

♣♦♠♥ Stud Poker ♥♠♦♣

Fiction By
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(MMF)

This story was written mostly to challenge myself. Could I write a tale of a man succumbing to the exact same temptation as in my story of female surrender - "[Lady Luck](#)"? I hope you all enjoy this story as a bit more than the whimsy of an amateur erotica author!

At first, I thought this business trip to Las Vegas would be a great one. Turned out far from it, since I wasn't getting many bites at the convention, and the no-sales were bringing my mood down, dampening my enthusiasm for the casino night life. I'd worked the convention circuit as a salesman for years, but this new breed proved to be a harder sell for some reason. I didn't like many of them anyway, which made me wonder about which was cause and which was effect.

Instead of the casinos, I hit a couple of strip joints on the first two nights. Maybe the entertainment provided a few jerk-off memories but otherwise the profusion of silicone-enhanced breasts didn't do much for me. Damn it, I was in quite a funk.

The next day, burned out by the convention's mind numbing non-activity, I dejectedly went back to my hotel, content to work out a little in the gym and swim a few laps in the pool. I was alone in the hotel's small workout area. After doing my thing on a couple of machines, I realized even the exercise didn't prove to be a distraction from my down mood. I went back to my room, made the obligatory call home to my wife and kids, and dragged on my swim trunks.

Unlike the gym, the pool was occupied by a young couple who appeared to have that special intimacy of newlyweds on their honeymoon, and a lone young man doing some serious swimming. The sight of the newlyweds didn't do anything for my sour mood. In

reality, neither did the sight of the other man swimming laps as if he were in an Olympics qualifier. How was I to casually swim with this guy in the pool?

I went in anyway, harboring my dark, fuck-all attitude. After a few laps, we ended up along the deep end wall. He struck up a conversation immediately; obviously someone who made friends easily.

He introduced himself as Sean, and told me he was part of a troupe of male exotic dancers. "Like Chippendales, though not in that league, for sure," he said. He told me the hotel they were appearing at. It wasn't one of the better resorts on or near the strip, but not a dive either.

"If you're working there, why are you here?" I asked.

"Good question. We begin our gig in a couple of days, and when in Vegas I like to celebrate...and I guess, pamper myself...by staying at one of the good places. I'm booked in a mini-suite here, with a big Jacuzzi tub and all the accouterments. I'll live a little...drink room-service champagne, before I get in front of the grab-happy fat ladies trying to get into my thong."

He laughed easily, as if it were normal to talk about what he did, though to me it was t.m.i. all the way. We talked for a while at the end of the pool. I told him about me and my job, and he listened like it was as novel a profession as his own.

"Okay, enough of this chlorine," he declared suddenly. "I'm going back to my expensive indulgence of a hotel room and drink myself silly in the Jacuzzi."

He popped out of the pool like the fit bastard that he was. I, on the other hand, had to swim to the ladder and climb out like a mere mortal. When I approached him, he tossed me a pool towel before returning to drying himself off.

He said, “I know this may sound strange, but how about getting a bottle or two of your favorite libation at the hotel bar and joining me in my room.” When he saw the way I reacted, he quickly added, “Nothing like that, I mean, the tub is more than big enough for two—without touching—” he chuckled, “I figured we could continue our conversation there instead of in the bar so I’m not wasting what I’m paying for.”

I never thought of myself as a homophobe, but the invitation seemed hinky to me. Probably if the guy was wearing a Speedo I would have run the other way, but his suit was conservative and looked ‘straight’ to me—whatever that meant. What the hell, I may as well take him up on his offer. I’d love to hear all his stories about his job. I bet a good-looking young man like him had a lot of stories to tell, probably about a few conquests of lady fans along the way. What else did I have to do?

“Sure, as long as I’m not imposing. Let me get a couple of cold beers from the bar and I’ll be right behind you.”

His mini-suite turned out to be quite the accommodation. Separate living area and bedroom, with a large screen plasma television. Nice. While he opened a bottle of champagne, I sipped my beer and peeked into the oversized bathroom and its large tub. The damn thing must have a hundred jets, I thought. Nice.

“Go ahead, turn on the TV and make yourself comfortable while I fill the tub.”

Water pouring, he returned and sat on the sofa across from the easy chair I’d plunked down in and we watched the basketball game I’d luckily found on one of the thousand or so channels.

He told me about a time his group performed for a party of college cheerleaders. “I wonder if the mommies and daddies knew how lascivious their little girls were while away at school. The little darlings couldn’t wait to see the goods,” he said with a laugh.

“You guys strip all the way?” I imagined if the rest of them looked like Sean, most girls would want a look.

“Duh! What do you think?” He answered, smiling.

“Must be cool having all those women ogling you,” I said.

“Sometimes,” was his enigmatic answer. “I would imagine the tub is as full as it needs to be. Let’s reconvene in the comfort of the soothing hot, bubbling water.”

He stood with his glass of champagne and headed toward the bathroom. In a few seconds I followed. Before entering the bathroom I heard the jets kick on, and when I got there I saw he had kicked off his shorts. Jesus Christ, the guy was hung. Well, what did I expect considering what he did for a living?

He said to me, “You can take yours off or leave them on, doesn’t matter to me. I figured it’s my room and I can do what I want. Hop in.” Which is what he did, practically jumping in, with its accompanying splash.

I looked at him and shook my head. “Shit, at the pool I was intimidated by your swimming, and now I’m intimidated by your cock. How do you expect me to drop my shorts when you just made me as envious as hell?”

He laughed. “This ain’t no competition, man. I don’t care about the size of your package. Just get in.” It was his turn to shake his head.

So I did, slipping off my shorts and slipping into the tub across from him. My self-consciousness dissolved as soon as Sean began regaling me with tales of his stripping gig, and the women’s reaction to it. As he sipped champagne and I drank my second beer, he told me of the many times women threw hotel keys and key cards at him, and the times he took them up on their offer.

“There’s this one woman right here in Vegas who’s about 40 and the hottest babe in bed. She’s like a fucking animal.”

A mirthful expression came over him as he reminisced on his encounters with this one particular woman. Suddenly, I saw his cock pop up above the waterline in a magnificently tall erection. No wonder the lady acted like an animal in heat with this guy. My envy had been kicked up a notch.

“Jesus, you’ve got a hard-on too,” he said playfully. “Why don’t I call her to see if she’ll come over?”

“She’s not a hooker, is she?”

“Of course not,” he declared as he got out of the tub and went to the phone, allowing me one more time to marvel at his physique and his prodigious manhood.

I overheard “threesome” and the name of our hotel. He used the phone again, and when he returned to the bathroom he told me he’d ordered more champagne and beer from room service. “I wonder who will show up first, room service or Briana?” he asked. I was sure he was betting on Briana based on his supposed past experience.

Room service won. Sean was already well into the next bottle of bubbly when Briana knocked on his door. As soon as she was ushered in I saw she was wasted—from drugs or liquor I couldn’t tell. I simply stayed in the tub as Sean introduced me as his “friend” and gave Briana a perfunctory kiss. He offered her a glass of champagne and she nearly guzzled it down before giddily shedding her clothes and jumping into the tub, beckoning Sean to follow. She hungrily ogled Sean as I checked her out. She was an unnatural blond with fantastic breasts too good to not be unnatural as well. Didn’t matter to me, they still looked squeezable. She was carrying a little too much weight but she carried it nicely like a teen with some baby fat, though upon closer inspection her face carried way too many age lines to

ever be close to her teen years. Neatly shaved beaver, though, and I gave her points for that.

“C’mon, Sean honey, get in here so we can play,” she begged. While Sean sipped the last of his glass of champagne, Briana turned to me as if noticing me for the first time. “Well, hi there, handsome. What show are ya in?”

“Not in a show, sugar,” I answered. “Just passing through...visiting...having fun.”

“Mmmmmm,” she crooned. “Do ya like having fun?” Her tits were practically in my face.

I said, “Sure do,” but in that nanosecond her attention was back on Sean. She went for his cock, and really, I couldn’t blame her.

Her hand stroked and her body rubbed and pressed but for some reason Sean didn’t seem to be responding as she hoped. He sheepishly smiled and cocked his head, motioning me join in. I snuggled up to her backside and reached around, playing with her ample tits. She tilted her head back toward me even as the rest of her kept ministering to Sean. Briana’s moist lips found mine, and then our tongues met. Her booze-breath masked some other non-hygienic odors yet as horny as I was I wasn’t going to let that distract me. I was about as hard as I’ve ever been. She must have felt my erection poke at her: the intensity of our kissing went up a notch. She pulled her lips from mine long enough to take a deep breath and take one more look at Sean’s splendid but limp cock before sighing and turning back to me.

“He’s such a pretty boy...but he’s not ready...fuck me, baby...fuck me...”

She straddled me there in the tub, but she wasn’t lubricated enough for me to enter her underwater; so I lifted her up, sat her on the tubs edge, and went down on her, not for her sake but to lend her some

spittle lubrication. When she was wet enough, I slid into her and went to town. My feet were still in the tub and my dick was buried in her surprisingly tight vagina (she must never have had kids). Her feet were in the air, spurring me on every once in a while when she must have thought my thrusts were waning. I pounded into her.

She was moaning loudly, accompanied by an occasional “Faster, baby” or “Do me hard.”

As I was nearing ejaculation, I glanced over at Sean to see what he was doing. To my surprise, he was watching us and stroking himself to hardness. He winked at me and blew me a kiss when he saw me glance his way, then made a pumping fist motion that pantomimed my thrusting.

Her moaning intensified but I couldn't hold on any longer. “I'm cumming,” I groaned.

“Honey,” she crooned. “Show me what ya got.”

I pulled out and pumped my jism all over her. I surprised myself by the volume and number of ropes; I'd been saving this up for a while and it showed.

“Oooooo,” she moaned. “You put the head on *that* beer!” —whatever the fuck *that* meant?!

I figured it for her note of approval, but I hadn't figured on *Sean's* approval, that was until he reached over and palmed my post-coital, wilting member. A part of my brain had picked up on the signals though most of it glibly ignored everything. However, Briana knew from the get-go.

“Hey, stud-man, can you do me first before fucking your new friend?” she leeringly said to Sean.

Sean looked at me—for acknowledgement?—then nodded to Briana

and positioned himself between her thighs where I'd been minutes ago. He pounded away with gusto, and she screamed in appreciation. In fact, she appreciated it so much, and came so hard, that she passed out as soon as her wailing began to subside.

"A little too much booze and way too many chemicals, but the woman sure loves dick," Sean said as he pulled out. His prodigious cock appeared as a shimmering, wet snake slithering from its burrow. "She doesn't care whose or where it's been, just that it can perform. Some champagne?" he asked me as he went to pour himself some.

What the fuck, I thought. I was more a beer man, but mine were gone. "Sure, pour me some." I watched him. The man was so nonchalant about standing there naked, his large member in splendid half-swollen dangle.

While pouring the champagne, he caught me staring. He smiled. "We should get her out of the tub before she shrivels up like a prune." I helped Sean dry her and carry her to the suite's sofa. We pulled the coverlet from the bed and covered her snoring form. "I told you she was hot," he said, "at least while she's awake. Did you enjoy it?"

"Sure," I said, sipping some champagne. "She is a hot one."

"You fucked her good, man...pounded the shit out of that pussy of hers. Damn made me jealous."

I chewed on what he said for a minute or two. "You invited me up here for sex, but not with her," I said, pointing to passed-out Briana. "I'm not gay."

"I know, and neither am I, well maybe a little on that side of bi. You did come here willingly, you know, and you knew the score whether you wanted to admit it to yourself or not."

"Okay, maybe I had a feeling about that," I said. "Especially the way you talked about your job and the ladies, that being the chick magnet

wasn't the be-all and end-all of your motivation. Besides...I'll admit it...shit, I did feel intimidated by your looks and your body, and you still invited me up here. I kinda liked that." Christ, I couldn't believe I admitted that.

Here we were—two very naked men; both of us with half-erect and twitching members—looking at each other, and with an equally naked though passed-out woman completely ignored on the sofa.

Sean said, "I want to kiss you, you know...you don't know it but you're exactly my type...I wanted you from the moment I saw you at the hotel pool."

Maybe it was the beers, maybe it was simply hidden destiny, but I let him come to me and we kissed. It wasn't altogether different from kissing a woman, I thought. Our tongues danced together, first him being the aggressor then me. I grew hard and I felt his member grow too. We were as two swordsmen crossing swords before battle, only this 'battle' was one I never thought I would ever be in. Soon we tumbled to the bed still entangled in each other's arms.

"Have you ever...?" he whispered.

"No," I whispered back.

I surrendered to him and his amazing physique. He retrieved a tube of KY, rolled a condom onto his erection and joined me as I lay on the bed, wondering if I'd lost my marbles. He spooned behind me and worked a generous dollop of the lubricating jelly in and around my anus. He finger brought me to attention; I wondered what his cock would do.

I gasped when he penetrated me. Shit, I almost saw stars it shocked my sphincter so much. I was just about at the point to push him away when I relaxed enough to move the assault below my pain threshold. I never thought about it, but he fucked me no different than I've fucked many a woman. His thrusts were slow and tentative at first, then

began picking up speed as his arousal peaked. His hands alternated between exploring my body, holding my hips and reaching around to stroke my erect cock. I was aware of the *idea* of prostate massage, yet his thick unit was accomplishing the *reality*. I tried to turn a little to look at him but this threw off his rhythm and he fell out of me. As if that was his cue, he rolled me onto my back, lifted my legs high and back, and penetrated my ass once again. His thrusts were manic. I watched him: his muscles bulging and flexing as he fucked me, beads of sweat dripping from his brow, his eyes alternating from staring into mine to nearly rolling back into his head. He snaked one hand around and began jerking me off as he continued to pound my ass.

Sean spasmed a couple of times before declaring, "I'm gonna cum!" I wondered if that's what I look like when I ejaculate.

He made a few more post-orgasmic thrusts before pulling out with an audible 'plop' and without hesitation went down on me and gave me the blow job of my life—full deep throat, and plenty of tongue. I warned him I was cumming, but that just made him smile as he took all of my ejaculate in his mouth.

"My, oh my, that was quite a load for a straight dude," he said, wiping cum he hadn't swallowed from his lips as he spoke.

"Was I good?" I asked him facetiously.

"You silly gander, of course you were good. Virgins are always tight, right?" He laughed.

I was about to make a retort when Briana awoke on the sofa and yelled, "Hey, Stud, did the big fella get his way with ya?" She laughed throatily. "I saw how he looked at ya so I knew he wanted a piece of your ass. Asshole's gonna be sore in the morning." I wondered if that was her anal experience talking.

Sean had stripped off the soiled condom and was sipping what must now be lukewarm champagne. "Can you remember that far back, my

dear? How your first anal felt?”

“If it’d been you, Sean dear, I’d *a/ways* remember,” she said, sidestepping his barb. She got up off the sofa, walked toward the bed and flopped down next to me. She began playing with my flaccid cock and nibbling on an earlobe. “Think you can get it up again, Stud? I want more.”

“He’s all yours,” I said, motioning to my cock.

She went down on me. Her style was different from Sean’s but equally effective in that soon I was stiff again. Realizing I was hard, she substituted her cunt for her mouth and rode me cowgirl. While Briana rode me enthusiastically, Sean had joined us and his cock was at my lips. I’d never sucked a cock before. Sean’s impressive member probably wasn’t for beginners, but I went for it anyway. I ended up a passive fuck—Sean fucking my mouth while Briana fucked my cock.

I figured I’d be the one to cum first. That was until without prelude my throat filled with several sprays of hot, pumping cum, Sean moaning as he unloaded. I choked and coughed up jism as Briana blithely rocked and rolled to her own orgasm, finally screaming in ecstatic release. Here I was, the odd man out who hadn’t cum yet, gagging on another man’s discharge.

“Poor baby,” Briana purred. “Weren’t ready for the pretty boy’s spunk, huh?” she said as she patted my back to help me clear my airway.

Sean looked on amusingly, still holding onto his spent member and milking a few more drops of semen from himself. “Sorry, buddy, got carried away...should’ve warned you.”

Briana somehow realized I was still hard and hadn’t cum yet, so she said, “Stud-baby, you look like you need a tight ass to bury that in, though I suppose you’d rather do his muffin than mine.” Even with that supposition, she began to get on her knees and turn her round

bottom toward me. And that was positively okay.

“Your ass is what the doctor ordered. Condom?” She smiled sweetly and nodded so Sean tossed me one and I put it on.

Yes, her ass was nice and tight. She played with her clit as I reamed her asshole. The surprise came when I felt Sean behind me and I soon became the meat in a fuck-sandwich. *How can it be possible that he recovered so fast after cumming in my mouth minutes ago?* It took a while for me to get over this second shock to my virgin sphincter, but I eventually became the conductor of our little flesh symphony by establishing the three-way rhythm of motion. Who came first would be a matter of conjecture. Maybe it was me. I know my ejaculatory ropes seemed to go on forever, spurred by the throbbing restriction of Briana’s anus. I believed the throbbing was from her having an orgasm but how was I to know for sure? I’d heard Sean groan so I guess he’d been able to cum again.

The three of us hit the tub one last time, mostly to clean the flotsam of sex from our bodies. Briana wanted to know the next time my “show” was in town. I told her I didn’t know, but I’d look her up when I returned. She gave me a kiss and gave Sean one last playful tug on his manhood, sighed, dried, got dressed, and staggered home.

Sean said, “You okay...with what happened?”

“Yeah, I’m okay with it.”

“Not angry with me for luring you up here?”

“Not angry. Like you said, I’m sure my subconscious mind knew what you were up to all along.”

“One last kiss for the road?” And we kissed. Long and deep. If he’d gotten hard again I would have let him do me again. That simple.

As Briana had, Sean asked me when I’d be back to Vegas. We

compared notes on his traveling schedule and mine, making some vague promises to try and hook up in the future. As I left his room, probably never to see him again, he blew me a kiss.

The convention ended without a sale; though I was probably so sleep deprived I perhaps wouldn't have remembered a sale even if I'd made one. My flight home was sleep filled and uneventful. I thought of how the Las Vegas 'nightlife' turned out to be very different than I'd experienced before.

After asking me about business, my wife asked me what I'd done at night. "Oh, nothing. Ran into an interesting guy who was in a show and we hung out together, that's all," I said.

Later that night, in bed, she asked, "You miss me?"

Luckily I was able to get it up sufficiently to fuck her so she wouldn't start getting jealous thoughts about what I may have done so far away from home. Wouldn't she be surprised, I thought, as I imagined Sean's cock having his way with me.

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