

♣♦♠♥ *Lady Luck* ♥♠♦♣

*Fiction By
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Las Vegas was a great place to be, but not if you're a forty-something, married woman far from home, attending a business conference that was determined to go to all hours. Not much time left for fun, and what was fun anyway—getting hit on by slobbering men in cheap suits whenever I ventured out? At least I was staying at one of the finer hotels on the strip. By my third night in Vegas I eschewed the casino glitz for a more relaxed evening using the hotel's facilities.

I worked up a sweat in the gym, went back to my room for an indulged room-service meal (with champagne!) after a long, hot shower. Endorphins kicked up by my exercise were tickled by the bubbly as I put on my bikini and prepared to try out the hotel's Jacuzzi spa. I checked myself out in the mirror and had mixed reaction to what I saw. Though a two-piece, the suit was hardly skimpy or daring, and I certainly wasn't 'skimpy' in it. A few more pounds than I was happy with adorned my body so the bikini didn't quite fit like it used to. *Fuck it*, I thought; *who would I impress anyway?* No pick-ups for me, that was for sure.

Wearing a wrap and sandals, I headed down to the hot tub. Two women were already in there, so I asked if it was okay to join them. They said yes, so I stepped into the roiling water and sat opposite them.

"What brings you here," I asked.

One of them gave me a funny look, saying, "Why does *anyone* come to Vegas?" The other one laughed.

I smiled. "Okay, okay, but unfortunately I'm here for a conference that's boring me to tears."

The first woman introduced herself as Liz, the other was Kathryn. "Call me Kat," she said with a smile.

They told me they were here on vacation together, but didn't elaborate on their relationship and I wasn't going to pry. They probed for more info on me, so I gave it to them: that I was married, my age, and where I lived. I knew how comfortable I was in these small-talk situations, though I sensed they were a little reluctant to talk about themselves with a stranger. It didn't matter to me. Liz seemed more reticent than her friend, though I sensed she might be the stronger personality of the two. She had straight brown hair with blond highlights, not quite shoulder length. Kat had blond hair that was longer (now tied back for the Jacuzzi) though her overall coloring suggested it wasn't her natural tint. Like I said, my bikini was hardly skimpy but their suits were slightly more conservative than mine. I was still trying to figure them out, especially because of the way Kat was looking at me and the way Liz reacted to her looking.

"For someone who's here for work, you've got a bit of color to you," Kat said, her eyes obviously trying hard not to stray from making eye contact. "You've been able to get some sun?"

"Not here," I replied. "My husband gave me a gift certificate to a tanning salon and I've been a few times. I'll never be a tanning junkie, not with this light skin. I mean, with all the scare about skin cancer I usually buy sunblock by the gallon."

"You have nice skin," Kat said. And there was another of those 'looks' from Liz. Kat seemed to ignore the look and said, "We're planning to hit the hotel lounge later for a few drinks. Why don't you join us?"

I thought *hell, no harm in a drink or two*. I could still function well enough at the meeting in the morning. "Sure...when?"

Liz picked a time, and the three of us got out of the spa. I couldn't help notice Kat still ogling me. This will be interesting, especially if they were a couple as everything seemed to indicate. I'd have to be

careful not to lead Kat on. Back in my room, I showered and dressed. My version of the 'little black dress' happened to be an emerald green number I still looked fairly good in. I wasn't planning to wear it here but like the Girl Scout I used to be I'd packed it anyway.

We took a small table in one corner of the lounge. It looked to be a sparse crowd, but probably normal for a weekday, even in Vegas; a margarita for me, fruity martinis for Liz and Kat. We chit-chatted a bit and got to second drinks. By the time we got to round three, Kat was touching my leg under the table and the conversation grew more personal. I couldn't believe how her touch and her look were arousing me. *I'm straight*, I said to myself almost as a mantra. Yet here I was, my panties wet from the stealthy touch of a *woman*.

Suddenly Kat stood and said she had to go "freshen up."

After she hurried red-faced from the table and went to the ladies' room, Liz leaned closer and said, "I'm sorry. Please forgive Kat. Her libido can be bigger than Mt. Everest sometimes, and you've had an effect on her, which should be quite obvious."

"No no, no need to apologize. Maybe if I said or did something to... ah...encourage her, I should be the one apologizing."

"You can't help being you," she said, and I detected a hint of melancholy as she said it. I was about to respond, but she added wistfully, "You're very beautiful, you know."

I was sure I was blushing. "Thank you. I...I...actually, I'm enjoying the attention of you two pretty ladies. I just don't want to cause any problems in your relationship, that's all."

It was her turn to blush. "Our relationship is strong. We find ways to take care of all our idiosyncrasies, our...ahem...special needs. Don't worry about us."

"Okay," I answered and was about to say more when it became Liz's

turn to place her hand gently at my thigh under the table. I could blame the liquor, but it wasn't to blame for my sudden gush of wetness. Yes, my panties were completely soaked and I was afraid of what I was thinking. Damn, I knew what *THEY* were thinking, but me? My mantra—*I'm straight after all*—was fading away in my brain as Kat returned from the ladies' room. I wasn't a mind reader yet anyone could tell by looking at her—the all-over flush—that she had masturbated in there.

Liz sure knew. "You better now?" She asked.

"For a little while," Kat answered. "But you know *me*."

Was I supposed to think she had a bladder control problem? Fat chance. Besides, Kat was playing footsy with me under the table. "I think I better call it a night. Gotta be fresh for my conference in the morning," I said as I stood.

"Too bad," Kat said. "We were going to get a bottle or two of champagne and go to our room, and we were hoping you'd join us." She told me their room number; one floor up from mine.

"I...I think it's best I get to bed," I said, picking up my purse.

Kat proclaimed, "Well, that's where we're going." She got up from her chair and came closer to me. She held my arm as her lips moved toward my ear, whispering, "Please join us, you'll never regret it."

Her hand moved lightly from my arm to along the curve of my waist then down to my hip. I thought she was going to kiss me, that's how intimate the moment seemed. I glanced at Liz expecting jealousy, but instead I saw the same yearning from her.

"I've got to go," I said hurriedly and scampered away before either could say another word.

Back in my room I looked at myself in the mirror, thinking of how wet

my pussy was and how the need to masturbate was overpowering. *Why diddle myself*, I thought, *when two lovely ladies wanted to do it for me?* My reflection was a woman more flush than Kat had been. Balanced on the decision precipice, my subconscious took over. Without thinking about it, I slid my dress off and then my bra and panties. I pulled the dress back on sans undergarments, and barefoot (!) went out the door and to the elevator. I hesitated for only a second before knocking. Liz opened the door in bra and thong, quickly ushering me in. Her smile was golden. Kat was reclining naked on the king bed, sipping from a champagne flute; her smile even more radiant and expectant than Liz's.

"I'm...we're...so glad you changed your mind," Kat exclaimed.

"Let me pour you some champagne," Liz said, noticing my nipples poking at my dress. She made a slight moan but otherwise didn't say anything else as she got me a flute.

In the meantime, Kat jumped from the bed, ran to me and after "I've wanted to do this all night," put her lips on mine, her tongue soon following.

It was a long time before my mouth was free to take a sip of the bubbly. I had to catch my breath first before I could drink the champagne. Kat steered me to the bed as I appraised her body; on the way I gulped down my drink. Unlike me, she wasn't completely shaved; a small, neatly trimmed tuft of darker hair adorned her pubic mound. I wondered how she would respond to my baby-bottom mons. Liz followed us to the bed as Kat laid me down and went down on my ready-to-explode cunt. I lay back and reveled in the feeling. At first, Kat licked my bald pubis and moaned softly, before circling around my outer labia with her tongue. Where I had expected an immediate assault on my clit, she instead was drawing ever smaller circles with the tip of her tongue, teasingly getting closer, closer—

I had one stranger slowly zeroing in on my womanhood and another sitting beside me on the bed and gazing into my eyes like a long lost

love, yet here I was, tipsy from too much alcohol and for the first time in my life having sexual congress with a member of my sex. Two members of my sex, that is, since Liz slipped out of her nightgown and leaned down to kiss me. She was slightly more petite than her lover. Her pubic hair was nothing more than the proverbial narrow landing strip of dark fuzz, and in the second before our lips met I saw glistening moisture at her labia.

It was double penetration of the female persuasion; as Liz slipped her tongue into my mouth, Kat slid her tongue into the folds of my wet pussy. While we kissed, Liz caressed my breasts to the point my nipples ached, even before she pinched them.

Kat hiccupped in surprise as my clitty did its usual tricks.

My husband always marveled at my clitoris. He told me often how when he first touched it my clit would spring up like a proud little dick before suddenly retracting like an animal hiding in its lair waiting to pounce, only to emerge slowly, all engorged as I grew closer to climax. My little bud must have been putting on its show, if I was interpreting Kat's murmurings correctly. With Kat concentrating on my clit like she was, I knew it was coming and I knew it'd be big. Orgasms for me were like big coil springs deep in my belly, compressing and compressing until taut, then going '*kaboning*' as all the tension was released in one singular, glorious moment. That moment was here.

"Ohhhhhhhh Godddddd, Ahhhhhhhhhh," I screeched, as my pelvis shook, my back arched and my toes curled. The 'springs' had released.

Kat went nuts at my climax, but I heard her more than saw her since Liz was smothering me with her tits as I convulsed. Liz then slowly moved her lips down past my breasts, (kissing a nipple on the way) by my navel to my pubic mound. That sensation, coupled with what Kat's tongue was still doing brought another wave of orgasmic spasms, and I screamed again.

Several seconds later, after I'd come down a bit from my climactic high, I realized that no one was touching me so I looked down to see Liz and Kat in a lip-locked embrace. I curled up in a satisfied fetal position and watched the two lovers make love. I was actually happy to have been the appetizer spicing up their sex rather than the main course. I was the interloper after all. They were a tangled blur of wet, female flesh, writhing as one across the hotel's king bed.

I took my small corner and watched in amazement. Two women making love: as with my heterosexual experiences, feeding each other's needs while still taking what was offered; first frenzied, then on to pacific tenderness. They came together in glorious harmony.

Liz looked at me and mouthed a silent, "Thank you."

Kat was more vocal. "Oh God! That was sensational! Come here, you," she said, motioning me to join them.

I did. We hugged, kissed and fondled with less urgency than before. Soon we were off the bed and drinking more of the champagne. Both of them were still aglow from their orgasms, and I assumed I was as well. I certainly felt like that. We were simply three naked women, sweaty from lovemaking, tentative in our conversation—after all, I was basically a stranger and I imagined a potential complication to their relationship.

Hands urged me toward the shower. I wasn't drunk, though I surely wasn't sober either. Once under the hot spray I believed the person who got in behind me was Kat, until Liz whispered sweet nothings in my ear. She began cleansing me in the most intimate way. As was her obvious intention, I was soon panting and gasping for lost breath. Her tongue explored my mouth as her fingers explored elsewhere.

She muttered, "Mmmmmmm," as her fingers brought forth flowing juices.

I whimpered, “Aaah...aaah...aaah...aaah—” as those aroused springs coiled and tightened deep within me.

Our lips and breasts ground together; our bodies linked as one under the shower spray. My fingers lowered and found their mark. When I tweaked her clit her pussy exploded in moisture and she moaned approvingly. Each of us fingered the other as we continued to grind our wet bodies together in feverish rhythm.

I came first with a sputtering scream. Liz followed shortly with a high-pitched wail. Then we heard Kat climax rather loudly, as she must have been playing the voyeur and masturbating on the other side of the shower curtain.

Once out of the shower, dry and exhausted, I saw the time and said I had to go get some sleep or I’d never make the conference let alone stay awake. Liz kissed me and helped me slide my dress back on. Kat begged for more.

“You are so hot and sexy, I can’t believe you’ve never done this before,” she sighed as she sat naked on the bed and watched me dress. “God, those tits and that shaved puss of yours...we’ve got to do it again...we have to.” To Liz she asked, “Please Elizabeth, ask her, make her, please—”

I saw that Liz was torn, perhaps some jealousy was there. Yet she nodded and looked at me, the pleading in her eyes. “Tonight? We’ll have dinner after your meeting...our treat. Maybe the casinos, and then—”

I never thought this day would ever happen, but the thought—the anticipation—of more sex like this was too much of a draw. I agreed to meet them again.

I actually fell asleep twice during the day’s sessions. My mind barely registered what was being discussed, thinking only of warm flesh, wet pussies and splendid orgasms. Kat, Liz and I met and went to dinner.

Our meal was more flirting and teasing than repast. It was plain to me how aroused Kat was from the moment we got together. I wondered if she could contain that arousal without masturbating as she'd clearly done last evening. I hoped she'd hold on, knowing how explosive that first climax would be if she managed.

We visited one of the larger casinos on the strip. Three women overdressed somewhat in our cocktail dresses; furtively touching each other in subtle ways as we sipped drinks, tried the slots and watched some of the card games. Maybe Kat wasn't the only one who'd explode.

Their hotel room (bed!) was bigger than mine so along with another bottle of cheap champagne we got to it. There was little foreplay this time, as we practically tore our clothes off and began the sweet threesome. My tongue was savoring Kat's sweet nectar as it circled around her clit, while Liz was devouring mine. A finger slipped into my ass but I couldn't tell whose. I really didn't know who cried out first but soon we were all singing variations of the same splendid tune. As in a game of musical chairs, different tongues flitted and probed different cunts, though the outcome was magnificently the same.

Spent, we sat around the bed, sipped champagne and chatted about ourselves—our hopes, our dreams, our regrets. The conversation came around to me and *THIS*.

"This really was your first time, yes?" Kat said. "I guess I can't get over that. I feel so lucky."

I said, "Well, this is the city to be lucky in, isn't it? 'What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas', as the saying goes."

Liz had been quieter than her partner, but then said, "Will it? Stay in Vegas, I mean?"

I caught her drift. "I don't really know. You two have sent me places I haven't been to before." I wiped my hand across the moisture on my

inner thigh and held it up. “Jesus, I’m still wet...wetter than I’ve been in ages.” *And it’s not my husband’s cum*, I thought, yet kept that to myself.

Kat’s hand was soon where mine had been seconds before, searching for the moisture. She was ogling my pussy as she uttered a soft moan. I gently stopped her.

“Kat, I think I better go and let someone else take care of that raging libido of yours,” I said, smiling as she smiled back.

They took turns kissing me and thanking me for joining them in ecstasy. I was glad I could oblige. As I got dressed I pondered whether this was but one small chapter in my life never to be experienced again, or would it be the beginning of a new chapter—a bisexual one. Do I blame it on Vegas, or simply fate? As I left the room, never to see them again, they began to make love. *Kat was insatiable*, I thought, *and Liz was lucky for it*. Just before I closed the door, Kat blew me a kiss before going down on her lover.

The conference ended okay, and my flight home uneventful. I thought of how the Las Vegas nightlife turned out to be different than I expected. *Much* different!

My husband asked me what I did at night. “Oh, nothing. Met some girls there and we had fun,” was all I said.

Later that night, in bed, he asked, “What do girls do for fun in Vegas, anyway?”

“You’d be surprised,” I answered, as I climbed onto him and fucked him good. I thought, *now he’s REALLY going to wonder what I did*. I may have had a cock deep within me when I came, but it was a pair of sweet tongues I was fantasizing about as I screamed and convulsed.

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