

# ♣♦♠♥ *Full House* ♥♠♦♣

*Fiction By*  
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A typical vacation for us, with hubby playing some high-stakes poker while I sat around bored. I didn't gamble, so the next best thing to do in Las Vegas was to sun by the hotel pool and get sloshed. I was on my second cocktail when the first guy hit on me. Why, I didn't know. I was well on my way toward fifty and my bikini wasn't nearly as revealing as all the twenty-somethings surrounding me.

I basically ignored him and he got the message. Two more drinks, and two more hits. What was going on? Was "Candid Camera" still around in this day and age? My drunken mind couldn't comprehend the attention. Well, okay, time for another, even if I'd need to be carried back to my room. I imagined one of the young studs by the pool carrying me, and I grew hot. I laughed to myself.

"They think you're a cougar."

I glanced over at the black man reclining in the next lounge chair. I hadn't noticed him earlier, but that was hardly surprising in my inebriated state. "Pardon me, what did you say?"

"Sorry, didn't mean to intrude. I was saying that those dudes hit on every woman they think is a cougar."

"A cougar?"

"You know, an older, independent woman with money looking for a younger man; the old 'feeling younger' thing."

"Older, yes...independent, hardly...money, fat chance." I laughed, and it

sounded to me just like a giggling drunk would sound.

“Okay, but don’t put yourself down. You’re a good looking lady and I don’t blame them at all for trying.”

“Thank you. I needed that, though I think you just hit on me too.” I giggled again.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to sound like that.”

“That’s the second time you apologized to me. It’s bad form for such a strong-looking man,” I said. Maybe I embarrassed him, because he said no more.

After about ten minutes, as I was thinking about another drink, he read my mind and said, “None of my business, but maybe you should call it quits on the liquor. You’ll never make it back to your room.”

“You’re right, not really your business,” I said. “You could carry me, but then you’d just apologize all the way.” I followed that up with an honest-to-goodness hiccup.

He went silent again; I should’ve been the embarrassed one, instead I ordered another drink. When later I finally arose from the poolside lounge, my legs buckled and I nearly fell. I didn’t fall because the man was right there to catch me. My fuzzy brain processed that he was a) tall, b) muscular, c) very handsome, and d) had a firm, strong grip.

“See, I told you,” he said, as he held me up and kept me from falling down and really making a fool of myself. “I’ll help you to your room...with no devious intentions. I don’t want to see you get hurt.”

I told him my room number and in a haze I let him guide me there, not remembering much along the way until I was at the door, fumbling for the card-key. He helped me with that too.

Once inside, without thinking I pulled off my top and headed straight for the room’s minibar. “You want a drink?” I asked my newfound friend. God

bless him, for he was ogling my tits in spite of himself, and that flattery overcame my guilt in taking my top off in the first place.

“No thanks. I’m gone, but you shouldn’t, after all you’ve had already.”

“You sound like my husband.”

“Lady, if I was your husband I wouldn’t leave you alone by the pool or let you invite strange men into your room.”

“That’s sweet, but you’re no stranger anymore, are you? You like?” I asked him, jiggling my breasts.

“They’re beautiful, but like I said, no devious intentions.” With that, and before I could say anything more, he was out the door.

I had the drink and afterwards passed out on the bed. When I came to, I was alone, though there were signs my husband had been back to the room in the undetermined interval. Las Vegas has no ‘night’ or ‘day’ per se, although I grew bored either way. I got dressed and headed out to see if it was AM or PM, and get a drink while I was at it, of course. I was surprised at how little time had elapsed. I could make something of the rest of this day after all.

In the casino lounge, I saw my new friend from poolside and called out to him. “Hi there, big guy. Can I buy you a drink now? I need to thank you for getting me safely to my room and preserving what’s left of my dignity.”

“You’re welcome, and this time I *will* take that drink.” He ordered bourbon and sat next to me.

I said, “You must have played football.”

He looked defensive. “Why do you say that? Because I’m big and black?”

“Don’t be like that. I saw you had a slight limp so I figured you’ve had your share of knee injuries. That and the fact you’re big and black.”

He smiled. “My, my, besides pretty and having a fine pair, you are very observant.” I know I blushed, thinking how uncouth I’d been to expose my

breasts to him.

“You’re observant, too.” We both laughed. “No wife or gf? Or are you like me, sacrificed to the gaming gods?”

“No. No other. I’m on ‘vay-cay’ with a pair of old bros—an ex-teammate who’s on one last spree before he gets hitched, while the other’s busy chasin’ tail like he always does.”

“No shit. I take it they’re not, let’s say, as mature acting as you seem to be.”

“Oh-oh, ‘mature’ sure sounds ‘old’ to these ears.”

“Fuck that, I’m the old one here.”

“Don’t look old to me, and that F-word gets me to thinkin’.”

“Am I blushing again?” I knew I was, considering what he said.

“A little, and the color becomes you.”

I was ready to make my own comment about ‘color’ but thought better of it. Still embarrassed I’d dropped my top so easily in front of him—a stranger—I realized my thoughts had shifted gear. He was big, strong and handsome, so why couldn’t I fantasize a little?

“You know, we don’t know each other’s name,” I said, “I’m Liz.”

“I’m Antoine.” We playfully shook hands.

“What’re your plans for the rest of the day?” I asked.

“I don’t know. Probably hit the casino after hangin’ by the pool, checking out the babes. What about you?”

“Pool sounds good. Mind if I join you?”

“Sure, I’ll meet you there.”

In a while, we were lounging again at poolside, though it was rapidly approaching dusk. I snuck glances at his package, and felt my crotch dampen as it hadn’t in many a year. I’d worn my leopard-patterned bikini that was probably outdated, revealing more than a woman my age should reveal. When I

ordered a drink from a poolside waiter, my new friend gave me a disappointing look but didn't say anything. We talked some, but mostly remained silent as I drank and he ogled passing women. When he made an excuse to apply sunscreen on me, I let him even though it seemed a wasted application so late in the day. His touch triggered my dormant libido. I couldn't conceive that I'd quench my internal fire one way, so I turned to my usual Plan B, more liquor.

"Liz, you realize I'm gonna have to carry you to your room again, don't you?"

"No, Antoine, you're going to carry me to *your* room," I said, slurring every word.

He didn't respond to the invitation, but offered his hand to help me to my feet. My legs buckled as before and again I fell against him. "Your room," I said.

"No, yours," he said. I pouted and let him guide me there. He used my key to open the door and I immediately found the note from my husband saying he was at another casino in another poker game. "Damn him!" I shouted and began crying. Like a magnet, the minibar drew me to it.

Antoine said, "No, don't, please. You can't drink away whatever it is you're feeling."

I cried more, even stomping my feet like a toddler having a tantrum. "I have to do something, I can't..."

Still wrapped in a pool towel, he pulled me to him, held me close, and let me weep. Finally, I turned my head up to him and said, "Help me." He leaned his head down to meet my lips.

After forever, our lips parted and he said, "What if your husband comes back?"

"If you're worried about a scene, then take me to your room." Still in the beach wrap over my bikini, he led me to his room. His buddies weren't there,

so I was out of my bikini in seconds and into his arms again.

“I don’t know why you put down your looks or your body, but you be very fine...very fine indeed,” he said while caressing my breasts.

His kneading only intensified the ache of need. I helped him out of his swim trunks. “Oh my God!” I muttered.

“Stereotypes?” he whispered.

“Shut up and fuck me.”

He took me to his bed, laid me down and then went down on me. He was expert with his tongue, which was noticeably large. Everything on him was large.

“Yes, oh yes!” I cried.

We were in sixty-nine form as I stroked and stared as his magnificent beast rose to the occasion. I put it in my mouth but was unable to take much of him in. Imaging this flesh-sword impaling me got me to cumming.

“Ah—Ah—Ah—” I screamed.

“Yes, baby, yes,” he murmured between slurps of my long-lost but now resurrected female cumshot.

I wanted him in me. I wanted him deep. I got my wish. My legs wide, he mounted me missionary and began to fuck me in a slow and steady rhythm. His cock filled me up and it wasn’t long before I was crying again in orgasmic delight. His rhythm picked up to a near-frantic pace, and as I kept cumming, he began to cum too.

“Ugh,” he groaned as he unleashed rope after rope deep to my womb’s door.

“Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” I sang. It’d been a long time since I’d cum like that.

We hadn’t realized we were watched until his friend said, “Hey ‘Toine, you found yourself some white pussy! Who’s yo’ boo? You game, or you been

floatin' cheese down at the street corner?"

Cheese?

Antoine, now lying next to me, didn't answer, but I did. In a haze of liquor and post-coital bliss, I looked up from the bed to see the newcomer looming over me. If Antoine was big, this dude was *huge*! "Oooo, you're big," I said, immediately realizing the inanity of my words.

"Hey man, I think she likes the Osca' Maya" he said, as he dropped his pants, exposing a massive cock.

I must have smiled.

Antoine said, "She's a lady, Mikey. Why don't you ask her real nice like?"

"I think she done answered already," he said as he threw off the rest of his clothes, and poked his cock at my lips. I sucked him as best I could, sneaking an occasional glance at Antoine, gauging his reaction to sharing me. His face gave nothing away. Years of repressed yearning wasn't going to be satisfied by one man today.

Mikey flipped me over like a rag doll, pulled my ass up to him, and did me doggie. I'd never been so pounded in my entire life. He did me hard, reaching around and squeezing my tits as he banged away. God, this man stretched me beyond Antoine's earlier penetration. Sometimes pain and pleasure can be two sides of the same coin. I screamed and cried—and climaxed.

As I was cumming, my fucker yelled out, "Where you want it, sugar? Cum salad dressing?"

In my orgasmic stupor, I bellowed "Yes!" and swung around to take his meat between my lips as he unloaded—and did he unload! I choked, and the big man laughed.

"You okay?" Antoine asked as Mikey pulled his pants back on and unceremoniously left the room.

A few more coughs and I said, "Yeah, I'm better than okay, just could use

a drink.”

“Shower, and I’ll fix you one.”

The shower felt good. *I* felt good, though my returning sobriety dimmed the post-orgasmic glow. Out of the shower, I wrapped myself in a towel and unabashedly took the drink from half-dressed Antoine.

“You sure you’re okay?”

“Dammit,” I said loudly, “I’m a big girl, and if I wanna fuck, I fuck. You didn’t hear me say no, did you?”

“No, I didn’t, and I say you’re one hot lady, and I can’t understand the old man preferring poker to pokin’ you.”

“That’s sweet, I guess.” I took a long swig of my drink.

“You going back to your room?”

“You’ve seen me cry like a baby. You’ve seen me act like a slut. I suppose you can see me to the bar for another drink.”

“Okay, I will, but I’ll keep after you about your drinkin’ even as I buy you one.”

I put my bikini back on and my wrap to go to my room and get dressed. Of course, hubby wasn’t there. When I met up with Antoine at the hotel bar, I said, “You have any more friends like you and Mikey?”

His expression was a mixture of quizzical and angry. “You askin’ ‘cause I’m not enough? Need some more dark meat in your diet?”

“I’m not sure if anyone is ‘enough’ for where I’m at in my life,” I said while thinking of threesomes and foursomes, something I’d never participated in nor ever thought I would.

“So, sleepin’ with men is like liquor...never enough...?”

“Don’t say it like that.”

“How else can I say it?”

We finished our drinks in silence. I thought about the hole at my core



that may never be filled, and thought of getting my physical hole filled as a substitute for the metaphysical one. “How about my room this time,” I said.

“What about your husband?”

I laughed, “Wouldn’t that be a shock if he caught us? No, won’t happen. He’s too damn busy to even check in with me.”

We went to my room and silently undressed each other and got into bed. This time, the term ‘making love’ fit better than the word ‘fuck’ did. More tantalizing than the first time, we played with each other and let our arousal simmer rather than boil. When he entered me, I once again wallowed in the sensation of being utterly filled. His thrusting rhythm was magical, and as with any well-matched lovers, we came together in moaning glory.

“See, you don’t need any of my friends,” he said as we lay on my hotel room bed.

I held on to his glistening-wet and dribbling cock like a security blanket. “How do you know I’m not just getting warmed up?”

“Liz, baby, if you attacked fuckin’ like you attack drinkin’ then maybe old Antoine ain’t enough after all.” We both laughed, but he may have been right. ‘Attack’ was what I would do, hubby be damned.

Antoine was long gone from my room, and I was showered and mostly sober by the time my husband returned. “How about we go to the lounge and have a drink?” he asked. He never did ask me what I’d done while he was gambling. Over cocktails he proclaimed how great he’d done but was skimpy on actual monetary amounts, so I was skeptical.

I was well into my third drink when Antoine, Mikey and another big guy entered. I saw Mikey gesture toward us and Antoine whispering something in return. I wondered what would happen if they came over and were less than discreet.

At least for a while, they were gentlemen. I began working on my fourth

drink, and feeling pretty sloshed, when my husband went to the men's room. Antoine took the opportunity to approach me.

"That's your husband? Jee-zuss! I could break him in two and use half for a tooth pick."

"Yep, you probably could with one arm tied behind your back."

"By the looks of things, you'll need help getting' back to your room again. Hubby up to it?"

"Hubby's never up to it," I said, pausing. "Like you and Mikey are," I added. One of my patented drunken giggles followed.

"Mikey and me always up to it, sure 'nuf. Darnell up to it too, I imagine."

"Get away before hubby comes back," I said, and smiled so he knew it was said with bluntness but no malice.

My husband returned and promptly announced he was going back to the poker tables for more. "I'm on a roll," he said. I wanted a 'roll' and remembered with a flush of heat how it felt with Antoine and then Mikey fucking me silly.

"Go ahead, dear. I'll be okay," I said. As he walked away, I waved to the trio of friends.

They got the message. The three of them converged on me and helped me to my (shaky) feet. I smiled at Darnell, and said, "Hi there. Did they tell you how good I am?"

He looked a little flustered for a big, strong man, but pulled himself together and answered, "They sure did, mama. You gonna prove to me you're as hot as they say?"

"Sure 'nuf!" I said, mimicking Antoine, and then giggled some as they nearly pushed me toward the lobby and the elevators. On the elevator, I leaned into Darnell and said, "You the one getting married?"

“Yeah, that’s me.”

“Ooooo, does bridey know what you’re up to?”

He didn’t answer, but one grab at his crotch told me he was ‘up’ for me.

No sooner were we in their suite, clothes started flying. To one of the beds we stumbled and in moments I had a cock between my tits, another in my mouth, and the third enveloped by my stroking fingers. I gazed upward to see it was Antoine between my lips, which was a good thing since I wasn’t sure if in my drunken state I could have handled Mikey’s massive bulk. Antoine was big enough, mind you, and I still struggled to keep from choking on his manhood.

Someone’s cock retreated and then that same someone’s tongue went to work on my hot, aching clit. Darnell or Mikey, I didn’t know which—and frankly, I didn’t care—was doing a great job.

Mikey said, “Darnell, you want next crack at the ho?”

Okay, the expert tongue was Mikey’s.

Darnell, the groom-to-be at some future date, was happy to substitute me for his “honeymoon” fuck. On my back, now with a cock in each hand, I spread my legs as Darnell hovered above me. He entered me slowly. Slow, however, wasn’t Darnell’s regular speed. He fucked me at warp speed, fast and furious and deep.

“Oh God! Oh God!” I cried. “Oh God! Oh Goddddddddddddddddddd!”

Mikey shouted with glee, “She a fast cummer, I’ll say that!” he chuckled, as a spent Darnell rolled off me.

Mikey was next. As he had before, he flipped me over and did me from behind. Hard. When I began crooning my approach to orgasm, Antoine shoved his cock nearly down my throat. Gagging and cumming happened simultaneously. I tried as best I could to deep throat Antoine. I was progressing away from my gag reflex when he let go several ropes which I

couldn't help but swallow.

I lay on the bed amongst my man-toys—I, the trio's very own cum bucket—as Darnell worked at getting back up for round two. Whether because of me or his fantasies, it didn't take long before he got back on for another ride. Yes, 'ride' sounded like a good idea, so I pushed him from between my legs and onto his back, and climbed aboard cowgirl-style. Darnell grinned from ear to ear, as Antoine and Mikey hooted and hollered like I was riding a mechanical bull in a cheap Texas dive.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa," I sang, as another orgasm was fast approaching. Up and down, up and down I rode, until Darnell held me down and I felt his member throb in release deep within me.

I screamed, "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, Goddddddddddddddd, Yessssssssssssss!"

After a reasonable interval of recuperation, Mikey had me again. By the time he was finished, I had so much sticky semen oozing from me my cunt was a sloppy mess. I expected Antoine to take another turn as well, but he shook his head when we made eye contact.

Mikey and Darnell gave each other high fives as they dressed and left the room. "You a good lay, lady. Yo' went lookin' fo' the ace of spades, but done drew a full house instead," Mikey said to me on the way out, laughing. Wow, such a compliment.

Antoine pushed me into the shower. "You joining me?" I asked, but he declined. He looked disappointed in me somehow, but how could that be? He'd been a part of the gang bang, hadn't he? As I toweled off, I said, "Okay, what's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said. "I suppose you're heading to the bar for more liquid courage?"

"I will if my husband's not around."

“Then what?”

“What do you mean ‘then what?’”

“After you’re drunk again...after you leave Vegas...whatever.”

“C’mon Antoine, I’m an over the hill broad without much to look forward to in life. So, I drink. So, I fuck some strangers. So, why the concern?”

Oh...strangers...the black suit, full house bullshit—”

“Enough already!” I nearly shouted.

He came at me, and for a second I thought he would hit me. Instead, he kissed me and took me back to the bed. His tenderness mirrored our earlier intimacy. He held himself above me as his hips moved in a slow and tantalizing rhythm.

At his deepest, on each successive thrust, he said:

“Mikey...”

“was...”

“wrong...”

“you’re...”

“much...”

“better...”

“than...”

“a...”

“good...”

“lay...”

“I’m...”

“not...”

“gonna...”

“forget...”

“you...”

“Liz— ”

Mikey had been right about one thing though, I *am* a fast cummer. “Oh God, I’m cummmmmmming, I’m cummmminnnnnngggggg!” I screamed.

After, as we lay together, I said, “Yes, I’ll remember you too, Antoine dear. I’ll be so damn sore for a week after this. My husband will try to make it up to me somehow for his poker absences. I’ll go home after this vacation, and think of you, wondering how long it will take for you to forget the horny old lady you had the orgy with in Vegas. For a while I’ll be a great story to your friends. I’ll be lonely, and I’ll be a drunk, but at least I had this.”

“You expect me to respond to that?”

“I don’t expect anything from you.”

“You do expect to keep drowning your sorrows like an olive in a martini, I guess.”

“What else is there?”

“Leave hubby. Find someone who’ll appreciate you...not the inebriated you, but the intelligent, sexy, fun-loving you.”

“You volunteering?”

He smiled, “Hell no. You jus’ a ho I done playin’ wid, if yo’ ax me.”

“Cut the shit. You ain’t Mikey.”

“That’s right, and I’ve got better recuperative skills than he has. Let me show you.”

He entered me and we fucked again; every position, every angle. I’d *definitely* be sore by tomorrow. I rode him to climax, though the word “impale” still came to mind as I did so, squealing my cumming cry.

I left with his cell number.

He made a promise that if I could get away anytime soon, he’d show me a real vacation. He spoke of islands and cruises and far away places; bullshitting the gullible old broad who’d fallen for the big lug, but why not dream?

It kept me sober for a while, at least.

The End

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