

A Good Sport

I married my high school sweetheart and moved to the big city three years ago. Pam has grown more beautiful each year. We met in the pre-schooler's Sunday school and married in that same church fourteen years later. I learned a good trade in the heating and air business. I landed a great job with a company that stays busy and pays well. After a year with AAA Heating and Air, Pam and I decided to start a family.

Unlike many of our peers, we remained virgins until our wedding night. That first night was awkward. We were both uptight, and I was clumsy and over-excited. Gradually, we've become less inhibited and sex is much better. At least now I can usually last long enough to get Pam off.

Sex was still a topic we couldn't discuss easily. We knew one position, the missionary, and the subject of oral sex was never broached. We both blush easily, so company get-togethers were always trying times for us. I work in a shop of fifteen men. I'm the youngest, the new kid. Most of those men have been with Jake Barnes from the day he opened shop six years ago. They are a tight-knit group and rather rowdy at parties.

Our work shop is not open to the public, so pictures of naked women are everywhere. It has a men's locker room atmosphere. Pam has, on occasion, brought my lunch to me. She creates quite a stir when she walks through. She acts like she has blinders on and stays red-faced the whole time.

Jake Barnes is a tough guy to work for but he pays well. Two things can get you canned from the company: poor work and not fitting in. My year of probation was up. I'd been accepted. Our future looked secure. As long as I continued to fit in, I knew I'd have a job.

So Pam and I decided to buy a house.

The ink wasn't dry on the paperwork when Jake called me into his office one day. He said he was disappointed because I never offered to host a Friday night poker game. I'd heard about the games, an institution at AAA, but I didn't gamble. He said the games were low stakes and friendly. He said I'd learn. I had a house, so I could not claim that the apartment was too small.

From the stories I'd heard, I did not want Pam exposed to their bawdy poker games. What was even worse was that the wife of the host was to serve as hostess of the game, serving drinks and snacks. The way Jake put it, I had little choice but to volunteer. I said we'd host the next one. Jake smiled. As I departed, Jake called out, "See that Pam wears something sexy. We

don't want a hostess that looks like a Tomboy." I grinned uncomfortably and scrapped the idea of having her wear jeans and a sweat shirt.

Pam was not pleased to hear about the poker party. She disapproves of gambling and she hates being around drinking and smoking men. When I told her what Jake said about wearing something sexy, she threw a fit. I let her rant and rave, but she knew as well as I that we were in no position to alienate Jake Barnes, not with a sixty-thousand dollar mortgage over our heads and the possibility of there being a baby on the way. She came to her senses on her own after stewing for a couple of days. Together, we picked out the dress she'd wear.

You may think this odd, but after three years of marriage, I'd never seen Pam naked. She is very shy and wears PJs to bed. We made love in total darkness. I saw her in bra and panties for the first time as she changed outfits. I sat on the bed, trying to act nonchalant about it. I could see that Pam was aroused. She grew more aroused as she tried on various outfits and modeled them for me. None suited her.

I almost choked when she suggested that going braless might help. She removed her bra right in front of me. I stared at the nipples I'd sucked on but never seen. They were tight, puckered, reddish caps on bullet-shaped mounds of firm flesh. She took her time donning the dress and paraded her tits before me with her shoulders back and chest out. As she moved about, those breasts vibrated with each footfall.

I broke out in a sweat when she decided the panties were all wrong and shimmied out of them. She went through her things in the nude, presenting me with a visual feast of her unguarded sex, mostly rear views of her pouting vaginal pouch tucked neatly at the top of her creamy thighs. Pam's pubic hair is so light and fine that it is barely noticeable and hides nothing.

Her wet slit seemed to wink at me when she'd bend over. Her clit hung from between the lips like a tiny cock, just begging for someone to walk over and kiss it. She waved that pink flag in my face one second too long. I went over, knelt behind her, and planted a wet kiss right on her clit.

Pam shot upright and spun around as though a snake had bit her. She looked down on me like I was sick, saying, "Jerry, what on earth has gotten into you?"

I stood and apologized, feeling like a pervert. She said, "I thought we could be mature adults about this. Just because I agreed to dress like a tramp doesn't mean you can treat me like one. Now, you go sit down, behave yourself, and don't get up until we're through."

I slinked back to the bed and sat. Remarkably, Pam turned back to the dresser in a wider stance than before. In addition, she bent low to open the bottom drawer and began rummaging through it, giving me a most provocative display. It was then I realized that her tease was intentional. She was looking for panties in her sweater drawer and taking her sweet time doing it. After searching another bottom drawer, bending over with straight legs, her tits showing between the inverted V of her legs, she stood and faced me, hands on hips, flustered.

She still had her high heel shoes on and walked about, gathering her dresses, holding up one after another. She tossed all to the bed and stood with a hand on her cocked hip and said, "Jerry, none of my dresses are sexy. They're all too long."

I tried not to look between her legs or at her tits, but she made it most difficult for me. She stood right before me. She picked up a light summer dress with an open bodice and said, "If I wear this one without a bra and shorten the hem, I suppose it might look sexy. What do you think?"

I nodded. She slipped it over her head and folded up the hem to mid thigh, saying, "Is this short enough?" I nodded. She folded it up another inch and said, "How about this? Is this too much?"

I said, "You'd be inviting trouble if you cut it too short. Remember who you'll be wearing that in front of."

"I haven't forgotten, Jerry. Jake said sexy. He expects sexy. This might be a test, you know. Suppose he lets you go because I wasn't wearing a sexy enough dress. What would we do then?"

"All right, if you'll wear it that short, I'll go along. He can't say it isn't sexy."

Pam folded under another two inches of material until the hem was just below her crotch. She said, "Maybe we should go all out just to be sure."

I gulped. I said, "Pam, you'd never wear anything that short in front of a bunch of men and you know it."

She said, "With our future at stake, I might go topless wearing a g-string. Don't forget the baby. I am due to ovulate this week. I can endure a little embarrassment if I have too. I'm not that weak and fragile, Jerry."

Pam's attitude surprised me. She shortened that dress a little higher than mid thigh. She looked very sexy in it, especially in her high heels. When she modeled the dress, I noticed that she had also cut back the top. The square-cut top exposed the swells of her upper

breasts and showed a great deal of cleavage. When she stood straight, the top edge just did hide her nipples. If she'd bend over, it dropped away and exposed her hanging tits. I made no comment about the modification; she offered no explanation. With the puffy sleeves and ruffled short hem, the dress looked like something a little girl might wear. On Pam it looked sexy as hell.

Eight guys showed up on Friday night. Since we figured there would be other poker nights, we bought a large round table with eight matching chairs. Nine of us just barely fit around the table. I had to sit on a bar stool.

Pam was a big hit. The guys made a fuss over her every time she entered the room. She was nervous and scared, but she looked stunning. They embarrassed her by staring openly down her top when she had to bend over. Those that were not in a position to look down her top would lean back and look up her dress. They kept the ash tray in the center of the table and requested she empty it often.

The first time Pam tried to empty the ash tray, she reached out and brought it to her. Jake said, "No, No, No. If you're going to do the job, do it right. Here, set the ash tray back where it was. Now, don't ever carry an ash tray over people. Do like this." Jake had Pam lean back over the table as he was doing. Their heads converged near the center as Jake tutored her on the professional way to service an ash tray.

Pam listened attentively, mindless of the scene taking place behind her. Tommy Drew and John Blazek were on their knees pinching the hem of her skirt and lifting. Two others were leaning in to watch the operation. They were either very good or Pam was very absorbed in what Jake was telling her. I could not see what they were seeing, but from the looks on their faces, it was a sight.

I tried to get Pam's attention, but she would not look up. She watched as Jake laid a paper towel down after first making sure that every butt was out. He then poured the contents into the paper towel, folded it neatly, then used the folded package to swab the inside of the ash tray. It all looked very neat and professional, but would also be time consuming.

Before Jake was done, Tommy had Pam's dress laid back over her back. I could not see how she did not notice the draft. Just when I thought the show was over, Jake emptied the napkin back into the ash tray and told Pam to give it a try. This allowed the guys more time to visually feast on my wife's ass and make crude gestures. When Pam did back away, she bumped right into John's face with her ass. She acted surprised to find herself exposed and John at her ass, but she playfully admonished him and pranced into the kitchen.

To service the ash tray required Pam to squeeze in between two chairs in order to reach it. Two guys would scoot back from the table to let her in, then while she lay over the table, they'd boldly look up her skirt from the rear. Each time Pam had to clean the ash tray, she'd find a new hole open up for her.

Pam amazed me. She caught on quickly to what they were doing. On her third visit to empty the ash tray, she went to the third set of guys and waited for them to make a hole. Then, she would rest on her elbows, her tits fully exposed, while emptying and wiping clean the ash tray. The guys on either side of her were not content to simply look. Their hands roamed up and down her legs. Pam took her sweet time, her face as red as a rose. The fourth set took even longer.

Being the odd man, I got skipped the first time around. I got included on the second go round. I scooted back with Benny, who sat on my left and had been in on the first round with the guy who sat on his left. When Pam leaned over, I decided to act like all the others and take a peek up her skirt. What I saw blew me away.

Pam had on a pair of frilly pink panties I'd never seen before. They were so sheer and thin that only a narrow strip passed between her legs. I could plainly see her labia lips and I could see that she'd shaved them clean. A dark pink spot caused by wetness marked the place where her clit pressed out against the material.

While I sat in stunned awe, Benny ran his hand up her left leg right up to her crotch, pressing the edge of his hand between her lips. Pam did not react, even when he took the panty material between thumb and forefinger and made it wedge between her lips. Her labia lips closed over it. When she stood, she just smiled and walked off with a sexy sway to her stride. This time, my face was red.

The game went on like this for several hours. Pam worked the table, bringing fresh beer, keeping the snack food bowls full, and frequently emptying the ash tray. Hands reached for her legs, tits, and ass whenever she passed by. Pam never jumped or flinched and never pushed a hand away. She kept track of which set got to feel her up and never balked at the hands that went between her legs. The cards got sticky and so did my shorts.

After four hours, I was down three hundred dollars. I was learning to play poker the hard way. After buying the house and the table set, our savings was tapped out. Fifty dollars was all we had to our name with payday two weeks away. While Pam was out of the room, Jake said, "Jerry, I'm going to give you a chance to recoup your losses at two to one. You interested."

I sat up and said sure. He said, "I'm going to bet you six-hundred bucks that Pam will let me take her panties off right here at the table and not say a word while I do it. If she does, she's mine for twenty-four hours. If she so much as makes a peep, you get six bills."

I felt sure Pam wouldn't stand still for that, not quietly anyway. I also knew she'd be pissed if I put her ass on the table as part of a wager. I said, "Jake, I can't give you Pam. I'm her husband not her keeper."

"I'll handle Pam. All I need is your acceptance. What do you say, kid? I know you could use the money. I'm just trying to make things easy for you."

I thought hard for a few seconds, then we shook hands. Pam was due to stop between Jake and Tom on her next ash tray stop. All eyes watched when she got between Jake and Tom and leaned way over. Jake got right behind her and ran both hands up the sides of her legs clear up to her hips.

We could see the impression of his fists as they curled under the waistband of her panties. Pam froze; her eyes shot wide open. Jake slowly drew her panties down, giving Pam ample opportunity to say something. She knew we were all looking at her ass and most of us could see her panties come into view below her skirt. Still, she said nothing. Jack slowed his progress, pausing when her panties passed over her ass cheeks.

Pam had plenty of time to finish cleaning the ash tray. Instead, she rested on her elbows, doing nothing, breathing heavily, waiting. The two men seated to her front actually got up and went to stand behind her. The rest were leaning towards her rear, looking at Jake's index finger hooked over the thin crotch band, waiting. Jake looked at me and shrugged as though to say, "Hey, kid, I'm trying not to win."

Pam was incredible. It was obvious that she intended to wait, how ever long it took, for Jake to remove her panties. Jake was in no hurry, enjoying the tension. He inched those panties down her legs by fractions, pausing often. It took several minutes for those panties to hang limply at her ankles. Pam lifted one foot free, then the other. Jake reached down and held the flimsy garment aloft like a trophy. The guys let out a cheer. This snapped Pam out of her catatonic lethargy. She stood and backed away from the table, covering her face with her hands.

Jake reached out and took her left hand, drawing her to his side. He placed her panties on the table and said, "Pam, you just made me a very happy man."

Pam looked to me with questioning eyes. I couldn't speak. Benny said, "Jake bet Jerry that he could remove your panties at the table, and you wouldn't make a

peep. There's the panties, and nobody heard a peep. Jake now owns your ass for twenty-four hours."

Pam looked right at me, stunned. I shrugged and shook my head, still unable to speak. She said, "Jerry, how could you make such a bet? You had no right. I'm not your property."

I found my voice and shot back, "I never thought I could lose. Why didn't you say something?"

She didn't have an answer for that. Jake said, "What's done is done. You're mine now, Pam, at least for twenty-four hours. A bet is a bet."

Pam looked defiant even in defeat. She stared daggers at me and folded her arms. Jake said, "Let's have a look at the merchandise. Why don't you get those clothes of, Pam?"

Pam shot him a dirty look and said, "I'll do no such thing. If you want to collect your stupid bet, you'll do it in private."

Jake said, "Pam, you don't tell me how to take my winnings. Your ass is mine to do with as I see fit for the next twenty-four hours. If I say strip, by God, you strip!"

This shook Pam. Jake ordered the table taken away. The guys pitched in and lifted it over our heads, setting it off to the side. We gathered our chairs in a circle centered on Jake. Pam was in the middle looking like a trapped animal. Jake shouted, "Don't stand there, get the fucking dress off!."

With a beet red face and clenched jaw, she drew it over her head, revealing her total nudity. She kicked off her heels and stood defiantly before Jake and said, "There, are you happy, now?"

Jake smiled and said, "Start here on my left and go around to each guy so they can get a good look at your charms."

Pam stomped over to the man on Jake's left and stood glaring down on him with her hands on her hips, daring him to look. Jake grabbed Pam roughly by her elbow and jerked her to her knees at his feet. He shocked everyone by yelling, "Listen to me, you little cunt! You lost; I won. The bet was fair. I gave you every opportunity to win, but you wanted those panties off so we could finger-fuck you without them getting in the way."

"If you had only made a squeak, I'd have handed over six-hundred bucks to Jerry with a smile. He would have taken it, too. Well, you didn't make a squeak. You lost. I'm going to get six-hundred dollars worth out of

your ass if I have to hog tie you, toss you in my pick-up, drive you to Jefferson Street, and sell your ass for twenty bucks a pop.

"I happen to be in a sharing mood and just want to have fun with my friends in the comfort and privacy of your new home. Now, if you don't want to party with us here, maybe you'll like partying downtown. Either way, you are going to party. Do you understand me?"

Jake's words had a sobering effect on Pam. We both knew he was dead serious. She nodded her head meekly. He helped her to her feet, saying, "Now, let's see a little enthusiasm on your part. If I don't see any, I could use six-hundred bucks."

Pam stepped over to the man she'd been pulled away from. This time she ran her hands up her sides and cupped her breasts in sensuous offering. A slow sway started in her hips as she moved her left foot out. She drew his eyes to her crotch by trailing her painted nails down her front and teased it through her loins. She thrust her pelvis out and ran a stiff finger through her wet lips.

I was directly behind her and could see that red nail dip between those sexy vaginal peach halves, curl in, and disappear up the front. Her white moons swayed provocatively as she did a sexy grind for him. The guys were awe-struck by her beauty and sexuality.

She turned slowly to present him with her rear view. Our eyes locked as her hands went behind to stroke her ass cheeks. Her eyes seemed to say, "I hope you're satisfied." My eyes drifted to her crotch. She had shaved off all of her pubic hair. Her pussy lips were wet and swollen. Her clit stuck out obscenely, pink and shiny.

Pam went to the next man and repeated the performance, putting more into her act. As she went around, she grew hotter and hotter. Her fingers delved repeatedly into her wet sex. Her stance grew wider. The fourth guy was treated to her bending from the waist with her ass in his face and feet wide apart. She held this pose and pulled her cheeks apart. She held steady as he leaned in and buried his face in her beaver.

The fifth guy was on my right. When she got to him, she looked at me and lifted her left foot, placing it on the top of his chair near his right ear. I looked at her yawning sex as her fingers played through and entered it. She bent her knee to bring her pussy closer to his face. He leaned in to suck her clit. She pressed her crotch to meet his lips. She pulled her labia lips apart for his clitty suck. She looked at me with passion-glazed eyes while he sucked on her clit.

She let him suck for several minutes, then turned her

ass to him, spread her legs wide, and dipped low. Her head looked back at me from between her knees as her hands came up from the inside and framed her sex. Her index fingers lay on each cunt lip and pried out, making a coral-pink oval of her vagina. He leaned in and lapped that oval like a dog. She swayed gently under the tonguing, never taking her eyes off me.

She left him in mid lap and stood before me, looking down. I looked up sheepishly. A mischievous grin appeared on her face. She leaned down and whispered in my ear, "I'm ovulating tonight."

She stood and went to Benny, on my left. This time, her right foot came up to the chair back by his left ear and she turned to face me. Benny entered her cunt with his two middle fingers and finger-fucked her while Pam ground her cunt on his fingers. She bit her lower lip while staring hard at me.

Sex between her and Jack was a foregone conclusion. After her rounds, it was obvious to everyone that she'd willingly have sex with anyone. By reminding me of her fertility, she was sending me a message, but I didn't get it. Did she expect me to do something to protect her? Would she protect herself? Would she at least let Jack know? Should I speak up before it got that far? She laid that problem in my lap, as though divorcing herself from the responsibility. I had to wonder if it really mattered to her whose baby she had. Could she be happy with just anyone's baby? Could I?

These thoughts never left me as I watched my horny wife return to Jake. Jake pulled her to his lap and positioned her so that her ass rested on his thighs with her legs outside his. He pulled her back to his chest and told the two men sitting beside him to each take a leg and make a wish. They eagerly reached down and took a foot, drawing Pam's legs into the splits.

Pam seemed to enjoy the lewd exposure, showing off her newly shaved pussy, a pussy she was obviously proud of. She had every reason to be proud. It was the cleanest, sexiest pussy anyone of us ever saw. Everyone marveled and fawned over it, leaning in for a closer look. Even her asshole looked cute and sexy, pink and clean.

Pam shamelessly basked in her exposure and the lewd attention. Her pussy hole looked tight, wet, and inviting. Her clit was completely in the open and standing tall. Jack brought his hands to her crotch and manipulated her aroused flesh. His fingers delved into her hole and teased over her clit making her loll her head on his shoulders and swoon. Jack said, "Well, now that we've gotten to know the physical Pam, let's get up close and personal. We don't want any secrets between us, do we, Pam?" She shook her head. He went on, "Did Jerry know you shaved your pussy?"

"No, I did it this afternoon."

"Why did you shave it?"

"I wanted to look sexy."

"Why? Did you plan on showing it to us?"

"I wanted to be ready, just in case."

"Did you masturbate thinking about this game?"

"Yes, constantly."

"What were your thoughts? Tell us what you imagined might happen."

"I pictured Jerry losing and having to bet my clothes. I pictured him losing my clothes. Then, I had to serve you all naked. When Jerry got a great hand, he showed it to me and asked if he could bet sex with me for the pot. I said yes, and he lost. I pictured you winning the hand and carrying me upstairs to our bedroom and making love to me."

"Well, you weren't far off, were you?"

"No."

"You do realize that we are all going to fuck you, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"I hope you're doing something about birth control."

Pam looked to me and waited. I don't know why, but I froze. After several seconds, Pam said, "It's all right; I'm on the pill."

"Good. Pam, how would you feel about becoming the new company whore. The last one we had ran off and got married. It pays five-hundred a week. There's light office duties, some typing and book work. Other than that, it's just taking care of fifteen horny men."

Pam looked to me for just a moment then nodded her head. Jake patted her pussy then set her on her feet. He said, "You run on upstairs and get comfortable. We're going to have us a pussy drawing."

Pam ran upstairs as Jake shuffled the deck. We all drew a card. I drew the two of spades. I waited and watched as seven of my coworkers and my boss made the trip upstairs. They came down singing her praises. Each left after patting me on the back and saying something like "Better luck next time," or "You're a good sport, kid."

Jake remained behind after his turn. We sat together

waiting for Benny to finish. It was four in the morning. Jake intended to take Pam with him after my turn. He shook my shoulder and said, "Face it, kid. You married a whore. We didn't make her that way. All we did was expose her for what she is. Make the most of it. Think of the money you two will bring in together." Jake peeled off five one-hundred dollar bills and said, "Look, here's an advance on her salary. I know you're tapped."

I said, "Thanks," as Benny came trudging downstairs. He said, "She's all yours kid. You better hang on tight, she's awful slippery." He laughed, grabbed his coat, and left.

I went up with great trepidation. Pam was sprawled on our bed on her back. The bed was down to bare mattress. Pam was literally covered with sperm. It was in her hair, on her face, pooled between her tits, and she lay in a big puddle of it. She turned her head and smiled weakly.

I sat by her side, looking into her glazed eyes. A strand of fresh cum draped her nose. One run reached her lips as I looked on. She calmly licked at it. She reached between her legs and scooped a handful of cum on her fingers, stuffing it up her cunt. She said, "I think I'm pregnant."

I looked at her sperm-drenched pussy and said, "I think you are too."

"Do you want to place any bets on who the father might be?" I shook my head. "Why didn't you say something? I gave you the opportunity."

"Why didn't you?"

"If you didn't care, I didn't either. You had your chance."

I pulled out the money and said, "Jake gave you an advance on your salary."

She took the money and smiled. She sat up and thumbed through the bills. She said, "I forgot about that. I'm the new company whore."

"You are if you take that money."

"I'm taking the money, Jerry. I earned it. Don't be mad, okay?"

"I'm not mad. You win some, you lose some."

"You're a good sport, Jerry. I'm glad I married you."