

A man and a woman are shown in a close embrace. The woman, in the foreground, is wearing white striped underwear and holding a fan of playing cards (10 of Spades, Jack of Spades, Queen of Spades, King of Spades, and Ace of Spades) against her midsection. The man is behind her, his hands resting on her chest and waist. The background features a large, ornate, light-colored building with multiple windows and a dark roof, set against a clear sky. The overall color palette is dominated by reds, pinks, and whites.

Red Rose™ Publishing

STRIP & POKER

VERONICA TOWER

Strip Poker

By

Veronica Tower



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Strip Poker by Veronica Tower

Red Rose™ Publishing

Publishing with a touch of Class!™

The symbol of the Red Rose and Red Rose is a trademark of Red Rose™ Publishing

Red Rose™ Publishing

Copyright© 2011 Veronica Tower

ISBN: 978-1-4543-0040-3

Cover Artist: Shirley Burnett

Editor: Keren Childers

Line Editor: Pam

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews. Due to copyright laws you cannot trade, sell or give any ebooks away.

This is a work of fiction. All references to real places, people, or events are coincidental, and if not coincidental, are used fictitiously. All trademarks, service marks, registered trademarks, and registered service marks are the property of their respective owners and are used herein for identification purposes only.

Red Rose™ Publishing

www.redrosepublishing.com

Forestport, NY 13338

Thank you for purchasing a book from Red Rose™ Publishing where publishing comes with a touch of Class!

Strip Poker

By

Veronica Tower

Chapter One

“Why don’t we play a game of strip poker?” Hank asked for the third time that evening.

He was drunk again, of course—drunk, ignoring his wife, and paying far too much attention to Bill Stevens’ new girlfriend, Amy. She was, Bill proudly informed his friends, a lingerie model for one of those mail order catalogue companies—a dark-haired black-skinned anorexic waif with artificial breasts who looked gaunt in person but was apparently sexy on camera. Nick had his doubts about the latter, but he hadn’t seen the pictures so he couldn’t say for sure.

“Come on,” Hank said, slurring his words to the point where you had to concentrate to understand them. “I’ll bet you’ve got some sexy underwear on underneath there. Why don’t you model it for us?”

The marketing executive at work, Nick noted. He was not impressed. Maybe Hank’s staff was responsible for turning such dross into gold.

Nick picked up another Sam Adams off of Bill’s bar, popped the cap with the bottle opener, and moved away from Hank and Amy. Bill’s party was winding down and he didn’t have many choices left in regard to who to talk to. In addition

to Hank and Amy, there were only two small groups remaining—everyone but the hardcore drinkers had headed home over an hour ago.

Nick passed up Hank's wife, Ellen, because she was talking to his ex-girlfriend, Val. Ellen was also black, both beautiful and classy—a perfect partner for her aging Caucasian husband as he rode up the corporate ladder. Although now that Hank's career had seemingly leveled off, he seemed less enthralled with her. Nick couldn't understand it. What more could he want? Ellen was both witty and sophisticated, and she knew how to dress to entice and please.

Right now she had on an alluring black thing which seemed to flow out from her dark hair to cover her from shoulder to mid-thigh. It accentuated her cleavage before drawing the eye down past a tight waist to lean, even muscular, legs. Stockings or pantyhose sheathed those limbs making them even more intriguing.

Val was just a pretty little redhead. No, to be fair, she was more than pretty, but it was hard for Nick to be objective about an ex-girlfriend. She had a great ass and fun pert nipples, but she'd started talking about marriage after the second time they'd slept together and there was only so much of that Nick could take.

So he bypassed Ellen because of Val and joined Bill and Meg by the fireplace. Meg's husband was where he usually was this late into a party—sprawled out in an easy chair and snoring loudly. Bill was a ruggedly handsome blond with clear

blue eyes, and he might just have his hand on Meg's hip, despite the fact that his girlfriend and her husband—were just across the room.

“I think you ought to rescue Amy,” Nick announced.

Bill turned to face him, a jovial carefree expression on his face. His hand was definitely on Meg's hip and moving toward her ass. Meg stared daggers at Nick for interrupting them. “What seems to be the problem?” Bill asked.

“Hank is on his strip poker kick again.”

“Ah, Hank,” Bill mused, “you'd think he was still fourteen and not forty-something. So what does Amy say?”

“She's fending him off for the moment, but you know how he is when he's been drinking.”

“I do indeed.” Bill turned back to Meg, definitely squeezing her ass as he did so. “So what do you say, my dear? Should we help old Hank out? Would you like to show a bunch of horny men your naked breasts? It's all for a good cause, I assure you.”

While Nick hadn't expected this, neither was he particularly surprised by Bill's suggestion. Bill was one of those guys who had always been too handsome and had too much money to worry about anything. To understand him properly, it was important to realize that he probably wasn't trying to seduce Meg so he could cheat on Amy. No, he probably wanted Meg to join him and Amy and let him play

with black and white flesh at the same time. But if Amy really wanted to get naked with Hank, well Bill had always been generous with his friends.

Meg seemed more startled than Nick. She looked guiltily at her sleeping husband, then back to Bill and Nick.

“Come on,” Bill encouraged her. “It’s just a friendly game of cards. Who could object to that?”

Meg looked at her husband again, silently answering Bill’s question. She was another anorexic waif—Bill seemed to like them that way. But where Amy was in her early twenties, Meg was easily passing forty. That gave her features a tinge of hollow shadow which Amy did not yet have.

Meg clearly liked Bill’s attention and was intrigued by the idea that multiple men might be interested in her wares. It was only a matter of time before Bill would have her consent.

Nick moved on. Rather than help Amy, he appeared to have helped Hank. He didn’t care much either way. Still, he felt enough the gallant knight to offer warning to the other drinkers. Taking a swig of beer, he approached Val and Ellen.

Chapter Two

Ellen noticed Nick pass their way for the second time in five minutes. This time he did not change his course but actually came up to them. She wondered when he would get over his edginess around Val. It had been two years since he had run screaming. Of course, Val didn't seem to be over Nick yet either.

"Ex-beau at six o'clock," Ellen warned her.

Val made a face and then drained her gin and tonic.

"Ladies," Nick greeted them.

Ellen smiled as much at Val's response as at Nick's greeting. Val liked to complain about how immature Nick acted without ever seeing how youthfully she comported herself. They were both thirty-something year old children and Ellen was very fond of them.

"Bill's about to join the strip poker bandwagon," Nick announced. "I thought you both deserved fair warning."

Learning that Bill was encouraging Hank's latest drunken fancy stole Ellen's smile. It was bad enough that her husband insisted on making a fool of himself without Bill giving him the opportunity to become an even bigger ass. She was

about to suggest that she and Val make themselves scarce when the little redhead found her Irish temper.

“And you don’t think we would want to play?”

Nick was taken aback, but not exactly shocked by Val’s anger, Ellen observed. He’d been the recipient of a number of these flashes over the past couple of years, but he hadn’t yet figured out how to handle them.

“Well, no,” Nick admitted. “I didn’t.”

Val stuck her finger into Nick’s chest. “Why not? Aren’t we pretty enough? Thin enough? Wouldn’t you like to see us half naked at the table?”

Where was this coming from? Ellen would have given one hundred to one odds that Val would *never* have participated in a game of strip poker.

“Well, no, you’re both beautiful.” Nick fumbled for the right thing to say. “Look, I wasn’t sure I was going to play myself, but if you’re both willing, then I’m in too.”

“Good!” Val’s face flushed with triumph.

What on earth was happening here? “I don’t think I,” Ellen began.

Val whirled to face her. “You’re playing!” she told Ellen. “We’re not going to let these men have all the fun.”

Bill and Meg caught Val’s last words as they approached the threesome. Bill clapped Nick on the shoulder. “Good, you got them. I’ll go tell Hank and Amy.”

Val turned back to face Nick, flush with fury. “You got us? You set me up?” She whirled around and stormed off toward the bar. “I’ll get you back for this if it’s the last thing I do!”

“I didn’t... I came...” Nick trailed off, unable to find the words.

Ellen gave him a reassuring pat on the arm. “I know. Now let’s refill our drinks and go join the game. Maybe I can keep my husband from becoming too great an embarrassment.”

Chapter Three

Hank did not look happy when he learned that Ellen planned to play. “Why don’t you just go to bed?” he growled at her.

That was technically an option. In fact, it was even likely that all of Bill’s remaining guests would end up spending the night. He had a lot of extra rooms. Still, it didn’t seem a particularly reasonable request under the circumstances.

“Are you going to bed, Hank?” Nick asked.

“What? Of course not!” Hank sputtered. The hypocrisy in his position apparently slipped past him without being noticed. “I just don’t want my wife-”

“It’s really not your decision, Hank,” Nick interrupted. “My guess is she’ll want to stay as long as you do.”

Some portion of Nick’s meaning finally penetrated Hank’s drunken senses. He turned on his wife. “Oh, jealous are you? Well stay then and try not to get in the way.”

Hank left his wife’s side and went to claim a place directly across the coffee table from Amy. If he was aware of how crass he was being, he gave no indication of it. He also seemed unaware of the unflattering image presented by a middle-

aged overweight man making such an overt and graceless play for an anorexic twenty-something. Never mind that his wife and the young lady-in-question's boyfriend were watching.

The other players finished gathering around the coffee table in Bill's rec room. It was a spacious comfortable chamber with a fireplace, bar and more than enough room for seven friends and one sleeping spouse to find space on the leather sofa or chairs. It had been quite crowded earlier in the evening when seventy or so people were roaming the house, but now there was plenty of room to pull up a chair and play cards.

Ellen and Val sat on the couch next to Hank with Val sitting between the married couple. Bill sat back in a comfortable leather chair between, but not obstructing, Hank and Amy. Nick pushed up a chair next to Amy for Meg and then brought another for himself that put him ninety degrees around the corner in opposite directions from both Ellen and Meg.

They were, to some extent, a sad bunch of luses, gathering around the table to play a kid's game. Yet there was no denying the excitement and the tension in the room. Ellen was the only woman in a dress. Amy wore a skirt with a sleeveless pull over top. Meg and Val wore slacks and button down blouses. Bill was the most casually dressed man in khaki pants and a knit shirt. Hank had lost his jacket and tie long ago and sat on the couch with his white shirt unbuttoned at the neck

and hanging out over his pants. Nick hoped that he, himself, still looked good enough for this time of the evening. He had dark hair and his normally clean-shaven face had started to go rough with stubble. He hadn't worn a tie.

"Let's set some ground rules," Bill suggested. He produced a deck of cards and set it on the table. "Any suggestions?"

"No jewelry!" Hank spoke up immediately. "The last thing we need to do is waste time on bracelets and earrings."

"Oh, of course," Ellen pretended to agree. "And while we're at it, Bill, why don't we just dispose of those troublesome cards and just ask Amy to get naked for us." There was genuine amusement on Ellen's face as she shifted to address Amy. "You wouldn't mind, dear, would you? If you'd just take one for the team and satisfy poor Hank here, the rest of us would have a chance to enjoy ourselves."

Amy smiled as Ellen spoke, clearly enjoying the spotlight of attention. Hank looked far less amused. He sprung angrily to his feet. "Damn it, Ellen, I knew you'd be like this! Why do you have to try and ruin everything?"

"Now, Hank," Bill tried to placate his friend. "It's not like you don't want to see Amy naked is it? I mean, who doesn't? I want to and I've seen her before. What about you, Nick?"

Nick nodded affably. Amy wasn't the woman he *most* wanted to see take off her clothes, but he was happy to admit he was hoping she played poorly.

“Absolutely!”

“Nick wants to see every woman naked,” Val observed.

“Absolutely!” Nick agreed.

Bill laughed. “And what man wouldn’t? But tell me the truth ladies, isn’t each of you a little curious about what a model looks like in bare skin?”

None of the women protested. Meg went so far as to nod emphatically.

“There you have it,” Bill said. “Everyone wants to see Amy, so Hank why don’t you sit down and let us figure out the rules of this game?”

Hank sat, still glaring angrily at Ellen. She ignored him, sitting primly, legs crossed in front of her as she looked up the table at Bill.

“Now, all jokes aside, it has been suggested we exclude jewelry from the game. Now this does make sense. It’s late, we’re all drunk, and if we start counting every watch and ring this game will never get anywhere. Do we agree?”

No one spoke up, so Bill continued. “Silence is consent. Everyone keeps wearing their jewelry.”

“Let’s also take off our shoes,” Amy suggested. She reached down and slid a four-inch spike off her foot. “I don’t know about the rest of you, but my feet are killing me.”

Bill immediately reached down, lifted the stocking covered foot into his lap and began to knead it with his thumbs. “Really baby? Let me help you.”

Amy closed her eyes and stretched languorously. “Ah, that’s heavenly! Who needs sex when you get your feet rubbed?”

Hank shifted back and forth in his seat uncertainly.

Nick pretended to take pity on him in order to return Bill’s focus to the game. “Bill, you were about to tell us the rules.”

Bill did not stop kneading Amy’s foot. “No jewelry, no shoes.”

“Got it,” Nick said. “Any problems? Then let’s get them off.” He lifted his right foot to the edge of the coffee table and began to unlace. He was hoping that Ellen would do the same, giving him a glimpse of her thighs, but she merely leaned forward and slipped her shoes off without substantially moving her legs. All around the table, the other players complied with Bill’s regulations. Nick went further and pulled off his socks as well.

“Are you going to wait for the game,” Val asked him, “or are you just going to keep undressing?”

Nick grinned as he finished tucking his socks and shoes under the coffee table. “Hey, if Amy or Ellen wants to roll down a stocking and slip it off her foot, that’s sexy. But me? No one wants to play cards to see me pull my socks off.”

Meg snorted with laughter. “You know what they say about the size of a man’s feet, Nick.”

Nick propped his size twelve feet up on the table and wiggled his toes.

“Here they are, but as to whether it’s true or not, you’ll have to ask Val.”

Val reddened but stayed silent.

“No need to ask,” Amy noted. “In a few hands we’ll be able to decide for ourselves.” She lifted her leg off of Bill’s lap and returned her feet to the floor. The movement must have given Hank a glimpse of something because his eyes widened comically and he slipped from the edge of the couch.

Meg started laughing. “Ellen, why do you put up with this buffoon?”

Ellen shook her head. “I honestly don’t know.”

Chapter Four

“All right, everyone,” Bill called the room to order. “Let’s get down to some serious fun.” He picked up the deck of cards, opened it, sorted out the jokers and began shuffling.

“Seven people are a lot for a game like this,” he observed, “so I suggest we have a winner and a loser in every hand. The holder of the high hand gets to choose a person to remove an article of clothing. The holder of the low hand also removes an article. Clothing should be removed while standing on the coffee table. Naked people stop receiving cards but get to stay and watch.”

Bill placed the deck firmly in front of Hank and let him cut. “It’s my party,” he reminded everyone, “so I will arbitrate any disputes. If you don’t like what I decide, pick up your clothes and leave until you sober up. Any questions? Good! Let’s play cards.”

Bill dealt everyone a hole card face down then paused again. “I hope it’s obvious to everyone that there are too many people to play five card draw, so we’ll have to make do with stud.”

For some reason, Hank, Meg and Amy all found this statement hilarious.

Chapter Five

Ellen watched the cards fall face up around the table as Bill called them out.

“An ace for Hank, a deuce for Val, a queen for Ellen, a ten for Nick, an ace for Meg, an eight for Amy, and a good old king of diamonds for the dealer. Now normally we’d bet now, but under the circumstances, there really is no point.”

He began to deal again, expertly tossing the cards in front of the players. “A three for Hank, a pair of twos for Val, a seven for Ellen, a five for Nick, a nine for Meg, another eight for Amy and the dealer gets a five.”

Around the table, people were beginning to respond to their growing hands. Hank was huddled forward eyeing his hole card and calculating his chances. He actually winced when Amy drew a pair of eights, making Ellen shake her head. When had her husband gotten so pathetic?

Val and Meg were also studying their cards as if the knowledge would affect their strategies. In strip poker, five card stud was purely a game of chance. After all, the players’ only options were to play or fold, and there was certainly no advantage to the latter.

Amy had edged over to the side of her chair where she could casually stroke the inside of Bill’s leg, apparently uninterested in her cards, while Bill’s attention

was consumed by dealing. Only Nick was doing as Ellen was and taking the opportunity to study the other players.

Bill tossed out another round of cards. "A six for Hank, another two for Val, a jack for Ellen, a jack for Nick, a three for Meg, an ace for Amy and the dealer gets a ten."

Without pausing Bill dealt the final round of cards, but they didn't substantially change the layout of the table. Hank frowned, examined his hand one more time, then flipped his hole card face up, muttering: "Ace high."

Val sat up a little straighter. "Three twos, can anyone beat that?"

Ellen exposed her own queen high.

Nick laughed and tossed down his cards. "That makes me the big loser. All I have is a jack."

Meg showed a pair of threes, more than enough to beat Nick.

Amy casually turned over her hole card and seemed somewhat surprised to find a third eight looking up at her.

Bill revealed a pair of tens. "And that makes Amy the big winner," he said. "Do you want to start, Nick?"

Val looked crestfallen to have lost the hand. Ellen leaned in close to her. "The night's young, so to speak. At this stage, all that matters is you didn't lose any clothing. There will be more than enough time for that later in the game."

Nick mounted the table giving a bad impersonation of a Chippendale dancer. “Ladies, ladies, ladies,” he chanted. “This next number is for all of my fans.”

“What makes you think you have any?” Val asked, but Nick ignored her as Meg and Amy began to clap a rhythm with their hands.

Nick really was bad, but his heart was in the right place as he swung his hips to the rhythm and unbuttoned his red dress shirt. Meg got on the table to dance with him, showing less sense, more rhythm, and every bit as strong a commitment to fun.

Val pushed out her lips and pouted as Nick ended the first stage of his striptease by wrapping his shirt around Meg’s shoulders and helping her back down to her chair. Ellen found herself smiling and clapping softly as Bill and Amy hooted in appreciation of Nick’s performance. “That’s why I keep you around, buddy!” Bill announced. “You still know how to have fun.”

“Encore!” Meg shouted. “Amy, have him take off something else.”

Amy preened as all eyes turned toward her to hear her decision. “Well, I don’t know,” she said with obviously feigned indecision. “I really should ask Bill, but I can see what he looks like anytime.”

Bill patted her knee, eyes twinkling. “You ask anyone you want. We’re all friends here.”

“Well he was just so eager that it’s kind of cute,” Amy explained. “So Hanky,

why don't you take off your shirt?"

Hank clearly didn't know if he was being flattered or insulted. He pushed himself to his feet and laboriously climbed onto the coffee table. He was obviously uncomfortable and unusually self conscious.

"You lobbied for this game," Ellen reminded him. "Try to show a little spirit."

Hank glared at her for a moment, then studiously began to unfasten the buttons of his shirt.

Meg finished her drink and began to voice her displeasure. "Boo! Give us a show!"

Val and Amy joined in with catcalls of their own. Hank became even more dispirited, fumbling over his buttons.

Ellen noticed Nick slip out of his chair and go over to the bar to mix Meg a new drink. Hank finally finished removing his shirt and slumped back onto the couch.

"Should we wait for you, Nick?" Bill asked.

"No reason to," Nick assured him, continuing to fiddle behind the bar.

Bill took him at his word and started dealing.

Chapter Six

Nick brought the drinks to the table on a small tray. He'd been both waiter and bartender in his younger days and had the knack of remembering people's preferences: scotch and water for Hank and Bill, margarita for Amy, gin and tonic for Val, pina colada for Meg, and a martini for Ellen. He laid the drinks beside each player's cards, returned the tray, grabbed another Sam and went back to claim his own hand. He had nothing special this time—either for good or ill—so he sat back to watch the game unfold.

Val had drawn the low hand and Amy, once again, the high. Val had clearly suffered a moment of panic when she realized she had lost, but was now gamely trying to take the loss in stride. She stepped up onto the coffee table, hosed feet sliding slightly on the polished wood, and tried to do a little dance as she pulled her green blouse out of her slacks.

Bill started to hum the classic stripper's theme, but Val was having trouble catching the rhythm.

"Hey Val," Nick told her. "You have great breasts! I know! Don't be shy, show them off!"

Val flashed Nick a faint smile, the first genuine smile he remembered her

offering him since they had broken up. She started to catch the rhythm better. Her buttons began to pop open.

Nick leaned over to Meg. “You know how to make this fun. Why don’t you go help her out?”

Meg’s lips turned up in wicked delight and she surged to her feet and on to the table. Dancing behind Val, groin to ass, she helped Val remove her shirt, startling the younger woman by briefly cupping her breasts. The blouse came off before Val could protest, exposing an even greener bra with two hard nipples poking through it. Everyone clapped and the women got down, both flushed with excitement.

Then it was Amy’s turn again. “I think, Hanky,” Amy purred, leaving no doubt she thought that making him disrobe was a great game, “that I want to see more.”

Meg peeled with laughter.

Hank climbed slowly back onto the table and unceremoniously wrenched his t-shirt up over his head. He stepped back off the table and resumed his seat.

This time, no one wasted energy on catcalls. Bill dealt another hand and the clothes kept flying.

Chapter Seven

Amy's winning streak came to an end sparing Hank for the moment any further indignities. Instead Val stood for a double whammy, both finding herself the ultimate loser and being picked by Meg after the older woman helped her dance off the slacks.

"It's for your own good, honey," Meg explained. "You're still wearing pantyhose and they just aren't sexy. I hope you'll do the same for me when my time comes."

Val accepted her ill luck with fairly good grace but was noticeably relieved when Amy lost the next hand. Amy jumped on the table with obvious pleasure, then made an elaborate show of sliding her skirt up her thigh so she could unhook her stocking from the garter and slide it slowly down her leg. She tossed the stocking to Hank as she returned to her seat.

"Only one stocking?" Bill asked.

"Only one," Amy affirmed, smiling sweetly at him. "Unless you want to use your win to claim the other one from me?"

"Oh no," Bill objected. "My win has earned me either Meg's pants or shirt."

Meg clearly enjoyed the spotlight as much as Amy did. She remounted the

table and danced in her own right, alternately opening buttons and cupping her breasts. Needless to say, her efforts were much appreciated by the men.

Nick repeated his earlier performance with about the same success. Then Bill leapt up on the table and did a much more credible striptease. Then lady luck picked on Hank again, forcing him to reveal white jockeys which were worse for the evening's wear, after which Meg was forced to choose between revealing her pantyhose and her breasts. The bra came off with a flourish, slinging across the room to land on her sleeping husband's lap. Meg's pert nipples stood up proudly on her chest.

"Outstanding!" Bill applauded. "Now we're getting somewhere!"

Amy had lost her other stocking before Hank finally won his first hand. His spirits had rebounded as other players lost their clothing. Now, the power to choose suddenly his, he roared to his feet. "Lose the shirt, Amy!" he shouted. "We finally get to see you model some lingerie."

Amy took the stage and did a little show just for Hank. She got in his face and wiggled her silicone breasts as she slipped her shirt up and over her head.

Hank's hands clutched at her but didn't quite connect. Amy danced backward and stepped off the table again.

Chance lost Nick his trousers before he got his first opportunity to disrobe a woman. Bill was already down to his pants while Hank still sat in his jockey's.

Amy modeled her bra and panties; Meg and Val went topless. Only Ellen had yet to remove a single garment, an incomprehensible situation to Nick and surely a blow to the beautiful woman's self image.

"Well there's no use trying to be dramatic," Nick told them. "I've known who I would ask since we first laid out the rules." He stood up and offered Ellen his hand. She stood up, facing him.

"Ellen, all night I keep asking myself the same question: would a sexy woman like you be wearing stockings or pantyhose? Will you please remove a piece of clothing which answers that question?"

Chapter Eight

Ellen smiled at Nick. After all of Hank's crassness and the humiliation of being bypassed again and again as each winner picked a person to undress, Nick had just made Ellen feel like the sexiest, most desirable woman on the planet. She let him help her mount the table, then turned to face him squarely as she smoothed the front of her dress over her thighs and began to dance.

Ellen moved her hips from side to side. She moved slowly, sensuously, swaying to a rhythm inside her as she watched Nick's eyes. She didn't know why no one had bothered to turn on the radio after Nick's initial hilarious effort at dancing. Right now, however, she needed no outside sounds to help her move. She was dancing for Nick, letting him see her body as she stroked it with her hands.

Silence blanketed the room around them, and she let herself revolve slowly about to take in the other players. She almost missed a step. They were all staring at her, lust and fascination etched upon their faces. Even Hank was staring as he hadn't in more than ten years. She decided in that instant to answer Nick's question in a way that they would always remember. She wouldn't just remove a stocking. She would take off the whole dress and show Amy how to model

lingerie. Reaching up behind her she began to unfasten the zipper.

“You go, girl!” Meg whispered, lust strengthening her words. “Take it all off!”

Ellen didn’t plan to go that far, but she smiled mischievously at Meg as she let the dress slip down from her shoulders and caught it against her breasts with her right hand.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Hank shouted.

Ellen ignored him, completing the revolution so that she faced Nick again.

He was on his knees, staring at her, hands pressed flat against the table. His whole body was rigid with excitement, including, presumably, the one part she couldn’t adequately see beneath his boxers.

“What are you doing?” Hank shouted again.

Ellen dropped her dress, letting it slip down past her breasts, exposing her ample cleavage through her lacey black bra. The dress slithered down her stomach, caught briefly on her hips, then collapsed to the table, revealing black panties, garter belt and stockings to Nick’s rapt gaze. He continued to kneel, staring up at her, in a position that might be awe. He didn’t have to say anything. His face alone told Ellen how beautiful he found her.

Chapter Nine

Hank destroyed the moment.

Leaping to his feet, he angrily spun Ellen about. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he shouted for the third time.

He yanked on Ellen’s arm causing her to stumble. She slipped from the table and fell onto Val.

Nick leapt to his feet. “Hey!”

Hank turned on him. “You shut up!”

“Just because you don’t appreciate Ellen doesn’t mean that we can’t!”

Hank cocked his fist and took a step toward Nick. “Make my wife act like a slut, will you?”

“An interesting statement,” Bill observed, “coming from a man dressed only in dirty jockeys who has been trying to get into *my* girlfriend’s pants all night.”

Hank whirled around. “Back off, Bill! This is between Nick and me!”

“My house, my rules!” Bill objected. “Hank you’re out of control. It’s time for you to sleep it off.”

Hank started to object but the expression on Bill’s face was

uncompromising. Even drunk and angry, some remaining element of stifled common sense remained to convince Hank not to push his friend. He grabbed his wife's arm and dragged her to her feet. "Come on!" he growled. "We're going to bed!"

"There's no reason for Ellen to leave," Bill objected. "I'm sure we would all like to see what's under the rest of her clothing."

Hank cursed and led Ellen away.

Chapter Ten

After Hank and Ellen left, Nick began to look around for his pants.

Bill shuffled the deck of cards. “Everyone ready for another hand? Val? Meg? Nick?”

“I think I’ll call it a night,” Nick told him.

Meg came over and slid her arm around Nick’s back, letting one bare breast press against him. “Why don’t you stay? I guarantee you’ll have fun.”

Nick kissed the top of her head. “Any other time and I would be dragging you down to the floor to jump your bones, but Hank has really spoiled my mood tonight.”

Nick picked up his pants and left to find his room.

Chapter Eleven

Nick had barely closed his eyes when he heard his door open again. He was shocked to see Ellen slide into his room and close the door behind her. She was dressed in a long slender bathrobe which she slipped from her shoulders and dropped to the floor. Beneath she wore the same black lingerie she had revealed earlier: sexy bra, silk panties, garter belt and sheer stockings.

“Hank’s passed out,” she whispered, “so I thought we should take the opportunity to finish our game.”

Nick sat up immediately, throwing back the sheet. He was still dressed in his boxers.

Ellen produced a deck of cards. “Shall we play?”

Chapter Twelve

Sitting across from Nick on the bed, Ellen felt like a nervous teenager again. She had never done anything remotely like this and she was literally tingling with excitement. She was quite sure Hank had cheated on her several times before, but tonight was the closest she had yet come to stepping out on him.

She dealt the first card to each of them face down, then turned the next face up. Nick received a king, she a four.

Nick was shifting his attention between Ellen's body and the cards. Earlier in the evening he'd been able to stay cool, but now he clearly cared too much about the outcome of the game to be nonchalant about it.

Ellen kept turning cards: an eight and a seven; a king and a three.

Nick was sitting straighter now, undressing Ellen with his eyes now that he had a pair of kings showing.

Ellen dealt the final cards: a ten and a six. Nick pumped his fist in triumph. Ellen had no cards showing that could form a pair to beat his. Then she flipped her hole card and defeated Nick's hand without a pair: 3-4-5-6-7.

Nick sank back in disappointment. "I thought I was going to get to see your

breasts,” he told her. Still, he clearly wanted to be a good sport. He forced a smile. “So do you want me to dance for you?”

“Just slide them off,” she answered, then reached forward to take his boxers by the waist. “Here, I’ll help you.”

Nick lifted his rear end off the bed and let Ellen slide the silk down over his hips, exposing him. Nick’s penis lay thick but mostly limp across his groin. Ellen felt a stab of disappointment. She had expected him to be hard for her. She could have sworn she had had him that excited earlier. Had it all been an act?

Nick seemed to grasp her question. “I’m sorry about this. I was much more ready for you earlier, before Hank spoiled the mood. Perhaps you’d like to dance again. I’m sure it wouldn’t take long for you to have me standing at attention.”

Ellen couldn’t help smiling. Nick always knew what to say to make her feel good. “You think I have to dance to make you hard?” she asked him, sliding the boxers the rest of the way off his legs.

“I like your dancing,” Nick reminded her.

“And I liked dancing for you,” Ellen said. She ran the back of her fingers along the length of Nick’s penis, dark flesh on white. Before she had completed the motion it was stirring against his groin.

Ellen stroked Nick again. There was something absolutely exhilarating about giving a man an erection. She used to do this with Hank, then take him into

her mouth and feel his dick grow hard. He wasn't very long, but when engorged she could hardly fit his penis between her lips.

Ellen took hold of Nick and rhythmically squeezed his dick. He wasn't as thick as Hank but he was going to prove to be much longer.

She released him so she could lick the fingers of her hand. Then she ran the moistened fingers over him again, caressing the growing shaft from base to head. Nick finished straightening in her hand, but he wasn't done lengthening and hardening yet. There was still a lot of give when she squeezed him.

Nick was looking at her with awe again—completely spellbound by the motion of her hand on his shaft. Ellen re-lubricated her fingers with her tongue, then glided them up and down Nick's length to make him harder yet. His bulbous head stood out prominently within her hand. If there had been enough light, she was sure that she could see it turning purple with excitement.

Ellen squeezed harder still. Nick's whole length transformed into corded steel beneath her touch. There was no give anymore no matter how tightly she grasped him. She continued to pump him up and down, eliciting his first moan, proving, she believed, that she now held his full erection.

Ellen stopped pumping, opened her hand and studied Nick's engorged dick: thick, proud and at least eight inches long. No wonder Val had been sorry to see this go.

She wrapped her fingers tight again as she leaned down to kiss him. His mouth rose to meet hers but Ellen avoided it and pecked him on the cheek. “Thank you for finishing the game with me,” she whispered. Then she released his dick and stood up to find her robe.

Chapter Thirteen

“What? Where are you going?”

Highly agitated, his long erection jutting straight up from his lap, Nick had trouble believing that Ellen really intended to leave him. He sprang to his feet as she bent down to pick up her robe. His cock bobbed in the air in front of him.

Ellen retrieved her garment and slid it on, covering herself, hiding her luscious body. “The game is over,” she reminded him. “You’ve lost all your clothes.”

“But you were touching me!” Nick protested.

Ellen finished tying her robe and turned to face him. “I wanted to see how big you are. I figured that if Hank hadn’t thrown a temper tantrum I would have gotten to see your erection during the game downstairs.”

“If Hank hadn’t thrown a fit we might have done much more than this!”

Ellen shrugged. “If Hank weren’t Hank we probably would have never started playing in the first place.” She reached up and caressed Nick’s white cheek. “You’re a sweet man. Hank probably won’t remember many of the specifics of his anger so I’ll probably see you at Bill’s next party.”

She opened the door. Desperate to keep her from leaving, Nick tossed out

another idea. "We could keep playing."

Ellen stepped into the hall. "Nick, you've already lost all your clothes." She began to close the door behind her.

"We could change the stakes," Nick suggested.

Chapter Fourteen

Ellen froze, the door half closed, the knob still in her hand. She had intended to whisper a fond goodnight and return to her husband. After all, it wasn't cheating if she finished the game *he* had initiated. But it was hard to leave Nick when he obviously wanted her so badly, and in truth she was longing to discover what it would be like to have such a big man thrusting deep inside of her.

She made her decision and slipped back inside the room. She closed the door firmly behind her. "Change the stakes?"

Nick wet his lips. "We could play another hand. Loser goes down on the winner."

Ellen considered. That was clearly beyond the initial parameters of the game but also a reasonable guess at Bill's next proposed innovation. "It hardly seems fair," she noted, "that we would suffer the same penalty. After all, you're already naked."

Nick refused to concede the point. "Do you really think sucking my cock is such a penalty? I know I would love to taste your pussy."

"Fair enough," Ellen agreed. She untied her robe and dropped it back on the

floor. She loved the way Nick's eyes and hard dick showed their appreciation of her body. She returned to her seat on the bed, moving slowly as Nick's eyes drank her in. "Are you coming?" she asked him.

Nick didn't seem to catch the pun. "You are so beautiful!" he told her, climbing on to the bed across from her.

"You're very sweet, but that won't help you in this game." She scooped up the cards. "Let's play. The morning is coming."

Ellen dealt the hole cards as dawn peaked through the window. Her black skin glistened in the early morning light, and Nick stared at it and her rather than look down at the cards she put before him. She undoubtedly could have handed him anything she wanted, and he would have blindly accepted them. His eyes were only interested in the swell of her breasts, the line of her throat, and the soft flesh of her thighs as they emerged above her stockings.

Ellen kept track for both of them, although she too enjoyed looking at the hard lines of his chest, the firmness of his thighs and, of course, the towering strength of his still-pulsing manhood.

She kept dealing the cards: a ten for Nick and a nine for herself, followed rapidly by a queen and a five, a seven and a jack, and finally a two and a four. When Nick made no move to look away from her, Ellen reached forward and turned over his hole card. "You have ace high," she told him.

Nick ignored her comment, slipping closer to caress her leg. She loved the feel of his fingers on her stocking-clad flesh, but fought off the sensation while she uncovered her own hidden card. She exposed a five. "I have a pair. I win."

Nick moved closer yet, sliding his hand up her stocking to her bare flesh, and then on over the panties at her hip to the smooth flesh of her side. He caught hold of Ellen and pulled her up against him as he stretched out on the bed. Ellen's breasts pressed against his chest and the long rod of his erection dug into her groin and stomach. Nick's right hand cupped her ass, squeezing deliciously through the silk panties.

He rolled them over so that he was three-quarters on top, relieving Ellen's weight on her breasts while increasing the push of his shaft against her belly. He kissed her lightly, sensuously, right hand leaving her rear to gently caress her cheek. His lips sucked gently on hers, his tongue delicately exploring her mouth.

Ellen enjoyed the moment, kissing back. Letting her hands roam Nick's bare chest, back and ass. When he paused for breath, she casually asked him. "Aren't you supposed to be kissing my other lips?"

Nick cupped her breast, seemingly ignoring the question. He squeezed the soft flesh to elevate her nipple as much as the bra allowed, then set his teeth to worrying at it through the soft fabric. Ellen closed her eyes to better focus on the feeling. Nick's teeth were sharp, even through the material, and her engorged

nipple sang in response to them.

He shifted his attention to Ellen's other breast, bringing that nipple to full life as well. He was taking his time—biting, licking, sucking—just as he was taking his time in completing his obligations in the game. She decided to force the issue, even though she loved the feel of his mouth on her nipples. She couldn't stay in his room all morning.

"The game, Nick," she reminded him. "You're supposed to go down on my pussy."

"All in good time," he assured her, allowing one hand to leave her breasts to stroke her stomach on the way down to her panties.

Nick's lips rediscovered Ellen's at the same instant his fingers reached the soft black silk. They began to trace her bush through the silk as he kissed her, then lightly explored her *mons veneris* before caressing the length of her outer labia. Slowly, deliciously, Nick pressed the whole length of his middle finger along the slit between Ellen's outer lips and eased the finger down in between them, preceded by her silk panties.

When Nick finished positioning himself, his middle finger had opened Ellen's pussy from top to bottom and buried itself no more than half a finger width along her entire length. He held his hand there patiently while he continued to kiss her other mouth and let her juices soak her panties and moisten his finger.

Then, ever so slowly, Nick dragged the whole length of his finger heavily along the path of Ellen's lips until it crossed from base to tip on top of her eager clitoris.

Ellen stopped kissing to focus on her breathing. She had never experienced anything quite like that. Vaguely she was aware of Nick's dick still quivering hard against her side, but then even that sense was lost as Nick returned his hand to her pussy and slid his middle finger into place again.

He waited, cupping Ellen's mons, feeling her growing heat. His lips opened hers again, tongue questing until she kissed him back. Then Nick slowly began to drag his finger along and across her again.

Desperately, Ellen grabbed her own nipple and twisted, trying to somehow mask the intense pleasure from her pussy with a different sensation. It made no difference. Her hips surged up against Nick's hand, increasing both the pressure and the agonizing pleasure, teasing her close to—but not over—the edge.

Ellen began to struggle with her bra, trying to free her breasts for more direct stimulation. Nick abandoned her pussy to help her, sliding the strap off her shoulder so he could kiss the flesh beneath it. He slowly worked his way down to her soft breasts, pausing to really appreciate them as he pulled her bra clear. Ellen had large dark aureoles over slightly lighter flesh and peaked by fat swollen nipples that strained painfully up toward Nick. She closed her eyes as he lowered his mouth to taste them.

As Nick's tongue teased the puckered flesh of her breasts, his hand returned to its place on her panties, squeezing back into her pussy. Ellen stifled a moan. Sound was dangerous. Hank was only a few rooms away. But Nick's tongue and finger were driving her crazy.

Nick's hand dragged up her length again, making her whole body shake. Rather than stop, it moved up above her panties, and then dipped underneath. She arched her back and thrust at him as his finger plowed through her hair to insert itself in exactly the same way along the top of her pussy. His flesh was rough as sandpaper after the soft silk of her panties. The contrast was heavenly, and she thrust at him again, trying to make him push deeper.

Nick stroked Ellen again. Her whole body jerked in a pre-orgasmic spasm. Nick reset his hand, but let off licking her nipple to nibble at her ear. "I think it's time," he whispered, dragging his finger up her length again. Her whole body trembled beneath him.

"Are you ready to come?" Nick asked. He slid his hand beneath her panties so that his fingers coursed through her bush and every so gently crested her clitoris and labia.

Ellen's voice felt small as it emerged from her throat—swallowed from the effort to contain her excitement and avoid screaming. "Yes."

Without warning, Nick thrust his middle finger deep between Ellen's lips,

sliding it from tip to base along her clit as he penetrated her. He wiggled it about in her wetness, then slid it out and thrust inside again.

Ellen threw her arms around Nick, squeezing as tightly as she could. She needed to stop the pleasure but didn't want it to end. Her body was bucking beneath him, trying to fuck his hand as it thrust in and out of her. His palm kept rubbing roughly against her clit, driving her closer to frenzy. His lips nipped at her ear and Ellen finally exploded against him, thrashing like a mad woman, rearing up off the bed while his strong hand fought her down again. Her convulsing pussy forced his finger out of her, but she couldn't escape the vice grip of his hand as he clamped down even harder against her to keep the pressure grinding on her clitoris.

Ellen collapsed in exhaustion onto the bed, body still shaking with pleasure, wondering how she had kept from screaming Nick's name. She felt him moving on the bed, but couldn't summon enough will to focus on his actions. He was lifting her legs again, sliding her panties up and off of them. His intentions suddenly made themselves clear when his strong white hands spread her legs.

"No," Ellen gasped. "I can't come again."

But Nick wasn't listening to her. He used his weight and strength to keep her thighs apart and then latched his mouth upon Ellen's clitoris.

Ellen couldn't help herself. Despite her protests she started climaxing again.

Chapter Fifteen

While Ellen lay back on the bed trying to catch her breath, Nick got up and found his pants. He knew it was unlikely that Hank would wake for several hours yet, but he also knew that when Ellen realized the time she would become nervous and decide to leave him. Nick wasn't ready for that to happen yet.

Pulling a condom from his pants pocket, Nick quickly ripped it open and rolled it over the head of his painfully swollen dick. When he finished, he found Ellen sufficiently recovered from her second orgasm to roll onto her side and stare at him.

"Are you going to fuck me now, Nick?"

Nick climbed on to the bed and positioned himself between her legs without speaking. He figured his actions were a sufficient answer.

"You know," Ellen told him, "I was thinking of sucking you off before I left, but with that spermicide all over you now I can't."

Nick pressed the head of his cock against Ellen's lower lips. Heat radiated out into him. His penis swelled even harder in response. He didn't want a blow job, he wanted to make love to Ellen.

He thrust himself within and found her so tight she might never have taken a man before. Her warmth enveloped him, hot and steamy even through the condom, and so slick and wet he had no problem pumping deep inside her. In his wildest fantasy, he had never imagined that sex could feel better.

Then Ellen flexed her inner muscles and he suddenly realized how truly tame his fantasies had been.

Chapter Sixteen

Ellen forced her eyes back shut after the first startled moment when Nick entered her. It had been *soooo* very long since she had made love to anyone, and seemingly forever since a man had taken her like this. Nick was tender, but strong and insistent as he thrust into her—taking his time as he had before to be certain that he maximized her pleasure.

Ellen determined to give him the same extraordinary attention. Flexing muscles Hank rarely gave her the opportunity to employ, Ellen clamped down on Nick's erection and dug her fingernails into his ass.

Nick responded instantly, thrusting deeper and harder than she'd even thought possible.

Chapter Seventeen

Ellen's hands on Nick's ass nearly pushed him over the edge. Without a conscious decision, he began to thrust deeper into her body, greatly increasing his tempo. She responded just as fast, pulling even more strongly on his ass to lengthen his thrusts within her until he ground the tip of his cock in ecstasy at the end of her passage.

He stared down the length of their bodies, looking past Ellen's incredible breasts to the place where his shaft appeared and disappeared as they moved together. The sight of his white cock moving in and out of those dark lips nearly finished him. He was as close to coming as he could get without actually spurting into his condom. His balls were tight and his head bursting against the confining latex, but he needed to hold out a little longer—desperately wanted to wait until Ellen could bring him over the edge in the midst of her own incredible orgasm. He needed to feel on his dick the passion he had already felt on his fingers. He wanted to come in an awesome burst of her intense pleasure.

She gritted her teeth, doubtless fighting to outlast him. Her fingers tightened on his ass, her nails dug deeper into his flesh. A groan escaped her lips as

her pussy leapt off the mattress to meet his thrusts, grinding against him before falling back to earth. Her swollen breasts heaved, her nipples rising up to scrape against his chest.

Nick couldn't hold out much longer. His balls tightened further, desperate to explode. His cock endured only due to the condom filtering Ellen's hot tight love. He knew that he had lost the struggle to outlast her. In a futile effort to ground himself a few moments longer he heaved one hand off the mattress and grabbed hold of Ellen's breast, squeezing the soft flesh for all he was worth.

Then even as his fiery white semen geysered within his condom, Ellen began to scream in pleasure, squeezing him even harder between her thighs. The shockwaves of her ecstasy ignited an even stronger eruption within Nick. His too rigid dick spit even harder, filling his condom like a balloon as he struggled to keep pumping through the convulsions wracking Ellen's sweet vagina.

He collapsed on top of her before he was finished, arms wrapped tightly around her back, glad that her hands on his ass were holding his penis deep within her while the contractions in her pussy continued to milk his thick erection.

He wanted desperately to whisper something meaningful in Ellen's ear, a romantic something to prove to her she wasn't just another woman. But Nick knew how the game was played, and he wasn't going to ruin their friendship and the possibility of other nights together by making some variation of Val's mistake

with him. He'd be more patient and make certain he'd won her heart before he took the risk of scaring her away.

For the short term, Nick settled for holding Ellen tightly, soaking in her heat until their mutual orgasms fully subsided.

Chapter Eighteen

Ellen forced herself to let go of Nick and roll out of bed hours before she was ready to do so. It was only practical. With any luck, Hank would still be sleeping down the hall and she would have time to take a quick shower and crawl back in to bed with him. There would be plenty of time in the coming weeks and months to determine if Nick was feeling as serious about her as she had begun to feel about him.

Somehow, she felt in her heart that he did.

Ellen pulled her bra back into place and picked up her robe off the floor. She found Nick watching her as she put it on.

“I wish we had a few more hours,” Nick told her.

Ellen shrugged helplessly. “Hank is just down the hall.”

“I know.”

Nick got out of bed. Some time since their love-making he had removed the condom, and his penis dangled limply in front of him. He wrapped his arms around Ellen and they kissed.

When they finished he cupped her chin in his hand so he could be certain to

hold her eyes. “Thank you for coming back to me tonight. You’re the most perfectly exquisite woman I have ever met. I only wish that you didn’t have to go.”

Ellen kissed him in response. “I do have to go,” she reminded him.

“I know.”

She spotted her panties lying crumpled on the floor. She retrieved them and placed them in Nick’s hands. “Will you think of me when you masturbate tonight? You can rub yourself with these until you come.”

Nick’s answer was to kiss her one final time. Ellen closed her eyes to more thoroughly enjoy the sensation. His lips were hard and demanding, his tongue rough against hers. When they finished, she opened the door and stepped into the hall. Looking back at Nick she offered him her sexiest smile. “If you play your cards right, next time we get together we’ll make it even more memorable.”

Then she closed the door, leaving it ajar.

The End

Author Bio

Veronica Tower was married to her high school sweetheart for five deliriously happy years and ten far less wonderful ones. Now she is taking the time to make up for lost opportunities. In addition to returning to school to pursue a degree in psychology, Veronica has committed herself to fully exploring her fantasies, both in writing and in person...

Other Books by Veronica Tower and Red Rose Publishing

Christmas Wagers

House Rules

My Son's Roommate

Not Another Dateless Valentine's Day

One Night Stand

Tricky Business

Tricks

Blind Date (forthcoming)

Please Stop Filming (forthcoming)

The Runaway (forthcoming)

The Snowbound Series

Snowbound 1 Snowbound Christmas

Snowbound 2 Snowbound New Year

Snowbound 3 Snowbound Valentine's Day

Snowbound 4 Snowbound Vacation

Snowbound 5 Snowbound Treat (forthcoming)