**The Maid**

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Sylvia had been working as a maid at the Savoy hotel

for six months now, and was beginning to get into the

routine. She had even gotten to like the maid's

uniform she had to wear. Not because it looked good,

but because there was something inexplicably kinky

about it.

At 3 p.m., Sylvia was working her way through the

eleventh floor. Most of the guests were away at this

hour, and she liked that. It meant she could just

move from one room to the next, do a bit of cleaning,

change the sheets and towels and know that the entire

floor would soon be finished for today.

Sometimes she would even have some time left to spend

in an empty room, lying around on a big double bed

with the television on. But God forbid the management

ever found out what she was really doing in those

rooms...

Room 1106. No "do not disturb" sign on that doorknob

either. Great. Sylvia unlocked the door and pulled

her trolley through the doorway and got ready to

check the bathroom.

"Oooh. Yeah, baby."

Sylvia froze as she heard the muffled voice coming

from the bedroom. It was a man's voice, deep and

husky. She liked the sound of that voice.

"Yeah, like that. That's so good."

Sylvia left the bathroom. She knew what she was

supposed to do now. Just get the hell out of there,

and leave this man and whoever was with him alone.

The door to the bedroom was ajar, but she couldn't

see anything from where she was standing.

Yeah, she really should leave now. That would be the

right thing to do. But she didn't move.

"Oh, yeah. Mmm, keep going."

Oh God, that voice! No, she would leave, but first

she had to see what was going on.

Slowly, careful not to make a sound, Sylvia closed

the door behind her. Then she tiptoed towards the

bedroom door. Just a few steps, and there - she saw

them.

The man stood naked in the middle of the room. He was

dark, medium-height and very muscular. Sylvia noticed

that he needed a shave - there was dark stubble on

his chin and his cheeks.

Kneeling on the soft carpet in front of him was a

naked woman, sucking his cock. The woman had long red

hair and big, voluptuous breasts, and - she was

blindfolded.

Sylvia watched them, spellbound. The woman held her

head still, as the man slowly moved his hips back and

forth, sliding his cock in and out of her mouth. It

was long and hard, glistening with saliva. He buried

the entire length of the shaft in her mouth with each

stroke. Sylvia was amazed that the woman didn't once

pull back, but seemed able to take it all.

The man was loving it, too. Breathing heavily, he

looked down at the woman's face as he fucked her

mouth. Then he grabbed her by the hair, and holding

his hips still, pulled her head slowly back and

forth, making his erect cock enter her mouth over and

over.

"Yeahhh," he whispered, absorbed in his own pleasure.

Sylvia could see and hear the wetness as he

repeatedly entered and withdrew from the woman's

mouth. She could imagine what this long, hard cock

would feel like in her mouth, veined and swelling

with excitement.

The man pulled all the way out. His hard erection

twitched in front of the woman's face. She opened her

mouth and tried to catch it, but because of the

blindfold, she merely snapped at the air.

Finally the man grabbed his cock and guided it back

into her mouth. Now, she started sucking hard on the

swollen head of the cock, making loud smacking

noises. The man threw his head back, grunting with

pleasure.

Sylvia stared at his cock, watched the thick, hard

shaft twitching and swelling as the woman sucked it

like a piece of candy.

"Ahhh yeah," he gasped. "Unnnh..."

And suddenly, he struggled to pull his cock from the

woman's vigorously sucking mouth. With a loud, wet,

popping sound he yanked the stiff tool out from

between her lips. Her saliva dripped from the

hardened shaft on to the carpet.

He had been about to come, Sylvia thought. That had

to be it. He had been about to ejaculate into the

woman's mouth. The thought excited her. She wished he

had, so she could have watched.

The man looked down at the woman, breathing deeply,

composing himself. He was obviously planning to make

the sex last for as long as possible.

Sylvia thought for a second. She didn't have time to

watch it all. But she could stay just a little

longer.

Tiptoeing back to the door, she locked it, again

careful not to make a noise. Then she tiptoed back to

where she could watch the couple in the bedroom.

The man was stroking his cock, smiling.

"Get on your back!" he ordered.

And the woman obeyed. Naked and blindfolded she lay

down on her back on the soft, thick carpet. The man

got down on all fours, spread her legs wide, exposing

her neatly trimmed, dark red pubes. Then he placed

his unshaven face between her legs and gave her pussy

a big, wet kiss.

"Oh," the woman gasped.

The man's hands gently stroked the inside of her

thighs, getting ever closer to her pussy. The woman

lay completely still, breathing faster and faster.

Just as his hands were about to reach her pussy, he

started licking the same area: The inside of her

thighs, the thin, sensitive skin close to her sex.

The woman dug her fingernails into the carpet.

Sylvia watched as he licked the woman's thighs, then

bared his teeth and bit gently into the soft, pale

flesh of her thighs.

"Aaah," she gasped.

The man kept going, gently nibbling at the sensitive

skin of first one thigh, then the other.

"Oh please," the woman pleaded. "C'mon. Do it!"

"Do what?" the man whispered.

"My pussy," she whispered back. "Do it to my pussy. I

want it so bad..."

And gently, the unshaven man placed his mouth over

the woman's pussy, slowly kissing and sucking it. He

pressed his lips against her labia, massaging her

pussy with her mouth. Moaning loudly, the woman

arched her back, throwing her head back on the

carpet.

"Yeees," she cried, grabbing her breasts with both

hands.

Sylvia could almost feel what the woman felt: The

man's lips sucking her pussy, his stubble scratching

the tender skin of her thighs. Sylvia felt herself

getting wet. Slowly she reached under her skirt and

pushed the crotch of her panties aside to feel her

flesh.

Oh yes, she was even wetter than she thought, her

labia all slippery with juice. She wanted to touch

herself, wanted to masturbate as she watched the

couple in the bedroom.

"Ohhh," the woman moaned, writhing on the carpet.

Sylvia watched as the man drove his thick, wet tongue

in and out of her pussy. Moving his head up and down,

he let his tongue enter her wet flesh again and

again. Then he began flicking his tongue up and down

as he continued the motion, licking her. Licking her

labia, licking the inside of her pussy, licking,

licking...

The woman was gasping uncontrollably, her ankles

clasped around his shoulders.

Sylvia felt her cheeks burning. She just couldn't

leave. Not yet. Slowly, quietly she removed her

panties and dropped them on the floor. She reached

under her skirt again, gently touching her naked

pussy. Just touching her slippery slit made her

fingers all wet.

On the bedroom floor, the man kept driving his tongue

into the woman's pussy, faster and faster.

"Oh yes," the woman cried, "oh please, oh yes."

The man held on to her thighs, digging his fingers

into her flesh. His face was red and sweaty from the

strain, but he kept going, flicking his tongue,

fucking the woman with it, harder, faster...

"Aaah," she screamed, throwing herself about on the

carpet as she came. "Aaah!"

The man strengthened his hold on her thighs, his

mouth firmly planted on her pussy, as she thrashed

about on the floor, swept away by her powerful

orgasm.

Sylvia gently began stroking her own pussy, slowly

massaging her wet labia. It felt so good. She closed

her eyes and almost moaned out loud, but she bit her

lip, struggling to keep quiet.

Breathing hard, the woman was recovering from her

orgasm.

"Oh God," she whispered. "That was so good."

The man was kneeling between her legs now,

masturbating. Sylvia watched him stroking his cock,

making it stiffen and grow. And as she watched him,

she masturbated herself, rhythmically rubbing her

pussy, feeling her juices flow.

The man didn't say a word. He looked around the room

as if searching for inspiration. Then he got up and

lifted a footstool into the middle of the bedroom.

Then, gently, he placed the woman face down on the

stool, her side towards Sylvia.

As he knelt down behind her, his eyes met Sylvia's.

Sylvia almost screamed, but she managed to keep

quiet. Oh God, what would happen now? Would he throw

her out of the room? Yell at her? Complain to the

manager?

But the man did nothing. He even smiled. Kneeling

behind the woman, he kept stroking his cock, which

was now long and hard as a rock.

"Are you ready?" he said, looking Sylvia in the eyes.

"Yes," the woman whispered, her face quivering

beneath the blindfold.

The man smiled at Sylvia as he guided his erect cock

towards the woman's succulent pussy. Using two

fingers, he parted her wet labia as he brought the

tip of his cock up close to her inviting slit.

"Ohhh," the woman cried, "let me have it! Please!"

Sylvia spread her legs as she stroked her pussy,

staring at the man's cock, long and hard and veined.

She masturbated, relishing the sensations of

pleasure, starting from her pussy and rippling

through her entire body, making her nipples hard.

Finally, the man entered the woman, burying his cock

in her moist slit with one powerful stroke.

"Aaah," she cried, gripping the fabric of the

footstool with both hands, trembling all over. The

man started hammering his cock into her in a hard,

relentless rhythm.

"Yeah," he hissed, grabbing her hair. "You like that,

don't you?"

"Yes," the woman gasped. "Fuck me!"

Sylvia felt her legs trembling underneath her and got

down on her knees in her corridor. Watching the

fucking couple, she kept excitedly massaging her wet

flesh, applying ever more force. Her rhythmically

stroking fingers gradually pushed her labia apart and

found their way into her tender pussy.

Oh, yes. That felt good.

"Yeah," the man grunted, driving his erect cock into

the woman over and over, "I'm gonna fuck you hard.

Can you feel it? Can you feel my hard cock fucking

your little pussy?"

"Oh yes!" the woman gasped. "Talk to me! Keep talking

dirty to me! Ahhh, yes! You know I love it!"

The man smiled, looking over at Sylvia.

"Oh yeah?" he said. "Well, get this: We are not

alone."

"Ohhh," the woman moaned, as the man's stiff cock

slid in and out of her pussy. "Yes, I like that.

We're being watched? Ohhh. Tell me more!"

Stunned, Sylvia stared at the man. He was telling the

truth, but the woman had no way of knowing that it

was anything more than just a dirty fantasy. The man

winked at Sylvia and continued:

"Yeah, the maid just walked in. She's watching us

right now."

Hearing herself mentioned in the story excited Sylvia

even more. Parting her labia with one hand, she began

fingering her tiny, hardening clit with the other.

Oh, it felt so good. It made her want to cry out with

pleasure. But no, she kept quiet, masturbating,

watching and listening.

"Ohhh yes, the maid," the woman said, her entire body

shaking with every thrust of the man's cock. "What

does she look like? Ahhh. Yes! Is she pretty?"

The man looked at Sylvia again. She looked him deep

into the eyes. And still fucking the naked,

blindfolded woman in front of him, he began

describing Sylvia:

"Oh yes, she's beautiful. Young - short, black hair.

She's wearing that maid's uniform, you know."

"I bet that turns you on," the woman whispered.

"Can't you feel it?" the man asked, hammering his

long, hard cock into her. "Can't you feel how hard I

am?"

"Ohhh," the woman cried.

The man grabbed hold of her ass-cheeks and decreased

the rhythm. He kept driving the entire length of the

shaft into her with every stroke, but now he slid it

slowly back and forth, back and forth, teasing her.

"And you know what else?" he whispered. "She's

masturbating. Yeah. The maid is watching us fuck, and

she's stroking her cute little pussy at the same

time."

"Oooh," the woman whimpered. "It turns her on to

watch you fucking me."

"Yeah," the man grunted. "I bet she likes the sight

of my cock."

And Sylvia watched the hard, glistening cock poking

the woman's pussy. She knew just what the woman felt

now, the stiff shaft stretching her lusty flesh as

the drove his hard tool into her again and again.

Sylvia could hardly take her eyes away from the

couple fucking before her eyes. But by now she was

dying to feel a cock in her pussy, and she knew what

to do.

She got up and stumbled towards the trolley. Her legs

felt weak, and she almost fell. But no, she couldn't

make a sound, and she just barely stayed on her feet.

Sylvia reached in between some flannel towels on the

trolley and found her flesh-colored latex vibrator.

This was the one she sometimes used, when she lay all

alone on a double bed in one of the rooms. She would

take all her clothes off, find a porno movie on the

hotel network and slowly, lazily masturbate herself

to orgasm. Just thinking about that now turned her on

even more.

She knelt down again. The woman was whimpering now,

her entire body shaken by the violent thrusts, as the

man kept driving his cock into her pussy. Sylvia saw

the muscles of his thighs and ass flex with each

stroke.

She gently opened her labia with the fingers of one

hand. God, she was wet. She felt her love juice

trickling down the insides of her thigh. And then,

with the other hand, she placed the dildo at the

mouth of her pussy. With a light motion of her hand,

she slid the rubbery tool upwards, filling her hungry

flesh.

"Tell me more!" the woman gasped. "What's she doing

now?"

The man turned his head towards Sylvia and smiled.

"She's got a big rubber dildo," he said. "And she's

fucking herself."

"Oh God," the woman gasped. "Is she really so hot?

From watching us fuck?"

"Yeah," the man said, pulling his cock all the way

out of the woman's slit. "She likes it, when I do...

this!"

And in one brutal thrust, he buried his cock inside

the woman's pussy, making her cry out loud with shock

and lust.

"Aaah!" she screamed. "Yes! Do it again!"

Sylvia started moving the dildo up and down,

massaging the insides of her aching flesh. She wanted

to cry out with pleasure, but no. She had to keep

quiet.

Again the man pulled out of the woman's pussy. Sylvia

saw his glistening, erect cock twitching with lust

before he once more hammered the entire length of his

shaft into the woman again.

"Aaah, yes!" she cried. "I bet she likes that!"

"Yeah," the man said, now fucking her in a moderate,

insistent rhythm. "She loves it. She's taking her

clothes off. She wants to get naked now."

The man looked into Sylvia's eyes as he said it.

Sylvia was fucking herself faster and faster with the

dildo and didn't want to stop now. And she shouldn't

even be here in the first place. Watching the couple

was bad enough. Masturbating at the sight was even

worse. No, she could get naked. Not here.

But somehow, she felt obliged to. The blindfolded

woman had no idea what was really going on, but it

was as if she had an understanding with the man: He

had allowed Sylvia to stay and watch, and now it was

her turn to repay him.

Looking the man in the eyes, she pulled the dildo out

of her pussy and laid it, dripping wet, on the floor.

Then she undressed, still keeping her eyes fixed on

his. He smiled approvingly as he saw her naked body,

her young, shapely breasts pointing little hard

nipples straight at him, her moist pussy freshly

shaved.

It felt strange to be naked in the hotel room,

uninvited, watched by a strange man in the act of

fucking. It turned her on, and she showed her pussy

off to him, parting her labia, allowing him a glimpse

of the wet, pink flesh inside.

Excited, the man drove his cock deeper and deeper

into the woman, pushing her body back and forth

across the footstool.

"Oh yes," she gasped. "Is she naked now? Is she

beautiful?"

"Ah yes," the man grunted. "A pretty, young thing:

Nice tits, shaved pussy. God, I'd love to fuck her."

Sylvia grabbed the dildo and slid it back inside her

pussy. It felt so good. As she started moving it back

and forth, she realized she was about to come. Her

thighs were quivering with pleasure.

"Pretend I'm her," the woman cried, her voice

trembling. "And fuck me the way you'd fuck her. Fuck

me, like you were fucking the maid."

"Yeah!" the man yelled, driving his hard tool deep

into her pussy again and again. "Take that, you randy

little maid. Can you feel that?"

Kneeling naked on the floor, Sylvia fucked herself

with the vibrator. Faster and faster - her head was

spinning.

She saw the man forcing the tip of his thumb into the

woman ass, making her whimper.

"Oooh yeah, make me come," she howled, as the man's

cock kept pounding into her. "Make me... come!"

The man's unshaven face was red from the strain, and

finally Sylvia heard the woman scream as the orgasm

hit her. She held on hard to the footstool, as she

cried out loud with pleasure:

"Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh!"

Sylvia felt like screaming, too. But even in her

excited state she was able to keep quiet. Even as she

climaxed. Oh, God. Trembling all over, she almost

fainted.

Driving the rubber toy deep into her twitching pussy,

she bit her lip hard as her orgasm sent wave after

wave of lustful sensations through her body. She was

gasping for breath.

Through misty eyes she saw the man pull his cock from

the woman's pussy. Holding it tightly in his hand, he

roared like a wild beast, as he started ejaculating:

"Ahhh!"

Sylvia saw the head of his cock swelling, as the

first jet of white, creamy semen shot seSylvial feet

into the air, spattering the woman's back. As the man

grunted and yelled, his cock kept twitching, pumping

out spurt after spurt of hot semen. Finally, his

orgasm subsided, and he lazily kept stroking his

cock, until his erection started wearing off.

"Oh baby," the woman whispered, as he bent down to

kiss her.

Sylvia felt a strange urge to tiptoe into the bedroom

to lick his cum of the woman's back. She smiled

quietly at the thought.

Now she had to put her clothes back on and get out.

Quickly, before the woman took her blindfold off. She

knew the man would try his best to make her wait, but

for how long?

Her panties and her maid's uniform lay in a heap on

the floor. Sylvia picked them up. This would not be

easy. For one thing, she was still weakened by her

orgasm, and furthermore she had to dress without

making a sound. But she had to be quick, before...

Sylvia froze, as she heard the sound of a key in the

lock.

The doorknob turned, and the door opened. Sylvia was

sure it would be the manager, catching her red-

handed. She would be fired immediately. She would

never work in this city again. Damn it! Damn it!

A man entered. Sylvia was confused. She'd never seen

this guy in her life. He was blonde, thickset with

piercing, pale blue eyes that looked at her briefly,

before he rushed past her into the bedroom.

"You slut" he shouted to the woman. "You fucking, no-

good slut!"

"No, please!" Sylvia heard the woman cry. "I'm sorry!

I'm so sorry!"

"You're sorry?" the blonde man sputtered. "You

promised me that it was over between you and him. But

you're nothing but a slut and a liar! This time it's

over! I'm gonna fucking divorce you right this

second!"

Sylvia was still paralyzed. She just stood there

naked, holding on to her clothes in a bundle. So this

was it: She had been watching a wife and her lover.

And what was her husband going to do now?

Suddenly, the husband stood there looking at Sylvia.

"And what's this?" he asked. "The fucking maid?

That's what turns you perverts on? Making the maid

watch as you fuck? Come here!"

And the husband grabbed Sylvia's hand and pulled her

into the bedroom.

"No, please," she protested. "I..."

He threw her on the bed, naked.

"Shut up!" he shouted. "This'll teach you not to

screw up other people's marriages."

"But..." his wife protested, "I didn't know..."

"Yeah, right!" her husband laughed. "You think I'd

buy that?"

The lover had fled to the farthest corner of the room

and was quickly putting his clothes back on. The

husband didn't even seem to notice him. His piercing

blue eyes were fixed on Sylvia's naked body lying on

the bed.

Now he unhooked his belt and zipped down his fly.

"No," his wife protested. "Please..."

The husband crawled on to the bed and pulled out his

cock. Sylvia was amazed to see how hard it already

was. Huge and swollen it pointed straight at her

face, twitching slightly as she watched it. It was as

long as the lover's, but thicker than any cock she'd

ever seen.

"Spread your legs," the husband commanded.

"Spread'em. Now!"

Hesitantly, Sylvia opened her legs. He smiled, gently

stroking his big cock as he crawled towards her on

his knees.

"Please..." she whispered.

Over the husband's shoulders she saw the lover

running out of the room. The wife stood by the bed,

leaning against the wall, motionless, watching them.

But her husband seemed to have forgotten all about

her - his pale blue eyes were fixed on Sylvia's wet,

hairless pussy.

"Yeah," he whispered. "I'm gonna fuck you good."

Sylvia still didn't understand how he had gotten an

erection so soon. Had discovering his wife with her

lover actually turned him on? Was this just some sort

of game?

"No," Sylvia whispered.

Indifferently, the husband steered his cock towards

Sylvia's pussy, resting it on her trembling labia. As

he applied the slightest pressure, the tip of the

head just slipped into the mouth of her moist pussy.

And then, breathing heavily, he let go of his cock

and grabbed her wrists with both hands.

"Unnnh," she groaned, struggling to break free. But

the husband was too strong, and she felt his huge

cock slowly penetrating her. Grunting with lust, he

drove the thick tool into her, stretching her wet,

tender flesh around it, until finally, he had buried

the entire length of the shaft in her pussy.

He lay still for a few seconds. Sylvia gasped, as she

felt his cock throbbing and swelling inside her. He

held on tight to her wrists, and then, suddenly, the

fucking began. The husband thrust his rigid member

into her pussy again and again, making her throw her

head back and scream out loud.

"Yeah," he shouted at her over her cries. "How do you

like that, you little bitch? How do you like my big,

hard cock in your pussy?"

The mattress squeaked and bounced beneath them, as

the husband kept hammering his stiff pole into

Sylvia's aching slit.

"Oh God," she cried. "Oh God!"

And then, above the sound of the husband's animal

grunts, she heard the sound of a woman moaning. And

as she looked up, she saw the wife, still naked,

masturbating as she watched them.

Shocked, Sylvia started struggling again, trying hard

to get out of the husband's grip. This was sick!

Those people were crazy! But it was no use. The

husband pressed her wrists down into the mattress

with his entire weight, as he kept ramming his hard

cock into her flesh.

"No!" she cried. "Stop!"

"You dirty little bitch!" he shouted, almost out of

breath from the strain, "Feel my cock! I'm gonna fuck

you hard!"

"Oooh," his wife moaned beside them. Watching them

intently she was vigorously rubbing her clit with one

hand and kneading her soft, fleshy breast with the

other.

The sight of the lusting woman pleasuring herself,

made Sylvia realize that she, too, was getting

excited. The husband's hard cock kept pounding into

her soft, succulent flesh, massaging the insides of

her sex with irresistible force. Each violent thrust

drove her closer to another climax, making her moan

louder and louder.

Sylvia heard the wife screaming - a loud cry of pure,

overwhelming lust. Had she already come?

The sound seemed to turn the husband on. Sylvia felt

his fat cock swelling inside her, as he seemed to

drive it even deeper into her tender, wet, pussy. He

was sweating now, dripping little droplets of salty

sweat onto her naked body.

Gasping, she felt her orgasm approaching.

"Oh yes," she gasped. "Keep going. Make me come."

Roaring like an animal, the husband thrust his thick

tool deep into her flesh. And again. And again. Until

finally she felt the waves of pleasure wash over her

as she came once more:

"Aaah!" she cried. "Aaah!"

Moments later, the husband pulled out of her. Sylvia

saw his huge cock swelling wildly, as he grasped it

with both hands. And suddenly, the first spurt of

burning, white cream came shot out of the twitching

tool.

"Ahhh!" he yelled. "Yeah!"

Sylvia watched in amazement, as the giant cock kept

ejaculating, pumping jet after jet of thick sperm on

to her naked body. Long spurts of semen hit her

belly, her breasts, even her face, as the husband

kept stroking his cock, grunting with excitement.

Finally, his orgasm subsided, and he took some deep

breaths, smiling peacefully. Sylvia lay back on the

bed and closed her eyes.

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When she awoke, she was alone in the room. She was

still naked, but someone had pulled a blanket over

her.

She got up, dressed and looked at her watch. Thank

God, she had only been asleep for a few minutes. She

would have to hurry, but she would still be able to

finish her work on time.

As she pulled the trolley out of the room, she shook

her head. What had she been thinking? She promised

herself never to do anything like this again. Ever.

But as Sylvia walked down the corridor, she turned

her head to look once more at the room number.

1106.

She would try to remember that.

END