**More Room Service**

**by [ladyellen](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1154007&page=submissions)©**

Before the week was out, Jane had done two more jobs for Charlie. The first one was in total contrast to the one she did with George. Charlie called her during her morning round. "Hi, Jane, Room 216, room service, £50. ASAP."  
  
She confirmed it and quickly finished off the room she was doing. She used the bathroom to wash up and tidy her hair and make up.  
  
At 216, she lifted the small tray of cleaning things off the trolley and knocked on the door.   
  
The door opened to reveal a youngish guy. "You Jane?" he asked, looking her up and down.  
  
She nodded, and he glanced nervously up and down the corridor before ushering her inside.   
  
"You are the one Charlie sent?"  
  
She nodded. "Is there a problem?"  
  
He shook his head. "No, not really. It's just that you're not like what I expected. You're very attractive."  
  
Jane smiled. "Thank you." She looked at him waiting for his move. Charlie had told her not to start until she was paid, and then there was no misunderstanding.  
  
They looked at each other for a moment, and then he realised what she was waiting for. He felt in his pocket and brought out some notes. "Sorry, you want this don't you?" he said handing her the notes. She checked them and placed them in her purse.  
  
"Shall I get started," she asked. He nodded nervously, and went and sat on the bed. Jane unbuttoned her uniform and removed it, placing it over a chair. She looked over at him; his eyes were glued to her body. She reached behind and unclasped her bra and slipped out of it. She heard a gasp of breath.  
  
Her hands moved to the waistband of her panties. "No, leave them for now, please," he said in a slightly breathless voice. She moved her hands away from her panties and took a duster and spray can out of her tray and began cleaning. He just sat on the bed watching her.   
  
It felt slightly unnerving cleaning in just her panties and stockings with the guy sitting on the bed watching her every move.  
  
"You've got lovely tits," he suddenly said. "Are they real?"  
  
Jane smiled. "Yes, they're all mine."  
  
She had tidied the room and polished the furniture before he spoke again.  
  
"Do you do this a lot?" he asked.  
  
"What, clean rooms?" she asked with some slight sarcasm.  
  
"No, I mean strip off for guys."  
  
She smiled. "No, not often," she replied truthfully.  
  
He nodded. "Will you take them off now?" he said, pointing to her panties.  
  
She turned to face him and quickly eased the panties down her legs. She smiled to herself when his face turned a slight shade of red.  
  
"Can I straighten the bed now?" she asked. He got off and stood watching her as she remade the bed. She teased him by leaning over in front of him knowing that she was openly displaying her pussy from the rear. When she turned around, she could not help but notice the large protuberance that was tenting his pants.   
  
"Just the bathroom to finish, then I'm done," she said. "I'll leave the door open."   
  
She did the bathroom quickly and replaced the towels.   
  
When she returned to the bedroom, he was sitting in the center of the bed again, and to her surprise and horror, he was holding his erect cock in his hand. She saw it was big and hard.   
  
She looked over at her uniform laying over the chair. Her bleeper was still in her pocket. She knew she could probably get to it before he got to her.  
  
"I'm about done. Will there be anything else?" she asked.  
  
He looked at her. "Would you do something for me?"   
  
She moved a little closer to her uniform. "If I can, but you only paid for a room service."  
  
He nodded. "Yes, I know, but if I give you this," he held out a couple of twenties, "will you touch yourself? I want to make myself cum."   
  
She now began to feel sorry for him, but you can't disappoint a customer. She leaned over and took the notes from his hand, then began lightly touching her nipples and running her hand slowly over her pussy. He watched her intently, then began urgently pulling on his cock. She slid a finger between her pussy lips and his breath started coming in grunts. His face was red and he was sweating profusely, and then it happened; with a sharp cry, he came. The white creamy fluid oozed from his cock, splashing on his legs and over the bed covers. He jumped off the bed and ran into the bathroom, slamming the door.   
  
Jane slipped back into her clothes and picked up her tray and left, £70 the richer, plus £4.50 for an hour's work, less tax of course.  
  
It was Friday before Charlie called her again. "Got a job tonight if you can do it. I'm a bit stuck with this one. Not sure if it's really your scene, but everyone else is tied up.   
  
Guy's entertaining some business colleagues and needs a hostess. He might want more than you're willing to give. I explained that to him; he seemed okay about it."  
  
"I'm not doing anything tonight. What's it worth?" Jane asked.  
  
"I quoted him £250, but that was for being a hostess. You would have to negotiate any extras."  
  
Jane gasped. "£250! I could almost pay off my mortgage with that."  
  
"Then you'll do it?"  
  
"I'll give it a try, Charlie. I can't say more,"  
  
Charlie thanked her. "Dress up in something pretty; it's a party. Be in suite 504 at 8 pm. The name's Colin."   
  
For the rest of the morning, she thought about the job and what it might entail. Charlie's comment about the guy wanting more than she was willing to give made her wonder. Did he mean that the guy might actually want to fuck her this time? Well, could that be all that bad? She had been fucked for a lot less. She remembered with some amusement one guy who had got her into bed for two vodkas and an Indian take away.  
  
Then there was the thing about what she should wear. She had not had the opportunity to wear her best clothes for some time. There was that little black number she had bought for the last office party that had gone down well. Would it look alright? It had not been out of her wardrobe for six months.   
  
She got away from the Bellmore at two and was home by three. The first thing she did was to check out the dress. It smelt a bit musty so she quickly packed it in a bag and hurried to the One Hour cleaners. She spent the hour shopping in the supermarket getting a few bits and pieces. When she called back for the dress, it looked and smelled a lot better.  
  
Back home, she soaked in a hot bath for half an hour before setting her hair. She made herself a light tea. Charlie had said it was a party so there would be food there. She sat and watched some telly before getting ready. She had selected her undies with care: a black lace matching set with a garter belt. She checked herself in the mirror. She looked good, especially with the dark stockings and suspenders. Luckily, the dress still fit her, and she was very happy with the way she looked. She had decided on a taxi back to the Bellmore, and had rung Charlie to send her one. He got special rates.  
  
At 7.55 she walked into the front door of the Bellmore. Charlie was standing by the front desk. He smiled and nodded as he walked over to greet her. "You look very nice tonight, Jane," he said. "I'm sure my client will be very satisfied." He walked over with her to the lift and pressed the button. "You know where I am if you need me," he said as she stepped into the lift. She smiled and nodded.   
  
Suite 504 was one of the medium sized ones: lounge, bedroom, and on suite bathroom. The guy who opened the door to her looked around the fifty mark, not quite as old as George. He was smartly dressed in a shirt and tie.   
  
"I'm Colin," he said. "I guess you're the girl Charlie sent. Jane, isn't it?"  
  
She nodded.  
  
"Do come in." He led the way into the lounge. Jane was pleased to see a range of snacks laid out on the table. He turned to her. "May I say you do look very nice; just what I was looking for. I had been a little worried about what you would look like, but you will fill the part nicely." He smiled. "Can I get you a drink? Then we must talk. My other guests will be arriving in about half an hour."  
  
Jane settled for a Martini with lemon and ice. Colin had her sit down and explained what he wanted. "I've got a deal over some property with these guys who are coming. I hope to finalize things tonight. I thought drinks, nice private atmosphere, and an attractive lady might swing things my way. I did discover that one of them is a bit of a womanizer, and I thought maybe you might help in that direction, but Charlie did explain that you don't usually, how can I put it, go that far."  
  
Jane smiled at his awkwardness. She shook her head slowly. "I don't really know how far is far, Colin, if you know what I mean. As I explained to Charlie, I will help out all I can."   
  
He smiled and patted her knee fatherly. "That's all I can ask of you. By the way, before they arrive, there is a little matter to settle." He reached into a leather briefcase and withdrew a white envelope. "This is for you," he said. Jane opened it and checked the contents. There seemed to be a lot of notes.  
  
Colin smiled. "I've made it up to £400. I thought it might help. If I pull the deal off, it will be well worth it to me."  
  
She couldn't believe it; £400. How was she going to turn the guy down now, whatever he wanted from her?   
  
They sat and chatted about general things including both her jobs at the Bellmore. He smiled when she told him about her experiences with her last client, the spurt and run guy.   
  
Then the phone rang from reception to say his guests were on there way up. Jane helped him unwrap the snacks, and they had just completed the job when the door bell went.  
  
Colin answered the door and brought the two guys into the lounge. They looked a bit like father and son, both dressed in dark pinstriped suits, both carrying identical briefcases. The only difference was one was in his late twenties, the other in his mid to late forties Colin introduced her as his assistant as they had arranged, and the older, Andrew, shook hands politely while the younger one, Mark, held on to her hand, his eyes seemingly stripping the clothes from her body. It wasn't hard to guess who the womanizer was.   
  
They got down to business straight away, and soon papers were strewn around the table. Jane did a good job of keeping their drinks topped up. Andrew and Colin seemed to be doing most of the talking with Mark chipping in occasionally. He seemed more interested in chatting with Jane.  
  
The time dragged on. They had been at it for about two hours. All the food had been consumed and the empties were stacking up. They were close to a deal, but there seemed to be a sticking point over one issue. Mark pushed his glass over for Jane to fill. He had consumed a lot, but he still seemed to be alert.  
  
"I'll tell you what," he suddenly said. "Tell your pretty little assistant Jane to slip out of her dress, and we will agree on the price."  
  
Colin looked at her and she knew it was time to start earning her money. She stood up, unzipped the side of her dress, and scooping up the skirt, she quickly pulled the dress up over her head.  
  
Mark looked at her and nodded. "Wonderful," he said slowly, "bloody wonderful."  
  
She felt a little self conscious standing there in front of the three men in her brief undies. Mark was ogling her, enjoying the sight of her firm breasts straining against the skimpy bra. Through the thin lace he could clearly see the dark shapes of her areolas, and through her panties, the exciting protrusion of her pussy mound.  
  
"Now that's a lot better," he said. Then he held out his hand and gripping Jane's, pulled her towards him. She didn't resist as he pulled her down into his lap. She instantly felt the hardness of an erection pressing against her bottom.   
  
While Andrew and Colin carried on with the paper work, Mark began to idly caress one of Jane's breasts. He could feel the hardness of her nipple through the thin lace of her bra. "Can we go somewhere more private?" he whispered in her ear. She realised that this was the point where she had to decide just how far she would go.   
  
Mark was a little brusque, but he was attractive enough. Then there was the issue of £400, a big encouragement. With the rest of the money she had earned that week, she could almost pay off her mortgage debt in full.   
  
She leaned close and smiled. "I'm sure Colin won't mind us using his bedroom."  
  
He eased Jane off his knee and stood up, struggling to adjust the bulge in his pants. "I'm sure you two can now sort out the finer details," he said to Andrew. "I've got some more urgent business to attend to." With that, he took Jane's hand and led her towards the bedroom.  
  
Even with the thought of the reward in her mind, Jane was still a little nervous. This was the first time she was actually being paid to have sex. Did this action officially make her into a prostitute, she wondered, or maybe a call girl? She looked at Mark quickly struggling out of his clothes. He was an attractive sort of guy, not one she would have probably gone for if she had the choice, but he was revealing a nice body and she had seen and felt the interesting bulge between his legs. He was now down to his candy stripped boxers and socks, his boxers tenting grotesquely with the size of his erection. He quickly pulled them down and his nine inches of engorged purple flesh, thick with protruding veins, sprang to attention, its large circumcised head already glistening with pre-cum.  
  
Jane gasped at the size of it as Mark slowly ran his hand along its length. "How's this for a pecker," he asked with a big grin on his face.  
  
Jane ran her tongue over her suddenly dry lips and nodded. It really was an impressive sight.   
  
She had seen some cocks in her time, but this one was something different. She couldn't begin to imagine what it would feel like inside her.   
  
Could she actually take such a monster without injuring herself?  
  
Mark let her look. He was proud of his manhood; it was his pride and joy. He always enjoyed the envious glances he got from the other guys in the gym, and the endless women in his life drooled over it. Sometimes like now, when they first saw it, they seemed uncertain, even a little scared, but with careful preparation, he had never had any trouble penetrating the tightest of pussies.  
  
"Right, my lovely Jane, you have seen what I have to offer. Now let's see what you are bringing to the party. Jane unclasped her bra, and his eyes lit up as her firm breasts at last became totally exposed, her stubby pink nipples already erect. She tossed the bra onto the dressing table and eased down her panties. She felt them cling for a moment to the wetness of her pussy before they dropped down her legs.   
  
She bent to unclip her suspenders, but he stopped her. "No, leave those," he said. "I find stockings and pussies terribly erotic."  
  
He pulled back the bed covers and slid between the clean white sheets. "Come and join me," he said, patting the bed by his side. "You have evidently cost Colin a lot of money tonight, young lady. He was rather clever bringing you along, but I intend to get his money's worth out of your lovely body."  
  
Jane walked over to the bed and eased herself in beside him. She felt the crisp clean sheets against her skin, and the heat of Mark's body by her side. Once she was in bed, he did not waste any time. His hands sought out her breasts, caressing the firm white mounds with an eagerness of a child with a new toy. He rubbed her erect nipples, bent and kissed them, drawing them into his mouth and sucking on them like a baby.  
  
Then his hands were down on her belly sliding over the sparse soft hair of her landing strip and trailing one finger down between the warm damp wetness of her outer lips. Jane willingly parted her legs to allow him access, and could not help emitting a groan as his exploring fingers entered her. "My, you are wet, my lovely, eager to feel my pride and joy inside you I guess."  
  
He took her hand and pressed it against his cock. It seemed almost hot to her touch. She wrapped her had around it, but her fingers did not meet. "You'll need both hands down there," he said with a broad grin.   
  
Mark was good in bed and he knew it. He had the strength of a horse, the resolve of a lion, and the patience of a panther stalking it's prey. He enjoyed the pleasure of foreplay almost as much as he loved the result. He got a kick out of bringing a woman from a quivering maiden to a wanton whore. He knew all the erogenous zones and how to play them. When they saw his cock for the first time, he knew it often scared them from just the sheer size of it, but he could guarantee before he was finished with them they would be pleading with him to stick it in them.  
  
Jane was no exception. She couldn't remember how long they had been in bed; it seemed ages, wonderful, exciting ages. Her pussy was gushing with her juices, her body slicked with perspiration, and still he continued to torment her. Her body ached from the many minor orgasms that had coursed through her body. Now she was pleading with him for relief, gripping him with both hands. She rubbed the head of his cock against her pussy lips, spreading them, but still he held back.  
  
"Soon, my darling, soon," he cooed into her ears. His fingers were now rotating her clit again, easing the engorged nub from it's shelter and squeezing it gently while his lips still caressed her breasts. She urgently thrust against him as she felt the onset of another orgasm, but again he stopped short.   
  
"You bastard!" she screamed. "For God's sake, fuck me if you are going to; stick it in me; I don't care if it hurts. I need it; I want to feel it." Mark smiled to himself. Yes, she was ready.  
  
He turned her on her back in the classic missionary position, and eased himself between her open legs. She gripped tightly onto the once crisp sheets now damp with juices and perspiration. She held her breath as she felt him at the portals. Then he was opening her up, spreading her wide. She parted her legs even wider. She could feel the walls of her love tunnel wrap tightly around the monster that was invading her. She gasped as inch by incredible inch he slid into her. She had feared he would tear her apart, but apart from a slight discomfort, he slid in easily, her abundance of juices lubricating his passage. Then the movement stopped. Was that it? Had she taken the monster? She smiled up at him and licked her lips.  
  
He smiled down. "How does that feel?"  
  
"Fucking incredible," she gasped.  
  
Gently and with great care he started a slow pumping motion. She gasped with every stroke. Slowly the motion became easier as she adjusted to his size. Soon she was even able to reciprocate to his actions. Again, his staying power was awesome as orgasm after orgasm left her gasping for breath, but still the slow, easy penetrating motion took her to highs she had never been to before.  
  
Then at last it happened. She felt him draw in his breath. She contracted her vaginal muscles, gripping him tightly, and waited. She screamed as she felt him cum. It felt like a geyser erupting. There was little space in her pussy and the juices oozed out running down her thighs and soaking into the sheets. They lay gasping together; she could feel him still deep inside her, still hard, still erect.  
  
When they came around, he took her again, this time in a more relaxed fashion. Jane felt more at ease, and his lovemaking was almost tender.   
  
Afterwards, they made use of Colin's jacuzzi, the warm, bubbling water helping to sooth the tenderness she was feeling in her pussy. As she relaxed in the warm scented water, Mark moved in closer and began to caress her again. Didn't this guy ever get enough, she thought to herself as his hands manipulated her breasts making her once more groan with pleasure.  
  
He took her for the final time in the jacuzzi. He had her positioned bending over, gripping onto the gold taps. He entered her easily from the rear. Her pussy was relaxed and wet and soapy. As he worked himself in and out of her pussy, he was able to reach around and cup the hanging globes of her breasts in his hands. They had taken on a new texture with the warm soap scented water, and his hands slipped around them. He managed to cum again, but he was almost spent by now, and they fell back down into the water, their arms wrapped around each other.

At last Jane climbed out. She desperately needed a pee, and she used the toilet in the bathroom, not feeling at all self conscious now about relieving herself while Mark watched. Then she sat astride the bidet and allowed the fine warm spray to somewhat ease the tenderness she was feeling in her pussy.  
  
As Mark lay in the water watching her dry herself with the big, fluffy white towel, he commented how excitingly beautiful she was naked. She smiled and thanked him. "We ought to meet up again sometime." She smiled and though she had thoroughly enjoyed her session with Mark, she was not into relationships at the moment. She needed to earn some cash, and she didn't want anything to interfere with that.  
  
She smiled. "We will have to see."   
  
Mark got out and she wrapped a towel around him. She smiled as she looked down at his once proud member. It had shrunk to a third of its original size. He saw her looking and smiled. "He's put some hard work in tonight; he's only resting."   
  
Jane laughed and made her way to the bedroom while Mark dried himself.  
  
She was still sitting in front of the dressing table naked, sorting out her hair and make up when he came through. "I guess we ought to put in an appearance," he said as he started pulling on his clothes.  
  
Jane nodded and reached for her discarded panties, but he plucked them out of her fingers, "Please don't dress. I want you to stay as you are, and if I can't see you again, then let me spend my last moments with you looking at your wonderful naked body."   
  
Jane looked at the door. "But there's Colin, and Andrew. Should I go out like this?"  
  
Mark smiled. "I'm sure neither of them will mind in the least."  
  
He took her hand and moved towards the bedroom door. In the lounge, Colin and Andrew were seated in front of the TV watching some late night show. Well, at least Colin was. Andrew was fast asleep. Colin eyes widened when he saw Jane was naked, and he felt a slight pang of jealousy knowing what she and Mark had been doing for the last two hours.  
  
"Is everything signed, sealed, and delivered?" Mark inquired.  
  
Colin nodded his head. "Yes, everything. He has my cheque, and I have the final papers.  
  
"Well, reluctantly, I guess we had better leave," he said appraising Jane's naked body one more time. "Andrew's married and his little wife will be wondering where her husband is this late. She's not keen when he's out with me. She thinks I might lead him astray, as if I would," he said with a grin.  
  
He indicated for Jane to come and stand in front of Andrew's chair, and then he gently roused him from his sleep. He woke slowly not sure where he was for the moment; then he saw the totally naked form of Jane standing before him. He sat bolt upright in his chair, and Mark burst out laughing. "This is the sort of figure you should be dealing with. He playfully caressed one of Jane's breasts. "Not those stuffy ones on paper." He laughed again. "Come on, old man, let's get you home to the little lady, unless of course you would like to spend the night with this little lady,"  
  
Andrew harrumphed, and picked up his coat and slipped it on. He shook hands with Colin, looked again a little longingly at Jane's nakedness, then said good night. Mark shook hands with Colin. "Very interesting night," he said. "Loved doing business with you." He leaned over, kissed Jane, thanked her, and with a last light caress of her breasts, followed Andrew out of the suite.  
  
Colin came back into the lounge. He looked at Jane. Her breasts he noticed were slightly marked. He guessed that they had had some rough handling, and there was a slight reddening between her thighs. She had been well used, but he still felt an interesting twinge. He wasn't usually into second helpings, but this girl was different: stunningly attractive and nakedly available.  
  
"Well, what now?" he said. "I have to first thank you for your help. Everything went very well. With Mark out of the way, things were easy, and we soon got things settled."   
  
Jane looked at the clock on the wall: nearly two thirty. "I've got to be back here on duty in five and a half hours," she said.  
  
"You can always stay the night," he said hopefully.  
  
Jane smiled. She knew what that probably meant.   
  
Could she possibly take any more? But then Colin had been extremely generous to her, and she had seen the hungry look in his eyes as he looked at her exposed body."  
  
"Guess that might be for the best. I've got spare work clothes in my locker I can change into."  
  
Colin smiled. "That's okay then." He looked around the room with discarded papers and dirty glasses and plates. "Let's leave this lot for room service." Jane scowled at him. In the bedroom, she found clean sheets for the bed and made it while Colin undressed and used the bathroom. When he slid in bed beside her, he took her in his arms, enjoying the feel of her naked body pressed up against his.   
  
They did have sex once before they fell asleep together, not the rough urgent sex she had experienced with Mark, but the more genteel sex of a mature man. She was still a little tender down there, but he was not anywhere like the size of Mark so she accommodated him with some ease.  
  
Before sleep finally overcame her, she knew that tonight her limits had been well and truly tested. Charlie would be pleased to know that now there probably were no limits.