Ante Up!

By : jim7489

Who though playing cards could be.....ummmmm, so fun! Have Fun! Jimmy

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Ante Up!

â Because he knows that I love him and his cock more than anyone else in the whole world,â Barbara explained. â I always prefer to be with him.â

â Wow,â Martha said, sitting back against the sofa. â I never realized.â

â Come on, help me get some munchies for Barbara had finally decided that her life with John just wasnâ t exciting enough for her. It wasnâ t as though he wasnâ t a good man. He treated her okay, never abusing her or anything, just no excitement anymore. She wanted and needed more than he was providing. She had been so exciting in her youth, before she met and married John. They had talked about it, more than once. And John hadnâ t expressed any reservations about expanding their lives a bit, so to speak. But he also hadnâ t really done anything to make a difference either. Well, Barbara had decided to do that on her own. She couldnâ t believe that she would take such a step. But she wanted to feel different, more free, more open, more, more, more like one of the nymphos as she thought about them in the romance books that she read. And the other books too.

She was a small woman, only five feet, two inches tall. But her long red hair hung down to her waist in the back. Her 36-inch breasts had always turned the eye of any man, and with her narrow waist and slender, shapely legs she knew she had what it took. The only problem was that John just wasnâ t taking as much as she wanted him to. She always felt horny, even after John would be so inclined as to give her some attention. They had only been married five years and he acted like he was bored with her already.

Well, she wanted more and she was determined to get it. Tonight would be a real ice breaker. Tuesday nights John and four of his friends, Al, Fred, Bill and Harry, all played poker. Each night at one of their homes. Tonight it was Johnâ s turn to host and Barbara had decided that she was going to be the hostess, the one with the mostest, so to speak. So tonight Barbara had dressed differently than in the past. Tonight she put on a very short skirt with only a g-string under it. That combined with a string t-shirt she had borrowed from John and a pair of high-heeled shoes were it. Instead of the usual demure clothing that she wore. When John saw how she was dressed his eyes opened wide. This was really different for Barbara.

â Whatâ s up?â he asked.

â Iâ m just bored,â Barbara replied. â Iâ ve told you. Well, Iâ ve decided not to be bored tonight. I need some excitement.â

â I hope you know what youâ re doing,â John said. â That t-shirt leaves nothing to the imagination.â

â Iâ m surprised you even noticed,â Barbara retorted. â As little attention as you pay to me.â

â I notice plenty,â John said. â Like your nipples are getting hard because youâ re mad and also excited,â he said. â And theyâ ll be here any minute. You should go change.â

â I wonâ t,â Barbara said. â If you donâ t want me here, you say so. Otherwise Iâ m willing to take my chances.â

Just then the doorbell rang and their discussion became a mute point. Barbara moved to open the door and the four poker players were all there.

â Hi, guys. Come on in,â Barbara said, opening the door and standing aside.

They came in, their eyes fixing on Barbaraâ s tits, her nipples hard and straining against the material. Barbara then turned and walked back to the kitchen, swinging her hips as she went, knowing that all of their eyes were glued to her ass. She came out of the kitchen, a smile on her face, with beers for everyone, serving them as they all sat down at the table. They all bought their $20 worth of chips and settled down to play poker. The whole time Barbara served them, getting them more beer, chips to munch on, et cetera. She took every opportunity to lean over, letting her tits drape down towards the table or man she was talking to as she served him.

After a couple of hours Johnâ s luck really turned against him and he ended up with no chips in front of him and the hand not over yet, his call and no money to bet.

â Shit, I donâ t have any more chips,â John lamented.

â You know the rules,â Al said. â We play with what we bring to the table with us.â

â What about me, do I count?â Barbara asked, smiling at them.

â What do you mean?â Al asked.

â Well, I sort of came to the table with John. Can I put in for him?â she asked.

â You donâ t have any chips,â Fred observed.

â Well, do I have to bet chips?â Barbara asked, almost trembling with excitement.

â What do you have in mind?â Fred asked, staring at her.

â Well, how much does John need?â she asked.

â Right now he needs about $3,â Bill said.

â What would you do if you had $3?â Barbara asked John.

â Shit, Iâ d raise them,â he replied. â Iâ d make it $5.â

â $5,â Barbara said, standing up straight. â Would you take my skirt or shirt for the $5?â she heard herself ask.

â What?â Bill said. â You mean it?â

â Sure I do,â Barbara said. â How about it? Whoever wins it can use it to bet. Itâ ll be worth $5, wonâ t it?â

â Hell, I donâ t mind,â Bill said with a laugh. â Any of you mind?â he asked, looking around the table. â What about you, John?â Bill asked. â Donâ t you mind?â

â He couldnâ t care less,â Barbara said before John could say anything. â So, which do you want?â

â Well, since itâ s my bet that he has to call, you can take off your t-shirt and use it for the $5,â Bill said.

â Is your hand worth this?â Barbara asked John.

â I think itâ s a good hand,â John replied. â But itâ s up to you,â he said, looking at her, wondering how far she was going to take this.

â Then here it is,â Barbara said, pulling her t-shirt off over her head and tossing it into the middle of the table.

Barbara loved the way everyoneâ s eyes went to her tits and stayed there. She felt her nipples get even harder, something she would have thought was impossible. They showed their cards and John won. Everyone groaned as he swept the chips and t-shirt in front of himself. But he made no effort to give Barbara her shirt back. They continued to play and Barbara moved around the table standing behind and next to each of them in turn, leaning forward and letting her tits sometimes brush against their cheeks.

Then the game got to the point were John had all of his chips in the center and her t-shirt also but the bet was to him and he had no chips left.

â $4 to call?â John asked, knowing the answer before he did so.

â Thatâ s right,â Harry said, a smile on his face.

â I donâ t have $4,â John said, a grim look on his face. â Iâ m tapped out.â

â Hell, what about Barbara?â Harry said with a laugh.

â What about me?â Barbara asked, her hands on her hips and her nipples standing straight out.

â John needs $4,â Harry explained, â just to stay in the game.â

â You have a good hand?â Barbara asked John, leaning against him, her tits brushing his cheek.

â Good enough,â John replied, smiling at the others.

â How much do you need?â Barbara asked.

â $10,â John replied.

â Is my skirt worth $10?â Barbara asked, looking at Harry.

â Iâ d go for that,â Harry agreed, nodding.

â Then hereâ s your $10,â Barbara said to John, reaching behind herself and unzipping her skirt, letting it slowly fall to the floor before bending over to pick it up and hand it to John.

â Hereâ s your $4 and $6 more,â he said, not even glancing at Barbara.

But the other four men were looking only at Barbara, their cocks hardening in their pants as she stood there in only her g-string and high heels now.

â Jesus,â Al breathed, staring at the thin wisp of material that was scrunched in between Barbaraâ s pussy lips.

Barbara seemingly absent-mindedly let her hand drop down to her pussy, gently stroking and rubbing her exposed pussy lips. All of the men at the table with the exception of John had their eyes glued to her.

â Well, you going to call me?â John asked Harry.

â The skirtâ s not enough,â Harry said hoarsely. â Iâ m playing with my own money.â

â I donâ t have any more money at the table,â John said. â You know that and you know the rules we play by. Youâ ve got all her clothes already, for Christâ s sake.â

â Not all of it,â Harry barely whispered.

â What the...â John began, turning in his seat to finally look at Barbara. â Jesus,â he exclaimed, â arenâ t you wearing anything under your clothes?â

â What do you want me to do?â Barbara asked sweetly, her fingers still gently stroking her pussy lips, the material of her g-string wet between them.

â You take the rest?â John asked Harry, turning back to face him.

â Yeah, Iâ ll take it,â Harry said, nodding his head, beads of sweat on his forehead.

â Go on, give it to him,â John said to Barbara.

â Okay,â Barbara said, â if youâ re sure about it.â

Slowly Barbara walked around the table to where Harry was sitting. Standing in front of him she continued stroking herself as she stood with her pussy just scant inches from his face. Then slowly hooking her fingers in the waistband of her g-string, Barbara began to inch it downwards, slowly sliding it down and exposing herself to Harry. As the material passed over the thatch of red hair over her pussy, it then slid over her smoothly shaved lips which were parted in excitement, her clit prominently sticking out from between them. As her g-string fell to the floor, Barbara bent over to pick it up, giving Al a great view of her pussy from behind, her pussy lips spreading open right in front of his face. Then lifting a foot to bring it to her hand, Harry saw her pussy lips spread wide, giving him an unobstructed view of the interior of her pussy. He even saw a dribble of pussy juice slide from her pussy down the inside of her thigh.

â All right already,â John said. â Iâ ve got three 4s,â he declared, turning his cards over.

â Iâ ve got three 7s,â Harry said, revealing his cards and then sliding all of the chips and Barbaraâ s skirt and g-string over to his side of the table.

â Shit,â John said. â What am I going to play with now?â

â Why donâ t you use me as your chips?â Barbara suggested, smiling at him. â That is if everyone else doesnâ t mind.â

â And what happens when someone other than John wins the hand?â Fred asked.

â Well, I guess that person gets me,â Barbara replied.

â What good does that do us?â Fred persisted.

â Well, I guess five minutes with me should be worth something,â Barbara said, letting her hands slide along her body, cupping her tits and squeezing her nipples.

â And we can do anything we want?â Al asked.

â As long as youâ re reasonable,â Barbara answered, glancing at John to see how he was reacting.

But John was only staring at the piles of chips in front of everyone but himself. It was like he didnâ t even hear Barbaraâ s offer.

â What do you think?â Barbara asked, letting a finger slide between her pussy lips and come out glistening.

â Iâ m game,â Fred said, a smile on his face.

â Me too,â Al agreed.

â Sounds okay to me,â Harry said.

â Okay with me,â Bill said.

â Well, what do you think?â Barbara asked John. â Do you still want to play?â

â Just deal the cards,â John growled. â Weâ ll see who wins what.â

So the cards were dealt with Barbara standing there naked except for her shoes, her nipples hard and her pussy so wet everyone in the room could smell her excitement. The hand ended with Bill winning, and as he pulled the chips in the middle of the table towards himself Barbara moved around the table to stand next to him.

â I guess you win me,â she said to Bill, a smile on her face as her finger continued to slide up and down between her pussy lips. â What would you like?â

â Iâ d like to eat that pussy of yours, I think,â Bill said, looking at her, only glancing at John to see how he was reacting.

â Oooh, that sounds nice,â Barbara said, bringing her wet finger up to her mouth and lightly sucking on it. â What should I do?â she asked.

â How about sitting right here in front of me?â Bill suggested, sliding his chair back a bit.

â Now I really feel like a poker chip,â Barbara laughed as she sat on the edge of the table facing Bill, her knees apart so that he could see her pussy.

â Why donâ t you lay back,â Bill suggested, putting a hand on each of her knees and pressing them apart.

Barbara leaned back on her elbows, wanting to watch. Al and Harry each took one of her knees and held them apart, as wide as they would go without causing her any discomfort. She watched with her breath held as Bill leaned over and stuck his tongue right into her pussy. She gasped when she felt him glue his mouth to her pussy, sucking the whole thing in as his tongue continued to plunge in and out of her hole.

Barbara lay back on the table, her head hanging off the other side as Bill continued to eat her pussy. She was staring right up at Johnâ s face, a smile on it as he watched his friend eating her. Slowly he stood up, then unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, dropping it into her open and very willing mouth. Barbara felt Johnâ s cock quickly grow to full size in her mouth as she sucked on him. The other men were watching in shock as she sucked John while Bill ate her pussy.

Quickly she had Johnâ s entire 10 inches of cock stuffed down her throat while Bill was eating her to orgasm. She was squeezing Johnâ s balls and fingering his asshole while she sucked on him. Billâ s tongue in her pussy was finally proving too much for her and she felt her pussy spasm as she began to cum, his lips wrapped around her clit. She pumped Johnâ s cock like crazy as she came, almost crying out it felt so good. Then just as her own orgasm began to subside Johnâ s cock swelled even bigger in her mouth and then a blast of cum was shooting into her mouth.

Barbara eagerly gulped at Johnâ s cum, swallowing it as fast as he filled her mouth. She sucked him and licked his cock until there was no more cum, sucking the last little bit out of the slit at the end. Bill had finished sucking her pussy and now Al and Harry each helped her to sit up, a huge smile on her face.

â Well, that was sure nice,â Barbara said. â And John didnâ t even win the hand. Youâ d have thought I did.â

â Letâ s deal the cards then,â Fred said.

Helping Barbara down off the table, they all took their seats and the cards were dealt. Nobody said a thing as they played. There was no betting, no chips. They all knew what they were playing for. Barbara watched them with a smile on her face. She couldnâ t believe what a nympho she was being. She had never done anything like this in her entire life, yet here she was, prancing around a poker table naked, waiting to see who would win the hand so she could have sex with him, or them, or even maybe all of them, she thought, her nipples getting harder at the thought and her pussy getting wet again.

This time Al won the hand, a big smile on his face. Barbara walked around the table to him, her whole body tingling. She knew this was going to be good.

â I think Iâ ll fuck you,â Al said, standing up and undoing his pants. â But suck me a bit first to get me nice and ready,â he said, letting his cock out.

With a big grin on her face Barbara dropped to her knees and took Alâ s cock in her hand, feeling the warmth of it as she gently squeezed him. When she saw a drop of pre-cum forming at the slit she opened her mouth and let her tongue slide out to softly lick the underside of the head of his cock, ending up stuck in the slit as her lips closed around it and she gently sucked. Al groaned as he felt Barbara open her mouth and let his entire cock slide into her throat, not stopping until every inch of it had disappeared in her mouth.

As everyone watched Barbara began to slide up and down on Alâ s cock, sucking him. By now he was very hard and didnâ t want to cum in her mouth, yet, so regretfully he reached down and stopped her, helping her to her feet with his cock standing out in front of him.

â You can just lay on the table again,â he said, helping her up. â Hold her legs more towards her head this time,â Al said to Harry and Fred, who were reaching for her legs to help.

As they spread her legs apart and up towards her head, Barbaraâ s pussy and asshole were totally exposed, her pussy lips spread apart and her clit sticking out prominently. Al leaned down and sucked on her pussy for a moment, sticking his tongue up inside of her. Then he slid his tongue from her pussy to her asshole, rimming her and probing at her rosebud for a moment before sliding back up and sticking his tongue back in her pussy. Then he stood up and positioned his cock at the entrance to her hole. Leaning forward his cock slowly sank into her wet and ready pussy.

Barbara groaned with delight as Alâ s cock filled her pussy. She lay back, enjoying the sensation as he slowly began to fuck her. She saw John sitting there, a smile on his face and his cock in his hand, hard again, watching as Al fucked her on the table. She reached for him, pulling him to his feet and opening her mouth to suck his cock again. The cock in her pussy only made it better as she began to suck Johnâ s cock again, knowing he wouldnâ t cum very easily and that she would get to suck him for a while.

Al was banging away at her pussy, fucking her as hard as he could. And Barbara was loving it as she sucked Johnâ s cock. Two cocks was sure nice. Al couldnâ t last very long and all too soon as far as she was concerned he moaned and slammed into her, his cock pulsating as it shot spurt after spurt of cum deep inside her pussy. She clamped down on his cock with her pussy muscles, milking him as she continued to suck Johnâ s cock. Slowly she felt Alâ s cock slide from her pussy and she knew some of their cum was dribbling onto the table too. Reluctantly releasing Johnâ s cock, Barbara allowed them to help her to a sitting position and then off the table.

It was absolutely quiet as they dealt the cards, playing the hand in total silence as they decided who was going to have her next. It was close but Al won the next hand too. There was some grumbling from the losers who would have to wait for a chance to win a hand so that they too could have a turn with her. But Al smiled, shaking his head.

â Iâ m still too wasted from the last time,â he said. â Iâ ll win another hand later.â

â What do we do now?â Fred asked, the one who had almost won the hand.

â We could cut the cards,â Harry suggested.

â Why donâ t you all just take turns,â Barbara suggested, feeling herself blush. â That would be fair, wouldnâ t it?â

â All of us?â Harry asked, his eyes glazing.

â If you want,â Barbara said, nodding. â Iâ d sure like it All these cocks. So nice.â

â Hell, Iâ d love to fuck you,â Fred said. â But Iâ d like to eat your pussy first.â

â That sounds real nice, Fred,â Barbara said. â Why donâ t you go first then?â

â All right!â Fred exclaimed as Barbara sat up on the edge of the table, spreading her thighs wide apart.

â Go on, suck my pussy for me, Fred,â Barbara implored, gently rubbing her clit with a finger. â Suck all of that cum from my pussy so it will be nice and ready for your cock.â

The rest of them watched as Fred dove into Barbaraâ s swampy pussy, licking and sucking as he gobbled the cum cocktail that was there. Barbara held a hand lightly around the back of his head, looking down between her tits to see Fredâ s tongue sluicing in and out of her pussy. A shaved pussy was so nice for so many reasons, she thought as he sucked her. Then he stopped, standing up, his cock out in front of him. Al and Harry held her knees, holding them back against her chest almost as her pussy and asshole opened up for Fred.

Fred stepped forward, rubbing his cock in her pussy, getting it nice and wet in her juices that were already flowing. Then he pressed forward, burying his cock deep inside her pussy. Barbara gasped as she felt another cock slide into her pussy, filling her again. Barbara lay her head back again, hanging off the edge of the table. John was still sitting there slowly stroking himself as he watched yet another of his friends fucking his wife. When Barbara reached for him, John got to his feet, standing close so that Barbara could suck his cock again.

So while Barbara got fucked, she sucked Johnâ s cock, swallowing it completely as his hips gently moved back and forth as he fucked her face. It wasnâ t long before Fred groaned and clutched at her tits as his cock began to spew forth its load of cum into her pussy. Barbara tried to concentrate on milking his cock as he came, not letting up for a second on Johnâ s cock in her mouth. She felt Fredâ s cock slowly slide from her pussy, then another cock was pushing into her and she felt herself filled once again. Looking, Barbara saw that it was Harry who was now pumping himself into her, sliding back and forth in her well-lubricated hole. By now Barbara was cumming constantly, a never-ending orgasm as she got fucked by one after another of Johnâ s friends until she found Bill standing between her thighs again for a second go round.

Then John spoke up, saying that it was his turn. Bill easily moved aside so that John could fuck his own wife in front of them after they had all had her. As he stood between her wide-spread legs, his cock pointing at her open and gooey pussy, it was obvious that Johnâ s cock was substantially bigger than any of the other men. Placing the head of his cock at the entrance to her hole, John simply slid his entire rod into her, burying it with one swift stroke deep in her pussy. Barbara grunted as she felt Johnâ s cock fill like none of the others had done, almost tickling her tonsils as he drove it all the way in. Barbara began to cum again immediately when Johnâ s cock had filled her, her pussy juicing and clasping at his cock as he slowly slid it back and forth, in and out of her pussy.

Barbara was really getting into the sensations that Johnâ s cock was producing, watching the faces of the other four men as they watched John fuck her. She felt so nasty as she humped up against John as he thrust into her. Then suddenly she felt John pull his cock from her pussy and she gasped at the suddenness of it. Then she gasped again as she felt him pressing his cock against her rosebud, forcing himself into her ass. Barbara hadnâ t taken a cock in the ass in more than ten years and never one as

big as Johnâ s. She felt tears forming at the corners of her eyes as his cock managed to force its way into her ass, only the head of it, but it was so huge and her ass so small that she felt like it was tearing her apart.

Then she felt John pressing into her again and the feeling of being torn apart increased as inch after inch of his cock pushed into her ass. She felt him pull out a bit, then push in again, even more of his cock forcing its way into her this time. Finally she realized that John was pressing against her ass with his belly and that his cock was totally buried in her ass. She was groaning from the discomfort and she could feel his cock throbbing deep inside her ass. John began to slide his cock in and out of her ass, fucking her. Slowly she felt herself adjusting to his cock and even began to enjoy the sensation of his huge cock as it moved in and out, in and out. The other men were all standing close by watching as her ass got fucked by John, a couple of them caressing and pinching and pulling on her nipples. Bill stood close by her head and she eventually relaxed enough to open her mouth to suck on his cock while John continued fucking her ass.

It seemed like an eternity to her when she finally felt Johnâ s cock swell and then explode inside of her ass. She imagined that she could feel his cum splashing deep inside of her ass even as Bill began to cum, filling her mouth at the same time. When John finally stopped cumming he pulled his cock from her ass, laughing.

â Well, guys, what do you think of my nympho wife?â he asked. â Can she take cock or what? Why donâ t all of you fuck her in the ass too,â he suggested. â I know sheâ d like that before you go, wouldnâ t you, Barbara?â

â God, yes, fuck my ass,â she cried. â I want all of you to fuck me in the ass.â

Fred stepped forward, his cock hard in his hand.

â Turn over,â he said. â I want to fuck you from behind.â

Slowly Barbara rolled over, her ass hanging off the end of the table, cum dribbling from it. Fred moved up against her, his cock pressing into her rosebud. Surprisingly to her he easily slipped into her, his cock not quite filling her like Johnâ s had. She enjoyed the feeling as he fucked her in the ass and opened her mouth to suck on Harryâ s cock at the same time. One after another they all fucked her in the ass, cumming inside of her until she had cum dribbling from all of her holes. When the last one had finished fucking her ass, John helped her to sit up, a glazed look on her face.

â Well, I guess thatâ s the game for this week,â he said. â See you guys next week.â

â Well, thanks, Barbara,â Fred said, smiling weakly at her. â That was the best poker game Iâ ve ever been to.â

â Me too,â Harry echoed. â I loved fucking you, Barbara. Thanks a lot. And thanks, John. Iâ m glad you didnâ t mind all of this. I donâ t know if my wife would like it very much if she knew.â

â I bet Martha would love to do just what Iâ ve done tonight,â Barbara said weakly. â Any woman would.â

â You donâ t know Martha,â Harry said with a laugh. â Sheâ d freak out if the lights were on.â

â Well, you just bring her next week and weâ ll see just how shy she really is,â Barbara said with a chuckle. â Iâ ll bet we can loosen her up in more than one way.â

â Good-night,â they said as they finished dressing and left.

â Good-night indeed,â Barbara said as the door closed behind them.

â I love you so much,â Barbara said, getting to her feet and hugging John. â Nobody has a cock like yours either. It was wonderful feeling all those strange cocks fucking me, but when yours filled me, well, it was like boys and a man. Did you like it?â

â Iâ m still horny,â John said with a grin. â Itâ s been a long time since Iâ ve been turned on like this. Seeing you take all those cocks, watching your pussy lips as they cling to each cock as it slides in and out of your pussy, I think Iâ m ready for some more right now.â

â Well, where do you want it then,â Barbara asked. â I havenâ t had a cock in my ass since I was a young teenager, and never one like yours. It hurt at first, then I began to really like it. I think Iâ d like to feel what itâ s like to have one cock in my pussy and another in my ass. That should be just incredible.â

â I bet youâ ll manage just that, too,â John said with a laugh. â But I think Iâ ll just fuck that pussy of yours again.â

â Let me clean you off first,â Barbara said, getting to her feet and getting a moist towel.

After she had cleaned Johnâ s cock off, Barbara gently pushed him backwards until he was against the sofa. As he fell back onto it, Barbara straddled him, his cock between her legs.

â Now itâ s my turn,â Barbara said, reaching between her legs and placing the head of his cock at the entrance to her pussy.

Slowly she lowered herself onto his cock, feeling the hardness of it as it filled her pussy. Even though she had taken five cocks already in her pussy, Johnâ s still felt like it was the first one of the night. While John squeezed and played with her tits, Barbara rocked back and forth on his cock, feeling it slide in and out of her pussy. She felt like she was on fire as she fucked him, his cock filling her.

Barbara moved, leaning back on her hands, her feet up near Johnâ s chest on either side of him as she continued to hump her pussy up and down on his cock. Now John could see the action clearly as her bald pussy swallowed and then spit out his cock, over and over again. Her pussy lips were thick and engorged and he could also see her huge clit sticking out and rubbing against the shaft of his cock as it slid in and out of her. Her reached down and began to rub her clit with his fingers, exciting her even more as she rode his cock like a bronc buster.

When she felt his cock swell as he was about to cum, Barbara jumped off of him, bending over and taking his cock into her mouth as it exploded, cum shooting into her throat as she sucked on him. Barbara was even more surprised when John pulled her around into a 69, sticking his tongue into her swampy pussy and sucking on her while she swallowed his load of cum. She knew that her pussy was still full of all of the cum that the other men had dumped inside of her and she was shocked that John would eat her like this. But eat her he did, chewing lightly on her pussy lips and clit, sucking on her and drinking her up until they both collapsed from exhaustion, Johnâ s cock resting in her mouth and his

mouth on her pussy.

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Barbara woke up the next morning to the sensation of Johnâ s tongue in her pussy, eating her again. She opened her mouth and began to suck on his cock again, feeling it quickly grow to its full size. She couldnâ t believe how horny John was. Her behaving like a nympho the night before had really excited him, she thought, sucking lovingly on his cock. This was the kind of excitement that she had been missing. Maybe he had been missing some extra excitement too. When his cock started gushing cum into her mouth Barbara felt herself cum too. Her excitement was at fever pitch as she felt his tongue sliding around in her pussy, his cock pulsating in her mouth as it shot cum into her throat.

The rest of the week was like this for Barbara. John would fuck her the minute he got home from work and they would spend the night until he went to work the next morning fucking and sucking. Barbara didnâ t remember when sheâ d ever been so satisfied. By the time next Tuesday rolled around Barbara wondered how everyone would react at the weekly card game. Barbara remembered her conversation with Harry and decided to call Martha on her own. When she did, she asked her to please come with Harry to keep her company, that waiting on the boys she needed some company too. She was surprised when Martha agreed, after only a little persuading.

When everyone arrived for the game Barbara was dressed in a short skirt and a string

t-shirt, nothing else. Her nipples were hard and easily visible through the material of the t-shirt, and the sides of her breasts were also visible from the side. Marthaâ s eyes opened wide when she saw Barbara, and her mouth dropped open a bit. Barbara remembered when she got there that Martha was a small woman, slightly built with short blonde hair. But she was very pretty and Barbara actually felt good to have another woman to talk to. As the boys sat down and began to play, Barbara took Martha into the other room to talk.

â Iâ m so glad you came, Martha,â Barbara said. â The companyâ s good for me.â

â I canâ t believe what youâ re wearing,â Martha had to say. â They can all see your breasts.â

â John says it distracts them and helps him win,â Barbara laughed. â And I donâ t mind that much. Itâ s nice to see some appreciation from other men once in a while, you know what I mean?â

â Well, no, I donâ t,â Martha replied. â Nobodyâ s ever looked at me like that.â

â Of course they have,â Barbara replied. â Youâ ve just never noticed.â

â I donâ t know,â Martha said. â Iâ m not built like you are,â she said, eyeing Barbaraâ s big tits.

â Like we tell the men, itâ s not what youâ ve got, itâ s how you use it,â Barbara laughed. â Iâ ll bet if we changed your top they wouldnâ t be able to keep their eyes off of you.â

â Oh, I donâ t know if Iâ d like that,â Martha said, blushing.

â Of course you would,â Barbara said, â thatâ s why youâ re blushing, just thinking of how

nice it would be, arenâ t you?â

â Well, maybe a little,â Martha admitted, blushing even deeper. â Iâ d just be so embarrassed.â

â Nonsense,â Barbara said. â Maybe at first, but then youâ d just enjoy it. Trust me.â

â Well, this is how Iâ m dressed so thereâ s no chance of that,â Martha said.

â Iâ ll bet Iâ ve got a t-shirt you can wear,â Barbara said. â Letâ s try.â

â Oh, no, I couldnâ t,â Martha said, her eyes wide.

â Letâ s just try it with you and me, to see,â Barbara suggested, getting up and rummaging through a drawer and coming out with a t-shirt. â This oneâ s small on me so it should fit you. Here, try it on,â she said, tossing it to Martha.

â Oh, I couldnâ t,â Martha said, blushing deep red.

â Just relax and try it on,â Barbara said. â Iâ ll go see if they need anything and then come back, okay?â

â Well, I guess I could try it on,â Martha said hesitatingly.

â Thatâ s the girl,â Barbara said, getting to her feet and going to the door. â Iâ ll be right back.â

Barbara went out and walked over to John, hugging him from behind and making sure that she rubbed her tits all over his head in the process.

â Whereâ s Martha?â Harry asked.

â Oh, sheâ ll be out in a minute,â Barbara said. â Weâ re discussing wardrobes.â

Harry gave her a puzzled smile as Barbara turned and went back to the bedroom. When she opened the door Martha had her back to her and was just settling the t-shirt down on her body.

â Well, letâ s see how that looks,â Barbara said, closing the door behind her.

Martha turned around and looked at Barbara with a red face. Barbara could see that she had put the t-shirt on, but that she hadnâ t taken off her bra. The t-shirt fit her, but sat oddly because of the bra.

â I think it would look better without the bra,â Barbara said.

â Oh, no, I just couldnâ t,â Martha said, alarm on her face. â I never go without one.â

â Never?â Barbara asked, a smile on her face and a twinkle in her eye. â Come on, try it for me,â she said. â Then you can decide which looks better.â

â I donâ t know,â Martha said, looking down at herself.

â Here, Iâ ll help,â Barbara said, moving to stand behind Martha.

Without giving her a chance to react, Barbara reached under the back of the t-shirt and unhooked Marthaâ s bra.

â There, go ahead and take it off,â she said, standing back and looking at Martha.

Blushing furiously Martha reached under the t-shirt and pulled the bra out, just standing there with her hands at her sides. Barbara could see that even though she had small breasts, they were nicely formed and that her small nipples were hard.

â That looks much better,â Barbara said. â And because youâ re not so big itâ s not as obvious,â she said, noticing that Marthaâ s entire breast was visible from the side as she turned to look in the mirror.

â Oh, my, you can see me!â she exclaimed, her hands moving up to cover herself.

â Now, now, just relax,â Barbara said. â You canâ t really see anything. Besides, everyone knows we have breasts. Itâ s not like itâ s a big secret or anything.â

The look on Marthaâ s face when she said this caused Barbara to burst out laughing. It was obvious that the thought had never occurred to her.

â I think you look great,â Barbara said. â And so will Harry and the others,â she added.

â I donâ t know,â Martha said, looking down and seeing her hard nipples. â Iâ d be so embarrassed.â

â Theyâ re so into their game that they probably wonâ t even notice at first,â Barbara suggested. â Thatâ s the way they are. But Iâ m going back out there to see if they need anything and to watch them play. You come out when youâ re ready.â

Martha just watched as Barbara opened the door and went out into the other room, nervous, embarrassed, and even a little excited, she realized. She did like the way she looked with the t-shirt on, looking once more into the mirror. She didnâ t have a bad body, just small. Meanwhile, Barbara had gone into the other room.

â Now donâ t make a big deal of it when Martha comes back out,â she said to the men quickly and quietly. â Sheâ s nervous. No, I wonâ t explain,â Barbara said. â It will be obvious. Just donâ t act weird and make her self-conscious.â

They shrugged, Harry giving her a strange look which Barbara just ignored, smiling at him as she sat down. Privately Barbara wondered if Martha being there was going to affect her ability to have a good time with all of the men again. She hoped not. She had been looking forward to this all week. Each time John had fucked her or sucked her she had remembered how much fun it was to have each of the men fucking her one after the other and she was looking forward to being a nympho once again. She could feel her pussy getting wet as she thought of it and tried to concentrate on watching the men play poker instead of thinking about it.

She noticed that some of their drinks were getting short, so Barbara got to her feet and went into the kitchen to get some more. As she was getting ready to return she heard the men greeting Martha.

Quickly going back into the other room, Barbara saw that Martha had come out of the bedroom wearing the t-shirt, and without the bra. Barbara served the drinks then went over to Martha and hugged her, making sure that Martha felt her breasts pressing against her body. They sat down together on a sofa and Barbara was pleased to see that all of the men kept casting glances their way, checking them out.

â Told you,â Barbara whispered to Martha. â They canâ t stop staring. Isnâ t it great?â

â I feel embarrassed,â Martha whispered back.

â Maybe, but Iâ ll bet you like it too, donâ t you?â Barbara asked.

Seeing Martha blush and noticing her hard nipples was all the answer Barbara needed. Barbara noticed that Bill sitting across the table was staring at the two of them, a half smile on his face. Smiling inwardly, Barbara let her knees part about six inches, affording Bill a clear look up under her skirt to her pussy.

â Iâ m going to see if John wants anything,â Barbara said to Martha, getting to her feet.

Walking around the table to where John was sitting, Barbara bent over to whisper in his ear, her ass pointing right at Bill. As Martha watched in shock, Bill let one hand slide up Barbaraâ s thigh, right up under her skirt. As she watched with her mouth hanging open, Barbara kissed John, ignoring Billâ s hand under her skirt. When Barbara finished kissing John, she stood up and Bill withdrew his hand from beneath her skirt, bringing his fingers to his mouth and sucking on them, his eyes never leaving Martha. Martha could feel herself blushing and she could feel her nipples getting impossibly harder as she found it impossible to tear her eyes from Billâ s. When Barbara sat down next to her again it broke the spell and Martha was able to look away from Bill.

â Hopefully the game will start to get interesting in a little while,â Barbara said to Martha.

â The game?â Martha said. â I canâ t believe what Bill did to you while you were kissing John,â she exclaimed, shaking her head. â His hand was under your skirt.â

â I know,â Barbara replied, â his fingers were in my pussy.â

â And you just let him?â Martha asked, her mouth open in shock.

â Oh, it felt so nice though,â Barbara said. â And it didnâ t hurt anything, did it?â

â I canâ t believe you,â Martha said, staring at her. â How can you?â

â Donâ t you like it when someone plays with your pussy?â Barbara asked.

â But, but,â Martha sputtered. â But your husband was sitting right there.â

â Oh, he wouldnâ t mind,â Barbara said, dismissing the idea.

â Why not?â Martha asked, not believing.
the boys,â Barbara said, getting to her feet.

Shakily Martha got to her feet, following Barbara into the kitchen. Barbara got some prepared snacks

from the refrigerator that were in a bowl, then turned to look in the cabinets for a serving plate to put them on. Not realizing it, when she bent over to look in one of the lower cabinets her skirt rose up enough to expose her pussy and ass, and Martha was looking right at her.

â Oh, my god,â Martha exclaimed, her hand going to her mouth when she saw Barbaraâ s pussy. â Youâ re not wearing any underwear,â she said.

â I never do,â Barbara replied, standing up with the serving plate in her hand. â Here,â she said, handing it to Martha. â Iâ ll get some drinks.â

As Martha arranged the food on the serving tray, Barbara got out a bottle of Tequila and cut up a couple of limes, grabbing a box of salt as they left the kitchen and went back into the other room. While Barbara set up the Tequila and got out shot glasses, Martha moved around the table serving the appetizers. Barbara smiled to herself as she heard some compliments that were being paid to Martha. Gathering up the filled shot glasses, Barbara moved around the table setting one glass down in front of each of the men, then handed one of them to Martha.

â Whatâ s this?â Martha asked, looking at the shot glass.

â Tequila,â Barbara replied, picking up one for herself.

â Oh, I never drink,â Martha said, holding it out to Barbara.

â Oh, just drink it,â Barbara said, lifting hers to her mouth and dumping it in. â Itâ s delicious,â she said, biting into a piece of lime. â Go on, try it,â she insisted, staring at Martha.

Reluctantly Martha brought the glass to her mouth, and at Barbaraâ s urging tilted it all the way up, dumping the entire contents into her mouth. Swallowing reflexively, Martha began to choke as the Tequila burned its way down her throat. Barbara handed her a lime wedge and Martha gratefully bit into it, feeling it instantly sooth her throat.

â Thatâ s something else,â she said, shaking her head, feeling some tears in the corners of her eyes.

â Itâ s easy to get used to,â Barbara said. â Youâ ll see.â

In the next half hour they all had two more shots of Tequila and Barbara could see from the permanent flush on Marthaâ s cheeks that she was feeling the effects. Everyone was laughing now, feeling loosened up, the men because they felt the finale to their evening approaching, and Martha from the Tequila. Barbara was just excited anyway. Barbara started walking slowly around the table, stopping at each manâ s position for several minutes before moving on. Each time Martha could see that they took advantage of Barbaraâ s closeness to let their hands wander up under her skirt. She knew that they were playing with her and she couldnâ t believe it. She knew she was a little drunk but she couldnâ t understand why she felt so alive, excited.

Then the game started getting louder as the stakes began to increase. Al was the first one to run into a deficit of chips during a hand.

â What am I going to do?â he asked.

â You should have brought Hillary,â Fred laughed. â Then you could use her for a chip.â

â Why donâ t you use us?â Barbara said, smiling from her seat on the sofa next to Martha.

â What do you mean?â Martha asked, a little slurred but understanding what was said.

â Well, they run out of chips and they donâ t have anything to bet,â Barbara explained. â So they bet us, or our clothes or something.â

â Really!â Martha exclaimed. â Youâ d do that, Harry?â she asked.

â Only if you didnâ t object,â Harry said nervously.

â What do I do?â Al asked.

â Barbara and Martha should cut the cards to see who you use for your betting,â John suggested.

â That sounds fair,â Fred said. â Are you two game?â he asked, looking at them.

â Oh, I donâ t mind,â Barbara said. â What about you, Martha? Shall we join them in their little game?â

â But I donâ t know how to play poker,â Martha said. â What would I do?â

â Oh, we wonâ t play the cards, weâ ll be the betting chips,â Barbara explained. â Come on, letâ s do it. It will be fun.â

â I donâ t know,â Martha said. â Iâ m not sure.â

â Well, at least try it,â Barbara insisted. â If you donâ t like, then donâ t play, okay?â

â Well, since you put it that way,â Martha said, a slightly drunken smile on her face.
â Okay.â

â Well, Iâ ll be,â Harry exclaimed, staring at Martha. â I never would have thought it.â

â Huh, you think you know everything,â Martha said, getting unsteadily to her feet. â That Tequila made me a little drunk, I think. Can I have one more?â

â Sure you can,â Barbara replied, quickly filling two shot glasses and handing one of them to Martha. â Bottoms up,â she said, quaffing hers.

Martha followed suit, not coughing any more and bit into the slice of lime.

â Okay, cut the cards then,â John said, his eyes glinting.

Barbara reached over and picked up a card from the table and turned it over. It was a 9. Then she turned to Martha and encouraged her to do the same. When Martha turned her card over it was a 10.

â Whatâ s that mean?â she asked.

â Well, that means you win and Al will use you for a betting chip,â Barbara explained.

â Okay?â

â I guess so,â Martha said, giggling. â This is funny.â

â Okay, Iâ m in,â Al said. â Letâ s see your cards.â

When they turned the cards over Al had lost and he cursed, throwing his cards down on the table.

â What happened?â Martha asked, not understanding.

â Al lost,â Barbara explained.

â So what happens now?â she asked.

â Now he has to pay up, with you,â Barbara told her.

â What do I do?â Martha asked, looking first at Barbara and then at Al.

â Give John a piece of your clothing,â Al said, shaking his head. â I thought I had that hand won for sure.â

â A piece of my clothing?â Martha asked, her mouth hanging open. â Are you kidding?â

â No, thatâ s how it works,â Barbara explained. â If Al had won, you would have gotten a share of his pot. This way, he pays his debt with you.â

â Iâ m not giving anyone any of my clothes,â Martha said, hugging her arms around herself.

â Then you wonâ t be able to play and Iâ ll have to play every hand,â Barbara said, shaking her head. â I canâ t believe youâ d do that to me.â

â Really? You mean...â

â Iâ d have to give John a piece of my clothes,â Barbara said. â And it wasnâ t even my turn.â

â But what would you give him?â Martha asked, knowing that she didnâ t have much on.

â Either my shirt or my skirt,â Barbara said.

â You wouldnâ t!â Martha said, shocked.

â I donâ t have any choice if youâ re not going to play,â Barbara said. â If I want to play thatâ s what I have to do.â

â But what could I take off?â Martha asked. â Iâ m not really wearing much and theyâ d all see me.â

â Thatâ s part of the fun,â Barbara laughed. â But you need to make up your mind now. Are you playing or not?â

Martha just stood there, seeing everyone staring at them, including Harry.

â Harry, what do you say?â she asked, her eyes imploring him.

â Itâ s your decision to make,â Harry said. â Whatever you want, thatâ s okay with me.â

â Well, I donâ t want to be unfair to you,â she said to Barbara. â Are you sure this is all right?â

â Iâ m sure,â Barbara replied. â What do you want to do?â

â If you want Iâ ll take you home,â Harry volunteered.

â No, I donâ t want to go home,â Martha said. â This is fun. Iâ m just not sure....well, I guess I could play this one,â she finally said.

â Great,â Barbara said. â What do you want to pay with?â

â Oh, that,â Martha giggled. â I better use my pants or Iâ ll be naked, sort of,â she said with a nervous laugh.

â Well, go over to John and let him take them off you then,â Barbara said.

â Really?â Martha asked.

â Thatâ s how they do it,â Barbara smiled. â He won so he takes. Itâ s simple.â

â This is so strange,â Martha said, slowly walking around the table to John.

â Itâ s no big deal,â John said, reaching out an arm and pulling her close to him, standing between his spread legs. â Itâ s just a poker chip now,â he said, reaching up and beginning to undo her pants.

â Oh, this is so strange,â Martha giggled as John slid the zipper down.

Everyone watched with held breath as John slipped her pants down over her hips, bending forward so that his face was just inches from her pussy beneath her white cotton underwear. As she stepped out of her pants and John sat back up, he smiled at her.

â You smell nice,â he said, holding her pants in his hand.

Martha blushed as the rest of the men stared at her. She could feel her nipples getting even harder and she was self-conscious. Quickly she went back to the sofa and sat down, hugging her knees to her chest, not realizing that this afforded everyone at the table a view of her pussy with her underwear pulled up between her pussy lips, outlining her pussy. After a couple more hands they needed another â chipâ and Barbara got to her feet. When John lost the hand, everyone laughed. Shrugging, Barbara walked around the table to Harry where he pulled her t-shirt off over her head. There were whistles from the table and Barbara pulled her nipples and rubbed her tits as she went back to the sofa and sat down next to Martha.

â God, I canâ t believe you took your shirt off,â Martha said. â Your tits are so big and I

canâ t believe how hard your nipples are.â

â Iâ ll bet your nipples are just as hard,â Barbara laughed. â And look out, you may have to take your shirt off too. Besides, should I have taken off my skirt?â

â Well, I guess not, not at first anyway,â Martha laughed.

â Martha, I need you again,â Al called. â Do you mind?â

â Oh, god, what do I do if he loses?â she asked Barbara, her eyes panicked.

â Youâ ll have to decide that,â Barbara said. â But hereâ s another shot for courage,â she said, handing Martha a glass.

â Um, thanks,â Martha said, quickly drinking down the Tequila and then going to stand next to Al.

But again Al lost and everyone looked at Martha. She looked down at Harry and saw that he was smiling, encouraging her. Taking a deep breath, Martha walked around the table to John and stood in front of him. Gently John reached up and pulled the t-shirt off over her head, releasing her tits to everyoneâ s view. It took all of her strength, even though she was feeling quite drunk, not to cover herself with her hands. There were several whistles of appreciation and some comments. But the most surprising to her was when he reached up and cupped her breasts, squeezing them and then pinching her nipples and pulling on them.

â Nice tits, Martha,â John said, squeezing again.

Martha blushed and pulled away, moving over to sit on the sofa beside Barbara while the men dealt another hand.

â You were great,â Barbara said as Martha sat down close to her.

â Iâ m so embarrassed,â she said. â And the way John touched me.â

â Did you like it?â Barbara asked.

â Of course â well, sort of,â Martha giggled. â But right in front of everyone.â

â I think you have beautiful breasts,â Barbara said. â You shouldnâ t cover them.â

â Barbara, come here,â John said suddenly, tension in his voice.

â Here we go,â Barbara said as she got up. â Heâ s a terrible poker player. Iâ ll probably lose everything tonight, even my self-respect,â she said with a laugh as she walked over to John.

The hand was played out, and true to Barbaraâ s prediction, John lost. Barbara walked around the table to Fred and stood in front of him. Everyone held their breath as Fred reached around behind her and unzipped her skirt, then slowly slipped it to the floor, leaving her standing there naked, her bald pussy just inches from his face. As Fred sat up with Barbaraâ s skirt in one hand, his other hand slid up her thigh and onto her pussy, a couple of fingers disappearing between her pussy lips as he felt her up. Then he removed his hand and brought his fingers to his mouth, sucking on them as Barbara slowly

walked back to the sofa and sat down next to Martha, her knees apart so that everyone could see her pussy.

â I canâ t believe you did that,â Martha said to her when she sat down. â And the way he felt you in front of everyone.â

â Iâ ll bet you canâ t wait,â Barbara said with a laugh. â Isnâ t it exciting?â

â Oh, and so wicked,â Martha said, shaking her head. â I really canâ t believe this. I think I want some more Tequila,â she said.

â Youâ d better watch that stuff,â Barbara warned. â People get pretty crazy drinking it sometimes.â

â This is crazy,â Martha observed, reaching for one of the two full shot glasses that Barbara was now holding. â Look how youâ re sitting,â she said as she drank her glass. They can all see right between your legs.â

â Yes, and it distracts them so maybe John will have a better chance,â Barbara explained with a laugh.

â Why, you,â Martha started, then began to laugh. â Thatâ s smart, I guess.â

â And itâ s fun, and wicked,â Barbara added, laughing with her.

â Martha,â Harry suddenly said, his voice hesitant. â I need you here for a minute, please.â

â Me? Why?â she asked.

â Because Iâ m out of chips,â Harry explained.

â Oh, youâ re going to bet me?â she asked, her face flushed.

â Do you mind?â he asked.

â Oh, no, of course not,â Martha replied in exaggerated manner, bursting out laughing. â Are you going to win?â she asked, getting to her feet.

â I think so,â Harry said, â otherwise I wouldnâ t bet anything, especially not you.â

â How sweet,â Martha said, bending over and kissing him. â Go ahead.â

The hand played out and Harry, well, Harry lost and Bill won. Harry just sat there staring at his cards, not believing that he hadnâ t won. The color drained a bit from Marthaâ s face when Bill asked her to come over to where he was sitting. Like in a fog Martha moved around the table to stand in between Billâ s legs, goose bumps on her arms and her nipples hard.

â Relax,â Bill said, reaching up and placing his hands on her hips and gently rubbing her.
â Iâ m not going to hurt you,â he said, letting his hands slide down to her ass where he rubbed and caressed her, squeezing her cheeks before sliding his hands back up to the waistband of her panties and he hooked his thumbs.

Everyone was holding their breath as Bill slowly slid Marthaâ s panties down over her hips, now exposing some light blonde pubic hair and then her entire pussy as he pulled her panties down her legs to the floor where she stepped out of them, one hand on Billâ s shoulder for balance while his nose was pressing into her pussy. When he sat back up he slowly and deliberately cupped her pussy with his hand, letting one finger slip in between her pussy lips to rest there. She thought she would faint as he dragged his finger through her pussy lips and across her clit before removing it and putting it in his mouth, gently sucking on it.

â Now, thatâ s tasty,â he said, letting his hands softly rub her ass, sliding again between her legs to rub her pussy.

â Hhhmm, we should deal the cards,â Harry said, interrupting.

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