

Strip Submission

Emily Sinclair

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“What the actual fuck!?” Mandy growled, slamming the cards down on the kitchen table hard enough to tip her bottle of beer over. But thanks to the quick reflexes of her good friend Rick none spilled and the bottle was righted. “This fucking deck is rigged! There’s no way in hell I can get the same shitty cards five hands in a row!”

“It was a brand new deck,” her best friend Jane pointed out. “You bought them yourself. You know the rules, get that bra off and show us those sexy tits of yours.”

“How I ever let you people talk me into strip poker is beyond me,” Mandy huffed, reaching back, unhooking her bra and then giving her friends a red-faced stare as she let it fall down her arms to the floor – joining her shoes, socks, shirt and pants.

“Jesus!” Matt exclaimed, his cock throbbing in his pants. He had wanted in Mandy’s pants for as long as they have known each other. This was the first time ever seeing her naked breasts and it was all he could do not to jump across the table and take her right there in front of everyone.

“Gotta say, those are some nice tits,” Abbie said, not bothering to hide the fact that she was staring at Mandy’s perfect set of 34D’s as it was no secret that she was bisexual.

“Can we just deal the next hand?” Mandy asked, her head lowered so she did not have to look any of them in the eyes.

Rick shuffled the deck and dealt two cards face down to everyone. Abbie took one look at the three and seven and tossed them into the center of the table – folding her hand. “I’ll raise a buck,” Matt said, his face a perfect, emotionless mask that gave nothing away.

“Call,” a very quiet Paul said, sliding his dollar into the ante.

“Call,” said Rick.

“I’ll see your dollar and raise you five more,” Mandy smiled ear to ear at her pocket aces.

“You know this is how you ended up in only your panties, right?” Abbie said, her eyes drifting down to her friend’s large breasts and locking onto her hard nipples. “Something tells me you want us to see you butt naked.”

“Take your shirt off,” Mandy commanded.

“Um, why? Don’t get me wrong, I’ve been dying to hear you tell me to strip ever since we met, but why are you telling me to take my shirt off now?”

“You know the rules. If you fold, you’re out of the hand. Feel free to talk about whatever you like, but not the game. Now take off your shirt,” Mandy commanded again, another woman going almost completely topless a minor victory she was not going to pass up.

“She’s right,” Matt said.

“Yeah, yeah, like I really need an excuse to strip. By the way, I really think she has something this time guys so you might want to fold now.” Grabbing the hem of her shirt, Abbie pulled it and her bra off and tossed them to the floor. “There, I said that last bit so that I could take my bra off and you can stare at my tits.”

“Nice tits, but no one told you to take your bra off so it doesn’t count,” Rick grinned. “I think for the latest table talk you can take your pants off.”

“Son of a...”

“Hey, don’t bitch at us now, you’re the one that came up with the rule in the first place,” Mandy said. “Now, who’s in?”

Everyone called and Rick dealt out the first three cards of the flop. Ace. King. King. Nearly jumping out of her seat, Mandy quickly went all in which drew a lot of stares from her

friends who were now thinking she might really have something. Matt and Rick folded. Paul, in his usual shy manner pushed a pile of money to the center of the table that dwarfed everyone else's combined.

"Um, that's way more than I have."

"I know. I raise."

"But I can't call."

"Sure you can. You can take a dare if you lose."

"Okay," Mandy agreed, knowing there was no way in hell she was going to lose.

Rick flipped the turn card. Six of diamonds and no help to either player. "I'll raise a dare," Mandy said, her confidence never higher. "If I win I get the pot and you do a dare. If I lose you get the pot and I have to do two dares."

"I'm in."

Rick flipped over the river card. King of hearts. "HELL YEAH!" Mandy screeched, picking up her hole cards and slamming them face up on the table. Her hands reached for the ante, and stopped as if she had just hit an invisible force when Paul revealed pocket kings giving him four of a kind. "Son of a god damned bitch! How? Why? What did I do to deserve such horrible fucking luck?"

"God damn!" Matt exclaimed. "That really is some shitty luck. "Oh well, you know the rules. Take those panties off and prepare for your dares. And since you lost to Paul, he gets to come up with them.

"I already have them," Paul said with a quick smile. "First, I want to secure you in place and give you twenty swats of the belt. And second, I want to see you licking Abbie to orgasm as I fuck my load into you?"

"Um, first of all, what the actual fuck?" Mandy gasped. "Who the hell are you and what have you done with my friend Paul? And second, I am not into women sexually."

"Doesn't matter," Abbie smirked. "You agreed to the rules. Or are you saying you'd rather take the punishment than bring your best friend to orgasm?"

"What is the punishment?"

"That can only be revealed should you decide to take it," Rick answered.

"Dammit! Come on man, don't make me do this. Are you really going to force me to have lesbian sex?"

"No one is forcing you to do anything. You have a choice. Do it, or take the punishment," Paul said. "You have one minute to decide."

"And what if I choose the punishment and don't like it?"

"You'll have no choice in the matter. You will be tightly secured before the punishment is revealed so there's no getting out of it. If you're not going to play by the rules you agreed to at the beginning then please get dressed and leave now and we'll never invite you back for another game."

"No offense, Abbie, but I am not even remotely sexually turned on by women and I don't think I can bring myself to lick you to orgasm. I'll take the punishment."

"Ouch!" Abbie feigned insult. "Way to make a girl feel loved. So, how do we do this then?"

"We'll start with your swats and then do the punishment," Paul explained. "If you'd kindly get up and walk over to those hooks in the floor and ceiling I'll get you ready. Everyone else, sit back and enjoy."

Going to a cabinet, Paul grabbed two wide leather cuffs and a spreader bar with metal cuffs at either end. First, he placed the cuffs around Mandy's wrists and then attached them to the hooks in the ceiling while left her arms spread out like a 'Y'. Next, He placed the spreader bar around her ankles and secured it to the d-rings in the floor so that now she was standing spread-eagle naked and at their mercy. And when he was satisfied she was not going anywhere, he took off his belt and slowly walked around her.

"I am so regretting this right now," Mandy said. "Is it too late to say I quit? I want to go home."

"We're way beyond that now," Paul said. Swinging the belt with a practiced hand, it slapped hard diagonally across Mandy's right shoulder towards the center of her back.

"Aahhgghhh! Mother fucker! Y-You hit my back!"

"I said twenty swats. I never said where." Walking to her left side, Paul swung again. This time the long length of leather bit painfully across her breasts causing her to jerk wildly. The third went up between her legs and against her sensitive vulva and clit and the tears were freely flowing now. But no one moved from their seat to come to her rescue as the belt continued to fly – striking breasts, arms, legs, back, ass and pussy with fearsome, vicious precision.