

2nd Shift Surprise

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Hotel night manager gets an unexpected ride.

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Several years ago I took a position as the night manager for a large hotel chain in our capitol city. Giving up the freedom of roaming the hotel as a security officer took some getting used to. In my former position barely a weekend would go by without "catching" couples in compromising positions throughout the hotel as I made my rounds. Sure, as night manager, there was the occasional phone call, to the front desk, with offers of watching couples or joining in etc. These calls certainly did loads for entertaining my imagination but certainly nothing one could follow through with in hopes of staying employed for an extended length of time. This particular weeknight progressed like clockwork, with our hotel bar closing down at 1am, the doormen leaving and security going to minimum manning for the rest of the shift. Shortly afterwards I received a call from Glenn, a guest upset with room service not being able to sell him champagne at that time of the morning. I apologized and confirmed our states laws about liquor being sold after hours. Glenn informed me his group was in from Utah and they had a good party going and didn't think their supply of champagne would last much longer. After several minutes of chatting with Glenn I really had warmed up to him and told him I lived nearby and if they were still awake when my relief showed up I'd be more than happy to bring him a couple bottles of champagne I had at home. Needless to say he was elated at the prospect so I told him I'd check back with him later. Shortly after running my night reports my relief showed up. Remembering my promise I started to call Glenn's room, but thought better of it in case the party had ended and everyone was sleeping. I took the elevator up to the eleventh floor figuring if I saw light coming from underneath and heard voices I'd knock, otherwise I'd assume they were asleep. As I approached the room it became apparent that there was a couple in the throes of making love, nearing that magic moment. As I turned from the door I heard something that took me off guard.....clapping. Yes, the sounds of people clapping. I turned from the door and walked back to the elevator area to regain my composure and then walked back to the door where I knocked. Glenn came to the door in a white terry bathrobe whereby I introduced myself as the voice on the other end of his front desk call. I reported that my shift was over and that if he was still interested I'd bring him the champagne I had at home as promised. Glenn turned to his out of sight guests and made the announcement to which I heard only positive exclamations. Glenn, again offered me to come back and party with them to which I explained that I was already on dangerous ground just making the delivery. I raced home with my imagination running

wild. I went through my refrigerator and boxed up the two bottles of champagne and a few wine coolers that I had, changed my clothes then headed back to the hotel. Upon arrival, I took the service elevator back up to the eleventh floor and knocked on Glenn's door. I had intended to just hand over the box to Glenn and take whatever he offered to compensate when I heard the stairwell door open. Thinking that there may have been a security officer walking down the hallway towards me I accepted Glenn's offer and entered the suite. I must have had some look on my face, something between the panic I felt in the hallway and the intrigue I felt in the room seeing three women and two men sitting about a large sectional in various stages of undress. Not wanting to offend anybody, I was having a hard time knowing where to look even though all were greeting me in friendly tones. Glenn was fishing through his wallet while introducing me to everyone; my attention was drawn to one couple in the center of the sectional. I was fixated on the woman staring at me with sex glazed eyes, laying back with her head on a pillow. The woman to her left running her fingers through her hair. The man seated on the floor in front of her was running his fingers over her belly while his tongue gently lapped at her womanly folds. At this time of my life I had only seen things like this on VHS pornographic movies and found myself not caring about getting caught, or how much money Glenn was handing me for my box of bubbly. Glenn and another lady urged me to get closer for a better look. I don't remember walking closer but there I was, standing over the action vaguely aware of the pressure stirring in my groin. The woman on the sectional raised her leg towards me and I took hold of it, at first not being sure of what to do. I began caressing her inner leg while looking into her eyes and back to this guy, who's name I couldn't remember, as he continued his licking and sucking of this most beautiful creature's core. I became aware of hands rubbing my erection through my pants and turned my head to be met with a mischievous smile and penetrating eyes of another of Glenn's ladyfriends. I wanted to turn my attention to this new lady but I was at loss as to what to do with the other woman's leg I held in my left hand. I didn't want to stop caressing her thigh either, as she seemed to be enjoying the additional stimulation. When I turned back to the woman laying on the sectional I noticed champagne being poured between her breasts and I watched in fascination, as it ran down her stomach, through her pubic hair and into the waiting mouth of the guy lapping away at her glistening folds. I didn't see the need for the champagne, for in my limited experience there's little I've tasted that can match the honey emanating from a woman full of desire. I felt my belt being undone and my pants puddle around my ankles and in looking down I noticed my erection being freed from the confines of my underwear, the head glistening with my excitement. I stepped out of my clothes as the woman to my left ran her hand through my legs cupping my scrotum, gently tugging on me. Odd as it may seem, I felt like part of me was being unfaithful to the woman whose leg I had in my hand. I looked to her for any hint at what I was supposed to do when I felt warm velvet engulf the head of my penis. I almost lost it right then and there feeling electricity run from my nipples to my testicles. I tried pulling away from her but she still had her arm through my leg warmly cupping my testicles with her ever so soft hand. Glenn had handed her a condom which she slid down the shaft of my aching penis. Glenn's friend moved from the woman laying across the sectional and she motioned for me to come closer. I looked around the room thinking that this couldn't be; only to find more

encouragement. I nervously knelled in front of this exotic woman with the glistening body, unsure how to proceed in this unfamiliar situation. Without warning she slid off the sectional and pulled me down in her place, the cold spot of champagne that had soaked into the cushions touching my back. She straddled my hips taking my wrapped throbbing penis in her hand and rubbing it along her engorged vaginal lips. My eyes focusing back and forth between her swaying breasts and her womanhood, both glistening in the lamplight. In slow motion she lowered herself down my shaft with an agonizing but pleasurable up and down motion. My hands reached up to cup her warm breasts as she started to grind her pubic mound into mine. Our eyes locked and I tried to pull her closer to taste her lips and tongue when hands on her shoulders were pushing her face further away from me. My initial disappointment was replaced with intrigue when I realized it was the woman who clothed my ever hardening penis with the condom. Seeing what she had in mind I slid my head from its awkward angle against the back of the sectional so that she would be able to straddle my face with her hips while keeping both knees on the cushion. She lowered herself onto my waiting lips and tongue while I reached out to wrap my hands around the buttocks of the woman riding me. My brain was going into overload trying to focus my full attention on the reactions of the woman who was rocking her pelvis over my hungry mouth while trying to enjoy the woman bucking on my penis. I heard her shouts and felt her shaking as she collapsed against the woman moaning above me. Something primitive inside of me woke up and I struggled to get out from under these two. I reached under the 2nd woman's pelvis and pulled her to the edge of the sectional, her head resting on the belly of the woman who had been riding my erection, and I guided my throbbing penis to her glistening vagina. Not seeing any look of protest on her face I pushed deep into her warmth. With everyone else banished to my peripheral vision I proceeded to slide my aching penis in and out of her warm wetness. My hardness ached with an overload of mental & physical stimulation; I needed release. Once her breathing became ragged I felt myself losing control. I reached under her pelvis and dug my fingers into her buttocks pulling her closer to me trying to reach every nerve of her core. I felt her trembling beneath me just as that familiar tingle started deep in my testicles. I felt a warm hand gently tugging and squeezing my scrotum and that extra bit of stimulation threw me over the edge and I exploded jet after jet of hot semen into my new found lover. I lay there in a daze brought back to reality by the sound.....of clapping. Somehow it seemed more erotic the first time when I heard it in the hall. I stood up and somehow felt silly standing in a room of people I had just met with a semen filled condom hanging from my still erect penis. I had quite the reflective ride home feeling both fulfilled and empty from my recent experience. Either way, it was one I wouldn't soon forget.