Hotel Pleasure Facilitator - Part 2

By BlondeBabyBailey

Published on Lush Stories on 25 Aug 2012

Bailey continues her new job

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/oral-sex/hotel-pleasure-facilitator-part-2.aspx

As I lay on the floor with Mrs. Jones caressing my sweat-soaked hair, my exhaustion overwhelmed me and I closed my eyes, dozing off briefly. I awoke a short while later, feeling a tugging sensation on my nipples and my pussy lips at the same time. It took me a few moments for the cloud of slumber to fully evaporate, and I glanced down to see a gold chain connect to each of my nipples by alligator clamps. The chain was fed through a small gold ring, through which a second chain was also fed, the ends of this chain attached to each of my pussy lips. A third chain extended from the god ring, and was held my Mrs. Jones who was standing above me, playfully tugging on the chain, pulling my nipples and pussy lips teasingly.

"Wakey, wakey my pet," Mrs. Jones cooed. "We still have much more to do tonight."

Mrs. Jones pulled the chain a little hard this time, coaxing me to a kneeling position, then leading me back to the foyer. I crawled behind her as fast as I could until she stopped just before the door. She left me there facing the door, returning moments later with a leather hood. She handed it too me and motioned for me to put it on. I wanted to ask why, but I suspected I would find out soon enough. I put the hood on to find the eyes were covered with a mesh that allowed me to see shadows, but nothing definitive. When Mrs. Jones walked back in front of me, I could barely make out her features. My mouth was uncovered, which provided me another clue as to what might be coming next. I could only imagine what I looked like, and I started to let my thoughts drift to sucking on Mrs. Jones perfectly bald pussy.

I was snapped back to reality by a knock on the door. I glanced up at Mrs. Jones, and squinting through the mesh-covered eyeholes, I could tell that she was now wearing one of the suites long, terrycloth robes. She reached to open the door, and I gasped in horror, realizing she was going to expose me to whomever was in the hallway.

"Please, Mistress, don't open the door." I begged.

"But that would be rude, my pet." Mrs. Jones calmly responded. "I ordered some champagne for us,

and I promised a substantial tip for immediate service."

I looked at Mrs. Jones, panicking. In horror, I watched in slow-motion as she opened the door. I saw my co-worker, James, standing at the door behind a cart with a bottle of champagne chilling in an ice bucket. James was an 18-year old high school senior, kind of awkward, a bit of a geek. He was cute, but not exactly the type of kid that was going to have girls knocking down his door for a date. He also had a major crush on me, and I am ashamed to admit that I used that to my advantage, having him handle some of the little jobs that I hated, like cleaning up after someone puked in the hallway. I would promise him a kiss each time, and afterwards I would kiss him on the cheek, much to his dismay. I know it was deceptive, and it appeared that karma was about to get me back.

James pushed the cart into the room without looking up, which meant he hadn't noticed me yet. In fact, he didn't see me until he inadvertently pushed the cart right into me. I struggled to remain on my knees, and when James looked around the cart and finally saw me, I could practically here is cock springing to life in his polyester pants.

Mrs. Jones stepped in between James and I, and giggled as she said "Careful now, young man, you don't want to hurt your tip, now do you?"

"My...my...my what?"James stammered, obviously not expecting that surprise.

"Yes my boy," Mrs. Jones said calmly as she opened the champagne and poured a single glass. "You did a wonderful job getting my champagne to me so quickly, you earned the substantial tip I promised. Now, you get to do anything you want to my pet here until you ejacualte. The longer you can hold off, the more fun you can have, sweetie."

I couldn't believe my ears. Mr;s Jones was literally whoring me out to my co-worker as a tip. I wanted to protest, but I knew that would end badly for me, not to mention that I was pretty certain James would recognize my voice. I was counting on the belief that the hood was preventing my identity from being revealed to him.

"I...I...I...wow, I mean...You...You mean I can...can do anything I want with her?" James stuttered, obviously excited.

Mrs. Jones nodded, then looked at me and said "Make sure to tip him well, my pet."

"Yes Mistress" I whispered, praying that James wouldn't recognize my voice.

James started giggling uncontrollably. "You...you mean she...she'll give me a blowjob if...if I ask her?"

"No, no, no, my boy," Mrs. Jones chuckled. "She will do whatever you TELL her to do."

"Wow." James said, before turning to me. give me a...a. blowjob."

Resigned to my immediate fate, I crawled to James, reached up and unzipped his pants. I reached in and felt this stiff cock, surprised at it's thickness. Slowly, I massaged his cock, freeing it from his tighty-whiteies and pulling it through the zipper. I gasped, as his cock was nearly 8 inches long, and easily nearly 2 inches round. How did a geeky kid like this get blessed with a wonderful cock like his I'll never know. I leaned in and started to lick the head of his cock, hearing James moan immediately. I teased his cock with my tongue, before wrapping my lips around the head, and slowly taking more and more of his shaft into my mouth. Taking my time, I continued to lower my head down on his thick cock until my lips were pressed against his nutsack. His pubic hair was ticking my nose as I ran my tongue along his solid shaft inside my mouth. I hummed a little to tease him even more before I began to bob my head up and down on his rock hard cock. I kept my right hand wrapped around the base of his cock as I blew him. I had determined to make him fill my mouth with his jizz so he wouldn't be able to fuck my pussy or ass, and I was surprised that he was able to make it this far without exploding. I reached up with my left hand and gently tickled his balls through his underwear as I hummed louder.

That did the trick, because I heard James groan loudly, and before I could react, his cock exploded inside my mouth and sent wave after wave of warm, sticky cum down my throat. He came hard and fast, filling my mouth with so much cum that I couldn't keep up with it, and it spilled out of my mouth and rolled down my cheeks and chin, dripping onto my breasts. James grabbed the top of my head as he made one last thrust of his cock into my mouth to push out the last of his jizz. The he slowly pulled his long, thick cock out of my sticky, sloppy mouth.

I remained on my knees as James pulled his cock back into his underwear and then pulled up his zipper. "Will there be anything else Ma'am?" James asked Mrs. Jones, a hint of newly discovered confidence in his voice.

"Perhaps later, my boy. Stop up when your shift is over and we'll see what we can do for you." Mrs. Jones replied seductively.

James then turned to me, leaned down and whispered in my ear, "Thank you for the wonderful blowjob. And don't worry, your secret is safe with me...Bailey."