judy began to rise and fall on his cock, his hands finding her generous tits and nipples. She shuddered as the pleasure she so craved once again flooded over her. Over and over the orgasms peaked and receded like the hills and valleys of a sexual roller coaster.

She felt his cock swell even larger and then felt it throb. Bruno groaned as once again he pumped his seed into her, triggering her final orgasmic crescendo.

Once she coasted down from her sexual high, she rolled off. Accompanied by a juicy smacking sound, Bruno’s cock slithered from her, followed by a gush of semen flowing freely from her pussy. Slipping out of bed, a river of cum streamed down her legs. She found it difficult to walk. She was sore, incredibly sore. But most of all, she felt a sudden emptiness.

“Morning, Ma’am.”

Judy looked back at the ugly man she had slept with. She grimaced as she looked into his small dark eyes, set deep into his fleshy face. Then she remembered the hours and hours of pleasure he had given her, fucking her again and again throughout the night. He really didn’t look so ugly any more.

“Good morning, Bruno,” she murmured with a grimace.

“Sore?”

“Yeah, that’s an understatement.”

“Don’t worry, in a few days you won’t be sore at all. In a few weeks, your pussy will tighten up and you’ll be back to your old self.”

Judy gingerly fingered her low hanging lips. “I don’t know if I’ll ever be back to my old self. You mind if I get a shower?”

“Tell you what, Ma’am. Why don’t we go down to the spa? We’ll get a nice soak, fuck for another hour or so and then I’ll give you a rubdown. All on the house of course.”

Judy bent over the hulking beast and kissed him on his fleshy jowl answering, “I’d like that.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Emerging refreshed from the spa, Judy looked and felt great. Her hair was perfect, her nails were perfect and her skin was silky soft and fragrant. She felt wonderfully whole, all except for the aching void between her legs. Sandy was right; Bruno was something to remember.

Walking into the lobby she saw John standing around in obvious irritation. “It’s almost two o’clock! Where have you been? Never mind, don’t tell me. Let’s just get the hell out of here!”

“Where’s our stuff?”

“In the car. C’mon, we’ve got to get going.”

“You have my necklace?”

“The topaz? Yeah, sure.” John reached in his pocket and withdrew her cherished heirloom.

“You get everything out of the room safe?”

“Uh, yeah, I did,” not revealing that her diamonds were across the street at Honest Abe’s.

“Judy!” called the now familiar voice of Nick Calmetti from behind the front desk. Judy, fastening the blue topaz around her slender neck, turned towards Nick with mixed emotions. “May I see you for a moment? In my office? I have something for you.”

John started to protest, but quickly withered under Nick’s practiced glare. Impotent, he seethed as his wife disappeared behind closed doors with the man he'd left her with for all evening and morning.

Judy leaned against the desk. Cocking her head to one side, she watched as Nick approached her, placing his hands on her hips.

“I didn’t get to spend as much time with you last night as I would have wished.”

“Oh?”

“I never get much more than a hour at a time to myself, unless I’m sleeping. I do hope you had a good time. You certainly seemed to have had a good time.”

As much as she wanted to be angry with him, she couldn’t. She did have a good time, the best in her life, an evening and morning of total wanton abandonment and debauchery, something she would have never, ever, allowed herself otherwise.

Nick ever so gently stroked her face with the back of his hand as he looked her in the eye, reading her easily. Tenderly her kissed her.

Judy’s knees felt weak and she found herself longing for this man who had so used her. Resisting the temptation to reach out and stroke his cock, she breathlessly asked, “You said you had something for me?”

Nick stepped back, unbuckling his belt. “That’s right, Doll.”

“You bastard!”

“Yes, I am a bastard, but you’re irresistibly beautiful.”

As his pants and boxers fell to the floor, Judy sank to her knees muttering, “You bastard. You beautiful, wonderful bastard.”

Nick sucked in his breath through his teeth as she lovingly pulled back his foreskin and engulfed his glans with her warm wet mouth. “Oh, yeah, Baby. That’s it. You do it so well.” His semi-flaccid cock gained extra rigidity as she lovingly caressed it, her tongue dancing across the head. “Oh, fuck, yeah,” he hissed as she slid her supple lips down his stiffening stalk while gently cupping his balls with one hand and lightly running her manicured nails across the skin of his inner thighs with her other hand. “Damn,” he muttered as her tongue lovingly flicked across the underside of his manhood, teasing his now bulging cock-tube. While slowly rolling his testicles in their sack, Judy sucked and laved his jutting penis for several minutes. Nick felt his balls beginning to boil and gently pushed her off before he was too near his point of no return.

Nick helped her to her feet and laid her across the desk on her stomach, her feet touching the floor. “I didn’t get any of this last night,” he said as he lifted her skirt and rubbed her panty-clad buttocks.

Judy tensed as she felt the cold steel of a pair of scissors slip up one leg of her panties. Then she felt the tension of the elastic give way as the scissors sliced through the thin fabric. Moments later, the other leg was cut and the ruined garment drifted to floor.

“You have a gorgeous ass, you knhow,” he said as his hand glided over her bare buns, “absolutely gorgeous.”

Next she felt a cool wetness as Nick’s fingers spread lubricant over her puckered anus. As a finger began pressing into her, Judy thrust back her hips in eager approval.

“No, no, don’t stop,” she moaned as the finger was pulled from her willing ass. Then she felt the broad head of Nick’s lube coated cock pressing into the cleft of her buttocks seeking its intended target. With both hands, Judy reached back to spread her ass cheeks open to aid in her debasement. The cock head nestled against her anus and Nick began to push. Judy relaxed.

“Oh!” she grunted as Nick’s cock slid deep into her rectum. She was expecting some discomfort, perhaps even some momentary pain, but found only the pleasurable sensation of a hard cock invading her ass.

Nick took his time, fucking her slow, as much for her pleasure as his own. "Play with your clit," he hissed. Judy's hand shot to her crotch. With long full strokes he sodomized the moaning, groaning beautiful woman. She began to tremble, and then shake.

“You like this, don’t you, Doll?” he muttered as he fucked her through her first orgasm. The squeezing of her smooth rectal walls around his cock nearly brought him over the edge and he paused, deeply buried in her clutching ass, until the urge to ejaculate receded. He began thrusting again with Judy thrusting her hips back, stroke for stroke, her fingers furiously stimulating her throbbing clit.

“Harder! Harder,” she hissed urging him on.

Nick increased his pace until the room was filled with soft curses and the sound of his groin slapping against her buttocks, slamming into her welcoming ass with the desperate urgency of an illicit lover, while Judy gripped the edge of the desktop until her knuckles were white. As his cock repeatedly rammed into her butt, she grunted, “Uh! Uh! Yes! Uh! Uh!”

\*\*\*\*\*

John’s eyes widened as he heard a muffled guttural cry waft through the closed office door.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh!” cried Nick in sweet agony as his seedless semen spewed into her wildly contracting gut. “Ahh! Ahh! Ah fuck,” he spat until the last contractions of his orgasm ebbed. His chest still heaving from his exquisite pleasure, Nick pulled his now softening cock from her still quivering ass. Then stepping back, he slapped her right butt cheek with his open hand.

“Ow!” she meekly cried with the stinging blow. Quickly, a rubescent handprint glowed on her ass, marking her ass as his, however temporarily.

Nick pulled up his pants and admired her perfect butt while she recovered. After a long minute, Judy pushed her dress down to cover herself and slowly stood upright.

Judy turned towards him, her bright blue eyes smiling. She was so ravishingly beautiful that for once Nick was momentarily lost for words. “Uh, uh,” he stammered trying to bring about some sort of conclusion yet wanting to prolong the moment at the same time. “Look, I don’t know about you and your husband’s financial situation, but if you ever need a job…”

“And just what sort of job would that be?”

“I don’t know, guest relations, a dealer, front desk…”

“How about staring in the show?”

Nick chuckled, “If that’s what you’d like, I think it could be arranged.”

Skewing her mouth slightly she said wryly, “No, once is probably enough.”

Nick reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of hundred dollar bills and pealed off three.

“Hey! What kind of girl do you think I am?”

“No, I’m sorry, you misunderstand. You might need some gas money to get home. Please, accept it as a gift.”

“I can’t, but thank you anyway.” Judy glanced up at the clock on the desk. “Quarter to three, I think I’d better get going. John must be having a fit.”

“Well, then here,” said Nick removing a dozen long stem red roses from a vase and handing them to her, “for you. Please accept these as a very flawed man’s modest token of his appreciation for a most beautiful woman and her charms.”

“Thank you, they are lovely!” she gushed. Inhaling the sweet fragrance she tried to think back to the last time John had bought her flowers. It had been years.

Nick kissed her one last time and then opened the door for her to leave. Following her from the office, Nick caught sight John’s hostile glare. Staring back at the cuckold with a smug smile, Nick reached down and zipped up his fly.

\*\*\*\*\*

The ride home was a quiet one, with neither Judy nor John speaking for over an hour. Coping as best he could with what had happened, John put the entire sordid affair with his wife into a little compartment in his brain and locked it away. After all, what was done was done. He did what he had to do. Besides, dwelling on it only lessened his victory. Finally John broke the ice.

“Uh, er, guess what?”

Looking out the window at the passing roadside while her nipples and pussy throbbed and her tender ass leaked, Judy absent-mindedly replied, “What?”

“You won’t believe this, but today is my lucky day.” His comment was greeted with silence. “First of all, I won back everything I lost and then some!”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, I showed those bastards! I won a little over a thousand dollars last night and this morning, and guess what else?”

“What?”

“Eric Thompson, my headhunter, he called this morning. He thinks he has a position for me. I won’t make as much as I was making, but it sounds like a great opportunity. Looks like we going to make it.”

“That’s wonderful honey,” she said without enthusiasm wishing that she were back at the casino.

It was indeed John’s lucky day. As they spoke, millions of vigorously swimming sperm from numerous virile men were on their primordial search for a prized fertile egg. By the end of the day, one particularly robust sperm had fulfilled its biological destiny. Nine months later, Judy would deliver a strapping ten-pound baby boy, with no discernable neck and a face that only a mother could grow to love. It was John-the-Loser’s lucky day indeed.