

WHORE

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Second Edition

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Whore

Mike was sick of losing. He had lost all day. Four hundred bucks nearly. Still he kept on trying. He somehow knew that sooner or later he was going to get a big win and break even.

He was in the Joker's Casino and Hotel. He lived nearby in a rooming house. He spent everything he got gambling. Why? Because he knew that sooner or later it would pay off. Then he would have all the dough he needed.

Mike was not old. He was in his thirties. He was missing a few teeth after an accident. He wore a mustache and had short cut greying hair.

He wasn't the only person at the roulette table either. A large man in an impressive suit was also there.

Just then Mike got a feeling. A feeling that he was going to win. So he took the last of his chips. Fifty dollars worth. And he put them on red. Two to one. He had a good chance of winning. He knew he was going to. Then he would break even or make a profit.

The wheel spun. The ball bounced and bounced. It landed. The wheel stopped.

“Black thirty five.” called the croupier.

So that was it. He had lost. He felt heartbroken. He was lost. Completely lost. Lost and he had lost. Lost the last of his chips. He just stood there. He was frozen in place. The croupier looked at him. He seen that Mike was distraught.

“Better luck next time.” he said.

Just then the large man turned toward Mike. He spoke.

“Lost all your chips 'huh.” he said.

“Yes.” said Mike.

He could not help but sulk.

“I'm Martin Sharp. Maybe I can help you out. I'll give you a few chips and you pay me back next time you see me.”

Mike was not sure. He didn't like charity. But he had to do it. Something about gambling controlled him. It had a hold over him.

“Okay sure. My names Mike.” said Mike.

“Okay. Here's a hundred. You pay me back next time.” said Martin Sharp.

He handed Mike a red chip. It was worth a hundred bucks. That was quite a bit. A quarter of what Mike started with.

“Okay. I'm gonna get a drink. Good luck.” said Martin Sharp.

Then he left. It was just Mike and the

croupier at the table. Mike considered making a bet. Then he thought he would try another table. He thought for a moment. Blackjack. He would play blackjack. So he went over to the table and placed a bet. It was packed. There was four players plus the dealer. He gave the dealer his chip and asked for two fifties. The dealer obliged.

Then he bet fifty and the dealer dealt him a hand. Fifteen. He had fifteen. A jack and a five.

“Hit me.” he said.

Luck was not in his favor. He got a king. Bust. He busted.

“I'm sorry.” said the dealer.

“Better luck next time.” said a pretty woman.

Mike sort of froze in place. He didn't know what to do.

“Hi. I'm Angelina.” said the pretty woman.

She wasn't gambling. She was just watching.

“Hi. I'm Mike.” said Mike.

“Do you wanna have a drink?” said Angelina.

“No thanks.” said Mike.

He felt too devastated. He decided he would bet more. He bet his last fifty. The dealer dealt him a hand. Sixteen. A seven and a nine.

“Stay.” said Mike.

But it was no use. The dealer had twenty.

“Dealer wins.” said the dealer.

Mike had now lost everything. Twice. He lost everything twice. So he left. He went out front the casino. Then he decided he would go in the alley and have a leak. He did that. After he was finished a bald man

in a suit appeared in front of him.

“I am God. And I am going to help you Mike. I'm going to give you one thousand in chips. That way you can go win the way you're supposed to. Okay Mike.” said the man.

“You're God?” asked Mike.

He kind of believed him. The man did appear out of thin air.

“Yes I'm God.” said the man.

“Well give me the chips.” said Mike.

The man did just that. He gave Mike a wad of chips. It was a whole handful. Five hundreds. Five fifties. Ten twenties. Ten fives. It was a fortune. Mike was in awe. He was stunned. Now he saw the light. Now he loved God. Truly.

Greed. Mike had a lot of it. He had always been greedy. Ever since he was a child. Greed just over took him. That and gambling.

“Well you better go back in and play your games.” said the man.

“Yes okay.” said Mike.

“Come see me again if you lose again.” said the man.

Then he vanished. Mike was all alone in the alley. His urine lay on the ground near the wall. There was nothing else to do so he went back into the casino.

“What to play?” he thought.

Roulette. Roulette was his favorite.

He went over to the roulette table. Martin Sharp was there. He must win a lot decided Mike.

“Back are you?” asked Martin Sharp.

“Yep. Here's your hundred.” said Mike.

He gave Martin Sharp one of the hundred chips. There was no point in wasting time so he put a hundred down on black. The

wheel spun. Zero.

“Better luck next time.” said the croupier.

Mike put another hundred down on black. The wheel spun.

“Red forty eight.” said the croupier.

He was losing. So he put four hundred down on black. The wheel spun.

“Red thirty six.” said the croupier

“You don't have much luck.” said Martin Sharp.

“No. Today's just not my day.” said Mike.

He knew black would be next so he put all three hundred he had left on black. The wheel spun.

“Black seven.” said the croupier.

Then he gave Mike three red chips. Mike now had six hundred. He figured that was enough roulette. He left Martin Sharp and

the croupier and went back to blackjack. The pretty woman was now gone. He bet three hundred. His hand was two kings.

“Stay.” said Mike.

The dealer revealed his hand. He also had twenty.

“Dealer wins.” said the dealer.

“Who fucking cares?” thought Mike.

He put the last three hundred down on the table. The dealer dealt his hand. Sixteen. A seven and a nine. Mike felt impulsive.

So he said. “Hit me.”

He got a king. Bust. He walked away from the table heartbroken. He left the casino. There was nothing else to do so he went back to the alley. There was no one there.

“Hmm. No one here. Was it all a dream?” thought Mike.

Then someone appeared. It was a beautiful woman. She had horns.

“Back for more?” she said.

“Yes. I lost everything. I'm just not having good luck. You know you were a man before.” said Mike.

“Yes. Sometimes I'm a man.” said the woman.

“So can I have some more chips.” said Mike.

“Sure there's one thing you have to do for me though.”

“What?” said Mike.

Then she pulled down her pants. She had a big penis.

“Suck.” she said.

So Mike did exactly that. He got down on his knees and sucked.

THE END



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AND

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