

## The Bet

Delbert "Mac" McGraw and Alfred "Al" Howorth have been friends since high school and always enjoyed a competitive spirit. Both men, now in their sixties, were hosting a dinner party to showcase a new line of evening dresses.

Mac and Al had hired two unique actresses to wear the dresses for a special buyer at a private showing. The dinner party was to be held at an exclusive secluded home in the hills so there would be no chance of someone getting a picture of this new line. Especially, before the official showing.

Mac and Al had been involved together in numerous ventures over the years, including producing films and television shows. Their uncanny ability to uniquely understand each venture they were in had made them very wealthy. However, this new foray into the world of fashion made them both extremely nervous. Just the slightest slip and the line would be compromised. The world of high fashion was proving a tough foe.

At the onset they decided this venture would be their last. They understood the cost overruns of making a movie. The star egos and salaries. Both film and television and how those had often damn near derailed the investment. But, it was nothing compared to this. A simple piece of fabric. Well, every precaution had been put in place.

The designer was someone they worked with in the picture business they felt a certain loyalty, and why they agreed to back him.

Two drivers, hand picked, from a private limo service, would ferry everyone to and from the location. The dresses delivered earlier in the day and were locked in an upstairs special room and why this house had been picked. No one other than Mr. McGraw and Mr. Howorth knew the location. It was the last minute details the two men were going over.

The clock showed four o'clock straight up. The buyer and his assistant would arrive around five-thirty. The only other people allowed to attend the dinner party were Mac and his wife Jean and Al and his wife Betty. A nice simple black-tie dinner party get together.

The two actresses, one with a rather large bosom hopefully without her latest boy toy in tow. The second actress, a prissy, somewhat snobbish, holier than thou broad, quoting Mac, the two men argued over inviting. Mac had assured Al she was the one they needed for the particular dress she would showcase. Thoughts were she would be dateless as she often had been. What few times she would be spotted with someone usually over quickly.

As prearranged, Mac would sit at the head of the table and Al would sit at the other end. Everyone else would be interspersed in between. Mac handed the seating chart to the cook and servers as Al pointed out where he would be sitting. They hired a dinner staff of three for the evening.

The two actresses were instructed to arrive at five. Preferably alone. To change into their dresses before dinner.

Their limo arrived right on time. The two women entered together. Greeted the hosts and quickly proceeded upstairs to get dressed. Jean and Betty, the wives, arrived right behind in a second limo. A bit early so they could be there and get settled before the buyer arrived.

Mac, Al, the buyer, his assistant and the two wives were seated promptly at six around the table. They waited patiently as the two actresses entered the room in the new designer dresses.

Simultaneously, the staff brought in the other three dresses on mannequins for display. The buyer could view all five dresses at once. The buyer stood as the women entered and stopped next to the mannequins. The buyer viewed the dress they were each wearing as well as the three on display. He nodded approvingly to Mac.

As these two actresses stood modeling their dress, it was obvious why each of them were selected for the particular dress they were wearing. It appeared their dress was made for each woman – and actually they were. Mac and Al had decided on this little show before the fabrics were even selected. They wanted to get an opinion before launching the line.

As the small group settled in for dinner, two pops followed by a loud thump was heard from the hallway. In the next instant four men entered the room with their guns extended ordering everyone to be quiet along with the usual no one would get hurt banter.

One man circled the table keeping everyone in their seat. The other two men now circled the room standing off to the side. A tall man, apparently the leader motioned for the buyer and his assistant to stand.

The buyer nodded to his assistant. She crossed over to the mannequins and proceeded to start removing the garments. As the buyer and his assistant left the room with the three dresses, the tall man motioned for the two actresses to stand. Leading them over to the wall, he spoke softly and directly.

“Okay ladies off with the dresses.”

“I will not.” Came the joint response from each woman.

“Look ladies. You have two choices. Either you remove the dress voluntarily. Or my men will. There is no third option.”

The well-endowed actress sighed and began to remove the garment. The slight, snobby actress stood firm. Until the other two men approached from each side with their hands reaching to help her.

“Alright, get them away from me.” She yelled.

The tall man motioned for the other two men to back up. They all watched as the snobby actress removed the garment. The buyer’s assistant took the dresses from the ladies.

The big chested actress stood defiant, with her hands at her side, wearing only white panties and high heels. The snobby actress stood with her arm across her chest, wearing see-through beige pantyhose, no panties underneath, and heels.

The buyer came back into the room.

"Mr. McGraw, I would like to thank you for a most enjoyable evening and a rather profitable one at that."

"Jean Pierre, what the hell?" Mac shouted before he was interrupted.

"Yes, of course you should have an explanation. Your designer seems to have made a few enemies and accumulated a few debts. Pissed off a few people in your parlance. We let you finance his next line, but how do you say? Ah yes, we repossessed it."

Jean Pierre walked close to Mac and leaned in to emphasize his next statements.

"Mac, please excuse me, Mr. McGraw. These are people you do not want to be. Ah, how do you say? On the bad side of. So please let the insurance cover your losses and find another designer. I can assure you this designer has created his last one of a kind, at least for a few years. He will work for my employer until his debt is paid off."

Jean Pierre started to leave, but stopped and looked at the two women standing by the wall. The big chested woman stared back. The snob turned away. Jean Pierre motioned for Mac to join him by the two women.

"Mr. McGraw if you please?"

Mac remained seated at the table not quite understanding.

"If you please, Mr. McGraw. Join the ladies there."

Again Jean Pierre pointed as he spoke.

Mac got up and stood in front of the two actresses.

Jean Pierre positioned Mac in between each woman pushing the snob's hands down to expose her petite breasts.

"Mac, put your arm around each of these lovely ladies."

Mac slowly circled each woman with his arms, placing a hand on each woman's hip. Jean Pierre walked over pushing the three closer together. Slowly Jean Pierre stepped back.

"Yes, just like that."

He stepped away while his assistant snapped a couple of pictures. Jean Pierre nodded and waited while his assistant left the room. In a moment she returned handing the printed pictures to him.

"Incredible camera. I have already forwarded the pictures of the dresses to my employer who will pass them on to his boss."

Jean Pierre looked at the prints before walking closer, extending the paper to Mac.

"Here is a souvenir, a gift, from me to remember this evening. "

Mac let his hands slip from each woman's hip and stepped away. He took the picture from Jean Pierre. This time each of the women crossed their arms in front, covering themselves.

Jean Pierre turned to leave but stopped.

“Oh by the way, should you want to tell anyone about the details of this evening, think about this. Those pictures could be all over the internet in a matter of minutes with all sorts of different captions. Maybe you, Mr. McGraw, wouldn't be so unhappy. But, I'm sure these lovely ladies would not be too happy. So think before you do anything.”

Jean Pierre started to leave then stopped abruptly again.

“By the way the drivers and the staff work for me. I have ordered a car to be here at seven thirty to do. Well, to do whatever. Until that time, finish your dinner and enjoy. Thank you again Mac for a most enjoyable evening.”

Mac looked at the photo and noticed the clarity as the picture came into focus. He looked back at Jean Pierre. Jean Pierre simply nodded and left the room with his men following.

The others sat not moving until it was quiet. They could hear the cars driving off. The quiet from the kitchen was a sure sign the rest of the staff had left as well. It took a moment for everyone to comprehend all that had just happened.

Mac assured everyone it would be okay and to just let him handle everything. First, he suggested the two actresses go upstairs and get into their own clothes. Al assured both women they would receive their full salary as promised and apologized profusely to each woman.

The snobby actress started to speak, but Al raised his hand to stop her and shrugged his shoulders. After a moment, she followed the well-endowed actress upstairs.

As instructed, another limo arrived at seven-thirty with two people. They were simply hired to clean up and was all they knew.

Mac and Al convinced the actresses and their wives to leave together. Then send the car back for them, while they took care of things here. The two actresses were more than happy to get out of there. The wives were just as eager. Mac and Al walked the four women out to the new limo and said to go with an assurance everything would be okay. The actresses got in the car anxious to leave. Jean and Betty said goodbye to their husbands before they got in. The car drove down the driveway and out the front gate. Both men stood and watched as the gate closed and the vehicle disappeared into the night.

Back inside, Mac and Al sat at the table. Mac loosened his tie while Al pulled a piece of paper from his jacket pocket. Mac looked on in anticipation, waiting for Al to speak.

“Let's see what we have here.” Al looked at his notes.

“Number one, you saw the snobby actress naked. Although, she did have pantyhose on. But, no underwear, which gave us a clear view. I'll give you one. Two. You held the two women by your side. Exposed as they were.”

“Yes I thought it was a nice touch by Jean Pierre to have me hold both women.” Mac interrupted, the smile widening on his face.

"Shall we continue?" Al responded sarcastically. "Number three. From the angle of the picture it did look like the big breasted actress had help being big breasted. Another for you. Number four. You got to look at another woman's naked breasts. Actually two women. Right in front of your wife."

"Al, my dear friend, you forgot one. I did it all without anyone being the wiser. I believe it is the five sir. The bet was for me to do all five. I believe I covered them all. Put the money on the table."

Mac waited while Al contemplated his options.

"Okay, I'll give it to you."

Al proceeded to place a five-dollar bill on the table.

"So what did this little charade cost you anyway?"

As Mac picked up the five-dollar bill, he looked at his life long friend and smiled even wider.

"About twenty-five grand. I used some of the crew we hired for the god-awful pilot we filmed about a dress maker on the run from. Oh hell, who cares?"

Al slowly sipped his drink as Mac fondled the five-dollar bill.

"Well Mac, you realize this isn't over."

"Al, I'm getting too old to do this again. But, you do what you think best. In the meantime this five-dollar feels good in my hands."

Al looked at Mac twirling the bill and shook his head.

"Maybe you are right. Maybe it is time to close shop. I don't think I have the energy to put something together like you just did."

Mac looked at Al holding the five-dollar bill in the air.

"Would you like to place a bet on it?"