

A Game of Skill

“I just can’t seem to get a break,” groused Marshall Graham, tossing down his cards.

“That’s because you’re playing like it’s a game of luck, but it’s a game of skill,” his lovely opponent replied, her voice just this side of condescending.

“You’re only saying that because you’re cleaning me out.”

“Well, you must be some kind of glutton for punishment, Mr. Graham,” laughed Wendy as she raked in yet another huge pile of his chips. He’d long since lost count of how much money she’d taken from him in the backroom of the Liberty Casino. He’d privately rented it just for this occasion.

“Just you wait – one of these days, the right deal will come along. I’m usually luckier than this,” Marshall insisted. That was true.

“Unlucky or no, I’m just excited to be a part of it. Here’s your slip of paper... try not to waste it like the rest.”

He frowned at the stack of discarded papers in the trash bin next to the table. “I’ll do my best.”

The game was Texas Hold ‘Em, with a minor twist that didn’t affect the playing of the game. Thus far, Wendy had plenty to be smug about. She was a world-class card player, a poker champion like no one he’d yet run this hustle on. The woman knew the odds backwards and forwards, and never failed to make the right tactical move. She was plenty good at reading her opponent as well, at least insofar as the game was concerned. While Marshall had gotten away with a little white bluff here and there, more often she was on to him from the get-go, stringing him along until she secured another fat stack of his chips.

The only reason she’d agreed to play him in the first place was because basic googling confirmed that he had money to burn, and she smelled it like a shark picking up wounded baby seal. Rightly so. And, like most rich men who thought their money would impress and intimidate her, she was eager to take advantage of his perceived overconfidence. Likewise, Wendy “the Wink” Vinson, as she branded herself for her considerable online following, thought her incredible looks would be enough to keep him at the table well past when a prudent man would walk away. Those big, probably fake boobs bursting out of her neckline complemented the lengthy thighs dribbling out of her miniskirt. If those didn’t do the trick, her big blue eyes would.

However, this wasn’t exactly a typical game of poker. Marshall had communicated in his initial feeler that he wanted to make things interesting, and proposed that they not deal solely in money. Money was to be had in plenty, but Marshall proposed a secondary currency to be wagered: commands. That had intrigued her – not because she had any kind of submissive streak, and certainly not because she had a thing for forgettable middle-aged men. No, it was because each command we put into the pot cost the one playing it five thousand dollars. It had to be played after the initial deal – no saving it to force an advantage late in the hand. If the one

who played it won the hand, the loser had to do whatever it said. If they lost, it was five grand down the toilet.

Unlike some Marshall had played, Wendy had been clever – and modest – enough not to agree without some caveats in place. He had even written down their agreed-upon rules for her, just to be sure they had an understanding, and he had left the agreement near his drink on the table. Wendy had found it a bit anal on the part of her mark, but no matter. He wanted things to be totally clear between them.

Any purchased command of a sexual in nature can be disregarded at the loser's discretion. No command can require the loser to forfeit winnings, require the loser to purposefully lose, nor can any command last for more than 24 hours from the time it was issued. Commands must be played in the opening round of betting, and are refunded if the opposing player folds in that phase. He'd had to word some of that carefully, but the end result was as iron clad for his purposes as any he'd drafted.

Some women Marshall had played had been even more paranoid – he'd had some insist that they not be made to give out personal information like social security numbers, that no photos or videos be taken, and so on. Wendy seemed more worried she lose her blubbery little seal if she was too standoffish. So long as he couldn't fuck her or cost her her winnings, she'd happily indulge him if it kept him sitting across from her and wasting money.

She'd probably assumed he meant to use it to get a date out of her. Most of her predecessors had – he threw in the bit about the 24-hour limit to plant exactly that suggestion. Then, just to keep her at ease, he bought a banal command – just to let her hair down – and played it on a strong hand early on. Wendy had found the command a little sweet, and the money she was raking in even sweeter, and so away they went.

From there, Marshall bided his time, like always. He played to win as best he could, well aware she was going to beat him. She really had been fairly lucky. He'd been dealt a pair of jacks with a third in the flop and she'd still managed to pull off a win.

To be clear, Marshall Graham was not some common oddball who thought he could coerce women because they agreed to a silly variant in a card game. He happen to be a very exceptional oddball.

At last, the hand he had been waiting for arrived. Tens of thousands in the hole, but his patience had paid off. Marshall opened up with two hearts in his hand and another in the flop; on a hunch, he played another command along with a modest bet. By now, she could see that he was desperate – he'd bought four commands in the past ten hands – and so she forfeited her one chance to fold and refund. Wendy gamely bided along, and he didn't even bleed her out of

much money – barely a thousand, which, compared to the seven she'd taken from him in the last hand, was a pittance.

Still, his heart flush beat her two pairs, queens and sixes. The deed was done.

“All right, you finally got me. I finally get to see what your second command is – I hope it was worth thirty-five grand.” She smirked about as good-naturedly as a person can smirk as she snatched up the paper while Marshall raked in his chips. Her pile dwarfed his, though a Liberty Casino employee was on hand bring him yet another batch if needed.

It didn't take long for her to read. It was only a single sentence, after all.

“You've got to be fucking kidding me,” she said, looking plainly creeped out.

“Not at all,” he assured her.

“You're a freak, Graham. I don't know what you're playing at, but this shit is not gonna fly.”

“Why not?”

“Oh gee, I dunno. ‘Obey Mr. Graham's commands without hesitation,’” she read, sneering. “Why do you think?”

He shrugged. “It's nothing you didn't agree to when we started.”

“Uh, I'm pretty sure I didn't agree to be your bitch.”

“But you did. The whole nature of this game was to get you to obey my commands. You agreed to it.”

“Well yeah, but I obviously didn't agree to let you wish for more wishes!” She stood up, sweeping her chips into her huge purse. She was moving quickly, but not so quick as to leave a chip behind.

“I gave you the opportunity to place restrictions, none of which I've violated with this command. Obedience isn't intrinsically sexual, nor did I ask you to give me any of your winnings, or to throw the game. Can you name a way in which I'm in violation of our agreement?”

“I mean, no, but... look, whatever. I'm done here, OK? Kiss my ass.”

“Wendy, stop.”

She stopped so suddenly she nearly fell over from her own momentum.

Some clarification may in order regarding that whole “exceptional oddball” thing. See, Marshall Graham had a gift. It's nothing on the order of what one reads in comic books or sees in movies, but I do have the minor ability to make people do what they said they'd do.

He was not a mind controller, to be clear. He couldn't tell someone to hand him their money or take off their clothes. It worked if and only if the person had sincerely agreed to a course of behavior, in which case he simply made the agreement binding. People generally didn't freely agree to have sex with him or hand over their money, so in most circumstances, it was entirely useless. He could – and did – make a killing practicing the law, and that helped fund trips like this one. He was into his twenties before he'd hit on this particular gambit, and it was a favorite of his. There were variants, but it usually worked out about the same.

“What the fuck is going on,” she demanded, though nerves were showing clearly in her voice.

“Calm down. Have a seat, and tell the nice man we won’t be needing him any further.”

“We won’t be needing you any further,” she told the casino attendant as she sat back down. He looked intrigued, suspicious even, but the man worked in Reno casino, after all. He saw rich people with weird kinks like Chicagoans saw hot dog vendors.

“OK, what the hell? Why am I... how are you... did you spike my drink or something?”

“No. I’m just enforcing our deal. You agreed to the rules of this game, did you not?”

She pounded her fist on the table; piles of chips rattled. “Well I sure don’t now!”

“You were only too happy to abide by it when it suited you,” I said, gesturing to her far larger pile. “But every bargain has two sides.”

“You’re so dead, you know that? I know some guys who’ll beat your ass up and down the strip if I give them the go ahead.”

“Say nothing that is untrue,” he said. He’d found a command not to lie was more productive than a command to tell the truth. That one always had women blurting all sorts of annoying things. It was counterproductive, especially when he wanted to move onto the enjoyable parts. “Do you really have the means and intent to do me harm once our game concludes?”

“No,” she admitted, glaring balefully. “One of my exes used to live out here, but he and I aren’t on good terms any more.”

“Good, no preventative means required then. Keep that attitude up and I may even let you keep some of your winnings.”

“Let me...! I won that fair and square!”

Marshall sighed. “Or keep making a fuss, and... you know what? Just deal the next hand.”

She balked a moment, perhaps surprised that he meant to continue the game. However she felt, she didn’t have much choice but to comply. We took a moment to look over our hands. “Now, Wendy... buy a command from me.”

It was enjoyable, watching the microsecond of delay as her brain processed what actions would be required to obey, then carried her along for the ride. The woman who called herself “The Wink” jerked slightly in surprise as her hands shoved \$5000 worth of chips over to Marshall’s end of the table, then tore off a scrap of paper from her pad. “Well at least I can play back at your stupid little game.”

As she snatched up a pen, grinning at whatever malevolent little thought she’d first arrived at, he held up a hand. “Hold it. I haven’t told you what I want you to write on it yet.”

“You... but I...”

I ignored her pitiful mumbling and told her what to write. Her eyes stared in disbelief as she jotted it down, folded it, and put it in the bidding pile. “But the rules say nothing sexual. You can’t do that.”

“Let me remind you: the rules say that if the command is sexual, the loser can disregard it. If you recall, you suggested it was wordy, but you agreed. I expect I’ll choose not to.”

“Fine. Then I fold.”

“Play. And play your best.”

Wendy was markedly less chatty now. He’d been suspecting she’d been employing subtle distractions and subconscious misdirections in her dialogue, but now she was a stone wall save for the look on her face. A very angry stone wall.

Marshall didn’t even have to throw the match; she beat him fair and square, drawing \$1800 in chips out of him while she was at it. With a sullen glare, she flipped the slip of paper across the table. He didn’t need to open it, of course, but he did. She’d written exactly what he’d told her, though had added “you son of a bitch” at the end.

She smirked as he read it. “Look all you want, Graham, but there’s no way I’m... I’m...” But she was already up and moving, already untucking her blouse from the waistband of her miniskirt. As her hips began to sway, she glanced over his shoulder as if to make sure his eyes were on her. From the way her generous backside filled out that skirt, she had nothing to fear. She moved to some unheard beat, inching her white skirt up to reveal an ever-larger view of a pair of truly skimpy black satin panties. Her butt was a remarkable specimen, slender but nonetheless jutting out proudly behind her.

“How?” she asked simply. The frost in her voice was gone, replaced by the usual meekness. The sound of a woman beginning to realize she’d lost control.

“You agreed to the rules of the contest, Wendy. Don’t cry. It isn’t my fault you didn’t consider the ramifications of your consent.”

The words “don’t cry” weren’t offhanded. It was a real mood-ruiner, and he’d long since learned how adept people could be at controlling the instinct. Wendy tilted her head back to stem the flow as her disrobing continued. She teased him with the blouse, leaving her back to him while she shed it, and remaining so as her strapless bra joined it on the floor of the back room of the Liberty Casino. When she finally turned – eyes so dry they were smoldering – her arm was draped across them, doing as good a job as a narrow forearm could do with such large breasts. She wiggled and shimmied up and down over and over, turned and shook her ass for him.

Marshall knew it wasn’t commitment to theatrical excellence that kept her going. He’d seen this often enough to recognize a woman who was building up the nerve to be completely nude. They correlated total nudity with their newly realized powerlessness, and for Wendy, those panties were her last fig leaf, barely even metaphorically.

He let his gloating show on his face. Sure enough, like with so many of her predecessors, it was enough to push her over the edge. That arm finally abandoned her breasts – fake indeed, and his compliments to the masterful surgeon – and off the panties went. She stepped out of them in a clumsy pirouette, and in the instant she became fully naked, her silent music stopped. Her paid-for command, *Watch me do a striptease you son of a bitch*, was complete.

“Leave them off,” Marshall ordered as she immediately reached to pick up her clothes.
“And have a seat. Another hand?”

“I... I quit.”

“Nonsense. Keep playing, and keep doing your best. Any hand you think you have a decent shot at winning, buy a command.”

They played many more hands, and she shelled out massive stacks of her winnings on more slips of paper, though managed to earn enough back to almost keep pace. Almost. He fed her commands for the first few. On *suck on my tits*, her flush beat his pair, and she hopped up on the table in front of him and shoved those sculpted sweater-cows in his face until he was good and sated. While he didn't enjoy repeating commands – the randomization was just too fun – it took three hands before her luck ran out (or ran high?) on the essential *let me take your cock out*.

With that out of the way, he loosened the noose a bit, giving her more freedom in her enslavement to their contract. Wendy took “write a sexual act that you've turned men down for in the past” and wrote *titty-fuck me*, then pulled off a full house. Wendy frowned up at him as she worked those plump boobs of hers up and down her opponent's pole, leaving his cum to dry on her chest at his directive.

By sheer luck she lost the hand when he had her write down something “a little embarrassing.” (*Slap me in the cheeks with your dick*.) On “write something humiliating... and now make it *more* humiliating” she lost two pairs to one, culminating him giving her a thorough spanking, her thanking him after every hearty swat. The *more* came in the form of her live-streaming it on her social media.

“If it's any consolation, you gained at least a few thousand followers there, and who knows how many more once the clip makes the rounds,” he offered as she gingerly took her seat across the table.

“It's not. Not even a little.”

“Maybe rebrand yourself ‘The Wank.’”

“Are we done yet?”

“Hardly. I've only gotten off once.”

“Once more than me.”

“True, true. Next command, include something that gets you off like clockwork.”

As it turned out they both came up with a straight, but it was Wendy's queen high that earned her a good hard dick in her ass. “Not so hard! My butt is still tender from... ungh!”

“From... Come on, say why your butt's tender.”

“From you you spanking me!” she accused, groaning again as his thrust went deeper yet.

“You sound upset, Wendy.” He patted her butt softly, though she still winced at the touch.

“Of course I'm upset! You're fucking my ass, right, ngh, right after you beat it ra-haw-haw!” Her voice was the least of her spasming; one hand flailed out so forcefully that a good \$20,000 in chips went flying across the room.

Wendy hadn't been wrong about the clockwork. She first came within the first minute; Marshall had to give her a command to keep going once her first orgasm passed. By the time he spewed his own second load into her asshole, she'd lost count. He tidied himself up (using her panties) while the poker champion, the legendary Wink lay tits down on her pile of chips, regaining her breath as their juices ran down her inner thighs.

"You really do look incredible like that – no no, don't get up," Marshall said, admiring his prize.

"Gee thanks," Wendy spat back at him, muttering a sullen "you asshole" under her breath.

"You know, that's a good point. Come on, another hand."

Marshall didn't bother hiding his smile as Wendy situated herself on her knees in the seat of her chair, unwilling to place her naked bottom on the seat. The deal began; he gave her a moment to look over her cards before she sighed and reached for the notepad and tossed five thousand-dollar chips his way. "Another opportunity for you to show what a fucking pig you are. What is it this time?"

"Act as if you're incredibly grateful for everything I've done tonight." He paused just long enough to see her brain force a compliant grin of appreciation onto her face before continuing. "Now write down a way you're going to show – not *tell*, but *show* – your gratitude."

He gave her a moment, avoiding the temptation to peek at her writing. "Now I want you to improve upon it. *More* grateful, Wendy. Much more."

She could no longer glare at him, but he knew the desire to do so was there. She had more anger than most. Twice more he had her improve upon her gratitude, until finally he pushed it to the end game. "Tell me what you wrote, Wendy."

She read from the paper. "Watch me get on my hands and knees and kiss your feet and suck your toes while I play with myself and tell you how glad I am for how you've used me."

He nodded. "That's it?"

"Yeah. I mean, that's pretty grateful."

I rolled my eyes. "Could you improve on that, do you think?"

"Sure, if I had to." She shrugged.

I let her sit with that thought for a long moment before continuing, adopting my let's make a deal tone. "I tell you what. First, you can dispense with the grateful act." There was that murderous glare of hers again. "By now, you've surely realized I can enforce any agreement you make, so with that in mind, let me make an offer. I'll end the game after this hand if you agree to one condition."

Wendy's eyes narrowed. "What is it?"

He sighed. Sometimes, they were so eager they said "anything!" at this point and his machinations were done. After his disclaimer, no woman could honestly claim they didn't know what they were doing if they gave such an answer. Wendy was going to be harder to ensnare, evidently.

“If you write down the most grateful thing you could do on the next piece of paper and adhere to it per our agreement, I’ll make it the last hand.”

She paused before responding. “And if you win? Command’s only good if you lose still, right?”

He nodded. “Same rules.”

She frowned. “Deal.”

Marshall shuffled the cards while Wendy considered. Her hand was shaking, either from anxiety over the outcome or just coming down from the ass-fuck orgasms. Here it came. The bomb.

“Oh, and Wendy? I’d start with agreeing to do as I say in perpetuity as a baseline. If you can improve upon that, by all means, but I want to stress how much I’d feel the gratitude in such an offer.”

Wendy gasped. “You fucking…”

“If you can improve upon that,” I reiterated, “by all means. Do so.”

Once she finished writing, we each paid the ante – hers including the slip of paper – and I commenced the deal. King and a jack, with a second king showing. By the time we bid through the street cards, a second king was showing. We reached the river card… a fourth king. Meanwhile, Wendy was showing the six of clubs, two of diamonds and ten of hearts, and was bidding like she hoped to keep every cent she’d won. Even after tens of thousands paid back to purchase her command papers, she still had tripled her stake money.

The bidding started with Wendy. “Two-fifty,” she said, sliding the chips corresponding to her minimum bet into the meager pot.

“Still going? Must have something awfully impressive hidden under that garbage,” I replied, readying my chips to call.

“Just looking forward to going home with all your cash, you fucking freak.”

I smiled, still not putting my chips into the pot. “I could have used this same gambit on anybody, Wendy. Would you care to guess why I chose you?”

She met my question with a sneer of raw contempt. “I don’t have to guess. Man like you and a woman like me? It’s obvious. You have some kind of special gift, lets you manipulate people. But even so, just because you can *do* something special, that doesn’t make *you* special, see? And you know it. I can see you know it. It’s in everything about you – that \$4000 suit, that haircut striving desperately to conceal your bald spot, that look on your face screaming in desperation that I believe you when you pretend you’re good enough for these things.”

“Don’t hold back, now.”

“And then you look around for the sort of someone that this bullshit persona you’ve created for yourself deserves, and you find me. A champion. A celebrity. The sort of woman who gets invited to places where movie stars hang out. Self-made and confident as hell. Beautiful and self-possessed and able to run the odds in my head in a microsecond. Like right now, I can tell you I’ve got less than 4% chance of having to honor that bullshit card, and the inverse odds of

walking out of here with going on thirty thousand dollars of your money. You ask me why you chose me? Because you got two fucking skills, and playing cards ain't one of them." Wendy folded her arms across her bare, incredible chest.

"You know, you're right. Not about most of it, mind you, but you're exactly right about those odds." She rolled her eyes. "So... I fold."

I pushed my cards away resignedly.

"But... you... you can't."

"At what point did we agree to that?"

"You said *I* couldn't fold!"

"Which was a condition I put upon you having purchased the privilege according to the rules we jointly agreed to. Did you also gain the privilege of making such a request?"

"But..."

"You won. So let's see what command you did purchase. Go ahead and read it to me."

Wendy reached out, her hand shaking like a leaf, and tried to hold it still enough to read her own scribbles. "Let me serve you from now on, and help you recruit other women I know to do the same."

"Wow, you did manage to improve on my suggestion. Not many do."

"Please... Mr. Graham, please, please don't..."

I held up a finger to silence her. "Let's do the basic ground rules here. From now on, you will obey every verbal and nonverbal command I give you. You will serve me enthusiastically and at no time show any displeasure at your situation. You will obey commands according to the spirit in which they are given, doing so with a mindset driven to anticipate my needs, interests, and satisfaction. Speak only if I ask you a question, or if you have something to useful or entertaining to say. Consider everything you have, be it a physical object or a talent, to be a tool to improve my life. Should you at any time think of a method to escape my control, you are to report it to me immediately and then not do it. Do you understand?"

I'd given these commands more than a few times, and I allowed Wendy the usual time to process them. Finally she smiled at me adoringly, and if the smile never quite touched her eyes, I let it pass. She'd learn. "I understand."

"Now, let me tell you why I picked you, just to set the record straight. I picked you because I could, because I'm an order of personhood above you. Because I looked at you and saw a body I thought I would enjoy, and your profession made it easy to lure you in. That's it. Whatever else you saw in yourself... to me? You're a warm, wet, willing place to stick my cock." I pointed under the table. "Speaking of..."

She understood my meaning, and with a broad grin on her face crawled down to commence sucking my dick. "Atta girl, Wendy. You know, you don't look like a Wendy. Spend some time thinking about a better name for a big-titted cock-sucking slave like yourself. Something that conveys what you are. Someday when I don't need you, you can go to the courthouse and have it changed, so I won't need to remember your birth name if it comes up."

“I will,” she said quickly between slurps.

I let her take her time with her blowjob; eager as she seemed for it, I hated to cheat her out of her fun. I gave her a gentle nudge near the end, and she realized exactly what I wanted, decorating her face with the dregs she could coax out of me after the tit-fuck and butt-fuck earlier. “Leave it. Get your blouse and skirt back on, then pack up my chips and let’s go. I’ll show you your new home, introduce you to the rest of my harem. Girls like you who let themselves be suckered in with a strong bluff on a weak hand.”

She complied, giggling girlishly as she raked the small fortune into a small duffel bag. I made a mental note that bimbo was a good shade on her, suited her aesthetic nicely. “So it looks like you own whatever I own now, right?”

“That’s right.”

“So when you look at it like that, I just paid you ten thousand dollars to enslave me. You knew exactly what you were doing all along, huh?” She smiled through the blobs of drying semen on her lips. Already falling in line nicely.

“A smart woman once told me that it was a game of skill.” I gave her a pat on her tender ass to prompt her to lead the way, and was pleased to see she was already putting an ample wiggle in her step. I had some gorgeous women in my collection, but she was going to give them all a run for their money.

Maybe I’d been a bit lucky after all.

