**Room Service Ch. 01**

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Jane had been on job probation at the Bellmore for a month when Ann, her supervisor, called her into her office at the end of her shift. She smiled as Jane entered and took up the offer of a seat.

"Well, how have things been going for you?" Ann asked.

Jane nodded. "Very well, thank you. I quite enjoy the work."

Again Ann smiled. "We are very pleased with what we have seen of your work. You are a good worker, smart and attractive, and that's what the guests like to see. You seem to get on well with everybody."

Jane blushed slightly, but she was pleased to hear this as she really needed to get this job. She had run up a lot of debt in the months since she had lost her last job when the company she was working for suddenly closed down. And although the job as chamber maid at the Bellmore was not as well paid as she would have liked, it was better than drawing unemployment pay.

Ann slid a paper across her desk. "This is your new contract of employment for you to sign and I want to welcome you to the Bellmore. It also means a slight raise in your pay package, so I guess that will come as good news to you."

Jane nodded and put her name on the contract where Ann had indicated. She felt elated at getting a permanent position at the Bellmore.

"Have you anything you want to ask me?" Ann inquired.

Jane thought for a moment. "Will there be further opportunities for me to apply for? It's not that I'm not happy with my job. I love it, but the pay is not the best."

Ann shrugged. "That's the hotel trade for you. It's not the best pay in the world, but I'm sure if we thought you suitable for another position, you would be considered."

Jane thanked her and was about to take her leave when Ann stopped her. "I know it's not any of my business, but do you have money problems?"

Jane nodded. "Yes, I'm afraid I took on rather a lot of credit while in my last job. I thought it was secure, so it was a shock when they closed down. Now I'm trying desperately to repay it, and being out of work for three months did not help things."

Ann smiled sympathetically. "Money problems are getting to be a problem for everyone. Look, I might be able to help, but it's up to you. I need to talk to someone first. Call into see me when you have finished tomorrow and we will talk about it."

Jane smiled. "That's great. I'm willing to do anything that's legal. I do really need the money." Jane was quite excited about Ann's offer even though she did not know at this stage what it entailed, but she was willing to do anything within reason to earn more cash.

Just after noon the following day she knocked on Ann's office door, and entered when she was called in. Ann was behind her desk and Charlie the hotel concierge was sitting in a chair beside her. She had met Charlie before. He was a nice guy with a quick smile and a welcoming word for everyone. Some of the other girls had told her that he could get anything a guest wanted: from a table at the best restaurant to a ticket for a sold out show.

When she was seated, Ann looked at her seriously. "You know you said to me yesterday that you would do anything legal to earn some more cash."

Jane nodded.

"Well, if I offered you £50, would you stand up and remove all your clothes?"

Jane looked at her, stunned for a moment. "Do you really mean that?"

Ann nodded. She placed two twenties and a ten pound note on her desk and slid them across towards Jane. "Just stand up, take all your clothes off, and they're yours."

Jane was suddenly feeling hot all over. Was this some kind of a joke, or was it a trial to see if she really meant what she had said that she was willing to do almost anything? Fifty pounds was a lot of money over a day's wages. All she had to do was stand up and undress. It wouldn't have been so bad with just Ann in the room, but there was Charlie sitting there quietly looking at her.

She ran her tongue over her dry lips and slowly got up from her seat. Her hands were trembling as she began to unfasten the buttons on her uniform. She tried not to look in Charlie's direction as she slipped out of her uniform and laid it over her chair. She was pleased she still had some decent undies as she paused for a moment before reaching behind and unclasping her bra. It fell away and she was immediately aware of her nipples hardening. She dropped the discarded bra on the chair, and then biting her lips, she began to ease her brief panties down over her hips. Once free they fell around her feet. She stooped and picked them up. Now she was naked. She did not know what to do with her hands; she wanted to cover herself to hide her pussy from Charlie's gaze, but she stood there, her arms by her side, her panties dangling from her fingers.

Ann looked at the attractive woman standing naked before her desk. She looked at Charlie and he nodded slowly.

"Turn around," Ann instructed her.

Jane slowly pivoted around. Her large firm breasts swayed slightly with the movement of her body.

"Well, what do you think?" Ann asked, addressing Charlie.

"I think she will do very nicely. You talk with her, and let me know." He got up from his chair, smiled at Jane, and with a last glance at her left the office.

Jane felt slightly relieved now that he had left. She looked at Ann who smiled at her. "Okay, you can put your clothes back on."

Thankfully, Jane slipped back into her clothes, feeling a little more at ease now that she was dressed again. Ann held out the notes for her. "Put these in your purse. You have earned them." Jane thanked her and slid the notes into her wallet.

"How did you feel being naked in front of Charlie?" Ann asked.

Jane shrugged. "It was strange and I did feel a little embarrassed."

Ann nodded. "Could you do it again in front of another stranger?" Jane looked around, expecting someone to come in. Ann smiled. "No, not now. I meant could you do it again if you were asked and of course if you were paid."

Jane thought for a moment then shrugged. "Yes, I guess so if I was being paid. It was an easy way to earn fifty quid."

Ann looked at her. "Well, if you are interested, there are plenty of opportunities for you to earn some extra cash here in the hotel, even when you are working."

Jane looked at her, a slightly bemused expression on her face. "How am I going to do that?" she asked.

Ann went on to tell her a few interesting facts about hotel life and the many different people they had to accommodate in one way or another.

She explained that Charlie in his job as concierge got many requests for many things other than theatre tickets and restaurant tables.

"Do you feel you could service a guest's room while he's still there without your clothes on?" She looked at Jane who just stared at her. "You might be surprised how many times Charlie gets asked for that service. And there are many other requests too numerous to mention."

Jane just sat there and shook her head. "I just wouldn't have believed it," she said.

Ann told her that if she agreed to work with Charlie, she would not be expected to do anything that was outside her comfort zone. The guests were told what to expect and where the limit was and it was up to her to set her own limit. Obviously, the further she was willing to go, the more she could earn, but she was the one who set the limits, not the hotel. And she needn't feel embarrassed if she had to refuse a job because there would always be someone else who would do it.

Jane looked at her in surprise. Ann smiled. "Yes, you might be surprised how many of the chambermaids here are in Charlie's little black book."

"Look, Jane, I'm going to leave it with you. You don't have to decide right away. Come back and see me in a couple of days and let me know what you want to do."

Jane thanked her and left the office. She felt her purse in her uniform pocket. Well, at least she was already fifty quid up.

She thought about Ann's offer all the way home. Did she want to cheapen herself in this way, pandering to the warped desires of the guests? There must be other ways, but it was when she finally arrived home that the decision was made for her. A letter lay on her mat. It was from her building society regarding the mortgage on her apartment. It was two months over due and the letter stated that if she didn't find the next month's payment, they intended to start legal action against her.

So she was in a corner with only one way out: to join Charlie's little band of chambermaids and that's what she told Ann the following morning when she returned to work. Charlie came to find her later on in the morning. She was cleaning a room when he came in and closed the door after placing a 'Do not disturb' ticket on the handle.

"I think we need to talk," he said.

She felt a little nervous being in the room with him alone, especially after yesterday when he had sat and watched her undress.

"I'm glad you decide to join us. You are a very attractive young woman and I know I can put lots of work your way, but I just want to assure you that you have nothing to worry about. If you have any problem, I will sort them." He pulled out a small bleeper from his pocket and handed it to Jane. "When you are on a job for me, switch this on. Any problems, just press it and I will be there within minutes."

He asked her for her mobile number saying that he would contact her when he had a job for her. "I will tell you what the job is and how much you will get paid. All the cash you are given is yours. I will have already been paid by the guest, but if you agree to any extra activities, then I will expect 10%. Okay?"

Jane nodded.

"I won't give you anything too frightening to start with," he said with a grin.

She smiled and wondered just what she had let herself in for.

Just one more thing," he said. "Always wear stockings or holdups. The guys always like those, and it's a good idea to keep some changes of undies in your locker. You might be surprised how many you lose."

For the rest of the day, Jane was dreading her mobile ringing, but thankfully it was silent. The following day Ann caught up with her and asked her if she would do an extra half shift in the afternoon. It was all cash in the bank so she quickly agreed.

She was cleaning a bathroom when she was startled by the mobile ringing. With some trepidation she pressed the green button.

"Hi, Jane." It was Charlie's breezy voice on the end of the line. "Room 410, 5pm. Ask for George. He wants you to take a shower. £50. Okay?"

"Okay, Charlie I've got that." The phone went dead.

Jane looked at her watch. It had just turned 4:30. She quickly finished the job in hand and made her way to the staff locker room. She tided her hair and applied fresh make up. She took a drink of water, twiddled her fingers, and watched the minutes tick by. At 4:55 she caught the lift up to the forth floor. Her legs were shaking as she tapped lightly on the door. It was opened by a pleasant looking guy in his late fifties.

"Are you George?" she asked nervously.

He nodded. "And I guess you are Jane. Please come in."

She slowly and with a pounding heart followed him into the room.

"Would you like a drink, my dear?" he said, holding up a bottle of wine.

Jane nodded. She would have preferred a double whisky at that point, but beggars can't be choosers.

He poured a large glass and handed it to her. "Cheers," he said, offering his glass. Jane nodded and took a big drink.

"Charlie tells me you are new here at the Bellmore. Do you like working here?"

Jane nodded and explained that she had only been there five weeks.

"Well, I'm glad you decide to work at the Bellmore. You are a very attractive young lady. He took out his wallet and sorted out three twenties. "Let's get this out of the way first," he said.

Jane looked at the notes. "Charlie said fifty. I'm sorry, I don't have change."

George smiled. "Don't worry about that. Call it my little welcoming present."

She was not sure what to do at this point, but George helped her out. "It's nothing too hard I want you to do, my dear. I would like you to undress for me and take a shower, that's all."

Jane smiled and nodded. She rather liked George.

He had a nice kind face. She actually felt at ease with him.

He smiled at her. "Finish your drink, my dear. There is no rush."

They sat and chatted over the drink. He told her he was a director of a company in the midlands. "Get down here for a meeting about once a month. I hate them. This is the only thing that makes it worth while. Charlie always looks after my little fantasies."

She finished her drink and stood up. She wasn't feeling too nervous now. Maybe it was the drink, or was it George who had put her at ease? George leaned back in his chair and watched her as she slowly unbuttoned her uniform. She eased it off and placed it on the bed. George looked at her standing there in her brief underwear and stockings. Yes, Charlie had been right. This new girl was a delightful sight, probably one of the prettiest he had ever had the pleasure to entertain.

Jane sat on the stool in front of the dressing table and rolled down her hold ups, shaking them out and laying them with her uniform. She saw George watching more closely as she reached around and unclasped her bra. She held it for a moment before letting it fall away and exposed her breasts to him.

George felt a distinct twitch in his pants when her breasts came into view: firm globes of flesh with large brown areolas and stubby prominent nipples. He would have loved to get his hands on them, but Charlie had told him this was her first time. "Don't scare her off. Just let me know how she goes, and you never know: maybe on your next visit."

She smiled at George. He was a bit like her dad and about the same age. She felt so at ease with him. Then she hooked her fingers in the waistband of her panties and eased them over her hips. She saw him run his tongue over his lips when her pussy was at last displayed, neatly trimmed with just a brief landing strip, leaving her slightly pouting lips totally exposed.

George liked to see a smooth pussy. Hers looked delightful; in fact she was altogether delightful. He smiled at her. "You are a very beautiful young woman," he said. He got up from his seat. "I'll go and run the shower for you."

Jane followed him through into the large bathroom and watched while he adjusted the temperature. Then he stood aside to let her get in. The water was just right and it splashed down over her body. George sat down on a stool and watched as she began to soap her body.

Jane was actually beginning to enjoy herself. It was really no hardship to display herself to this guy. He seemed so nice and friendly. She even began to tease him a little, rubbing her breasts suggestively in her hands and rubbing her fingers over her pussy. She saw the smile on his face.

At last he held up a towel for her and she stepped out. She allowed him to wrap it around her and smiled at him when his fingers lightly touched her breast. They went back through into the bedroom and he watched her pat herself dry. When she had finished, she stood there not sure what she should do next. George smiled at her. "Another drink before you go?"

She smiled and nodded. "Yes, that would be nice." She watched as he refilled her empty glass. Then she sat down on the dressing stool. He turned and handed her the glass. "I hope I have the pleasure of your company again, next time I'm in town," he said.

He sipped his drink slowly, looking at the naked young woman over the rim of his glass. She looked delightfully pink from the shower. Oh, how he would love to take those perfect breasts in his hands, feel the hardness of her nipples, and then explore between her thighs, opening up those enticing pussy lips to discover the delights inside. He shivered slightly at the thought.

Jane watched him. She felt so at ease with him. It wasn't a problem being naked with him. She had enjoyed the way he had looked at her body; she had enjoyed pleasing him. He was probably a lonely person taking his pleasures where and when he could. She felt she wanted to please him. She had this sudden urge. She dipped her finger in her wine glass, and parting her legs, ran her finger slowly down the cleft of her pussy. She groaned slightly and she saw George's eyes light up.

"Would you like to touch me?" she asked and a soft voice.

George placed his glass on the small table by his side and raised himself from his chair. Had his prayers been answered? This exciting young woman was asking him if he would like to touch her. He took a deep breath. Don't rush things, he thought to himself, don't spoil the moment.

He smiled and nodded slowly. "I would like nothing better, my dear, but are you sure you want me too?"

Jane nodded. "Please, George, yes, I think I would really like that."

George moved across the room and knelt down before her. Now close up to her, he could smell the wonderful womanly aroma of her newly bathed body mixed with the muskiness of her sexual arousal. She took his hands in her own. They were rough, manly hands calloused through hard work. She lifted them to her breasts. She shivered and groaned as he began to slowly caress them, her hard erect nipples rubbing against his palms.

Her hand slipped down between her thighs and her fingers ran gently over her pussy. She could already feel the warm dampness of her juices on her skin. She couldn't resist slipping one finger into the warm wet tunnel of her pussy.

She had never masturbated before when anyone was there, not even with one of her many lovers, but here she was now doing it openly before a total stranger.

George was still enjoying the pleasure of her breasts, but he was watching with interest what she was doing to herself. First with one finger, and then with two, she began to work on herself. With her pussy lips parted, the wet pink interior looked inviting, but he didn't want to break the spell. She uncovered her engorged clit and began urgently to manipulate it, groaning all the time. George pulled on her nipples, squeezing them between his fingers. She pleaded with him to do it harder. He quickly obeyed her wishes. Then suddenly, with a cry, she came. Her body convulsed. She gasped and fell back against the dressing table, breathing heavily.

As she came slowly around, she looked at George. There was concern on her face. "I'm sorry," she said, "I couldn't help myself."

George smiled. "Think nothing of it. You were wonderful. It was a pleasure for an old guy like me."

She leaned forward and kissed him. "Thank you for being so understanding."

He passed her the towel and she cleaned herself up. Then he watched her as she dressed herself. He walked her to the door, took her hand, and squeezed it. "Thanks for making an old guy very happy," he said. She felt him press something into her hand. Out in the corridor she looked. Clasped in her hand were three more twenties. She couldn't believe it. In the last hour she had earned almost half her weekly wage and she had enjoyed herself doing it.

The following day before he left, George thanked Charlie and gave him an extra tip. "I want you to make sure Jane's available for me next time I'm in town."

Charlie smiled. "You can recommend her then?"

George nodded. "Look after that one, Charlie. She could make you a fortune."